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PARIS has a number of papers and periodicals published in the English language, and among which are: *The Stars and Stripes,* official newspaper of the American expeditionary force; the London *Daily Mail's* Paris edition; *Plane and News,* the official American aviation paper; and the *Chicago Tribune's* Paris edition. The aim of the publishers is to add to the contentment of the British and American forces in France. To contribute to the happiness of these soldiers means adding to their efficiency. August Post, secretary of the Aero Club of America, after his return from a visit to the battle-front recently, said: "The men are literally crazy for news from home." They want to know what Douglas Fairbanks is playing in now, and read about the latest successes of Mary Pickford, the gossip of the screen and stage, bits of wit and humor, so do not forget that to help these boys at the front, who are braving all to fight for the liberty of those at home, is rendering a service to your country, and you know how they revel in the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and are impatient to get the next number.

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Verses from Our Poet at the Front

TO LIZZIE IN FRANCE

By WALTER EDMAND MAIR
Private, 1st Class, Signal Corps

Here comes our little friend to the fray,
Smiling Tin Lizzie, the Tankering Tub!
After the Hun in her own dizzy way—
Rattling and battling and gatling the dub;
Damned dirty dub of a lean, lousy Hun,
Once full of arrogance, now full of hate;
Wait till our little Tin Lizzie is done,
Smiling Tin Lizzie, just hitting her gait!

Sure all her ancestors showed the same strain—
Joggled and jolted and jiggled like sin;
Ran with a racket that gave you a pain,
Rumbled and mumbled and tumbled within.
Slow-spoken Yank standing grim at the wheel,
After the goat of the germ-planting Boche,
Is he *at home?* Well, he knows by the *feel*
Henry Ford's hopeful is happy, begosh!

Look at the rattling Daughter of Doom
Jumping the telegraph poles with a lurch!
Yow! Aint it natural? Just give her room
And she'll be scaling the spire of a church!
Hear that exhaust keeping time to the trill
Ripped from the throat of the Browning gun hot,
Handing to Fritz out his long-needed pill.
Is he enjoying it? *Yess—he iss not!*

Smiling Tin Lizzie, America's pride!
Over and at 'em, girl, Queen of Detroit!
Hot as hell's hub tho you may be inside,
Drill some cool openwork in the Kai's "shoit!"
Damned dirty dub of a lean, lousy Hun,
Once full of arrogance, now full of hate,
Wait till our little Tin Lizzie is done—
Lizzie, the little toy wagon of fate!

A CLOSE-UP

(Good Friday, Paris, 1918)
By WALTER EDMAND MAIR
Private, 1st Class, Signal Corps

Women, you say? Crushed lifeless by the stones—
Dead—in a church? Women and babes at prayer,
Fourscore—all dead! Fourscore and ten more there
Writhing; men pray while labored organ tones
Shudder in final anguish like to groans—
"Save them!" and falter on the ghastly air
One last, long sob. List! 'Tis the chancel where
The spring wind wanders wearily and moans.

That was Good Friday for the Huns in France!
That was Efficiency and Murder wed!
Hold!—let the Virgin's eyes look on her dead
Who sought a little comfort of their Lord.
Peace—pity—prayers for that lone altar red;
As for the Huns—God damn the Huns! *The Sword!*

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"How to Write a Photoplay," by C. G. Winkopp, 1342 Prospect Avenue, Bronx, N. Y. C. Price, 25 cents, postpaid. Contains model scenario; "Where to Sell," "How to Build Plots," "Where to Get Plots," etc.

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While my patrons dont care for this type of story you've got to hand it to them for turning out a fine production.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Within the Cup, with Bessie Barriscale—Seven reels. Too long. On an average with previous Paralta offerings, which hold up well.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

PARAMOUNT

Let's Get a Divorce, with Billie Burke—A very pleasing picture in which the star does some good work. Drew pretty good business on the opening day in spite of rain and it looks as tho it would hold up well for a week's run.—Castle Theater, Chicago.

The Honor of His House, with Sessue Hayakawa—A sad ending in which the Japanese sacrifices his life to save his wife, whom he has poisoned. Most of our people liked the picture, but it did not draw.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Seven Swans, with Marguerite Clark—A good picture for the kiddies, but this star should be given a real chance once in a while.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Hidden Pearls, with Sessue Hayakawa—Fair. Filmed in Hawaii and the scenery is there all right, but most of this star's films have an objectionable feature and this one is no exception.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

His Mother's Boy, with Chas. Ray—Didn't please as well as this star's pictures usually do. A little too rough.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

The World for Sale (Blackton-Paramount)—Beautifully made and I would say a good picture of its kind. Pulled no business at all.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

A Country Hero, with Fatty Arbuckle—This comedy, when music gives the proper effects, should make 'most any audience like it.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with Geo. Beban—This star's usual good picture, but got me no money. Why is this? Most exhibitors make the same report.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

Are Waitresses Safe? (Mack Sennett-Paramount Comedy)—Quite a few new stunts and it pleased.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

An International Sneak, with Chester Conklin (Mack Sennett-Paramount Comedy)—Good in spots, but not up to the average of this make.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

The Land of Promise, with Billie Burke—Rather slow getting started, but when it did get off it was good. Good business.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with George Beban—A good picture, but our patrons do not appreciate this star's work.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Bab's Matinée Idol, with Marguerite Clark—A good picture. The Bab stories have all pleased and proved to be good drawing cards.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Widow's Might, with Julian Eltinge—This star always pleases. The picture is good—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

La Tosca, with Pauline Frederick—Another costume play, which is absolutely what the people do not want. Business fair.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

At Coney Island, with Roscoe Arbuckle—A great comedy. Arbuckle puts life into our show and sends them all home happy.—Dreamland Theater, Emden, Ill.

PATHÉ

The German Curse in Russia—First week's run ever played at this house. Admission twenty-five cents. The biggest week the house ever had. Picture wonderful.—Alamo Theater No. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

The German Curse in Russia—The second war film I have run and it pulled a big house. Seemed to be liked by all.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

The Mark of Cain, with Irene Castle—Picture only fair. Business the same way. Mrs. Castle could be made a great movie favorite if proper vehicles were given her.—Alamo Theater No. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

The Naulahka, with Doraldina—A good picture of its type, but it failed to pull me any business, as Oriental or costume films always fail to do.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

The Great Adventure, with Bessie Love—Light. Not much to it.—Star Theater, Decorah, Iowa.

SELECT

Panthea, with Norma Talmadge—Star, acting, directing and photography perfect. The star made a big hit. Business good.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

By Right of Purchase, with Norma Talmadge—From comments I hear from patrons, I think the star is losing her charm for them. Eugene O'Brien does good work as the leading-man. As a drawing card, this is above the average, but, as we pay more, why shouldn't it be?—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

TRIANGLE

A Soul in Trust, with Belle Bennett—This one did not please our patrons. Too long drawn out and no action.—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

American Aristocracy, with Douglas Fairbanks—A good picture to excellent business.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

The Gown of Destiny, with Alma Rubens—Film in fine condition. Star, picture and subject of the best. Business above the average.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Man Above the Law, with Jack Richardson—Star, picture and subject of the quality of the better pictures of Triangle. Business average in very cold weather.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Limousine Life, with Olive Thomas—A breezy picture which sends them home satisfied.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Hopper—A very good picture, altho the plot is slight. It makes very good entertainment. Another poor title which means nothing.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Captain of His Soul, with William Desmond—A good picture, but with too many close-ups. Action slow. Desmond is gaining in popularity.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Real Folks, with Barney Sherry—A pleasing picture, but it could have been improved.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Habit of Happiness, with Douglas Fairbanks—Fourth run in the city, to excellent business for two days.—Alamo Theater No. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

Flying Colors, with William Desmond—Another camouflage title. Picture fair, but the title did not fit it.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Little Red Decides, with Barbara Connelly—We had seen lots of favorable comments on this picture and we now agree with them all. Little Barbara is O. K. and the Chinaman is "no slouch."—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

VITAGRAPH

An American Live Wire, with Earle Williams—Picture not up to standard of Williams or Vitagraph. Business good on the first day, poor for the remaining two days of the engagement.—Alamo Theater No. 2, Atlanta, Ga.

The Fall of a Nation—Best yet. One woman remarked, "I did not want my boys to go to war, but now I can see them go and never shed a tear." Business big.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

WORLD

A Leap to Fame, with Carlyle Blackwell—A good picture. Every one well pleased. Plenty of thrills and a few good laughs. The kind our audience likes. Give us more.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

A Woman's Way, with Ethel Clayton—An excellent picture, a little old but in good condition. Business fair.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

The Rise of Susan, with Clara Kimball Young—A good clean story with no vampiring. Business good in rain.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

The Web of Desire, with Ethel Clayton—Good picture. Business fair only on account of strong opposition.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

Paying the Price, with Gail Kane—A fair picture. Good views of Washington, D. C., and of submarines. Business good.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

STATE RIGHTS AND SPECIALS

Married in Name Only (Ivan)—One week to good business. While not a great picture, it pleased and is a good box-office attraction.—Central Theater, St. Louis, Mo.

Those Who Pay, with Bessie Barriscale (Ince)—A big box-office attraction. Star and story excellent. Two weeks' good business.—Central Theater, St. Louis, Mo.

The Zeppelin's Last Raid, with Howard Hickman (Ince)—Beautiful, spectacular, timely, superb production. Good business for a week.—Central Theater, St. Louis, Mo.

The Crisis—A timely, stirring story which will please the most critical audience. A wonderful box-office magnet for two weeks.—Central Theater, St. Louis, Mo.

SERIALS AND SERIES

O. Henry Stories (Vitagraph)—Good stories, well produced, but they do not please because they are not ideal. There are no heroes.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

The Neglected Wife, with Ruth Roland (Pathé)—First chapter drew well and seemed to please, especially the women.—Crystal Theater, Brookport, Ill.

Vengeance and the Woman, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—This serial had a poor start, due to extremely cold weather. I put it on on the poorest day of the week and so far it has made good. Business has about doubled on the day it is run.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

The Mystery Ship (Universal)—Started extra well. My patrons have not forgotten *The Voice on the Wire,* and from the looks of it, they will not be disappointed in this serial. Business has improved on the day on which it is run.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

BOOK REVIEWS

THE ROSEBUSH OF A THOUSAND YEARS, by Mabel Wagnalls, price 75 cents net.

It was from this very original story that the screen play, "Revelation," was taken. The book is illustrated with several stills from the film. The tale is told in a simple, straightforward manner, and the charming way in which the homely, menial things of life are likened to the spiritual is very beautiful.

The plot of the story has to do with an artist, Granville, and his worldly little model, Joline. Granville is imbued with a desire to visit the cloistered garden of a monastery in Hildesheim, where stands a rosebush which is a thousand years old; he wishes to paint the Madonna standing beside it. Joline, after vain coaxing, is permitted to accompany him to pose. Upon their arrival they learn that no women are permitted in the monastery, so Joline dresses as a boy, passes thru the gates and, once inside, dons her Madonna robes and poses for Granville.

Brother Augustine, a very old monk, feels that his end is nearer than his brother monks know. He wishes to see the rosebush before he dies and creeps cautiously out into the garden. He sees Joline posing as the Holy Mother and, believing her to be the Virgin, falls in a faint at her feet. Thoughtless, Joline proposes flight at this unexpected turn of events. That night the old monk dies, murmuring that he has seen the Holy Mary and predicts that the rosebush will blossom anew that year, after having been barren for twelve years. His prophecy comes true, and so great is the miracle that the gates of the monastery are thrown wide to men and women alike, that all may see the wondrous miracle.

News of the event comes to Joline and Granville, and Joline, ever ready for a new experience, decides to tell the prior that it was she and not the Virgin Mother who stood beside the rosebush. She confesses to the kindly prior, who instills the desire for goodness and right living so deeply in her heart that she resolves to sin no more—and does not return to Granville.

Menial tasks become a joy in her eyes, and she performs all sorts of heavy, wearying work with a fervor she has never known before. She returns to her baby boy, whom she has placed in the care of a peasant woman, and resolves to work and care for him.

A few years later, as she is tending her roses, a traveling artist requests her to let him sketch her as she stands. She consents, and the picture proves a masterpiece. The artist invites her to come to Paris and see the picture, but Joline replies that she would rather take the money and go to the old town of Hildesheim, where she may kneel before the Rosebush of a Thousand Years. Granville, who is interested in his fellow artist, offers to take the money for the trip to the "Madonna of the picture." He recognizes Joline at once—Joline whom he had imagined with some other man. They travel together to the monastery, where Joline sees the old prior, tells him how she has lived since he blessed her, and shows him her care-worn hands. Granville is overcome by Joline's sincerity and goodness and begs her to lead him into the paths of righteousness, that he, too, may be worthy of the old priest's blessing.

This charming story is condensed into a handy little book by the Funk & Wagnalls Company, 354-360 Fourth Avenue, New York City. It can be read easily in an hour's sitting.

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IDEALISM VS. MATERIALISM IN MOTION PICTURES

By Laura Thomas

Do you remember the hour you first learnt that fairies were not real people and that Santa Claus never lived, and all the black, doleful misery that followed? Your childish world was tumbling to ruin before your eyes and you were powerless to prevent it. You had believed so implicitly, with the serious earnestness and trust that only a child can achieve, in the fairies who danced on the green on moonlit nights, and listened, saucer-eyed, to the tale of "Bluebeard," and lugged around the "Arabian Nights," coaxing some one to read to you. You loved the dreams you had woven from these fabrics, and now rude hands were tearing them to pieces. Why did big, grown-up people tell such things to little girls when they were not true at all? You hoped Captain Kidd would "get" them. Then you wondered if the terrible, fascinating, thrilling Captain Kidd was only a grown-up story, too, and you fled weeping to your mother.

That is the way I feel toward these people who regale us with the latest scandal in the star's life or tell us that a friend of their friend had a friend who knew the player's mother, and they were such common people, with the emphasis on the adjective.

Why must I be told that Marguerite Clark is past her twenties? I go to see an adorable child in short skirts and bobbed hair, and I watch her chasing golden butterflies, with youth in her eyes, and I forget I am tired and old. Then I hear some one behind or in front of me say, "You wouldn't believe she is thirty years old, now, would you?" And I feel the same way I did when I first learnt there was no Santa Claus. Not that Miss Clark has not a perfect right to be thirty. As a girl said to me the other day, "Gee, if I could look as young as Margy Clark, I wouldn't care who knew my age!" It is the meddling curiosity which leads people to pry into a player's life till they find out something they think some one else might not know, and the satisfied glee with which they impart the information, that I abhor. It makes no difference whether or not the story is true or that it may have been twisted out of all semblance to its originally innocent form. That only adds zest to the telling, and you who must listen politely find out afterwards that you have lost a little of the idealism with which you had endowed the shadow player.

A player's private life should be his own. If he is married and says so, all well and good, and all honor to him for the acknowledgment. When you see him on the screen, you think to yourself that he must love his wife very much, and you like the straightforward humaneness of the man while admiring his art. If, for reasons of his own, which are none of our business, he does not wish it known that he has home ties, that is none of our business either. However, a kind person enlightens your dense ignorance. The next time you see him in a picture you think, "He was certainly splendid in that play. But I wonder why he doesn't admit that he is married." And a doubt creeps into your mind that perhaps his art is greater than he is himself. It is like the peacock. You see the beautiful colors of the peacock's plumage and the proud bearing of his crested head. Suddenly you hear the harsh, discordant cry, and you forget the harmony of color and go away with an unpleasant something or other in the back of your mind.

To me the men and women on the silversheet are scarcely real. They are the pictured fancies and "castles in Spain" of youthful days, and I cease to live my own life and become one with them. All the things I have hoped for or have missed in life, the ideals I hold, the beauty I love, the tragedies an uneventful life never knew, the knowledge of other peoples and countries, I find on the lightened wall of a darkened theater. Pictures are the magic carpet that bears me a thousand miles and years from the drab, monotonous present. I come back to the work-a-day world, rested in mind and body, ready to pitch into the fray again unless—I've heard that Theda Bara was born Theodosia Goodman in the Jewish district of Cincinnati. Why, oh, *why* must you know that, when you *could* believe that she is a child of mystery of the Sahara Desert, whose coming was foretold by the Egyptians?

TO SEE OURSELVES

By Marie Wardall

You and I live in the movie age—and are privileged. We can see ourselves as others see us by paying ten cents to the ticket-man of any Motion Picture house.

Way back, quite *some* time before you and I graced—or disgraced—this little planet, the unfortunate humans who dwelt thereon had no better means of getting acquainted with themselves than by gazing at their reflection in some forest stream, accepting the wholesale flattery of their enemies or the cruel truth uttered by careless friends.

That was, of course, before the days of mirrors. Mirrors, when they came along, told the truth—but not all of it. They revealed nothing but face-value.

Some of us still cling to the idea that the only value we have is our face-value, but most of us think otherwise. We admit that such elfin creatures as Marguerite Clark and the Immortal Mary are blessed with such exceptional face-value that they dont need any other, even tho they possess it. But the general run of us have been so insufficiently gifted with pulchritude that we must do our best to cultivate other charms.

We may be so ugly that we couldn't even hold a job in a Beauty Chorus, but we can at least cultivate character. And it is in this matter of character development that the movies are the best text-book in the world.

Drop in some night and watch for yourself on the screen. For those shadow people are you; you as you are and not as you appear to be. All the hidden good and evil, ugliness and beauty of you is there in symbols that dance and breathe before your eyes. The battles you have waged in secret, the failures and successes of your life, there live and glow. You are turned inside out for your own inspection.

Make the most of your opportunity. Review yourself—your passions and prejudices—as a general would review his troops. Observe what lines should be strengthened, what resistance increased.

Or, as the director of a company of players (your own motives and intentions, affections and thoughts), ask yourself if you are qualified to present a noble drama, or even a consistent comedy on the stage of life? Is your lead (your *will*) being dominated or obscured by some lesser member of your cast? Does your heart play up to all that is expected of it? Does your head always act as managing director?

We cannot all play the rôle of the bewitching heroine, the handsome hero or the pretty ingénue. But every one of us can shine in some way on the big screen of life, if we will only sit up and take notice of the manner in which we, as we ought to be, are pictured by the deft art of the movies.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Eltinge.—"Business Before Pleasure." A roaring farce in Jewish dialect, with the original Abe and Mawruss of "Potash and Perlmutter" fame. These wonderful Jews go into the movie business and certainly make things hum.

Elliott.—"The Eyes of Youth." An interesting series of dramatic events that transpire thru crystal-gazing. Jane Grey triumphs as the gazer and her acting is really fine. Well worth seeing. Marjorie Rambeau has replaced Miss Grey as this goes to press.

Park.—"Seven Days' Leave." Thrilling, gripping war melodrama appealing to the army and navy. H. Cooper Cliffe, of photoplay fame, is the head of the Secret Service and does finely, and so do William J. Kelly and Evelyn Varden.

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold, if not risqué, situations, flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve.

Playhouse—"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb.

Princess—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Manhattan's latest chic musical-comedy, presented at the home of smart successes. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

Belasco—"Polly With a Past." A capital farce-comedy that will delight everybody. The biggest hit of the season.

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds," and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

Winter Garden.—"Sinbad." Al Jolson, king of black-face comedians, is the whole show, which is in two acts and fourteen scenes—mostly music, song, dance, style and pretty girls. Depicted are "The Far East," "Hindu Snake Dance," trick dogs and "The Palace of Sinbad." Something sure to please everybody.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." One of the daintiest and most tuneful musical-comedies produced in some time. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

Morosco—"Lombardi, Ltd." An amusing comedy starring Leo Carillo, who is great. A clever play, cleverly acted.

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For further reviews and pictures of scenes from notable stage plays, see the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out July 15th.

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Motion Picture Magazine

(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVI AUGUST, 1918 No. 7

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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CONTENTS

AUGUST, 1918

THE MAN ON THE COVER

Douglas Fairbanks, he of the irrepressible smile, continues to hold the hearts of the public by the pep and enthusiasm he puts in his work. Like Charlie Chaplin, Doug has numerous imitators, but they are—merely imitators; no one has been able to vie with his nimbleness and agility in covering ground—and we guess no one ever will. Watch for his "Say, Young Fellow!" the next picture of an actor not only active on the screen but in every patriotic movement.

		PAGE
Verses from Our Poet at the Front	*Walter Edmand Mair*	4
The Motion Picture Hall of Fame Help your favorite reach one of the twelve coveted positions.		6
Exhibitors' Verdict		8
Idealism vs. Materialism in Motion Pictures	*Laura Thomas*	12
To See Ourselves	*Marie Wardall*	12
Stage Plays Worth While A round-up of the best Broadway productions.		13
Gallery of Popular Players New photographs of screen favorites.		19-28
Featuring Fay An intimate story of Fay Tincher's return to the screen.	*Fritzi Remont*	29
The Why and Wherefore of Mary Warren In which we learn how Mary entered pictures.	*Grace Lamb*	31
Speaking of the Bathing Season!		33
Salome A gripping story illustrated with scenes from Theda Bara's forthcoming feature.	*Gladys Hall*	35
It's a Gay Life—If You Dont Weaken! Victor Moore provides the nucleus for this amusing little tale.	*Peggy Lincks*	41
The Enchanted Days of Hawaii An educational story of great value to young and old.	*H. H. Van Loan*	43
"What Am I?" Asks Constance Talmadge		47
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views An illustrated department of news notes.	*Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts*	49
They Say It Never Happens, But It Does Marion Davies proves the exception to this rule.	*Violet Sheridan*	51
It's a Hard Life, But Not a Dull One, at the Home of Pathé-Rolin Comedies		53
It's Summer Time in Starland		54
Quotation Fancies à la Movie	*Lillian Blackstone*	56
A Fitting Finish A day with Vitagraph's wardrobe mistress.	*Nance Monde*	58
The Movie and the Soldier A timely article on how the soldiers are benefiting by the movies.	*Harry R. Stunger*	60
Childhood Triumphant Little Mary McAlister reveals her childish aspirations.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	62
George M. Cohan Hits the Trail of the Midnight Movie Crew	*Ethel Rosemon*	64
The Answer Man The old man continues to tickle the palate of Wisdom.	*By Himself*	67
Behind the Scenes in California		70
A Salty Sketch of Edward Earle and His Impressions of His Studio Mates	*Herbert Howe*	72
Funny Happenings in the Studio and On Location Mr. Lockwood hides laughs all over his special page.	*Harold Lockwood*	74
Missing A tale of the war.	*Gladys Hall*	75
The Lily of "Hearts of the World" A snapshot of Griffith and a time-exposure of the Gish girls.	*Martha Groves McKelvie*	81
Across the Silversheet The screen in review.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	84
"My Ideal Girl" The screen actors reveal their ideas of the 100% girl.		89
East Indian Love Lyrics	*Madame Petrova*	95
Extra! The Story of An' a Stewart's Hoodoo Year The first intimate chat with Anita since her return to the screen.	*Gladys Hall*	97
Greenroom Jottings		99
Who's Who in Starland		102
The Photodrama	*Henry Albert Phillips*	104

WATCH FOR
"The Kaiser — in Fort Lee" in the September issue. Also "What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing."

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That the wonderful sketches of four popular players, in color, appear in our next number.

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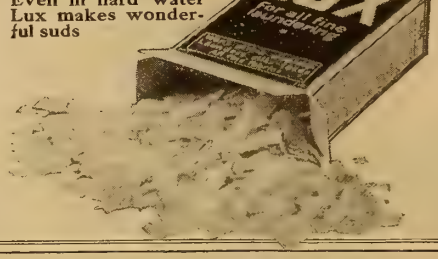

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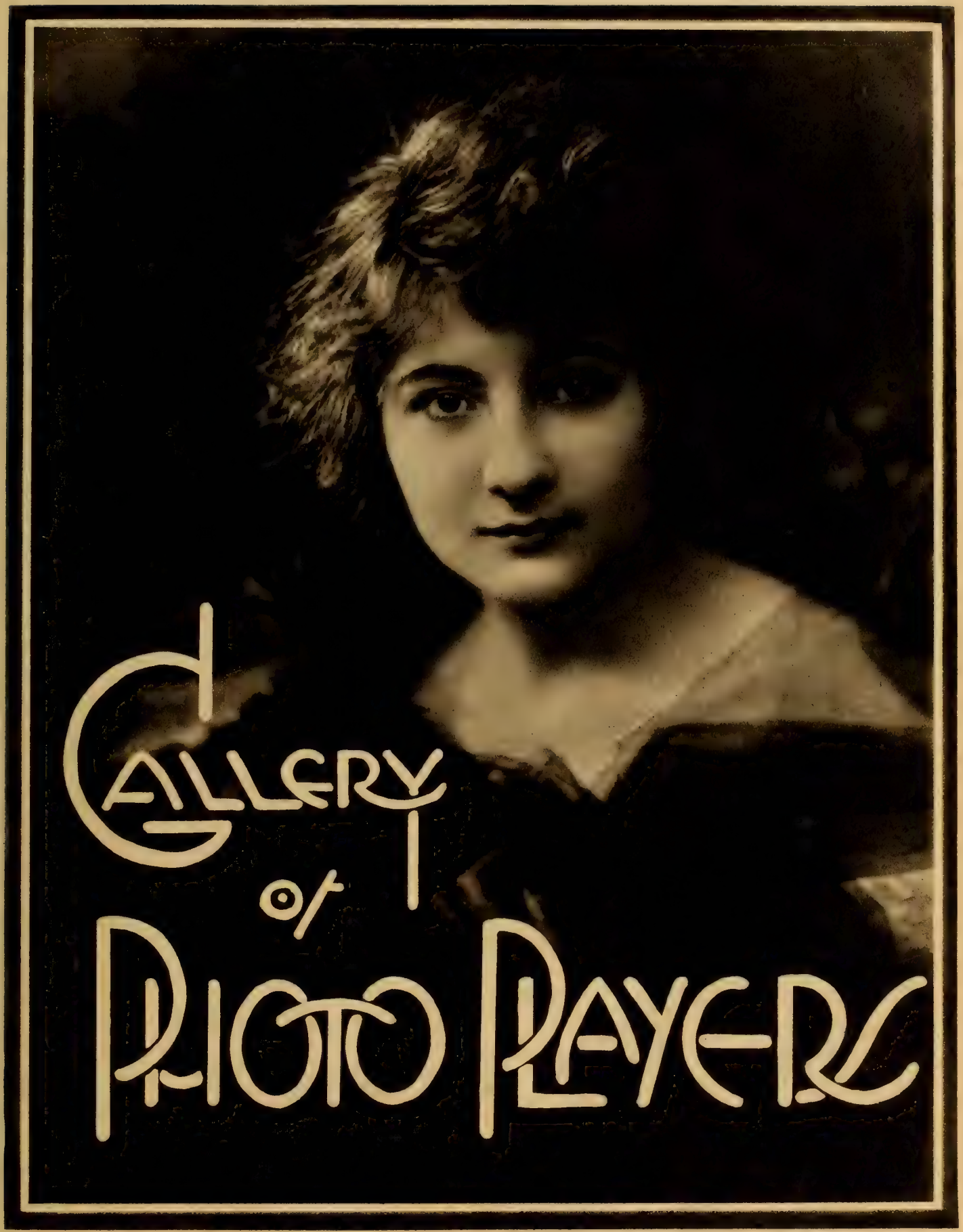

EVELYN GREELEY

The young woman who has the enviable post of leading-lady for Carlyle Blackwell is a granddaughter of Horace Greeley, the famous editor with the trick handwriting. She came to World Film as an extra, without revealing her identity, her wage being three dollars a day. She advanced, played star rôles with Dixie Films and returned to World.

ANN LITTLE

Born in the shadow of Mt. Shasta, it's no wonder that Miss Little plays Western girlies so vividly. She started by playing opposite Gilbert "Broncho Billy" Anderson, shifted to Ince's New York Motion Picture Company and soon became a favorite. At present she is Wally Reid's leading-lady.

ORA CAREW

Ora was one of the famous Keystoners, but now she is to portray the part of the ever-active villainess in the new Pathé serial, "The Wolf-Faced Man." She was born in Salt Lake City, but hasn't a single Mormon tendency, she declares. Her favorite hobby is taking poor kiddies in her car, which should make the occupation of being a ragged Los Angeles urchin quite popular.

WILLIAM DESMOND

Bill o' the shaggy eyebrows hails from Erin. He decided to come to the land of the free when he was one year old, which shows Bill's farsightedness. "Quo Vadis?" gave the stage-struck Desmond his hoped-for opportunity, and he remained behind the footlights until he invaded the movies, via the Morosco camp. Then Ince captured him, and he still remains at Triangle.

© Campbell

MOLLIE KING

She was once a Winter Gardener. (What a splendid movie seminary is the Winter Garden!) World Film first caught this New York girl, after which came her successful engagement with Pathe. Miss King comes of a theatrical family, her brother being Charlie King, of musical-comedy note.

ANNA LUTHER

The Titian-haired Anna is a Newark girl. Red hair doesn't usually film well, but Anna is a rare exception, which shows the camera to be properly discriminating. Four years ago Anna became an extra. Lubin, Reliance, the strenuous Triangle-Keystone forces and the Ivan Abramson Company have been stepping-stones to a stellar career.

GAIL KANE

Miss Kane's singularly expressive eyes brought her quick fame behind the footlights. "The Model" was one of her first hits; she scored as one of the Viennese light-o'-loves in "The Affairs of Anatol," and made another success in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." World Film won her to the celluloid drama and later she shifted to Mutual. Her hobby is collecting scarabs, otherwise Egyptian beetles.

ROBERT GORDON

Remember Huck Finn in the Tom Sawyer series? Gordon is the freckled lad who could spit so graphically and so accurately thru his teeth. He was the very embodiment of Mark Twain's harum-scarum hero. Gordon will be next seen in a forthcoming Mary Pickford picture.

FLORENCE VIDOR

Miss Vidor's career reads like fiction. A few months out of a Texas convent, she was given a tiny rôle in "A Tale of Two Cities," but that bit made her. It was the rôle of a girl riding with William Farnum in a tumbril to the guillotine, but Miss Vidor made it unforgettable. Now she's near stardom, having recently scored in several half-caste rôles with Sessue Hayakawa.

WEBSTER CAMPBELL

Of French-Canadian blood, Campbell went from his birthplace, Kansas City, to the Michigan University at Ann Arbor. He says the best thing about the college was Detroit, 75 cents away. Campbell went on the stage in Kansas City stock. A later road tour left him jobless on the Coast. So he hunted up the Vitagraph studio and became a regular screener.

Featuring Fay

By Fritzi Remont.

"THAT WAS MY INSPIRATION"

FAY TINCHER CAN REGISTER SADNESS

"WHY, yes, I'll be very glad to have you come to the apartment. I'm in the throes of moving and the place is strewn with trunks, boxes, bags and clothes, but if *you* can stand it, I'm sure *I* can," Fay Tincher tinkled over the 'phone.

For once there wasn't any crimson fabric about an interview, no hold-up at a front-office or passing some pseudo-detective in order to get at a photoplayer of reputation. The telephone operator at the Engstrum smiled cordially, "Oh yes, you may go right up to six-fourteen, for Miss Tincher said I needn't announce you."

There was the first introduction to the little comédienne's forethoughtfulness and the businesslike methods which her later confessions divulged.

FAY IS A PERFECT FRENCH TYPE

After all, there was an absence of grab-bag effects in the comfortable apartment which has temporarily housed Miss Tincher. She's one of those people who can look extremely neat even in the midst of an April move to larger quarters.

"The reason for all *this*"—a comprehensive swoop of the very expressive hands—"is that I'm weary of elevators and bellboys and have decided to exchange them for a bungalow and flowers. My chum is to live with me and incidentally write my comedies; you've heard of Miss Havey, haven't you?"

The Underwood on the only straight chair sat primly next to a pair of adorable Cinderella size slippers. It looked for all the world like an old maid "movie aunt" who disapproved of the fripperies of a débutante. The comedy writer had been very busy until I interrupted, and Miss Tincher plans all details with her chum and gives valuable aid in capturing the high spots of pure comedy. She's not going to do any slapstick whatever, everything suggestive will be eliminated, and Miss Tincher is aiming at comedy-drama, beginning with two-reelers and soon branching out into five reels. She believes in propaganda work, but thinks that the present indigo-hued war-dramas are all wrong, that one may inspire one's countrymen to patriotism via happy suggestions and perhaps cheer worried relatives and exchange fear for hope. Her aim will be to aid our Government in every possible way, since she thinks the Motion Picture has greater scope for spreading the doctrines of democracy than any other medium, but she wants it to be a "first-aid" via smiles and serious appeals to the intelligent and not a close-up of shattered bodies and hysterical individuals.

Fay Tincher is very businesslike, tho she looks like the most feminine of her sex. She is highly intelligent, thinks quickly, expresses herself very clearly, has a fine flow of language and has learnt from every one of her varied experiences. She is self-reliant, knows the Motion Picture business thoroly, and is confident that she will succeed as head of the Fay Tincher productions. These will be released under a two-year contract with the World Film Company. This little girl has a *long* head! She took a flying trip to New York recently, spent just sixteen days en route and in the big city, and signed all her contracts, was interviewed, shopped, saw some good stage productions and was dined and entertained by various press clubs as well as private individuals, not forgetting her former director, Eddie Dillon, who sighs for this old California State of ours.

"While I was at the World offices one day, they told me my big comedies would be shown on Broadway, at the Rivoli or Strand probably, and I thought I looked very

pleased. However, they said to me, 'Why, aren't you just tickled to death to think your comedies will have a showing on Broadway? What more could a girl expect?' I said, 'Of course I'm awfully glad, but after all it's the fans in the little towns and hamlets thru this country who are going to spell success or failure for me. It wont make much difference if Broadway likes me and the small towns dont think my comedies unique and worth going miles to see. It's the little old reprints which put dollars into one's pockets.' And that is what I want—I'd like to please people everywhere, regardless of size of town or prominence of the theater."

Fay resembles a French girl in every respect. In fact, she remarked that when she lived in Paris a few years ago with her sister, every one spoke French to her and imagined her a native, tho she could not say anything more than "wee, wee!" (Her sister told her to stop *describing* herself to everybody, and couldn't be convinced that Fay was airing her stock affirmative.) She's a spick and span little maid, with a soap and water pink and white skin, very shiny dark hair and big brown eyes. She wore a spotless white smock with heavy Bulgarian embroidery triangles at throat, cuffs and belt.

Lumière

SHE WOULDN'T SMILE FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER

Lumière

A COMEDIENNE IN HER SERIOUS MOMENTS

As we settled down for a talk, Miss Tincher picked up a pink and white small check gingham from the couch and continued her sewing. She smiled apologetically. "I've acquired the sleeveless vest craze. It's a fad in New York and the girls are wearing them made of gingham, silk, Georgette, lace and whatever the rag-bag will yield, I do believe. I think them so useful and sensible; one rarely removes a jacket out here, as we dont have such heat as they do East in the summer, and these are easy to make and launder."

"And is the smock your work also?"

'Yes, indeed; unfortunately, I've no machine in this apartment and must sew by hand, but the bungalow will be big enough to allow of an extra bit of furniture like that. I make every stitch I wear in the pictures, but nowadays I'm too busy to undertake my street clothes and lingerie, tho I just love to sew."

"Why did you choose that Sing-Sing blanc et noir confection for your former comedies, Miss Tincher?"

"Well, like every one else, I had to do something *different,* something to make people remember my work. Really, it was Mr. Griffith who indirectly put the idea in my head. We were all chatting at the studio one day, and Mr. Griffith was explaining about some of the difficulties which confront the director and photographer. He continued, 'Now with Fay there's no problem at all. She's just a plain black and white type, always photographs just as you see her, requires nothing but straight photography and never is guilty of producing strange effects on the screen.' That was my inspiration and I thought, 'Why not be like the newspaper, black and white and read all over?' I tried out the effect and got so many letters of commendation for the eccentric outfits that I felt I had attained my object."

A BLANC ET NOIR CONFECTION, OI FAY'S IDEA OF A COMEDY COSTUME

"Did you ever face the depressing ordeal of trying to fight your way into the pictures?"

Miss Tincher laughed merrily. "Oh, no, the movies were just *wished* on me!"

"Yes, some have greatness *thrust* upon them. Reminds me of that story they used to tell of the Kaiser. There was a formal dinner at Potsdam and a dignitary who stood within the shadow of the throne remarked, 'Some are born great, some acquire greatness and some have greatness thrust upon them, as the Immortal William once said.' The Kaiser smiled benignantly as he returned, 'Ah, so—I dont remember having said that; when was it?' Even the Bard of Avon isn't safe nowadays, is he?"

"I guess that's it—greatness was thrust upon me, ahem! It must be in hiding, tho, for I've not discovered it yet. But this is my story of humble entrance into the movies. When I was in New York and people wanted to hear all about me, I said, 'Now tell the truth about me, for I trust this isn't to be my obituary. I dont own a bungalow,

(*Continued on page* 121)

The Why and Wherefore of Mary Warren

By GRACE LAMB

MARY WARREN

MARY PAUSES TO REFLECT

TAKE some ingredients—heredity, Fate-in-a-Night, demureness, coyness (the real, original brand), ability and filial obedience, much generous youth and all the charms thereof—result, Mary Warren! Whose family name is Weirman.

After inventorying the aforementioned youth-and-all-the-charms, the sword-in-the-spirit flavor and likewise the piquancy, I sat erect upon my velour studio couch, and began to interrogate:

"How'd you happen to—well, how'd you *happen* to?" I asked, earnestly but inelegantly.

"Well, you see," smiled Mary Warren cordially, "there was a Great Uncle——"

"Ah-h-h, in-deed!" I murmured, with an air of great enlightenment. And just then she was called to "shoot a scene," and I was left to wonder at the relevance of great uncles and Motion Picture Art. I knew that there would be relevance. Mary Warren is just that sort of a person. Very young, and very gleeful, but just the same—very matter of fact.

"——who was an actor," breathlessly pursued Miss Warren, as she rejoined me upon the past-gloried davenport; "and when I heard—at the mature age of four and a half, I think—I immediately believed in heredity and felt sure that Great Uncle had passed his histrionic talent down to me. Tho, perhaps," she twinkled, "he was by marriage—no, but seriously now, as I grew older I knew that I did want to be just that and nothing more—an actress. And as I grew older than old—oh, very old indeed——"

"You're all of twenty now!" I interrupted her sweeping assertion, sternly.

"You're right!" she laughed, "righter than a fox. We-l-l, then I still wanted to be an actress—but upon the screen. You see, the possibilities——"

"Yes," I agreed, "and you became one—right off? How'd you go about it?"

Five-and-a-half-foot Miss Warren looked jollily petulant. "Dad and mother objected," she admitted, "objected quite terribly. We had family—well, regularly family *rows*—that's the only name for them. Awful things, I couldn't stand them. I am all for peace. So—

finally I gave in. And the House of Weirman heard of the screen no more!"

She heaved a mighty sigh as tho in contemplation of that arid period.

"But you didn't give it up *really?*" I prompted. I knew the answer before it was forthcoming. There is a valiant look to Mary Warren, for all she is small and delectable and young. A sort of *resilience* about her.

"No, *indeedy!* I gave it up, externally. But I waited. I planned. I spent most of my time visiting the theaters and catching on to methods and ways. I made up my mind to be ready—ready and waiting—and oh, how hard I *hoped!*

WILLIAM DESMOND AND MARY WARREN IN "THE SEA PANTHER"

And then—one night—one night—" here her voice fell mysteriously, and I thought what a splendid Tusitala she would be for the kiddies—"while I slept—slept dreamlessly and all unaware—my Fate stepped in."

"How perfectly thrilling!" I exclaimed. Really, it was great sport interviewing Mary Warren. She was so nice about seeming to have a bully time over it herself. That was sporting—for there are many interviews, and many, many interviewers—and we do appreciate cordiality.

MARY WARREN AND EUGENE BURR IN "THE VORTEX," A TRIANGLE PLAY

"I didn't know a thing about it," went on Mary, "until the next morning, when mother tap-tapped on my door and said, with the martyred air of one who has capitulated and is fully aware of it: 'Mary, put on your Sunday-go-to-meeting, and come down at once.'

"I felt the sense of something impending—and when I'd Sunday-bested and grape-fruited and coffeed I stepped forth to behold Mr. Barry O'Neill awaiting me in his car——"

"The director!" I breathed—"enchanting——"

"Well, you see," explained Mary, "Mr. O'Neill's presence in itself wasn't so amazing, because he happens to be an old family friend and in the habit of dropping in, tho not at breakfast time. And so I felt that he was not there at that particular time in the rôle of family friend. He *was* there as the director. And it meant—the screen! Can you imagine how I just effervesced? It was—my Chance!"

"Had Mr. O'Neill interceded for you?" I asked, enjoying the reflective rapture on the gently curved face.

"Just *that.* He'd come while I was sleeping and talked to dad and mother—and told them a lot about interfering with a person's true calling—and my latent ability—and what if I was their daughter a profession wouldn't make me any the less so—and all that. And finally they gave their consent. But I suspect"—here she looked impish—"that my beautiful patience and fortitude had a lot to do with it. Of course, their consent was reluctant. We lived in the Quaker City, you see, and I was educated at St. Cecilia Academy, Scranton, Pa., and mother had very typical ideas—ultra-conservative."

"Did you blaze straight thru the heavens?" I queried of the little actress.

"Well—rather *not!* I played 'bits'—teeny weeny bits—and worked hard—and then worked harder. And did considerable more of hoping and planning. Then—there was nothing else that *could* have happened. Luck came to me. Sheer, unadulterated *luck.* It was this way—a company had been made up to go to the Maine coast for the purpose of filming a series of pictures. Ethel Clayton was playing the leading part. Then the poor dear fell ill, and Mr. O'Neill said to me, 'We're going to give you the chance to play lead'; and I said, 'I'll take it and do my best'; and he said 'Good enough!'—and here you are interviewing me because I am a star!"

"How meteoric and how perfectly *fine!*" I enthused for her and with her. "What was the part you played? I recall your overnight leap to Fame."

"*No*—do you *really?* How jolly! Oh, the part was the lead in 'The Guiding Light'—oh, prophetic title!" she laughed.

WITH WILLIAM DESMOND, MARY WARREN MADE GOOD IN "AN HONEST MAN"

"Then what?"—this chronologically.

"W-e-l-l, then two years with Lubin, and one with Vitagraph, and one each with Imp and Universal, and then"—she broke off and smiled as tho at herself—"why then, of course, I went into legit—and equally, of course, I came back. Stars run in their courses, you know."

"Of course," I concurred, "after which——?"

"I got married," promptly announced small Mary Warren. "Yes, I did so. And I make cakes—o-o-h, *such*

(*Continued on page* 122)

Speaking of the Bathing Season—

LIKE ALL LITTLE BOYS, CHARLIE RAY PLAYS HOOKEY

"SAY, WHO TOOK MY SOAP?" DEMANDS DOUG

BRYANT WASHBURN USES PEAR'S SOAP

"WHEN I GET HOME, I'LL HAVE A REGULAR TUB," SAYS BRYANT WASHBURN

"HAVE A HEART!" SAYS JACK PICKFORD; "I'M HUMAN!"

If summer sun and dust have begun to coarsen your skin, a special Woodbury treatment will make it fine and soft again. For full directions see the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

Your skin needs special care in summer

to keep it soft, attractive, free from blackheads, blemishes and the coarsening caused by exposure

THINK how constantly your skin is exposed to sun and dust in summer. Strong sunlight coarsens its texture—irritating dust every day carries bacteria and parasites into the skin, causing blackheads and other blemishes.

Take your hand mirror to the clear daylight, and examine your skin closely. See whether it is not already showing the effects of summer exposure.

Try this famous treatment for blackheads

Apply hot cloths to the face until the skin is reddened. Then with a rough washcloth work up a heavy lather of Woodbury's Facial Soap and rub it into the pores thoroughly, always with an upward and outward motion. Rinse with clear, hot water, then with cold—the colder the better. If possible, rub your face for thirty seconds with *a piece of ice.* Dry the skin carefully.

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Make this treatment a daily habit, and it will give you the clear, attractive skin that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

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Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 5c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1308 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1308 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

"It's a Gay Life—If You Dont Weaken!"

But Who Would Want to Weaken—With Victor Moore Around?

By PEGGY LINCKS

"KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GIRLIES YOU LOVE!" ADVISES VIC

VICTOR stood on the platform of the Baldwin station, meditatively chewing the end of his unlit cigar. Around him clustered a bevy of chattering, giggling girls—extras engaged to do special bits. He eyed them knowingly, appreciating to the *n*th degree their youthful pep and enthusiasm. His brown eyes danced mischievously and his short frame shook convulsively as he watched them trying to imitate his latest stunt.

"Cant keep 'em down, bless 'em!" he exclaimed to me, as we gathered up a number of bundles which lay on the platform. The train stopped and our young regiment got on. We marched in single file, much to the amazement of the passengers, Vic bringing up the rear.

A soldier laddie sat alone in a chair half way down the aisle. Now, a uniform has unexplainable charms for the feminine eye, and word was passed along to "get a good look at him." As the last girl reached his chair, she leaned over and cautiously placed a flower on his khaki coat. The girls gasped at her audacity.

The soldier reddened perceptibly and handing the flower back, courteously remarked, "I'm mighty sorry I have to refuse it, but we aren't permitted to wear flowers, you know."

It was the girl's turn to blush, and she did—beautifully. As she leaned forward again to take back her gift, the car gave a sudden lurch. She swayed uncertainly for the barest second and then sat down abruptly on the soldier's lap. More gasps!

By this time, Victor had reached the spot. He gazed at her mournfully over the top of his unlit cigar with his famous serio-comedy expression, took her by the ear, and placed her carefully in the next seat. Then he sat down by the soldier.

The man in khaki moved nearer his window. In a poor attempt to conceal his amusement, he focused his eyes on the passing scenery and studied it intently. In a few moments, he turned discreetly, stared in amazement at Vic, and blurted out:

"Say, aren't you Victor Moore?"

"Yop," came from somewhere behind the unlit cigar. "Who are you?"

An animated conversation ensued, carried on mostly by Victor.

"Freeport! Free—e—port!" The conductor slammed back the door.

Victor rose, gathered up his bundles, and hastily

"DEEP STUFF!" SAYS VIC

rounding up his family of girls, turned to his soldier companion with a nod in the direction of the quickly approaching village.

"Well, here's where we get off. We're due to take a few scenes at the Freeport Club this morning and this afternoon we have a few war and bathing scenes to take. Come on along—if your pass is good for a few hours longer."

The soldier got up. So did I, and amid good-natured jollying from the hot and dusty travelers, Victor's family, the soldier and I stepped from the L. I. R. R. coach and proceeded across the street to the Freeport Club. It was decorated with Red Cross flags, red, white and blue flags, and jack-o'-lanterns.

"Gee!" I thought. "Guess the old town is celebrating this event."

We mounted the club steps, opened the door, and marched in, single file. Not a soul was in sight. We were monarchs of all we surveyed—even the decorations. Victor stepped up to a mysterious-looking contrivance, pushed it knowingly, and turning, I beheld Peter, black as the ace of spades, and lord and master of ceremonies in the club kitchen, coming thru the door.

"Mah Lo'd, Marse Moore!" he exclaimed. "You-all caint take Movin' Pitchers in dis yere place today. De Women's Christian Temp'rance Union am havin' a Red Cross festibal this aftahnoon an' evenin'. Ah done tho't you-all was comin' termorrer!"

Victor looked at him, not altogether trusting his ears. Then he dropped his armful of bundles on the ground in typical movie fashion, did two or three Charlie Chaplin turns, drew himself up, and, with feigned dignity, inquired:

"Would you be so kind as to inform me if there is one small room which will be unoccupied by the Union this summer afternoon? I'd be greatly obliged to you, Peter, if you would condescend to let me rehearse my bathing girls."

Peter, greatly impressed, beckoned, and we were led up the stairs and into a room hardly big enough for one person to turn around in.

Immediately Victor was all business.

"Ready, girls! Drop your skirts and we'll rehearse now; we wont lose time at the boat if we do this."

The girls had worn their bathing suits under their traveling suits, and hastily removing skirts and coats, they stood presumably ready for the surf, but in reality ready for rehearsal.

Now Victor had hired the girls the day before. They had applied at his Baldwin summer studio early in the summer and the prettiest and tiniest he took on each day as he needed them for extra work. As his practiced eyes ran down the group, a pained expression seemed to come into them. Amateurish as I was at the game, I didn't wonder. Thin legs, fat legs, bow-legs, pigeon-toes, knock-knees, every kind, breed, and species of leg was represented in that group.

"Oh, my—MY—GREAT GUNS!" he wailed sotto voce. "And they looked so beautiful!"

EVERYBODY LOVES A FAT MAN

"Let there be rain," thought I.

Vic gulped, removed his cigar, and, in his most businesslike manner, called, "All right, girls; ready! Here's the boat—we'll use this rocking-chair. Here, Nell, sit here. Yes, I guess you'd better knit. Now, then, you all skip into the room and jump into the boat. The boat, of course, leaks, and——"

"Telephone for you, Mr. Moore!" a club member called out, good-naturedly.

Vic mopped his brow and exclaimed, inelegantly, "Darn! This is going to be one fine day, I can see that!" And he retreated to the regions of the telephone booth.

In a few minutes, he re-entered the room, muttering as he passed me, "My gosh! How can I ever defy my camera with those legs? Awful? That's putting it mild."

He coughed slightly and started his directions all over again. "All right, girls! We'll try it again. Here's the boat—we'll use this rocking-chair. Now, then, you all skip into the room, jump into the boat, which, of course, leaks, and——"

A knock came at the door and Peter's shiny black head peered cautiously in.

"Beg pahdon, Marse Moore, but Jedge Wallace done call up and say his boat am busted an caint be used this aftahnoon."

Victor sank into the nearest chair, whispering to me,

VIC EXPRESSES TEMPERAMENT

"God is good!" And aloud: "All right, girls, you can go bathing, then. Come tomorrow for that lawn fête scene. Summer dresses, parasols—you know how."

The girls hopped into their traveling suits and laughingly filed out and clattered down the stairs.

Victor mopped his brow and, biting his still unlit cigar, remarked:

"Well, it might have been worse! I might as well breeze over to Sam Barker's house and take those war scenes — there's nothing else to do."

"Oh, girls," he called frantically, "we'll take a few scenes at Sam's before I start my war scenes."

The soldier, Victor, and I gathered up the bundles and trudged down the stairs.

"Shoot a little pool, Vic?" We turned, on the landing, to find a few members gathered round a pool table—and ANOTHER table.

Vic aimed his largest bundle at the questioner. It landed on the pool-table. Vic shook his head dolefully.

"Gotta work, hang it!"

And we trooped toward the door.

"Here's lookin' at you, Vic!" And the contents of the "other" table were used to toast our receding backs.

We were resolutely THRU and determinedly SHUT the door.

What a cru-el world!

QUEEN LILIUOKALANI WAS VERY FOND OF LISTENING TO THE INTERESTING TALES TOLD BY STEVENSON OF HIS ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH SEAS

The Enchanted Days of Hawaii

By H. H. VAN LOAN

THE majority of people who visit Hawaii today are tourists, and they come from all over the world. As the "Key to the East," travelers journeying to and from Japan stop here, for nearly all the big passenger liners make this their coaling port, which gives the tourist a day or two in which to go ashore and spend his money in hula dances, luas, and souvenirs.

In addition to the many Moving Picture companies which are visiting there more and more every year, because of the excellent conditions for taking pictures, the even climate and powerful light, many of the most famous authors have remained here for weeks and months at a time, gathering material for their works.

Mark Twain made his first visit to Hawaii in 1864 and remained here for some time. He made a thoro tour of all the islands, and he said they were "the finest group of islands anchored in any ocean." While on the island of Hawaii, he planted a monkeypod tree at Waiohinu, in the Kau district, which today has developed into a lofty giant. This is a very peculiar tree, and when the sun goes down, its beautiful, long slender leaves curl up and die. But, with the coming of morn, they again come to life and are as beautiful as ever.

Another noted visitor to these islands was Robert Louis Stevenson. He visited here in 1889, while on his first trip to Samoa. He left 'Frisco a few weeks before on the schooner *Casco* and sailed for Tahiti. The purpose of his trip was to write a series of letters for *McClure's* on his adventures in the Pacific. But, after a short stay at Tahiti, he was compelled, thru ill health, to journey north again, and he stopped off at Honolulu. With him were Mrs. Stevenson and his mother, and while in Hawaii they were the guests of Joseph Strong, the artist, Mrs. Strong being a sister of Mrs. Stevenson. They stayed at the Strong cottage, near Waikiki beach, for five months, and it was during this time that he met King Kalakaua, who was then ruler of Hawaii. A warm friendship sprang up between the two, and very often the king and Stevenson would journey to the royal boat-house, on the edge of Honolulu harbor, where the two would sit for hours and spin yarns over their refreshments.

King Kalakaua was a rather good poker player, and occasionally he prevailed on the author to join him in a little game at the Strong cottage. He also met at that time ex-Queen Liliuokalani, sister of Kalakaua, who was very fond of listening to the interesting tales told by Stevenson of his adventures in the South Seas, and she would sit for hours and listen to him. For those who knew Stevenson when he was in Hawaii declare he was a wonderful talker, and when he started to speak every one would immediately listen, and rarely was he interrupted.

Very few people met him on his first visit to the islands, for at that time he was not particularly well known, especially among these island people, who were out of touch with everything on the mainland and not very much interested in the fame of any one. For that reason Stevenson was not extended the hospitality he was rightfully entitled to, and, aside from King Kalakaua and Mr. W. F. Wilson, who was then treasurer of the Thistle Club, now the British Club, and Arthur Johnson, then editor of the *Pacific Advertiser,* who has since written a book dealing with the visits of the famous author, entitled "Stevenson in the Pacific," he had but few friends in Hawaii.

At this time he was made an honorary member of the Thistle Club, and one of the very few Stevenson letters now in existence is one which Mr. Wilson has, which he showed me, wherein the author accepted the offer of membership and extended his appreciation of the same.

It is interesting to note that, tho Stevenson made one journey to the island of Hawaii, he never visited the

READING FROM LEFT TO RIGHT: STEVENSON, STRONG, MRS. STRONG, MRS. STEVENSON AND HER MOTHER. DURING HIS VISIT TO HAWAII, STEVENSON WAS THE GUEST OF JOE STRONG, THE ARTIST, AT THE STRONG COTTAGE, NEAR WAIKIKI BEACH

THE VERY LATEST PICTURE OF EX-QUEEN LILIUOKALANI, TAKEN ON THE OCCASION OF HER 79TH BIRTHDAY, IN SEPTEMBER

great crater of Kilauea, which is situated only a few miles from Hilo, the port of entry to that island. Instead, he spent all of his time on that island, on the Kona side, and, tho he was only a few miles from one of the greatest pictures in the world, for some unknown reason he avoided it. However, he did visit the Leper Colony, on the island of Molokai, on his return.

During his first visit to Hawaii, Stevenson met Princess Kaiulani, daughter of Princess Likelike, heir-apparent to the throne, and was so impressed with her wondrous beauty that later he wrote a poem to her, which has only recently been published.

Finally, after a five-months' stay on the islands, he managed to book passage on the schooner *Equator* for Samoa.

That was the last Hawaii saw of him until 1893, when he again visited Honolulu. At this time he was in very poor health. He had spent the winter at Saranac, where he had journeyed from Samoa, having left his wife and mother at "Vai Lima" (Five Waters), his beautiful estate near Apia. He boarded at the "Sans Souci," a private hotel, run by a Greek on the opposite side of the island of Oahu, just across from Honolulu, and, except for a lecture which he delivered before the members of the Thistle Club, he was seen very little in public. Arrangements were made for him to deliver a second lecture, but his health was failing so fast that he was compelled to postpone this engagement.

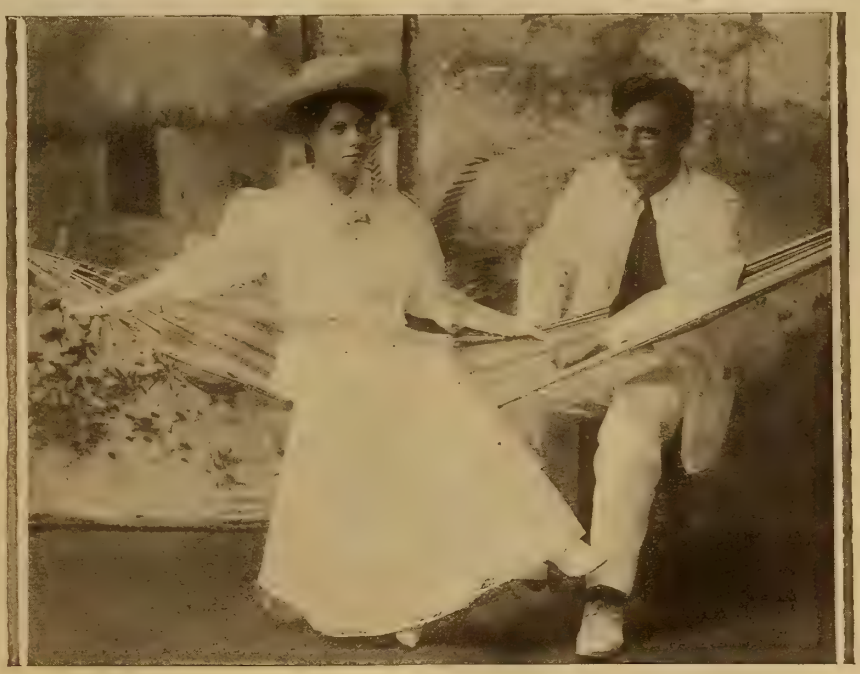
Mrs. Stevenson must have received word of his failing condition, for she hurried from Samoa and unexpectedly joined him at the "Sans Souci," whereupon she insisted that he return to "Vai Lima" with her. He agreed, and a few days later they set out for Samoa, where he died, a short time after his arrival, of consumption, the dread disease which he had contracted years before. And yet some of his best works were written while he was suffering intensely and with his health all

JOE STRONG, ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AND KING KALAKAUA ABOUT TO PLAY A GAME OF POKER, THE KING'S FAVORITE PASTIME. KING KALAKAUA WAS A RATHER GOOD POKER PLAYER, AND OCCASIONALLY HE PREVAILED ON STEVENSON TO JOIN HIM IN A LITTLE GAME

shattered; but he never complained, and even under the severest pain would work incessantly.

During this last visit several pictures were taken of Stevenson, and after a great deal of searching I have been able to obtain several very rare and hitherto unpublished photographs of the author, which give one an excellent study of "those wonderful brown eyes," which have so often been compared to those of Robert Burns. They were keen and penetrating, and the picture taken with ex-Queen Liliuokalani emphasize this, as he is shown in one of his characteristic poses. The photograph of him and King Kalakaua is very valuable, indeed; for, aside from its being one of the best of Stevenson, it is likewise one of the most interesting of one of Hawaii's most popular rulers.

"They are the best pictures I have ever seen of Stevenson," said Mr. W. F. Wilson, his old friend, when I showed him my collection, "and every one of them presents a study in itself. They give us just a little better glimpse of this great man, who was not appreciated when he visited Hawaii, but whose fame will increase with the years."



PHOTOGRAPHS OF JACK LONDON AND MRS. LONDON, TAKEN IN 1906. I WAS SUCCESSFUL IN DIGGING UP THIS PLATE IN THE DUSTY BACK ROOM OF AN OLD PHOTOGRAPHER'S SHOP. IT WAS TAKEN ON THE AUTHOR'S FIRST TRIP TO HAWAII

After Stevenson came another great writer of his time in the personage of Jack London. Many of his sea stories originated in the vicinity of Honolulu, and, tho many of his books were filled with the atmosphere of these islands, he seldom worked during his visits there. Most of his time was spent in getting material, and I think the only story which he touched while in Honolulu was a portion of "Jerry," to which he added 10,000 words, under a tree, near the Outrigger Club, on the beach at Waikiki. The

IF YOU DON'T THINK CHAPLIN LIKES KIDS, ASK THIS JAP URCHIN

club intends to unveil a bust of him on this spot next spring.

London never wrote any of his stories, but dictated them to a little Japanese boy, who took them down on a typewriter, and this boy had been with him for years and practically wrote all of London's big stories.

While Jack was a most lovable fellow and had a host of friends in Hawaii, he seldom ventured out in public, and when he did, it was to attend one of the picture shows — usually the Bijou — or to visit the home of a friend. One of his best pals was Mr. J. Matheson, editor of the *Pacific Commercial Advertiser*, who says that one of the things Jack disliked more than anything else in the world was formality. No matter what the occasion was, he would never put on evening clothes. He declared it was misery for him to wear them, and, tho he was often embarrassed by finding himself the only one in the party in street attire, he adhered to his strict rule. On one occasion he appeared at the home of one of Honolulu's aristocrats in a white suit, covered with mud, his face dirty and his hair disheveled, while one hand was wound in a bloody handkerchief. He offered his apologies and explained that he had driven his machine into a ditch, and rather than disappoint his host, he had continued the journey on foot, in his wounded condition.

I made a great effort to obtain some pictures of London, but was told that he had never posed for any pictures in Honolulu, and that it was doubtful if there was one photograph of him in the city. This was the reply I received from all the photographers; but, finally, I located an old gentleman who, besides being very deaf, thought, after an hour's conversation, he could recall having taken a couple of photographs of Mr. and Mrs. London about twelve years ago, in 1906, when Jack made his first trip to Hawaii.

After an hour's search in his dusty back room, I managed to unearth two plates, tucked away on the top shelf. He made me two prints off these, and I think I can say, without fear of contradiction, that these are the only pictures of London taken in Hawaii.

KING KALAKAUA AND ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON ON THE PORCH OF THE ROYAL BOAT-HOUSE. VERY OFTEN THE KING AND STEVENSON WOULD JOURNEY TO THE ROYAL BOAT-HOUSE, ON THE EDGE OF HONOLULU HARBOR, WHERE THE TWO WOULD SIT AND SPIN YARNS OVER THEIR REFRESHMENTS

It is the romantic atmosphere which has attracted some of our best-known authors and playwrights to Hawaii. Books have been written about its beauties, weird tales of adventures have been woven around its islands, photoplays have used it for backgrounds, and song-writers have told us about its dark-eyed maidens, with their hulas and ukuleles; but, after several weeks there, I agree with Stevenson when he said to his friend Wilson, as he was leaving: "This place is too beastly civilized."

The lure of Hawaii is gone.

"What AM I?" Asks Constance Talmadge

Select Star Is Sought by Both Screen and Stage

(Arthur Cheney Johnston, Jr.) CONSTANCE TALMADGE

D. W. Griffith, who seems to be an electrical "starter" when it comes to making stars, gave Constance Talmadge her big chance by casting her as the raggedy mountain girl in "Intolerance." The fact that hitherto no one had especially noticed Norma's little sister didn't bother the master-director at all. She happened to be the fearless, daring type he needed, so he gave her a few raggedy skins, a chariot, some fast horses—and Constance did the rest—drove her chariot right up the road to fame and stardom!

Since then she has developed into a comédienne and is considered by many critics the cleverest farceuse on the screen. Her pep and bubbling enthusiasm carry her over many a delicate situation with the ease of a true artiste, leaving her audience trying vainly to catch a full breath before the next laugh. But on the other hand, she can handle emotional scenes with rare intelligence, and Constance has finally reached the point where she can face her dusky eyes in a mirror and say, "What *am* I?"

Theatrical producers are debating over that very question; they are trying to lure Constance to the speaking stage. She has had tempting offers from two prominent Eastern managers, one from Chicago and one from the West. Oh, the reversible order of things! Whoever would have thought the day would come when hard-hearted theatrical producers would seek a movie girl for their work? But Constance has brought this about, and they, in turn, have brought her to the "What *am* I?" state of mind. You see, one calls her "a farceuse of high order" and extends an invitation to "come East and talk terms"; another considers her "one of the most successful exponents of the old-line 'high-comedy' that the screen has yet produced," while the two others are confirmed that she is a portrayer of "straight drama" and seek her for that kind of work. She appears to be just the care-free, happy-go-lucky specimen of girlhood the stage is looking for.

Now what would you do under these conditions? D. W. Griffith certainly started something when he made the mountain girl of Constance. But Constance herself hasn't much to say about it, anyway, for she is bound to the Select Pictures Corporation for a number of years, and during that time she will play typical American girl stories, like her forthcoming "Good-night, Paul."

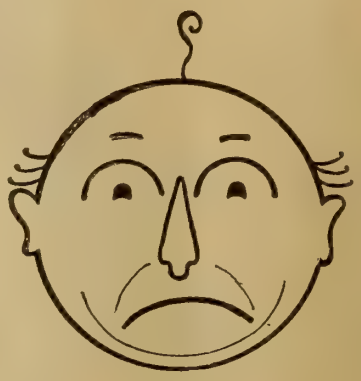
But Constance should care! Even if she cant go on the stage, she has the satisfaction of knowing they wanted her—and that she reversed the true order of things!

Expressions Caught in a Picture Playhouse

By HARVEY PEAKE

WHEN MARGUERITE CLARK DONS TIGHTS

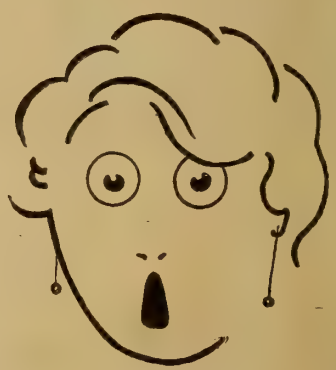
WHEN ANNETTE KELLERMANN APPEARS IN THE "ALTOGETHER"



WHEN VALESKA SURATT LURES THE COUNTRY BOY INTO THE CABARET

WHEN WALLACE REID KISSES GERALDINE FARRAR

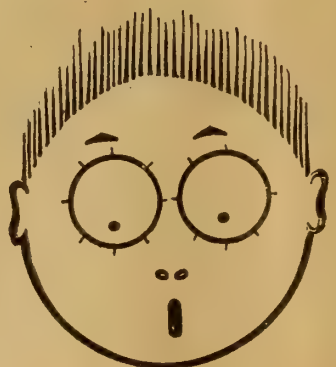
WHEN THEDA BARA MAKES SOMEBODY THINK SHE CAN BECOME A VAMPIRE



WHEN JULIAN ELTINGE TAKES OFF HIS FEMALE TOGS

WHEN CHARLIE CHAPLIN WALKS

WHEN THE WRONG MAN MAKES LOVE TO MAE MARSH



WHEN HELEN HOLMES JUMPS FROM ONE TRAIN TO ANOTHER

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and SALLY ROBERTS

"HOOVERIZING"! EVEN THE STUDIOS NOW. MARY EDWARD SLOMAN. BETWEEN

PROP LUNCHES ARE NOT WASTED IN THE MILES MINTER FEEDING HER DIRECTOR, SOME OF HER "PICTURE FOOD" SCENES

MAY ALLISON CHOSE HALE HAMILTON TO BE HER LEADING-MAN IN "THE WINNING OF BEATRICE." HE NOT ONLY PROVED AN EXCELLENT ACTOR ON THE SCREEN, BUT WAS EQUALLY ENTERTAINING BETWEEN SCENES

CHARLES RAY has entirely recovered from the badly bruised arm which he sustained in "Playing the Game." Strange how often the working titles of photodramas fit real incidents in the players' lives. In this instance, Charlie gritted his teeth and played his game without flinching, tho suffering from bruises and abrasions. There's a bucking broncho scene in this play for which a double had been engaged, but as his work was unsatisfactory, Mr. Ray decided to risk his one-thousand-a-week person on that li'l' ole rocking-horse of the prairies. He and the broncho stuck by each other like old pals until the long-tailed wonder did a back flip-flop, which landed Charles on *terra firma* once more.

Dusty Farnum's boat, the *Ding*, is being fitted up for government patrol service at the star's expense. It's a fifty-foot cruiser, he says, and sound in wind and limb.

The film colony has been entertaining notables in great shape. Mischa Elman was guest of honor at the Lasky studio, and was handed around like a delicate morsel on a silver platter, for those who had not been able to hear him in person were familiar with the famous violinist thru the purchase of Victrola records. Mr. Elman visited many of the studios and was gazed upon with awe by the violinists who play the daily grind for photoplays. Harold Lockwood has an exceptionally good fiddler, who familiarizes himself with the new scenario and then improvises music thruout to stir latent emotions in the star and his support. Enid Bennett has a girl violinist, Max Fisher has gained fame at Lasky, and each studio employs a number of 1918 Paganinis. Can you imagine yourself seated in a Motion Picture theater without music? Isn't it the cleverly cued-in melodies which bring out the action of the picture? Exactly the same effect is produced on the minds of the actors via cat-gut and resin.

Speaking of violins, Charlie Chaplin is quite a virtuoso. Last time I visited his studio, Charles took up the studio Strad and played a few measures, but refused to try anything worth while, as he confided that he is a left-handed violinist and has an especially

WILLIAM RUSSELL AND HIS FAVORITE HORSE, "MONTEZUMA"

constructed instrument, of course. He played solos when doing vaudeville in England. When asked if he practiced nowadays, he gave the familiar shoulder shrug and Chaplin smile as he answered, "Oh, no; nothing in it unless one is an Elman or Kubelik. Motion Picture making has bowing knocked right off the deck."

Wallace Reid and Ann Little appeared at a showing of "Rimrock Jones" at Clune's Broadway, a play which has drawn better crowds in Los Angeles than anything Wally has attempted for years.

Dorothy Dalton has a new fad. She makes beautiful souvenir cards from cancelled postage stamps and sells them for the benefit of the cigaret fund of the studio. This fund really pays for chewing-gum, chocolate and all forms of tobacco for the boys in France, and as the work can be done between scenes at the studio, the star is walking about with sticky-paste fingers every spare minute. She likes especially stamps of large denomination, as these make rare designs, so come on, you fans, and support her pet hobby.

EDITH STOREY, JUST HAVING FLOWN IN THE BUSINESS-LIKE AIRPLANE BESIDE WHICH THE METRO STAR IS STANDING, GIVES HER DOG, "SOONER," THE CHANCE OF HIS CANINE LIFETIME BY PLACING THE ASTONISHED PUP IN THE PILOT'S SEAT

PAULINE CURLEY, HAROLD LOCKWOOD'S LEADING-LADY: "A NEAT LITTLE CRAFT DOING TWENTY KNOTS AN HOUR"

FANNIE WARD, THE PATHÉ STAR, HAS GOT SOMEBODY'S GOAT—WHAT? ON HER RANCHO IN CALIFORNIA THE SCREEN FAVORITE HAS GOATS, RABBITS, CATS, SHEEP AND COWS. THIS IS KAISER BILL'S GOAT, WE UNDERSTAND ON GOOD AUTHORITY

Henry Walthall is to feature in the new Griffith production, which will also be a war story, but with less fighting scenes. George Fawcett is another prominent actor to be engaged. The Gish girls and Bobbie Harron will play in the three remaining Artcraft pictures to be produced as per Griffith's contract, and scenes for these are laid in Canada, Hawaii and Scotland. The Gishes are taking a real vacation, playing tennis daily, driving towards sunset to the beach, and often having tea at one of the canyon resorts near Los Angeles. In the mornings they take French lessons, are studying piano and visiting dentist and dressmaker. Their idea of a vacation is quite as strenuous as their work at the studio.

Baby Marie Osborne is getting to be a pampered young lady. Now it's a summer home for her infantile grace, a lovely spot near Palmer Lake, on the big divide 'twixt Denver and Colorado Springs. The infant has a box of chewing-gum at the studio which she retails at exorbitant prices to everything human around those "diggin's," and then she walks about and demands the tinfoil wrappers for her Red Cross box besides. She is going to be a Hetty Green, I believe—only she combines philanthropy with her moves.

Henry Walthall hasn't had time to eat! He worked twenty-six hours consecutively in order to turn out his latest thriller. When genius burns hard, Henry doesn't care whether the daylight *slaving* plan is in effect or not—he just rushes for the goal night and day.

"Fatty" Arbuckle is some Liberty Bond booster, for he's not only a member of the First National Bank team, but has subscribed fifty thou to the third edition. His previous "buys" represent quite a regal sum, too. Of course, everybody is talking about his rescue of young Christofferson, who fell into the bay just as Mr. Arbuckle drove past on his way from home to studio. "Fatty" is the proud owner of an identification tag presented by Company C, 159th Infantry, of which he is godfather. This is solid gold, bears the company's identification number and an inscription to the comedian from the 159th.

DID YOU KNOW CARLYLE BLACKWELL WAS AN EXPERT BOXER? A FRIENDLY BOUT WITH KID BROAD IS ALL IN A DAY'S WORK

Sessue Hayakawa has gone to 'Frisco with his company, whence they will proceed to picturesque Monterey Bay to film a story which the Japanese star wrote two years ago and patiently saved up until such time as he would be an independent producer. Marin Sais will play leads, Mary Anderson has a fine rôle, and the whole company is chosen with infinite pains to make this first release attractive. His last Paramount picture will show some Japanese children from the mission in Los Angeles, and is called "The Bravest Way." Tsuru Aoki and Florence Vidor play leading feminine rôles. At the Japanese Mission School many scenes were taken, and the principal is a Japanese clergyman of the P. E. Church. His wife also teaches and their two small children are in the kindergarten classes. Not long ago the school gave a little dance, at which Mrs. Hayakawa

(*Continued on page 114*)

They Say It Never Happens—But It Does

Marion Davies Becomes a Star—Overnight

By VIOLET SHERIDAN

MARION DAVIES

IN "RUNAWAY ROMANY"

MISS DAVIES IS KIND TO THE CAMERA

FIRST of all, I am not going thru the regulation fan formula—to wit, a stereotyped brain-storm over "unbelievably blue eyes," hair of molten gold" (it would be frightful for *hair* to be *molten*), "a mouth like a rose in June," etc., etc., for a very good and sufficient reason—I dont have to. Let me explain.

Some time ago, I vowed a little vow that I would tell the *truth* in my interviews . . . where the sunshine disclosed a freckle, that would I, too, disclose! Away, Illusion! Come hither, Truth! And, by my Liberty Bond(s), I have a most marvelous subject for a beginning.

Fans . . . permit me . . . Miss Marion Davies (born Marion *Doris*). . . .

Instead of anatomically dissecting, inventorying, and cataloguing a person's personal attributes, I like to describe them by a sort of atmospheric word . . . or symbol. There is one word . . . one *super*-word to describe Marion Davies . . . and that is *ephemeral*. It suits her exquisitely . . . and that is still another . . . exquisite. . . . It touches everywhere . . . her soft gold, careless hair . . . her wide and star-fringed eyes . . . her veritable child's pink mouth . . . her slenderness . . . her feet, that love to dance . . . all . . . exquisite and ephemeral. Lilies of the valleys . . . and white pansies . . . things fragrant and *modest* and unspoiled. . . . Now do you get the *sense* of her . . . the atmosphere she gives?

And the best and the most of this is, that it is *not* interviewer's persiflage . . . but the aforementioned, strict - to - the - letter *truth*. She looks almost exactly as she does on the screen, save for a frailer, more delicate beauty of tint and line.

Also, she is elusive. And this is the interviewer lamenting. I tried for a week to "get" her . . . and finally presented myself at the studio, at 176th Street, at 9:30 in the *dawning*.

She was a bit late . . . the dawning, you know . . . but she made up for the wait by the sweetness and sincerity of her apologies. "You know," she confided, as she led the way to her dressing-room, "I believe I'd rather *sleep* than anything on earth, outside of my work."

"Shall I put that down as your hobby?" I queried, humorously.

"Well, you might as *well*," she averred, "because it's the *truth*. My mother thinks I'm the oddest girl! Whenever I go to a party . . . which is very seldom . . . almost never . . . I'm not there an hour before I'm wondering whether I wont be able to get away soon and go to bed. Honestly, there is *nothing* I love so much . . . except . . ."

"What?" I asked, quickly. She looked so in earnest—so sort of inspirational.

"To go to France!" she breathed.

"Do you mean in pictures," I asked, "or as a nurse, or . . .?" I simply *cannot* conceive of Marion, slender and golden and lovely, in the midst of horror, however mixed with glory.

"*Any* way," she said, still softly, as one speaks of the thing which is nearest one's heart; "any way at all . . . so that I *get* there. . . . I feel as if I were missing something . . . something . . . very . . . big . . . the greatest experience it will ever be possible for me . . . or any one to know. . . . I shall go — some time!" she finished, with a swift decisiveness.

Right here, I must explain that she has a most adorable way of breaking up a word when she talks. For example, she spoke of Mary Pickford as, incidentally, the object of her great admiration, and, instead of saying Pickford, she stammers it quaintly, "Per-ickford." One catches oneself waiting for the occasional little stammer. It lends the charm of the unexpected to her soft voice.

By this time we were seated in the dressing-room, which contained a chintz-done chaise-longue, a similarly chintzed dressing-table, and floods and floods of May sunshine. . . . Ye followers of the rouge-pots, Marion's skin was, honestly and veritably, a babe's, flecked across the dainty nose with (I feel it coming again) the most *ephemeral,* golden freckles, and she was aided and abetted—but, in her case, not enhanced—by a blue-serge and tan satin frock and a wide, black, drooping hat, hung about with black maline.

NOTE HOW OBLIVIOUS THIS DONKEY IS TO MISS DAVIES' CHARMS. THAT'S WHY HE'S A DONKEY

"Is Marion Davies your given name?" I asked as we settled back and *basked* — a month later, and it would have been *baked.*

"Yes . . . given . . . smiled Marion; "I gave it to myself . . . when I first went on the stage." She paused and was silent. She has a disconcerting way of being *silent* . . . withdrawn . . . the elusiveness again . . . oh, she is *that!* . . .

I raised my interviewer's eyebrow. Marion amplified.

"Mother didn't know anything about it," she explained to the eyebrow, "and I didn't dare to tell her . . . I was so afraid she would object. But she found out—she has a way of doing that; she found my contract in my coat pocket. She didn't like it very well; but she gave me permission to go on, since I had gone so far. I was so wrapped up in it . . . I was in 'Oh, Boy!' . . . and, oh, a lot of them . . . but both mother and I like the screen much better for me."

I feared the charming withdrawal again. "Why?" I rapid-fired.

Marion looked mischievous. "The sleep, you know . . ." she smiled. "The hours are heavenly . . . and it is so much *healthier*—the early-to-bed-early-to-rise maxim."

© Eisler & Andrews

ONE SUPER-WORD DESCRIBES MISS DAVIES—EPHEMERAL

"Is the screen, then, your ambition?" I asked.

"Yes . . . positively . . . I want to be a star . . . oh, terribly! That's what I'm working for . . . to be a movie star. 'Runaway Romany' was my first picture, you see, so I haven't many fans as yet, or anything like that. Now I am almost finished with my six-reeler, 'Cecilia of the Pink Roses,' under the co-directorship of Mr. Julius Steger and Mr. Burton King. It's really sweet! I didn't like myself at *all* in 'Runaway Romany.' But do you know . . . I cant sit thru a picture of myself."

"Why, why on earth *not?*"

"I dont know . . . it makes me so nervous . . . I just feel like screaming, 'Oh, go faster . . . faster . . . dont do it like *that!*' . . . until I just have to get up and go out. I saw 'Runaway Romany' with my mother, and I got up and slipped out of the theater before the first reel was run."

(*Continued on page* 125)

It's a Hard Life, But Not a Dull One, at the Home of Pathé-Rolin Comedies

A Few Slants at Harold Lloyd, Bebe Daniels, "Snub" Pollard, and the Other Birds, at the Gloom-Chasing Joint in Los Angeles Where Their Famous One-Reel Bomb shells of Joy Are Turned Out While You Wait

AS A PAINTER "SNUB" POLLARD IS A FIRST-CLASS TENOR SINGER

But as he's the "goat" in most of the Lloyd screams, he gets even, between pictures, by smearing it on Rameses.

BEBE DANIELS IS A "SHINING" STAR

She's shining the loving-cups which she and Harold Lloyd copped tripping the light fantastic. They're bears, they are, and have nailed fifteen trophies.

TWO LIVE ONES AND A DEAD ONE. OFFICER, THE GAS-MASKS—QUICK!

Lloyd and Pollard bought a chicken. Then they waited for the eggs. But it wasn't that kind of chicken! A funny guy slipped an egg model 1776 in the nest. Lloyd and Pollard cooked it. The camera-man didn't have a gas-mask, and this is the last shot he made. It doesn't reach the climax of the story.

THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

When Director Hal Roach gets a live hunch after curfew, he breezes to the studio and turns on the lights. The glare makes the roosters crow, and that wakes up the comedians. Then the fun begins.

It's Summer

AND WHAT WOULD SUMMER BE WITHOUT A LOVERS' QUARREL? MADGE KENNEDY AND TOM MOORE IN CELLULOID HEART-BREAKS

DOUG WHISPERING SWEET NOTHINGS TO MARJORIE DAW IN HIS NEW PICTURE, "SAY, YOUNG FELLOW!"

"COME ON, LET'S START SOMETHING," SAYS MARY, "IF IT'S ONLY A FORD!"

HARRY MOREY, ALL DRESSED UP AND NO PLACE TO GO

TWILIGHT, DOROTHY

Time in Starland

BILLY ELMER AND CHARLES RAY REGISTERING JULY SENTIMENTS

"I'M COMING!" CALLS VIVIAN MARTIN, PROBABLY TO HARRISON FORD, HER LEADING-MAN

THE UKULELE AND DALTON

WALLY WOULD A-HUNTING GO!

OH, FOR A DOG'S LIFE AND ANN LITTLE FOR A—PAL!

Quotation Fan

By LILLIAN

ENID MARKEY

Enid Markey has won a name for herself by careful acting, which in turn has brought her innumerable admiring friends. Too much cannot be said of her.

"Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smiles."

GLADYS BROCKWELL

"Expression alone can invest beauty with conquering charms."

CLARA K. YOUNG

Clara Kimball Young is an actress of no small importance, and her renown has been honestly gotten. Her superb emotions carry you with her. Tall and stately, she has proven herself capable in any rôle.

"Her overpowering presence made you feel
It would not be idolatry to kneel."

PAULINE FREDERICK

Pauline Frederick is as well known to theater-goers as the President of the United States is to the people all over the world. She is a wonderful interpreter of rôles, and plays them all with a delightful touch.

"Graceful in sight and elegant to thought."

BESSIE BARRISCALE

Bessie Barriscale is made up of cleverness, sweetness, versatility, beauty, grace, and everything else that's nice. She is lovable, and each one of her pictures is a delightful surprise. None know just what to expect, but they do know that they are going to be royally entertained.

"She whom tears and smiles make equally lovely may command all hearts."

BESSIE LOVE

Bessie Love is an artist in the embryo, but of late shows that she has passed the amateur stage and has already achieved stardom and success. She is pleasing to the eye and has supported great men in such a way that nothing could be criticised.

"A lovely girl is above all rank."

BEVERLY BAYNE

Beverly Bayne, in supporting the famed F. X. B., has received no little esteem herself. All "fans" know her and her acting, and all praise her. What eyes she has!—they speak thoughts in such a way that no other expression seems necessary.

"She has an eye that could speak, tho her tongue were silent."

Norma Talmadge with her own company is achieving a phenomenal success. How could it be otherwise with such a dainty, talented, and wise little woman as Miss Talmadge to head it? She has captivated millions and her list of admirers increases daily.

"Such another peerless queen only could her mirror show."

NORMA TALMADGE

cies à la Movie

BLACKSTONE

PAVLOWA

"But, oh, she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter day
Is half so fine a sight."

ANITA STEWART

DOROTHY GISH

Dorothy Gish. I'll warrant she's an impish mite if given a chance—gay, mischievous, and happy; the kind who is liked by all and the kind who is always true. Her nose, the twinkle in her eye, and her saucy way would take away whatever demureness she might attempt to have, should she suddenly make a resolution to be perverse to hilarity and fun. Just as she is loved by her personal friends, so is she loved by the picture lovers.

"Too young for woe; tho not for tears."

MARGUERITE CLARK

Marguerite Clark has long been the darling of the screen. Her petite appearance makes it possible for her to endear herself to the public, in such a way that, should another try it, it would prove fatal.

"Art does not imitate, but interpret."

MAE MARSH

Mae Marsh. Does every one remember "Little Sister" in "The Birth of a Nation"? As if any one could forget this dainty bit of femininity, who was the very life of this wonderful picture. She is always so sweet and dear that one longs for the sight of her at all times.

"The blushing beauty of a modest maid.

Anita Stewart is a child in years, but remarkably learned and wise in the way of acting. She takes the hardest of rôles with ease and plays them with the finish and acting of one twice her age. What a wonderful thing it is to be as young as she is, and to be entrusted with such parts as she has shown she is capable of playing!

"It is beauty that begins to please and tenderness that completes the charm."

Theda Bara seems to look more natural hovering over some of her victims' bones, and yet in real life she is such a sweet, lovely woman that it seems a pity that she is always cast for such villainous parts. Oh, that she could be shown as she really is to those who delight in watching her entangle some man's heart in a fatal maze! A more wonderful and attractive vampire couldn't be found, but her reputation seems eternally lost to some of her admirers.

"Cunning cheats itself wholly, and other people partially."

THEDA BARA

Edna Goodrich, one of the most beautiful American women, and long famed as an actress both on screen and stage. Her pictures have been delightful and full of the finest of acting. It's a delight to watch her.

"A beautiful woman is the paradise of the eve."

EDNA GOODRICH

FANNIE WARD

Fannie Ward will always be an ingénue, altho she can take an emotional part without seeming effort. She's such a pretty little thing, too, that one longs for the screen to rise and show Miss Ward "really" so that the spectators might let her know personally their great love and admiration for her.

"Too fair to worship; too divine to love."

A Fitting Finish

Or, A Day with the Wardrobe Mistress

By NANCE MONDE

Clothes, clothes, clothes—
Everybody knows
You cant get on in the picture game
Without clothes, clothes, clothes!

"WHAT size, Miss?"

"Thirty-six; in fact, a perfect thirty-six."

Mrs. Jane Lewis, Vitagraph's wardrobe mistress, scrutinized the speaker questioningly as she handed her a delicate pink chiffon and satin creation from the thirty-six rack.

"But, Mrs. Lewis, how can she?" I queried.

"She cant," Mrs. Lewis smiled. "But why waste good hours trying to convince her that she is not a sylph? Just wait. When she finds that gown is too small she'll insist that there has been a mistake in the size."

"THIS THIRTY-SIX MUST RUN SMALL"

MRS. LEWIS EXPLAINS THE SIREN LOOK

MRS. LEWIS ARRANGES THE EXTRA GIRL'S COSTUMES

I was spending the day in Vitagraph's well-stocked wardrobe room, preparing a brief on "The Vanities of the Female of the Species." Incidentally, I was experiencing the joys of a bunny suddenly turned loose in a garden of lettuce. Just throw a woman overboard into an ocean of clothes and she will swim for days without a sign of fatigue. Even tho she be a worn-out scribe, she will renew her youth as she pictures the sheer gowns clinging to herself of twenty years ago. I—well, I was lost in the most wonderful day-dreams, when I was aroused by the voice of the Perfect Thirty-Six.

"Mrs. Lewis, this gown cant be marked right. It wont meet, and I never take anything but a thirty-six. Will you let me try another, please?"

The wardrobe mistress disappeared somewhere in the line of clothes, and when she-of-the-figure had turned her back, came forth bearing a gown from the rack marked 'Forty-two."

"Try this one," she said. "It may run a little larger."

"Why does every woman insist upon being a thirty-six?" she questioned, with a merry little twinkle that made me vow to abstain from requesting the Goddess of the Cloak and Suit Department to bring forth that size no matter how badly I needed it. "It's the most accommodating number on record. From thirty-two to forty-two, everything equals thirty-six."

"'As a man thinketh,'" I began.

"Yes, but as I remember it, the Good Book says nothing about faith removing a pound of flesh," she answered.

"Perhaps it's woman's only tinge of original sin," I ventured. "Does any member of the Daughters of the Descendants of the Original Parents own the sales-check of Eve's first purchase?"

"Then maybe you can account for the fact that the women with the bony necks and arms always choose the gowns that will show them off to the greatest disadvantage. Would you call it a spirit of recklessness or defiance?"

"Why not give it the benefit of the doubt and name it bravery? Of course I realize that it depends largely upon your point of view."

At this juncture a dozen young girls dashed into the room.

"We want dance-hall dresses," they chorused.

"Over on the rack, girls. Pick out the ones that will fit you."

"Oh, Mrs. Lewis, haven't you one that will cover the knees?" queried a tall blonde as she held an abbreviated skirt before her and surveyed the effect in the long mirror.

"What's the idea of the modesty, Gladys?" one of her companions laughed.

"Well, you see my knees——"

"Now there cant be anything the matter with your knees. You know it's impossible for a person to be bow-legged and knock-kneed at the same time."

"That's just the catch. Shush, girls, I am."

"And you've lived to tell it?" sang a dark-haired pocket edition. "Burn the papers and destroy the evidence of the crime."

"They're such a happy, cheerful lot, those extra girls," Mrs. Lewis remarked, as she gazed fondly after the retreating group.

"They seem to enjoy life immensely," I commented.

"And it isn't all a bed of roses, either," she continued. "Sometimes it's work, but more often it isn't. The complete wardrobe that Vitagraph has gathered here is a blessing to hundreds of girls. In many companies it is clothes, not ability or looks, that are engaged to play. Here the director doesn't worry about a player's wardrobe, or lack of it; for he knows we can supply anything from the scanty costume of the Fiji Islander to the train gown of the society grandame. And the little extra girl doesn't find it necessary to spend all the money she makes one week for clothes to secure work for the following week.

"It gives a chance to the girl who is dependent upon her own efforts for support. An extra cant dress in sables and velvets on the money she makes. A director who is striving for artistic effect cant engage for an afternoon tea or a society reception a group of girls who dress within the means of an extra. This gives rise to the necessity of gathering workers from a class of women who are using the picture business as either a cloak or a pastime, and lays the entire profession open to criticism. The Vitagraph wardrobe system is one of the most potent factors I know of in doing away with this condition."

"Oh, Mrs. Lewis, please sew me up," a little harem girl interrupted. "These pantalets are very pretty, but if you forget for one minute that you're living in Turkey instead of in the good old U. S. A., well, this is the result," she concluded woefully, displaying an expanse of prematurely fringed chiffon.

"The Sultan would have reason to complain of the high cost of living if he had to keep you in clothes," Mrs. Lewis laughed. "You're the fifth girl who has returned to the fold in tatters."

"Oh, dear, I wish I had been in the harem scene," exclaimed the Perfect Thirty-Six, who was having a strap of her Forty-Two fastened in place. "I've always been crazy to wear chiffon pantalets."

"Oh, you would be, Gwendolyn," murmured a grandame who had also returned for repairs.

"I wonder why Director X didn't engage me for the scene," continued she-of-the-volume.

"I wonder," the grandame echoed.

"I'm going to ask Director Z to put me in that Hawaiian picture he's going to do," announced Miss Avoirdupois, "to do a hula-girl!"

"A reel of human life is run off here every day," Mrs. Lewis said, as she bade me good-by. "Sometimes it's comedy, sometimes tragedy; but, all told, it's a pretty well-balanced serial."

MRS. LEWIS REPAIRS A LITTLE DAMAGE

EVEN A CLEOPATRA MAY EMERGE FROM THE VITAGRAPH WARDROBE-ROOM

"HAVEN'T YOU ONE THAT WILL COVER MY KNEES?"

The Movie and the Soldier

By HARRY R. STRINGER

AMERICA'S SWEETHEART BUYING "SMILES" FOR THE SOLDIERS. MARY PICKFORD RECEIVING AND PAYING HARRY R. MINOR, FIELD DIRECTOR, SMILEAGE CAMPAIGN, $1200.00 FOR SMILEAGE BOOKS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF. LARGEST SINGLE SALE OF SMILEAGE BOOKS ON PACIFIC COAST

THE MOTION PICTURE FOLLOWS THE ARMY. NO CAMP IS TOO SMALL OR TOO ISOLATED BUT THAT IT HAS A MOVIE ONCE IN A WHILE. THE PICTURE SHOWS AMERICAN SOLDIERS AND MEXICANS AT A BORDER OUTPOST WAITING FOR THE PERFORMANCE TO BEGIN. THE SCREEN HAS BEEN HUNG ON THE BLANK WALL OF THE ADOBE HOUSE AND THE THEATER IS THE GREAT OUT-DOORS

MORALIZING on the movies is still in vogue. Among us still there are certain puritanical souls who are decrying the national amusement as a blighting influence on the morals of our great American commonwealth. But while they have been carping and criticising, the government, as if in rebuttal, has come forward and actually recognized the Motion Picture as a military force in fitting its soldiers for the battle line.

The soldier must play. It is the same with him as with the civilian; his work must be tempered with a certain amount of fun to maintain his moral and mental equilibrium. The government was brought face to face with this fact in 1916 when troops were sent to the Mexican border. Down there no regulated system of recreation was provided for the soldiers. For the most part they had to depend solely upon themselves for their amusement, and many fell into evil ways.

That there should be no repetition of the border experiences in this war was the resolve of the government when the mobilization of our troops began last summer. It saw that if adequate amusement were not afforded them the leisure hour would be the lonesome hour for the men in camp—men whom the draft had wrested suddenly from the circle of home and friends and dropped into the chaotic environment of the military camp. To meet just such a situation as this immediate steps were taken to insure ample amusement and recreation for the civilian-soldier when he was summoned to the colors.

WAITING FOR THE CAMP THEATER TO OPEN. THE GOVERNMENT HAS PLACED SIXTEEN OF THESE THEATERS IN VARIOUS TRAINING CAMPS AND NOW HAS FIFTEEN MORE UNDER CONSTRUCTION. LIBERTY THEATER, 88TH DIVISION, CAMP DODGE, IOWA

Even while the machinery of war was mobilizing men and munitions, the recreational experts of the country were designing a comprehensive and constructive program of entertainments for the camps which has since been put into effect. The program was made up with painstaking care, and the different forms of amusement that went into its composition were selected, not only for their recreative value, but for their military and educational worth as well. And it stands as a monument to the art and industry that the Motion Picture was foremost among the selections.

SAILORS AT THE NEWPORT NAVAL TRAINING STATION AT CODDINGTON POINT, R. I., ENJOYING AN OPEN AIR PICTURE SHOW

PUTTING THE "SMILE" INTO "SMILEAGE," AND WHO CAN DO IT BETTER THAN DOUG? DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS WRITING HIS CHEQUE FOR SMILEAGE BOOKS TO GIVE TO SOLDIERS, PURCHASING THE SMILEAGE FROM PRIVATE D. H. ROBINSON, 6TH CO., C.C.A.L.A.N.G., NOW STATIONED AT FORT MACARTHUR, CALIF.

In the neighborhood of 700,000 men have been centered in our training camps. The average population of each camp is 40,000—a city in itself. Imagine then a city with 40,000 inhabitants without a movie theater, stores, clubs, libraries and athletic parks. The government couldn't; it didn't even attempt to, so the camp stores, recreation buildings, libraries and theaters went up with the barracks, and great athletic fields were laid out as fast as the parade-grounds were cleared.

Thus the Motion Picture went to camp; and as our soldiers, their first stages of training completed, started overseas, the Motion Picture went with them. From the outset it was the first diversion the men in the training camps here and in England and France turned to for their amusement at the close of the day's drilling and marching. The evening mess would be barely over before they would be streaming from mess-halls and barracks, bound for the movie at the recreation halls and huts and the big tents which served as theaters while the government liberty theaters were under construction. More often than not thousands of men were unable to jam their way into these shows. This situation was met by moving the exhibitions into the open. At these outdoor entertainments the attendance has run as high as 15,000, a fact that speaks alone for the widespread popularity of pictures with the boys.

THE EVENING LINE

The popularity of the Motion Picture is equally tremendous in the American camps in England and behind the lines in France. The part it plays in the lives of our soldiers "Over There" is graphically depicted in a letter written by a New York boy to his mother from a training camp near London.

"Our amusements here are limited," he wrote. "American movies are paramount (not a pun). I was watching Doug Fairbanks in some of his latest stunts the other night, when the show was interrupted by the boom of guns and the clang of bells, and across the screen there flashed the notice that the air-raid warning had just sounded. Of course the show was off, and right in the midst of the interesting part of it, too. I was disappointed. I can see an air raid on any star-lit night, but a movie, and a Fairbanks' one at that, is an epoch here."

In putting the Motion Picture into the camp, difficulties naturally arose. Every movie manager has his troubles, and Uncle Sam was no exception to the rule. Thru lack of supervision, films of a trashy character were being exhibited. They were furnished by petty distributors who saw in the camp movie theater a golden opportunity for the

(*Continued on page* 124)

Childhood Triumphant!

Little Mary McAlister Chatters to Hazel Simpson Naylor.

"I LIKE MEN WHO SING, FOR THEY ARE THE HAPPIEST"

MARY MC ALISTER AND "BOBO"

LITTLE MARY MC ALISTER

"AND, oh, the very nicest thing about it all was that I could reach right over and touch Mary Pickford — I never did see enough of her before!"

Two childish hands came together in an expression of utmost glee, and two big, brown, baby eyes turned the current of a battery surcharged with radiant happiness full upon me. The youngster's bewildering vitality — aliveness—flashed from her whole radiant little person. Mary McAlister is a regular dynamo.

"You see," elucidated young, pretty, little Mrs. McAlister, "Billy loves Mary Pickford, and when she was speaking recently for the Liberty Loan, Billy spoke too."

"Yes, and we stood at the foot of George Washington's statue and the sub-treasury" — turning to look at her mother — "Sweetie-love, was it the Sub-Treasury Building?"

Her mother nodded, reassuringly.

"And I spoke for the Liberty Loan."

"What did you tell the people?"

"Oh, I told them a thing or two!" said this youngster of six years, with an emphatic shake of her golden head.

"But what *did* you tell them?" asked her mother.

'Well," Mary rolled out the words ruminatively, "I told them I have five uncles in the army, and some already 'over there,' and they ought to be just as patriotic."

"Mary never will learn a speech beforehand. We tell her what it is for, and she thinks it all out by herself. Then, when the time comes, she recounts it in her own way."

"And weren't you afraid or timid?"

Mary cocked her little head on one side and considered the proposition seriously.

"We—ll, I couldn't be positive; but I dont think I was." The quaint precision with which she thought out each answer!

"As a matter of fact," said Mrs. McAlister, as she and I successfully submerged our smiles beneath our handkerchiefs, "when I lifted her down, after her first public speech, I expected to find her at least trembly, and I said, 'Poor baby, were you terribly frightened?' She just looked at me in the most imperturbed manner and said, 'No, mother; *should* I have been?'"

"And," continued Mary, anxious to tell about her adventures, "we saw lots and lots of gold in the treasury. There was $8,000 in one gold brick, and they piled gold bricks in my arms until I was holding one hundred million dollars. And the man gave us a three-cent coin and five-cent bill"—a sudden thought—"and all we got out of *all* that money was eight cents!"

"What do you want to be when you grow up?"

"Well, a comédienne—or a tragedy. Oh, guess I want to be both!"

"Haven't you any brothers or sisters?"

"No; but I have a leading-man."

"Do you like him?"

"Oh, yes; but then, I like 'most everybody—only I like some better than others. Like the other day, we went to mother's friend's for dinner, and there wasn't enough ice-cream for her little boy, Jim, and me, both, to have a second helping, and so, 'cause I was company, they gave the second saucer to me. I didn't want it—I could have all I want at home—but Jim, he sulked. Russell, he isn't like that."

"Wont you tell me how you happened to go into the movies?"

LITTLE MARY MC ALISTER

Mary crossed her chubby little bare knees, pulled her dainty little light-blue smocked silk frock down and clasped her hands together in correct imitation of a story-teller.

"You see," she began, "mother had a friend in New York whose husband was in the movies, and he was taking a picture, and he needed four little boys—and he only had three. And so mother dressed me up—like a boy. I looked just like Buster Brown, and she took me to the studio, and they said I'd do. They say you never *can* fool a director—but I did, all right! He never knew I was a little girl till after the picture was finished."

"Do you like to act?"

"Oh, I *love* it!"

"Yes," said Mrs. McAlister, "when she left Essanay recently, she wanted to take the sign, with her name on it, from the dressing-room door. I asked her why, and she said, 'Well, one couldn't be a star without their sign. could they?' "

SERGEANT "BILLY" MC ALISTER

"And I just had to bring 'Bobo!' "

" 'Bobo?' "

"Oh!" a little shriek of excitement. "Didn't I say anything about 'Bobo?' He's the dearest little dog you ever saw! He's got a round, white head and one black eye. Mr. Eubanks asked me, 'Mary, did you give 'Bobo' that black eye?' 'Course I didn't give 'Bobo' a black eye. I wouldn't hurt 'Bobo.' You see, they told us we had to get a cumbersome pup for the picture, and so we went to a store, and all they had was a *little* pup—and when I saw him, I said, 'I just must have that dog!' Well, mother didn't know about it. But he was the *cutest* thing, and he acted so splendid in the picture! He was *some* cumbersome pup!"

"What does 'cumbersome' mean?" I asked.

Mary looked at me, her lovely child face alight with intelligence. "We—ell," she drawled, "fat, like—er—a butter-ball, I guess. But 'Bobo'—'Bobo' is a regular *crazy* pup! He chewed up my dolly's fur piece and a dear tiny little doll's hat a lady sent me. I think I could have wrung his neck—when he did that—but, of course, I didn't. Did you ever hear of a dog that liked to eat celery and raw onions and vegetables and pork and potatoes and cheese and olives and dirt? Only, he likes nice, clean dirt, so he scrapes big holes in the earth to get the clean dirt to eat.

(*Continued on page* 123)

George M. Cohan Hits the Trail of the Midnight Movie Crew

By ETHEL ROSEMON

THE Man flew down the subway stair. He grasped the nickel for his fare.

"Now Everything must let me by, for I must catch that train or die!"

The Man knew he would be on time if Everything could find that dime. She searched her bag, dug out her purse — oh, how the Man did want to curse! The dime she sought had gone astray (she knew she had it yesterday). The book she carried sought the floor. She picked it up and dropped some more. She stooped—her flower-box, long and thin, hit Mr. Man right on the chin. She turned, said, with an ugly glare:

"I'd thank you, sir, to have a care! You're rude—of that there is no doubt! How can I keep from getting stout? You'll wait until I find my dime; prepare to stand a long, long time!"

THE LADY TURNED, WITH AN UGLY GLARE

At last the dime came home to stay. She bought her ticket, went her way. She landed at the box, and then she saw the chopper was her friend.

"And how's your wife and little Ann?"

Meanwhile, behind her stewed the Man.

"Oh, please, madam, cant I get thru?"

"If so, that's more than most can do!"

To tell the truth, the space was small not filled by Everything and all. He tried the left and then the right, and cried:

"Will I get home tonight?"

He scratched his brow and tore his hair, but still she kept him standing there. At last, her conversation thru, she passed right on; the Man did, too. The train was moving down the track; he tried in vain to hold it back.

You'd think the Man would be quite sore; but that's the catch we have in store. The train, the station, lady, too, were hired so the Man could do a little acting for the screen, a play that all you fans have seen; the Man, an artist to the bone, none other than our good friend Cohan; the play you know was "Hit the Trail," a good, old, homey, little tale of Holliday and temperance town (upon Broadway it gained renown).

The train pulled out with movie crowd. Director Neilan called out loud:

"YOU BUST THAT GLASS, I'LL BUST YOUR HEAD!" SAID THE POLICEMAN TO GEORGE

GEORGE M. COHAN AS "HIT THE TRAIL HOLLIDAY"

"Now, please, folks, do not look this way!" (That's what directors always say; so many movie fans they find who like to watch the cameras grind.)

The mob was gone, reporter, too—the Big Boss said to see it thru. And, topping far above the crowd, a boy in khaki, tall and proud, laughed with a dozen movie girls, some sirens, some with Pickford curls.

"There's Theda! Now, boy, dont get hit! If she vamps, you'll never 'do your bit!'" an extra called across the aisle.

The soldier answered, with a smile. He thought the picture girls were great, and, tho the hour was quite late ('twas midnight when the crowd was there assembled on

the subway stair, for during the day there is a load of busy folks along the road; the camera cannot take the play until those folks go home to stay), he rode with them the whole night thru—at least, until the clock struck two.

The subway train came to a stop. The movie crowd, with skip and hop, ran up the stairs, and then ran down to catch the train that went uptown. And when they piled from out the car, they found that George M. Cohan, the star, was waiting just exactly where they left him on the subway stair. In hand he clasped a bunch of flowers, as if he'd held it there for hours.

"And now we'll take another shot, in case we find that this is not so good as such scenes ought to be—again, folks; now come—one, two, three!" Director Neilan called aloud his orders to the waiting crowd.

Again we took the same old ride; again the soldier gazed with pride on twenty movie girls or more who grouped around him at the door; again we traveled fast thru space; again we landed at the place where Messrs. Neilan, Green and star awaited the returning car. We thought that now we'd surely rest, for we had done our level best to make the funny little job look like a rushing, crushing mob.

"And now, once more!" Director said.

("Gee! Aint it time you were in bed?" a daring little extra cried. Of course, she said it on the side.)

"And now," Reporter said, "I, too, will stay behind the crowd with you. It's nice to ride and not to pay—two trips are all I want a day."

"Well, stand beside the camera, then, and closely watch what happens when the train starts with its movie load and whizzes down that great, dark road."

When George and Everylittlething were left alone, he didn't sing 'bout coming back from Over There, nor did he start to pull his hair. He simply gave a little smile and looked around for quite a while, until he spied the rows of gum.

"By jinks," he cried, "that beats all rum!"

He put a penny in the slot; but when he looked the gum was not the place where good gum ought to be. (It was a bad machine, you see.) Now, Holliday had lost a cent. He set his teeth; his fist he bent. He was about to break the glass; before the deed had come to pass, a big blue-coat walked up and said:

"You bust that glass, I'll bust your head!"

George smiled, and said:

"A cop—the deuce! A busted head is not much use."

He let the slot machine go by, content with blackening its eye. The blue-coat still stood, with a frown, and eyed the star both up and down.

"Say why you're here—that's, if you can."

"Please, cop, I am a movie man. You're wise, but I am still some wiser—I'm coining coin to 'can' the 'Kaiser."

The cop said:

"Good! Go to it, Cohan! And now I'll leave you all alone to finish out your little play (I hope I'll see it some fine day)."

Just then the train whizzed down the track and

(*Continued on page* 123)

COHAN SELLING LIBERTY BONDS AT THE STUDIO

GEORGE M. COHAN AND RICHARD BARTHELMESS PLAY UP TO EACH OTHER IN "HIT THE TRAIL HOLLIDAY"

GEORGE M. COHAN, ADOLPH ZUKOR AND MARSHALL NEILAN

AN OLD, FAMILIAR GESTURE BY AN OLD, FAMILIAR FRIEND. THE SCENARIO OF "HIT THE TRAIL HOLLIDAY" WAS WRITTEN BY ANITA LOOS AND JOHN EMERSON. COHAN SAID, "I WISH I HAD SEEN THE SCENARIO BEFORE I WROTE THE PLAY"

CASTLES IN SPAIN

YOU have lost the knack of building them—you know it!

Right? No, *wrong.*

Build your Castles in Spain.

They will come to you again as you watch picture-plays — the magnificent productions of Paramount and Artcraft, rich with stars, superbly directed, wonderfully staged, and clean as sunshine.

Day-dreams, day-dreams, every man is entitled to them occasionally. They help him on. He is not a machine.

Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures have brought more to us Americans than we have yet realized.

Their closeness to our own deepest emotions has caused us to live more vividly—to see life out of other people's eyes—to develop a more generous personal philosophy.

Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures give a man a better feeling towards Smith in the next street — make him ready to reconsider his opinion of his worst enemy. Sounds like religion, but it isn't—it's just *you,* you yourself with the shell off, magic'd off by the *foremost stars — superbly* directed—in *clean* motion pictures—nameworthy to be called *Paramount! Artcraft!*

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one By seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

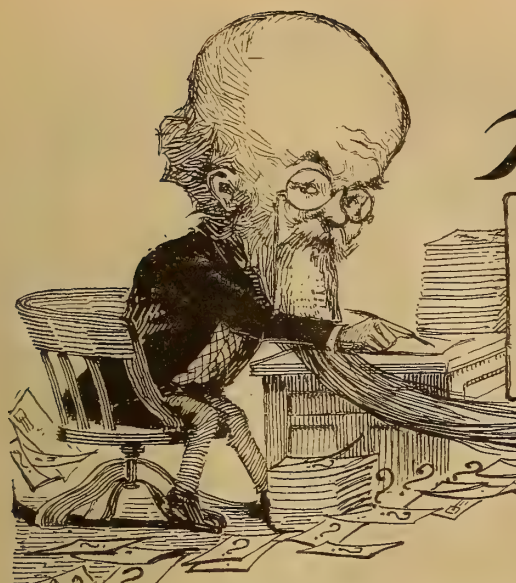
two By seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three By seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

COME hither, O gentle and ungentle reader, and follow me. We'll take a dip together. A dip into a maze of philosophy, art, science, knowledge, wit and nonsense. A peep into the think-works of many inquisitive inquirers. Brush the cobwebs from your brain and look sharp. Fact and fancy will greet you at every turn, and you must have your wits about you so that our journey shall not be in vain. Watcher step, now, and step lively.

VIRGINIA ROSE.—Yes, where have they gone—Gwendolyn Pates, Guy Coombs, Frances Nelson, Fritzi Brunette and Hazel Dawn? Them were the good old days. Nigel Barrie was born in Calcutta, Ind., February 5, 1889. He has dark hair and brown eyes.

LEAH G. W.—Oh yes, Mary Fuller, Elsie McLeod, Baby Lillian Wade and Helen Costello. We'll have to have a hunt-up party. Oh, but you shouldn't do that. Dont you know that overeating has always been the best friend of the physician? Besides, aren't we trying to be patriotic by conserving food? (Conserving, not serving—dont omit the "con.")

MISS ST. PAUL.—Your verses are really good. You might be a poet some day. However, hit your own faults the hardest; they're closest to you anyhow. Never fear; Earle Williams will come back.

GEORGE WALSH FAN.—I dont mind hot days and I dont mind cold days, but I dont like them too close together, for I hate to wear furs one day and a Palm Beach suit the next. William Courtleigh in "Miss U. S. A." Hart Hoxie in "The Wolf and His Mate." Allen Edwards in "The Girl by the Roadside."

HELENA F., SCHENECTADY.—That was a pretty ancient one. You refer to Hugh Thompson. Anna Lehr in "The Other Woman." I believe Scribners published a book titled "How to Be Happy Tho Married," but I did not read it because I had no occasion to, and I haven't a set of shock-absorbers.

F. H. W.—Dorothy Dalton in Los Angeles now. See May, 1918. The Island of Cuba is 760 miles long, and its width varies from about 25 miles to 100 miles. Its area comprises 45,881 square miles, or about that of Pennsylvania. Its population is about 2,600,000.

JULIET I.—Ah, but our happiness in this world depends upon the affections we are enabled to inspire. So Thomas Chatterton is playing in stock now. He had a great chance if he had only stuck.

OLGA, 17.—Well, well! It seems years—nay, centuries! The inaudible and noiseless foot of Time! You ask why women dont have beards, now that they have everything else. Listen:

"How wisely Nature, ordering all below,
Forbade a beard on woman's chin to grow;
For how could she be shaved—whate'er the skill—
Whose tongue would never let her chin be still?"

And is that the only question you have to ask me? You should have that $50 prize.

EAGLE-EYE.—Hazel Daly was with Selig last. I'll see what can be done for you. Certainly the moon is inhabited. You've seen the man, haven't you? And if there is a man there must be a woman, else the man would not be there. And if there are two, there are probably more. Q. E. D.

BLONDY, BERKELEY.—I believe it was done to create a style. Nazimova. I doubt whether you could get a position, even tho you did bob your hair. It takes more than bobbed hair to land a job. Oh yes, Rupert Hughes' "Empty Pockets" has been done. Likewise "The House of Bondage."

QUESTION-BOX.—As Mr. Barry, our Advertising Manager, says, the U. S. mint is the only concern he knows that makes money without advertising. Ask dad, he knows. Remember the two periods? That was once the signal to laugh. Mabel Scott played in "The Sign Invisible." She was born in Minnesota. As Socrates said to the wise men of Greece, "You dont know anything, but you think you do. I dont know anything, but I dont think I do, therefore I am wiser than thou."

FRIEDA L.—No, Norma Talmadge is not leaving for good. Too bad your brother gambles. The gambling instinct is born in all men, but most of us learn to suppress it. It's a fatal malady if we once allow it to get the better of us. Read this to brother and let it sink in.

NURSE MARION.—I'll remember you. Perhaps you ask more questions than I do, but I bet I answer more than you do in a day. I admire your form—I mean the fever chart upon which you wrote your letter. Have you any way of detecting when a fellow gets hot under the collar?

U-53.—You say you dont know any more about acting than I do about shaving. Well, you hit the nail on the head that time. That was done in France. Haven't you seen the automatic projection machines? But see here, give me not flattery, but appreciation.

IMA PATRIOT.—I'm glad to hear it. Florence LaBadie died October 13, 1917. Niles Welch is with the Webster Co. Bless your heart, some of the epigrams in this department are original and some are aboriginal.

EXIMINO.—The Red Cross was established after the Battle of Solferino, in 1859, when 30,000 French, Italian and Austrian soldiers were uncared for. Before that time thousands of wounded lay for days on the open ground to perish miserably without the service of organized trained nursing which would have saved them. You ought to subscribe to the *Red Cross Magazine*. It has a circulation of 1,300,000. I hardly think "Foul Play" was ever done. Mary Charleson is with Paralta. Yes, indeed, William S. Hart sums up in one word—sincerity. Selah!

TRIXIE, ATLANTA.—King Baggot was the founder of the Screen Club. He was born in St. Louis, Mo., with brown hair and blue eyes, which he has yet. Genevieve Hamper played for Fox. Do you mean Tom Moore? He was Hunter. You're right, Trixie; preachers teach us how to die, and the doctors how to live, but they often make a mess of it.

The Answer Man

D. R.—I agree with you absolutely, and besides, I dont think it is anybody's business. So you are singing in Brooklyn. Good for you! Render therefore unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.

Sylvia B.—Yes, so you think me a sort of modern Marcus Aurelius! Thanks for the compliment. I am a great admirer of the later stoical philosophy, of which the two best expounders were Epictetus, a former Greek slave who was brought to Rome, and the Roman Emperor Marcus Aurelius. There must be a flash of purple in me somewhere.

I-2-M-76.—So you want more limericks. But I dont think Bacon was referring to Harold Lockwood when he said, "Tall men are like high houses, wherein commonly the uppermost rooms are worst furnished."

Blue-Eyed Girl.—You ask for too many names.

Dorothy L. F.—Viola Dana is about 20. She was born in Brooklyn. Patience is a virtue, but try to read this department thru. The moon cant shine all the time, you know.

Ladybug.—Shake! So you think I am the dead image of Rip Van Winkle. I've been told that before, years ago. Joe Jefferson patterned his Rip after me. So Harry Fox is your brother. Well, getting wiser every day. John Miltern was Mr. Whyndam in "Innocent." That was Monroe Salisbury and Ruth Clifford in "Hungry Eyes." Didn't you know that Dorothy Davenport was Wallace Reid's wife? I dont like to advise you, but I would make my correspondence only on current news.

Baltimore.—William Courtleigh, Jr., was Dick in "The Heart of a Lion." William Farnum was in love with Mary Martin first—I mean in that picture.

M. R. H.—You would like to know the greatest risk known to have been taken by a camera-man. I dont keep a list of such things. Possibly Doug Fairbanks' director, or J. P. MacGowan, director of Helen Holmes, could help us out. Do you refer to "My Fighting Gentleman"? Send along the fudge.

Mademoiselle Française.—I gladly accept all the questions you ask, but I dont guarantee to answer them. Mrs. Castle was born in 1893. You must sign your name at the bottom of the letter, please.

Eddie C.—How many times have I been married? Witness declines to answer on the ground that it might degrade him. Mrs. Frank Gould was Ethel Kelly and appeared in musical-comedies.

Texas Bluebell.—Writing on both sides of the paper is permissible nowadays, so long as you leave some white space between the lines. "Over the Top" is being shown now. 'Most all of the players answer letters.

Jimmie McGraw.—You think that Harry Carey will develop into another William S. Hart, and Marjorie Daw into another Mae Marsh. The only difference between George Washington and me is that he couldn't tell a lie, while I can but wont. A lie founded on half truth is worst. Falsehood is never so successful as when she baits her hook with truth.

Silver Spurs.—No, Alan Forrest was opposite Mary M. Minter in "Powers That Prey." You will be out stump-speaking next, I suppose. Oh, but I do not believe that man has a soul. I believe that man *is* a soul and that he has a body.

Inquirer.—Seek and ye shall find. Yes, I agree with you—mere loudness is the camouflage of ignorance; the louder we hawk our wares, the less we have to sell. That was Ann Murdock and David Powell in "The Beautiful Adventurer."

Tempus Fugit.—David Powell is with Frank Keeney. And you say you didn't care a bit for Jules Rancant in "La Tosca." Ah, but if I can make my own society the best, I am bound to enjoy the solitary hours.

Anna S.—Earle Williams was Foyle in "The Grell Mystery," and he also played in "The Hawk." Eggs form a large part of my diet. 'Tis said that over 14,000,000 cases of eggs are now in cold storage—the largest case of suspended animation on record.

Bill F.—You might write to Pearl White. Business of large smiles. One sneers at curls when one has no hair; one slanders apples when one has no more teeth.

Poor 'Ittle Kiddo.—You say you wish one of the movie stars would adopt you and take you, that your parents dont care for you any more. I'm sorry you're so unhappy and wish I could adopt you. Do write me again.

Gurp, Sacramento.—You send a stamped, addressed envelope for the cast of "Intolerance." It is far too long to give you here. Oh, so you are twelve years old. Well, man has five senses; if he loses one, the vital energy which it was fed on goes to intensify the other four.

Willing.—So you saw Marguerite Clark in St. Louis, and you say she was so dignified and affected. She is 31. Surely it pays to advertise. Not only is it the road to success, but success itself.

Curley.—You say no man of my age can have modern ideas. Some men are old at forty, some are young at eighty. A brainy man like myself has the faculty of keeping young and abreast of the times. It was the Bishop of Cumberland, 1632-1718, who first invented the expression, "It is better to wear out than to rust out." If you think I am antiquated, you can go where the woodbine twineth.

Mabel Scott Admirer.—Victor Sutherland in "The Barrier." I dont mind him in the least. A competitor is frequently the spur we need to keep us from loafing along the way. Write often.

Pal.—I dont see how you can get a picture of Lottie Pickford now. Come, now; dont cross the bridge until you come to it—or, in other words, dont enumerate your feathered bipeds until the period of incubation has elapsed. Why worry?

Sunny California.—No record of Mary Hall.

Lanon.—Yes, Mary Pickford played a double rôle in "Stella Maris," also a stellar rôle. Why, my business consists of answering a few fool questions and a few thousand sensible ones. It's a good business and pays well. I get $9 a week for it.

Kerrigan Fiend.—Lionel Belmore was Guiseppe in "Wanted—A Mother." George MacQuarrie was the doctor. Martha Mansfield in "Broadway Bill." Elliott Dexter was Rochester and Lenora Morgan was Valerie in "Woman and Wife" (World). John Bowers was the doctor. Speaking of love, you say it is "A mighty pain to love, it is, and 'tis a pain to miss." Your letter was just as bright as sapolio would make it. Write soon again.

Holbrook.—William Desmond, of course. One of the Kaiser's sons is said to be suffering from headache. No hope of brain fever, however! In 1739 there were eleven newspapers in the United States. In 1776 there were thirty-seven, one a semi-weekly.

Edwina P.; C. W. S.; J. Y.; Willima E.; Roy M.; Blanche G. D.; B. J. M.; Gordon S.; Reita H.; W. S. P.; Eva M.; Curious; Benedict B.; Josephine D.; Jessie L.; Pill; Hazel T.; Edith F.; Margaret W.; Betty & Jane; Dennis M.; M. B. N.—Alas, alack! you ask me no questions, so I can tell you no lies. If you did ask any, you will find them answered elsewhere. Somehow, tho your letters were bright and snappy, they did not stir me to comment. So here's a thank you and a call again.

Jack the Beanstalk.—Heap much thanks for the smoking terbacker. It looks and smells good—will try her soon. Yes, everything has gone up—'cept my salary and my airship, which hasn't yet come in. I agree with you that William Desmond is a star who is deserving of more publicity than he gets. Among the villains, I like Rogers Lytton because he is so polished and dominating—too much so for most stars, for he often outshines them. I have always had a champagne taste and a lager-beer purse, but some day my talent will be recognized and I'll be able to move from my hallroom and be real swagger, doncherknow. But, in the words of Shakespeare, "I seen my dooty and I done it noble," so here I am, poor but respectable. I'm contented with my lot, even if it isn't a corner lot.

A. B. W., Panama.—Always glad to hear from the Sammies, Jackies or Tommies. You think Olive Thomas is a second Marguerite Clark. Charles Gunn opposite Olive Thomas in "Madcap Madge." Good luck to you; here's my hand.

The Answer Man

FLORENCE LABADIE MOURNER.—See back issues about Florence LaBadie's death.

E. B. ADMIRER.—The so-called "French stage" in pictures is the front line originally used by Pathé and other French producers which established a line beyond which the entire figure was visible to the camera's eye. Yes, Enid Bennett is Mrs. Fred Niblo. You can just send along those Canadian badges that have been thru the Somme. I would appreciate them very much indeed.

HANK.—I am glad you want to wring my hand and not my neck. I heartily enjoyed your sparkling letter and I kiss you on either cheek. I dont know how old Mary Garden is, but she is not as old as I. I hardly think she will be cast for Little Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Come on, now, Hank, and give me another —give me a barrage fire—turn on your machine guns!

RAGS, CASTILE.—Yes, Norma Talmadge was Cora in "The Children in the House." True, but consider humanity as a man who continually grows old and always learns.

JOHNSON, T. B.—I am firing this at you, "over the top" of a thousand letters. Not to do honor to old age is to demolish in the morning the house wherein we are to sleep at night. Of course I'm 76, and proud of it. You're jealous 'cause you aint so old as I be. Well, in the beginning Gaby Deslys was throne upon the stage.

NILES WELCH ADMIRER.—So glad to hear from my little friend. You must write to me whenever you feel inclined. I, too, wish I could see you. How's this: "I want to get a lot of hens," said Smith, "for, bless my soul! I'll have to buy no coal at all, for they'll lay in my coal!"

H. E. L.—Oh, but Roscoe Arbuckle really has good table manners when he dines out. I suppose it isn't nice for me to say that perhaps we are quickest to see in others those weaknesses that we possess in ourselves.

LORETTA.—You refer to "The House of Hate." She is playing every day. 'Tis true, but a woman has a reason for everything except that reason.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—You still stick to the January cover as the best. A slacker is a person who, under one subterfuge or another, avoids or seeks to avoid "doing his bit" for his country. It is a word coined, during the present war, in England. Colonel Roosevelt is reported to have said, "He who goes to the front to offer all for his country will have to make no explanation after the war."

HELEN F. B.—Our last picture of Thomas Chatterton appeared in November, 1914. Juanita Hansen was born in 1897 in Des Moines, Ia. Bert Lytell is appearing in "No Man's Land." Possibly he will have it a little easier than our boys over there.

BILLIE BURKE FAN.—General Pershing says that each man needs about nine pairs of shoes a year. I believe the cost of one pair is $5.10. Figure out what it will cost for 3,000,000 men. Vera Lewis in "A Weaver of Dreams."

A SOUTHERN GIRL.—Emory Johnson was Kenneth in "New Love for Old." Yes, King Baggot is playing for Wharton. You must write again. Is my position interesting? Ah me, it is comforting. What could I do without you all?

BERNADINE.—Conway Tearle is playing opposite Anita Stewart in "The Mind-the-Paint Girl." Yes, there is a George Walsh, now with Fox, and a George Welch, who used to play for Lubin.

DRYAD.—Pauline Curley opposite Harold Lockwood in "Lend Me Your Name." Nobody has ever asked to borrow mine, not even a woman. Charles Clary is about 45 years old. Fox last. You ask why does the butterfly, the kitchen sink and the trees leave. Answer —to make humorists like Dryad ask foolish questions.

MARIELEE.—Yes, I saw Clara K. Young in "The Reason Why." Elinor Glyn wrote it, but it was not much. It is a fairly good play, but nothing extraordinary and is hardly up to the feature class. There is no big fault to find with it excepting that it hardly rose above the mediocre in any department. I dont know what did happen to Justinia Huff. She isn't heard of these days. Louise is out West.

VIRGIL.—Glad to hear it. Men may come and men may go, but the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE goes on forever! Harold Lockwood has blue eyes and brown hair, as witness the August Classic cover. Eighteen hundred and eighty-seven is correct.

H. L. C.—That's entirely out of my department. Write them again. Miriam Cooper and Ramsay Wallace in "Woman and the Law." No, I dont think it is right to portray the character of DeSaulles with all his faults. Every one can do his bit. I have just received a letter from the Secretary of the Navy, stating that the navy is in urgent need of binoculars, spy-glasses and telescopes. More eyes are needed on every ship to spot the deadly U-boats. Sextants and chronometers are also urgently required. The navy needs these gifts badly. Articles not suitable will be returned to the sender. Those kept will be recorded and every effort will be made to return them, with added historical interest, at the end of the war. One dollar will be paid for each article accepted, as the government cannot accept gratuitous material. Your articles should be securely tagged, giving the name and address of the donor, and forwarded by mail or express to Franklyn D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Naval Observatory, Washington, D. C.

SWEET 16.—I am sure you will receive an answer if you write to the players, enclosing a stamp. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of film manufacturers.

WOULD-BE KITTY GORDON.—Kitty Gordon was living at Manhattan Beach last summer. Suppose she is there this season also. Alice Brady in "The Ordeal of Rosetta"; was taken in Asheville, N. C. Vitagraph are reissuing the Drew comedies.

R. M. G.—See above.

MARJORIE M.—Goldwyn has denied that Madge Kennedy is to play under the Belasco management in the fall. Ah! but the only point I can see in your joke is the interrogation-point. If you dont like the way Fannie Ward combs her hair, I'll see that she mends her combing ways. Call again.

LESLIE W. H.—Hello, there! You bet I have missed you. Shake! You say you liked the titles in "The Sixteenth Wife" better than any picture you have seen. Dont think it was Ethel. Irving Cummings and June Elvidge in "The Whip." Arthur Housman was with Metro last.

BARBARA O.—They do say that the Kaiser is the only German who has six living sons in the army. Better watch out. You better stay home with mother. There is no place like home.

U. C. A. MOVIE FAN.—William Hinckley died May 4th at the Mount Sinai Hospital in New York City, and dear old Mother Maurice, of Vitagraph fame, died May 3d at Port Carbon, Pa., at the age of 74. She was probably loved by more people than any other woman in the world.

MRS. L. G., SPRINGFIELD.—Yes, that's so; the more it costs, the more we value it, even to experience. But why dont you just try a little praise or appreciation on your servants? It means much to them. Neva Gerber was born in 1895. Why not write them?

MINNIE H.—You say, "Why is it, no matter which shoe, right or left, you first put on, you always put the left one on last?" Now, Minnie, quit teasing the old Answer Man. Of course the one that is left always goes on last, even if it left the last first. Louis Wilson in "Alimony."

U-53.—The United States produces half the steel and half the coal of the world. In Alaska coal is $16.50 a ton and in New York it is $9.00 a ton. Alaska, apparently, is nearer heaven. Tell your mother no. Always glad to do what I can for mothers, because, alas! I have none.

ANN G.—Yours was there! The best opportunities dont knock at people's doors. They are intercepted as soon as they appear by those who do not sit indoors to wait. Muriel Ostriche was Jess in "Journey's End."

LEFTY.—Pearl White is with Pathé. You must not ask for my picture. I never had it taken, for the simple reason that I never yet found a photographer who I thought could do me justice.

(*Continued on page* 115)

Behind the Sce

Norman Kerry is now a Matzene tar. After appearing in support of Mary Pickford and Constance Talnadge, Mr. Kerry is now working for new film organization known as the Matzene Features, producing in Universal City. The Matzene Company vill co-star Norman Kerry with Wanda Hawley, who was recently with Douglas Fairbanks.

Mary MacLaren is again back on the screen as a Bluebird star. Several months ago Miss MacLaren was injured in an automobile accident in Los Angeles, and she has been laid up ever since. But in the meantime the Universal Film Co. won a suit they brought against her.

Carmel Myers as she appears in "My Parisian Wife," her next Bluebird, but minus the Red Cross tin-foil boxes.

After becoming a godmother to a California regiment, Miss Myers decided to continue her patriotic work. So she is seen here distributing tin-foil boxes all over the Universal lot.

Anna Nilsson and Bert Lytell are now etroites. Bert was recently signed up by the astern Metro and sent West. So when he rived at the Metro studio, where Viola Dana d Edith Storey are working, they immeately looked for a co-star. Miss Nilsson as signed up. It happened that she had just ished her work on a Rex Beach picture, Heart of the Sunset."

George Beban is thinking about the last scene in the third part of "High and Dry," which is the title of the first picture to be made by the George Beban Producing Co., Mr. Beban having formed his own company.

Marie Walcamp is just putting up a service flag on her Stutz as a reward to her former director, Mr. Jaccard, who recently enlisted in a California regiment. What do you think of Marie's new costume? No, she isn't trying to copy Theda Bara.

nes in California

Ruth Clifford doesn't look very frightened, does she? Ruth has just been given dressing-room No. 13 at Universal City, and everybody on the lot thought that she would be superstitious enough not to take it. But Ruth says that thirteen's her lucky number.

Louise Glaum, the vampire de luxe, is at last back on the screen. After leaving the Triangle studios in California, Miss Glaum went to New York, where she spent a vacation of several months. Then she went back to California and formed her own company under the Paralta banner.

Fannie Ward in her latest Japanese character. Following Bryant Washburn, Frank Keenan and Bessie Love, Miss Ward arrived in the West, making the fourth Pathé company in Los Angeles. Miss Ward is now working on "The Japanese Nightingale," under the direction of Mr. FitzMaurice, for which an entire Japanese village has been erected at Universal City, where the Astra-Pathé Co. is producing.

Bill Hart and his pinto pony, "Fritz," leading the Red Star parade in Los Angeles. Mr. Hart paraded down Broadway at the head of the parade and raised several thousand dollars for the relief of wounded animals at the front. Hurrah for Bill!

Bessie Love is still working on kid stuff. But you cant blame her, as she is only 17. At present Bessie is finishing her work in "Caroline of the Corners," which is her third and last picture under the Pathé contract. Bessie is going to head her own company.

William Duncan, the old player of the Western Vitagraph, will remain with that company, altho it was announced in many magazines that he would make a serial for the Pathé Company. He declined their offer, as the Vitagraph Company is paying him a larger salary to make another Western serial for them. Mr. Duncan is not only the director, a star of his present serial, but also the author.

A Salty Sketch of Edward Earle

And His Own "Impressions" of His Studio Mates

By HERBERT HOWE

EDDIE DIRECTS HIS DIRECTOR, GRAHAM BAKER, IN THE BUSINESS OF KNITTING

EDDIE HAS A VERY FAVORABLE IMPRESSION OF ALICE JOYCE; BUT SHE ONLY LAUGHS AT HIM

EDWARD EARLE AND HIS DOG, "CASEY"

ALTHO Edward Earle, star of the voiceless drama, and Enrico Caruso, star of the most vocal, have little in common so far as profession is concerned, they do have in common—a hobby. Now, any one will tell you that an avocation is more important than a vocation. And ninety-nine out of every ninety-nine will tell you that had they followed their avocations as vocations they would have been far more famous and wealthy.

Both Eddie and Enrico are good actors, any one will admit; but as practitioners of their hobby—well, I leave you to judge of Eddie. He will tell you that he ought to have been an artist, and, if you object, he will sketch a picture of you which will make you wish you hadn't. He imposes on the good nature of his associates, likewise their visages, by sketching every one and everything between scenes.

I sauntered into the Vitagraph studio not long ago and found Director William P. S. Earle busily engaged with the production of an O. Henry story, "The Girl and the Graft," in which Earle plays the chief object of feminine interest. Perhaps he plays the Graft. At least, he seemed to be, that particular afternoon — every one was working except him. He sat nonchalantly on a dressing-table in one corner, his feet on one of those expensive Louis Something chairs, busily scrawling over equally expensive white paper, which might have been serving its country to better advantage.

GRAHAM BAKER TRIES TO EXPLAIN TO EDWARD EARLE

"What's the matter, Eddie—has the sun got you?" I asked. (It was one of the first hot days of spring.)

I was alarmed by his lack of response. He usually has a very good "come-back."

"What's the big idea, Eddie?" I persisted, glancing over his shoulder and seeing something that made me suspect he was making cipher plans of the studio for the Kaiser. "That looks like something a German spy might turn out."

Then Eddie said something that meant the same as "Ah, go to the —— Kaiser!"

It seems that the drawings, which I thought were aids to a big drive, were sketches of his friends in the studio. At least, they *were* his friends. Perhaps after they see themselves as Eddie sees them, they wont be.

"You see, they are just

impressions," he explained of the drawings.

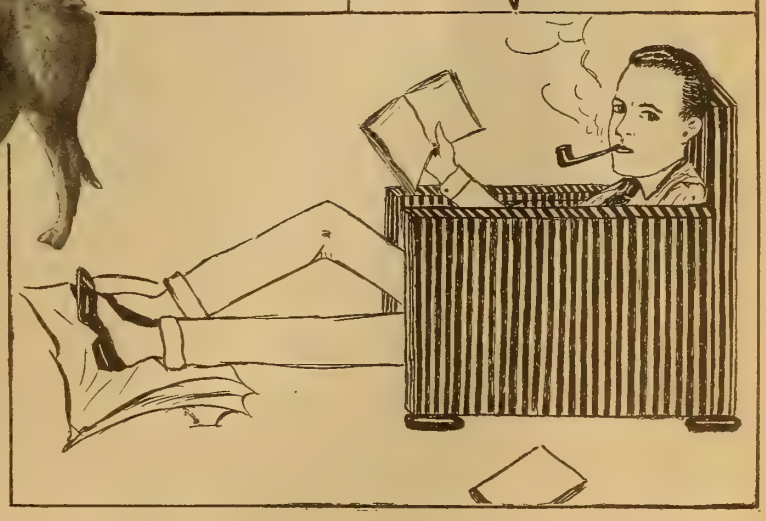
"I'd be ashamed to have such impressions of my friends," I returned. Thereupon this diabolical artist commenced work on an "impression" of me. It turned out to be a "suppression," however, I being stronger than the artist.

AGNES AYRES, WHO PLAYED THE AMERICAN EVERYWIFE OPPOSITE EDDIE'S EVERYHUSBAND IN VITAGRAPH COMEDIES

EDDIE ALWAYS PLAYS OPPOSITE BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. HERE'S EVIDENCE TO PROVE IT —BETTY BLYTHE

"TO THE LAMBS CLUB, JAMES!"

ALICE JOYCE DOING A ONE-STEP. AS A MATTER OF FACT, ALICE HATES THE ONE-STEP.



EDDIE'S IMPRESSION OF HIMSELF—HIS BEST WORK OF ART

It seems he got the "bug" some years ago during a vacation between theatrical seasons. I have tried to persuade him that he was crazed by hunger at the time and didn't know what he was doing. He wont have it that way, so I'll humor him by telling the sad story, just as he related it to me over a ginger-ale something that warm afternoon.

"In the first place," said he, "I was Mary Pickford's first leading-man."

"Ah, take off that record; I've heard it before!" I snapped.

"That was with a stock company up in Toronto, Canada," continued Eddie, imperturbed. "She was a mere child, and so was I."

"All this transpiring but a few years ago, I take it," was my observation, knowing that a female star never gets past her eighteenth birthday, and a male never goes further than the thirty-mark.

"Well," said Eddie, preparing to sketch an unlikeness of Alice Joyce, whom he says he admires intensely, tho you'd never guess it from his "impression," "I went on tour, and for a while it looked as tho musical-comedy was my line. I developed a marvelous tenor. Hearing this, myself, I went to New York, thinking that perhaps Caruso might catch a cold or fall and hurt himself some night. I intended to call on Gatti-Gazazza; but, unfortunately for him, he was always out. As there were no want ads. out for opera singers, I tried for a job with a stock company in Brooklyn. As soon as I got into the company, the season closed."

(*Continued on page* 126)

HAROLD LOCKWOOD SEEMS TO HAVE AS GOOD A TIME TYPING OUT HIS DEPARTMENT FOR THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE AS YOU DO READING IT

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

ONCE a Shakespearean actor, always a Shakespearean actor. I may have maledictions thrown upon my head for making this assertion; but I believe, just the same, that any one will agree with me that my observation is generally right. You can tell a Shakespearean actor because he "acts." No matter where he is—at the studio, at lunch, in church, or at a prize-fight—he acts! We had one of the species with us when we went up to the White Mountains to make the exteriors for "The Avenging Trail" In the dim and distant past, our friend portrayed the characters of the Immortal Bard and of other classics, and he never got over it. His favorite was "The Bells," and, without even the slightest provocation, he was wont to get up and recite one of the big speeches from it. It required no self-starter to make him begin. He just naturally drifted into it. The first time, we respectfully listened to him; the second time, it was like hearing an old story over again; the third time, we felt annoyed, and, after that, every time he got up to recite "The Bells" we made him sit down; we did it gently, but firmly. Finally, he saw he could foist "The Bells" upon us no longer, so, under some pretext or other, he induced four or five men in the company to come to his room, for no other reason — bless his persistency! — than to recite "The Bells."

The door of his room was open, and as he needed plenty of room, he was soon out in the hallway, repeating those lines of the play where Mathias sees the ghost of the man he had murdered. I will give this fellow credit —he could act. The running crescendos in his flow of speech were enough to make one creep. On his knees he dropped, speaking passionately, as Mathias was supposed to speak. In his desire to give further effect to his speech, he gesticulated wildly, his hands clutching away in the thin air.

At a corner down the hall another guest swung into view and saw the actor writhing on the floor. Rushing forward, he reached his side, and, picking him up, he steadied him, with his arms around the actor's shoulders.

"Are you ill?" the guest inquired, with great concern and solicitude.

Our Shakespearean friend freed himself from the guest's arms, straightened himself majestically, and answered with his best Shakespearean diction:

"No, sir, I am *not* ill. I was just acting one of the noblest speeches ever written."

On the same location trip we were accompanied by a man who thought he could sing. We didn't agree with him; but that didn't deter him from trying to prove it to us. At eight o'clock in the morning, when half of the guests in the hotel were still asleep, he was at the piano in the parlor, playing a chord in accompaniment to his self-imposed singing lesson. It was delightful—for the singer; but—it was misery to every one of us who had to listen. We didn't want to give the hotel proprietor a chance to complain, so our assistant director went to Caruso (that's the name by which the singer was known to us, and there never was a more misapplied title given out) and explained to him, in his gentlest manner, that his singing was so good that the guests wouldn't come down to breakfast on time, preferring to lie in bed and listen to him, and, as it disarranged the whole dining-room schedule, would he please forbear with the hotel proprietor and discontinue the singing?

For several days we heard no more of the singing, and

(*Continued on page* 127)

"It means that I must leave—in a week—darling."

I sat quite still—too still. George bent over me and lifted my blanched face to his. "You women! . . ." he muttered, when he saw it. "My God, how you have to suffer . . . how you have to suffer!" Then his voice changed, and he took me in his arms and smiled. "But how glorious you are," he said, "sending your men into battle — singing and smiling — smiling and singing — dearest!"

THEIR LAST EVENING, IN THE GLOAMING, SINGING, "BONNIE, SWEET BESSIE"

. . .

And then and there, to the tune of those high words, I vowed that I would send *my* man into battle—singing and smiling. If my love is so great it can give me *heaven,* then it is great enough for this. . . .

July ——

I dont even know the date; I dont want to know it, else every month it would rise up to strike me with nail-barbed, ruthless fingers. I have suffered today. Everything of sorrow women have known since the world began I have known today—today . . . the last day of my Shining Happiness—perhaps forever.

Mrs. Grayson tried to comfort me. "My son is there," she told me; "my only son!"

"But you have *his* son," I protested, refusing to be comforted, "and he, in his turn, will have a son. When — when George goes — my love goes and all my future. There can be no future for me where George is not."

"Still," said Mrs. Grayson, with her hard-won smile, "if we cannot have love, it is something to have *pride*—and without pride we could have no love. You could not love a *slacker,* dearie—a yellow thing!"

"No," I agreed; "no, of course not."

This evening George and I walked. We didn't say much. There are moments like that—sunk depth upon depth beneath speech. When we returned to the cottage, he drew me to the piano, in the open-windowed, chintzy parlor. "Sing for me, sweetheart," he said, and because *his* voice was not very steady it gave mine strength. That must have been it, else I could never have done it—sung the song he loved—the song I was singing the day I first met him. It has been something like the accompaniment to the incomparable song of our love.

Bonnie, sweet Bessie . . . bonnie, sweet . . .

The refrain sings itself over and over in my tired brain —over and over and over . . . too bitter to be sweet . . . too sweet to be bitter. . . .

After I had finished, he drew me up to him, so close into his arms my breath failed with delicious strangulation.

"I want to carry this picture of you with me," he said, "singing and smiling—my gallant sweetheart—my beautiful heroine—so that if death comes to me — on Flanders' fields — I shall meet it incomparably because of you——"

What could I do then but weep the bitterness of my fear upon his breast. And he knew—he let me weep.

Now, at last, I am going to sleep. I lay awake hours, it has seemed, after George's regular breathing told me that he slept. His to battle; mine to wait! There are a million deaths in such a waiting. Just now it seemed as tho I could not stand it . . . the ruthless flight of Time. How it marches —and marches—and *marches*—like the ghostly, staccato tramping of dead soldiers' feet! I could not stand it. I crept from the room . . . but gently, that my warrior might sleep . . . and tried to hold back the pendulum of the great clock in the hall—tried to hold it still . . . tried to defy Time, that enemy who has not been worsted yet.

After a long, long while I slept.

"CANT YOU STOP SWINGING, JUST FOR TONIGHT?"

The Next Morning.

George has just gone—gone! How can it be that four little letters can spell such a death in life? I helped him

pack his kit-bag, and I tried to smile over each beloved item—his military brushes I gave him while we were engaged, his dear, clumsy socks, the shirts I made him, his shaving-set. Each article seemed rimmed about with the sanctity of things belonging to the beloved dead.

As I packed, I hummed "Bonnie, Sweet Bessie," and knew that I was singing discordantly off key, yet kept on singing. In the middle of it George came over me and whispered that no singing had ever been so sweet—so true. And I knew what he meant.

I did not go to the station with him; I couldn't.

And now he is gone; he is gone!

July 15th.

Sir William has been so kind. He is the kindest man I have ever known, except George, who is, of course, the superlative of everything. He and Lady Cecily entertain us at tea and take us motoring and are delightfully hospitable. The other day Sir William asked us to go thru his hospital. Hester insisted. He did not know that I would not be able to bear it. Every mutilated, pain-mad lad was a potential George. When I came to one who sat with sightless eyes, gassed, and smiling, I fainted.

"You must never come here again," Sir William said, as he took me into the air.

Hester was enraged. "You will never learn," she snapped, on our return home, "which side your muffins are buttered on!"

I did not know what she meant.

Since, it has occurred to me that she . . . well, from the very first she has been her most subservient to Sir William and Lady Cecily. Once she said to me, "Just think, if you had waited, instead of precipitating yourself into this fool marriage with a soldier, you might have been Lady Farrell."

Now I know that she thinks it not too late—that she hopes—*hopes* the Boches get George. There has always been something dark and sinister in Hester; but, oh, I never dreamt her soul was cankered as irremediably as *this!*

"HOW CAN I BEAR TO LEAVE THEE?"

And so the days go by, one just like another; the only meaning to them, the occasional letters; the only hope in them, the things the letters say; the only reward possible—the only pot of gold at the gray days' end—his returning!

September 1st.

". . . *Lieutenant George Starret—wounded and missing.*"

If I should take a rapier blade, dip it in flame and drench it in caustic and burn those words into my flesh where the flesh is tenderest, they would be obliterate in an hour compared to the way they are branded in my brain.

"Lieutenant George Starret—wounded—and—missing—*missing!* Oh, God, oh, God, where—*where?* Where is he? How does he suffer? Is he sleeping under the poppies that blow on Flanders' fields? Do his bones lie there at the mercy of the winds? Is he peaceful? Is he torn and trampled? Does he remember? Does he forget?

He who held me, he who was my lover, I who was his possession—warm and ardent and safe—where is he now? What *thing* has death made of him?

Am I going mad? Of course I am—I *am* mad! Death has taken love up in its black arms and is strangling it. Love cries, and the cries are horrible. Love suffers—but will not die. Why doesn't it die? Why doesn't it die—lie still—lie white—like unto him who made love live?

At the Dinner-Table

By CHARLOTTE R. MISH

JONES—Say, wasn't Mary Pickford pritty in "Amarilly of——"

MRS. JONES—Oh, I dont know! Now, you take Theedee Barree—she certainly looked swell in——

SALLY—Now, maw, you know she's jest beau-ti-ful! Why——

MRS. JONES (*firmly*)—Certainly looked swell in "Cleopatra." You know, I think——

JONES—There's a little girl I like pritty well—you know her, small and blonde and——

SALLY—Oh, you mean Vivian Mar——

JONES—Nope; her name's—drat it! I cant think of it. You know her, tho. She took the part of a French girl that gets kidnapped and is bound and gagged and put on a boat that comes over to America and——

MRS. JONES—Oh, yes, and then she witnesses a murder, and at the trial——

JONES—Nope; that's not the one either. This one——

SALLY—I know who you mean, paw. She has her hair cut off and goes as a boy to a gambling-house and——

MRS. JONES—And she sees a man there that she knows is the murderer of her father and——

JONES—Nope; there isn't any murder in it, maw. After she's brought over here she escapes and—well, let's see now—drat it! I remember that girl so well—small and blonde——

SALLY—Oh, you mean Blanche Sweet! I remember——

JONES—Small and blonde and—drat it! I know her name so well. Now, let's see if you cant remember. We saw the play at the Liberty—or was it the Star? Come to think of it, I think it was at the Rex. I remember there was a comedy first—you know the one where the boy and girl think they're married, but it turns out that——

SALLY—Oh, yes! I remember! It turns out that the minister was a crook in disguise and didn't dare let on, and so——

JONES (*wildly*)—No! Drat it! No! It turns out—let's see! It seems to me that—drat it! I cant remember how it turns out, but there was a dog in it and——

MRS. JONES—Oh, yes, and a bear, and the bear kills——

SALLY—No, maw, the bear doesn't kill any one; he means the one where the bear throws the beer-bottles over the transom——

JONES (*more wildly*)—No! No bear! Just a dog. Perhaps there was a cat, too. Yes, I am sure there was a cat, but——

SALLY—Oh, I know the girl you mean! It must be Alice Joyce—but no, she's dark. Perhaps she wore a wig——

JONES—Cant you remember, when she gets over here to America she escapes and——

MRS. JONES—Henry! I've thought of the very play you mean! The girl goes out, and she acts kinda queer, she is so upset over the murder of her father, and they take her——

JONES (*savagely*)—For heaven's sake, no! This girl—now, let's think. She's small and blonde. She comes to America, and she escapes—no! I've got it now! She's rescued by a sailor—you know the man I mean, tall and dark and——

SALLY—Oh, Francis X——

MRS. JONES—Was it Marc MacDermott? Or—oh, I'll bet it was George Walsh! I begin to remember——

JONES—Nope! It starts with a T.

SALLY—Oh, Monroe Salisbury!

JONES (*firmly*)—With a T. He's tall and dark. Then he takes the girl to his home and—by George! I remember! His mother takes care of her and——

MRS. JONES—Oh, I know! She educates her and——

JONES (*weakly*)—Nope, she was already educated. But after this she—drat it, now it's slipped my mind again. She——

MRS. JONES—I think you must mean—say, paw! For goodness' sake, it's nearly nine! We've got to hurry or we'll miss the last installment of "The Fatal Ring." Sally, git on your hat! Come, paw! Hurry!

JONES—All right—but try to think on the way, or I'll go batty! Small and blonde——

The Movie Dictionary

COMPILED BY "THE PHOTOPLAY PHILOSOPHER" WHILE VIEWING AND REVIEWING THE MOVIES FOR THE LAST SEVEN YEARS

Actors—The only honest hypocrites.

Baby—A soft bundle of love and trouble; a padlock on the chain of love; it makes home happier, love stronger, patience greater, hands busier, nights longer, days shorter, purses lighter, the past forgotten, the future brighter. Very few photoplays are produced that are not based on one of these precious nuisances.

Coiffure—An insurmountable obstacle obstructing the view; to be found in all public places, particularly in the picture theaters.

Disease—Nature's inexorable penalty for broken laws.

Economy—Going without today's pleasures in order to be able to buy pleasures when we are too old to enjoy them, *e.g.*, refraining from going to the movies because we might need the dime in our old age.

Fan—(1) A red-hot movie enthusiast. (2) An instrument designed to prevent one's getting hot.

Gum—Movie refreshments.

Health—A sound mind in a sound body.

Influence—The light which a good character in photoplay sheds; the shadow which an evil character spreads.

Limburger—A cheese of the first rank. Makes a delicious refreshment when carried to the movies and eaten between the acts.

Mob—A monster invented by D. W. Griffith with the hands of Briareus but the head of Polyphemus—strong to execute but blind to perceive.

Originality—Judicious imitation.

Porter (Pullman)—A train robber.

Quarrel—A theme for a thousand photoplays. A contract couched in parliamentary language, between two persons who agree to disagree.

Silence—The secret of enjoying a movie show.

Tomorrow—A bird that is always flying toward us, but which never gets here.

Vices—Our neighbors' bad habits.

Wisdom—An expression used by learned philosophers such as the Answer Man, meaning simply the knowing how to keep the wolf and the doctor from the door.

Youth—The age of an ordinary man till he is twenty, and of a woman till she is forty; the age of an actor till he is fifty and of an actress till she is seventy.

ALICE JOYCE

"My Ideal Girl"

A Search by Screen Idealists for the Perfect Woman

"MY ideals are elastic, very. That is the reason why I have never married. Human values are evanescent. They shift as constantly as the clouds, and mass themselves into strange shapes. However, there is one design, one attribute, which endures. And it is that which I most admire in my ideal woman. She must be colorful. Witty, brilliant, even caustic in her speech, she must nevertheless have a warm heart and be subject to generous impulses. She must personify a tiger lily or a burgundy-red rose; must deck herself in rich silks and use a strange perfume.

HAMILTON REVELLE

"This woman—whoever she may be—must be a radiant creature of the world. She must be no blonde-braided Marguerite, but a vivid, electrifying creature to whom all human joys and sorrows are but a passing experience which leave their reflection only a moment, then make the woman eager for something new and fresh.

"She is, as I see her, a thoroly worldly woman, keen to live life to the utmost. Yet I like to think of her as a sweet, affectionate, womanly woman as well. The combination is a curious one and, I confess, I have never found it except, perhaps, in the characters portrayed by the stars with whom I have been associated. Each of the famous women has herself possessed some of the traits I have touched upon, yet in no case has she embodied them all. That is why I can say that never have I encountered this ideal whose description I am trying to give. Yet she must exist somewhere. The hope of finding her, the woman who has the outward marks of the vampire, yet is at heart gentle and tender and appealing—this is my quest. And this is why I have never married.

"HAMILTON REVELLE."

GEORGE WALSH

"Of course, all girls are ideal in one way or another—to some chap or another—so in stating more or less precisely the plans and specifications of my ideal girl I am merely expressing personal predilections, and in no sense casting aspersions or flinging left-handed innuendos at those of the 'rose-bud garden of girls' who do not fit into my scenario. After this general alibi, which I hope will save me from libel suits or unpleasant personalities, we will proceed with 'taking the picture.'

"Being a big, husky, two-fisted guy I naturally like a girl who will sort of lean on me and let me protect her. I like an athletic girl, who can stand on her own feet and put up a fight if necessary when I am not around, but when I come on the scene I like her to lay back and 'leave it to George.' This is not from force of movie habit, but ingrained masculinity.

"Girlish prettiness of all styles pleases my eye, but

being of the black-haired type I naturally prefer a blonde with blue eyes—natural, if possible—not of the peroxide and blue eye-pencil persuasion. You see, girls, from my experience around the picture studios, I know all your little tricks of 'make-up'—or most of them, up to yesterday!

"Being tall myself I like a girl 'as high as my heart,' which means that she must be over five feet—five feet six, or even eight, for convenient kissing without straining the neck; and she must be fond of children and kind to animals—especially me.

"She may dress any style she pleases, because if she is the right girl any style that suits her is sure to suit me. The only dress I am particular about is her riding habit, for I like a good, stylish horsewoman.

"She must like music—any kind—because she's got to put up with my singing, which is of the long-distance athletic school, strong in wind and endurance, even if it scarcely rivals Caruso's quality and technique.

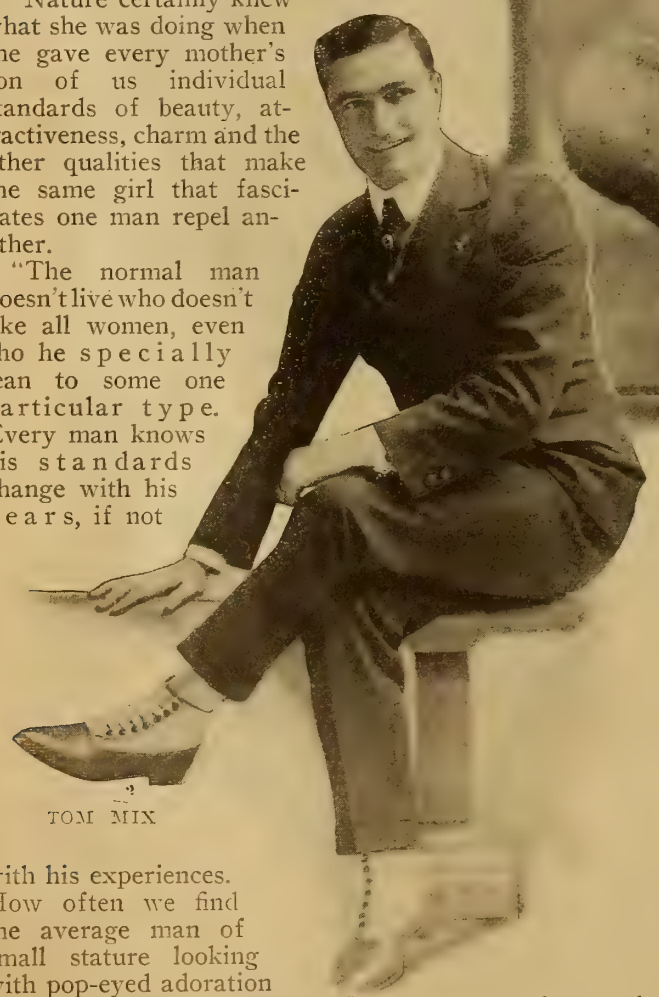
"Only one habit I bar; she must not chew gum. I chew it myself, sometimes, to keep my throat moist during a race or some athletic 'stunt'; but I simply cannot abide a gum-chewing girl. It looks too grotesque!

"Therefore, my dear Ideal Girl, if there is any gum to be chewed—or 'rag,' either—'leave it to George,' not 'Jane.'

"Sincerely, GEORGE WALSH."

"Nature certainly knew what she was doing when she gave every mother's son of us individual standards of beauty, attractiveness, charm and the other qualities that make the same girl that fascinates one man repel another.

"The normal man doesn't live who doesn't like all women, even tho he specially lean to some one particular type. Every man knows his standards change with his years, if not



TOM MIX

with his experiences. How often we find the average man of small stature looking with pop-eyed adoration at some Juno divinity! How frequently, again, the situation is reversed! We find brunettes liking blondes, vice versa, and even red-haired girls passionately worshiped by sturdy, dark-skinned men. There appears to be no law in the choice, even tho we consider the Darwinian theory of natural selection. Despite the admission of the variety of tastes in men toward woman, we must concede that beauty is beauty, that Venus was Venus and to be admired by all men.

"I know men who cannot abide vivacious girls, and others who cannot tolerate demure types; also other men who abhor brainy girls, and others who like no other kind.

"I suppose I am old-fashioned, but somehow I like an every-day sort of girl; one who is the same in the morning as in the evening; who courts no frills

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS

physically or mentally, which doesn't mean that she must be a sartorial or intellectual dowd. I value heart in a girl, affection, more than any other quality; she must perforce be reasonably industrious. I like the brown-haired type physically, with eyes blue or brown. Girls of medium weight and height to whom maturity will come gracefully; those who talk enough yet not excessively; those with ideas enough to keep them out of the dull class, yet with not so many ideas as to make them bores.

"These are the girls that I consider ideal.

"Yet, strangely enough, Nature, Darwin and all the other influences notwithstanding, I am always thinking when my work gives me moments for dalliance, of a contra distinctive type; one who is in no sense my ideal.

Paradoxical? Sure! But aren't the girls also always so, bless 'em? "TOM MIX."

"It was a sunny day in the fall of 1917, when I first met this 'ideal' woman of mine. New York was in festal array for a great parade, and Fifth Avenue was lined with eager spectators. The United States had been for several months *in* the great war, but had not yet become *of* it. The American pocketbook had done its share even as it had since the days of the ravage of Belgium. But the American heart had not been touched. It needed just the touch that this splendid woman was to give it. As a

hush fell over that tremendous throng of people, a band somewhere flared into the strains of our National Anthem, and far up the Avenue could be seen the rhythmic flash of the white figures of women advancing in steady rows. Hour after hour they passed the reviewing stand, in their eyes the light of a supreme resolve and sacrifice, and the thought came to me then that, as nearly as possible, this American woman, wearing the emblem of the Red Cross, was, after all, the nearest possible approach to my ideal.

"DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS."

"I had never pictured a certain definite type as a representative of the ideal woman. My ideal was purely individual.

"My career on the stage, and as a photo-player, has brought me in contact with about every type of woman extant, I suppose. I was on the stage from the time I was a very small boy. In my circus days I believe I most admired a slender girl who was learning to be a bareback rider with our show.

"She had red hair. I used to stand in the entrance to the big tent, waiting to go on, and watch her after she became trained in her work and was performing. I thought there was no other hair in all the world quite so wonderful as hers.

"But, alas, for the dreams of youth! Now, I cannot remember a thing about her, except that her hair was like bronze. I have even forgotten the color of her eyes. Maybe I didn't know then. And now I have this definite image of my ideal. She is not of the ravishing beauty type.

"She is sweet and pretty; her eyes look up at you, and she shakes hands as if she means it.

"She is human and sympathetic.

"She understands that the grosser animal—man—has fits and moods. And she tries to cater to them; not in a frightened, restless way, but sweetly sympathetic, tenderly forgiving of the fool mistakes we men are always committing—and she doesn't nag.

"I have known women who nag their husbands. They nag them publicly, and sort of absently—as if they did it automatically, like breathing.

"She has her own ideals. She has her own interests in life. She has an independence of thought that commands my respect.

"She believes in freedom of thought for herself and for me.

"And—I dare say this is important—she almost always thinks I am right.

GEORGE LARKIN

"She is intolerant of pretense, sham and sophistry.

"I suppose I am hopelessly unfashionable in setting up my own wife as my Ideal Woman, but I'm told this is to be an honest confession, and I have so made it.

"GEORGE LARKIN."

"It is a difficult thing you ask me to do, this describing my ideal woman. A thousand elements enter into her make-up—enter into every woman's make-up. How to separate them and catalog those that constitute an ideal woman—I say, it's a tremendous undertaking. In the first place, have I a definite ideal, I ask?

"Of course, every man responds to certain qualities in a girl no matter by whom they are possessed. Yet when it comes to laying down hard-and-fast rules as to what a girl should and should not do and say and be—once again let me say that I am up against a serious problem.

"Every one who knows me is aware of my preference for high spirits. Not necessarily hoydenish girls who indulge in practical jokes, nor girls who giggle incessantly, but consistently cheerful, merry creatures who add to the joy of living. In fact, I should say that a sense of humor is the first requirement I should make in constructing an ideal of femininity.

"Then would come taste in dress, without extravagance of apparel or even a suggestion of the bizarre. Merely a sense of what is becoming, a knowledge of colors and color combinations, and a pretty manner of arranging her hair. Above all, in this connection, I should say that artificiality is what offends me most. Just so a girl is natural, is *herself,* one senses it and is impressed accordingly.

"Then, too, I like a good voice, tho it is most difficult to describe what kind of a voice I consider a good one. Every voice produces vibrations, of course. What those vibrations are depends on the ear of those who hear them. My ear is sensitive and every voice I hear produces very certain vibrations. Needless to say, they must be

(*Continued on page* 112)

TOM MOORE

© Hoover Art Co.

LILLIAN GISH

Imaginary Notes from the Publicity Man

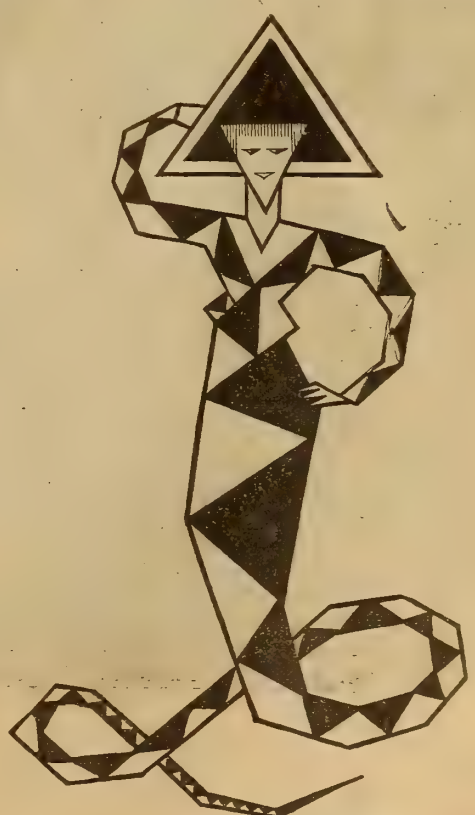
By

HARVEY PEAKE

Miss Susabelle Slats will appear at times in straight rôles. She is regarded as one of the squarest among the new school of Filmerettes, and will specialize in adventuresses, crookesses and women of the underworld. Miss Slats' pastime, when not before the camera, is Sunday-school teaching. She has a class of 138 children, from 18 to 75 years of age, who hear her expound the Sunday-school lesson on Sunday, and see her in her various highly spiced rôles on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Miss Billy Bustle will soon be regarded as the fashion-plate of the films. Her repertoire consists of over 100 gowns at the present time, and is increasing at the rate of five per day. There is nothing too fantastic for Miss Bustle to wear, and whenever the ladies are looking for something particularly nutty in costumes, they should see the new films in which this beautiful young clothes-horse is appearing.

Miss Sheeza Bear, photographed in her celebrated one-piece bathing suit. Miss Bear is an exact duplicate of the Venus de Milo.



Miss Lura Mann is the newest Vamp. She is so much on the job that the director of the company in which she is playing leading parts succumbed in one hour.

MAE MARSH

East Indian Love Lyrics

By MADAME PETROVA

Mir Khan

I have braided my hair for thee, O lover!
I have perfumed the lips that thy lips may hold;
I have tunicked my body for thy caresses,
In glory of silver and shimmer of gold.

Mir Khan, radiant and beautiful;
Mir Khan, son of the sky;
Mir Khan, god-like, immutable,
Priest of a passionate symphony.

If my kisses shall fail to assuage thine hunger,
I have wine of black grapes for thy scarlet mouth,
And I'll scatter red poppies to woo thy slumber,
When the moon shall hang low—on the burning south.

Mir Khan, son of the desert;
Mir Khan of the sable wings;
Mir Khan, star of the infinite,
Lover of lovers and king of kings!

E. G. Anderson.

The Dawn of an Indian Sky

Give me thine hands, slender and delicate, white
As the rose of a diffident love and its promise of first delight.

Give me thy mouth, red as a pomegranate, sweet
As the white-starred jasmine that daily I lay at thy feet.

Give me thine heart, quivering, pulsating and shy
At the touch of my lips on thy breast, 'neath the dawn of an Indian sky.

From a photo by Charlotte Fairchild

NORMA TALMADGE

Ex-tra! The Story of Anita Stewart's Hoodoo Year

As Told for the First Time

By GLADYS HALL

I ARRIVED at the Vitagraph studio the other day and ran into what might be termed a "scoop," the very first turn of the crank on the very first day of Anita's return to the Vitagraph after her year of absence—and other things.

I dont know why, but I had preconceived a picture of a very smart, very modernized, very ultra sort of a girl. I found, seated in the "set" of a country general store, a slip of a child, clad in a calico gown, enveloped in a gingham apron, with stubby shoes, worsted stockings, long curls and a plaid hair-ribbon. She was saying plaintively to Director Wilfred North, "Oh, *please,* be careful of my *nose!*"

ANITA ADDS TO HER SUPPLY OF LIBERTY BONDS

IN SPITE OF HER HOODOO YEAR, ANITA STILL KEEPS HER HAPPY DISPOSITION

THE FIRST PICTURE OF ANITA SNAPPED IN COSTUME OF "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL," AFTER HER LENGTHY ABSENCE FROM THE VITAGRAPH PLANT

After various "stills" and many a "Turn this way, Anita," "Turn that way, Anita," Anita came over to *me.*

"This is my first day at work again, you know," she said, after we had found two ornate chairs and had introduced ourselves . . . unnecessarily. "And I am rather nervous . . . tho glad to have my mind occupied again. I've had such a hard year—one of those years where just *everything* has seemed to go wrong. I hope my jinx is over. . . . I dont think I could stand much more of it."

"Tell me all about it," I begged. "How did your . . . ah . . . jinx begin?"

"With an attack of typhoid fever," the brown-eyed star began. "We were filming 'The Girl Phillipa' . . . and the typhoid was the real beginning of all my trouble.

"You see, after the fever was over, my doctor told me that I must positively take a six-months' rest—at the very least. I had been working at the time for six years without a single vacation, and then the fever and all, and I certainly needed one. Well, Vitagraph insisted upon my returning in *two weeks'* time instead of six months', because 'The Girl Phillipa' *had* to be finished while the leaves were on the trees. I returned . . . but . . . it nearly finished *me.* I went down to simply nothing and was so nervous I hardly knew what I was about. And, to make matters worse, they had absolutely *no* consideration for me whatsoever. That was the *real* trouble. We worked day and night, sometimes until two in the morning, ate any time and anywhere, and when we were finally done I had a complete nervous breakdown. Why, I used to have to sit between scenes wrapped up in three and four coats to keep from having chills. . . ."

"Then," I said, "you didn't leave Vitagraph because of another offer or for any reason of the kind?"

"No, indeed," said Anita, positively. "I left because I

felt that I had been very unkindly treated, to state the case mildly, and because of that treatment I was totally unfit for any further work."

"And what did you do *then?*"

Anita laughed. She has a deliciously soft and throaty laugh, with a delicate mouth for the vehicle of laughter.

"I went to a rest sanitarium," she said. "Such a funny place! Mostly old maids . . . you know the kind . . . loads of money and more ailments. It was awful—just like a jail or a morgue. And they did nothing but feed me eggs and milk, milk and eggs from morning until night. I thought life was one huge dairy! . . . But I managed to have a little fun. I took my ukulele, and in the evening the nurses . . . they were dears . . . would come into my room and sit all over the bed, and we'd sing and tell funny stories and play the ukulele . . . and I'd divide up the candy and flowers people were sweet enough to send me . . . and we'd all forget for a while where we were and what we were there for.

ANITA STEWART AND ALBERT E SMITH, PRESIDENT OF VITAGRAPH, DISCUSSING THE STORY OF "THE 'MIND-THE-PAINT' GIRL"

ANITA'S LATEST PHOTOGRAPH

"Once," Anita looked mischievously reminiscent, as a small and naughty girl who dreams again of jam-raids, "once I tried to escape. There was a balcony outside my room, and I planned a 'getaway' . . . but the nurses were too quick for me . . . and I was too weak to resist . . . and so they recaptured me and I returned to the yards and yards of milk and eggs . . . and my ukulele."

"How long did this imprisonment endure?"

"About six weeks . . . and then they graciously permitted me to depart. After that, mother and Miss Norden and I just traveled about from place to place—Atlantic City, Virginia Hot Springs and Lakewood—for me to try to regain my strength. But I just simply couldn't seem to do it. In August of that year I had another complete breakdown, and after that I *know* that I didn't know what I was doing—or why. If you've ever had neurasthenia you'll understand. But . . ." she smiled a valiant little smile, "I feel lots better and stronger now, and I am really and truly glad to be back again."

"How do you feel about being back at Vitagraph after the unpleasantness?" I asked. "People have said . . ."

"People have said some very strange things, indeed!" returned Anita, with more asperity than is usual in the customary gentleness of her manner. "They have even accused me of being *dead* . . . instead"—with a grin—"of half-dead. They have said that both the Vitagraph Company and I regard the completion of my contract as a dual penalty, and that I wont do my best work, and all manner of things equally untrue. I want to say right here and now that I now have nothing but the friendliest feeling for the Vitagraph, and I hope and believe they have the same for me. As to my not doing my best work . . . why, any one who says that of me just simply doesn't know me. Even if I did possess a mean, vindictive disposition, which I really dont think I *do,* I hope I'm too much of an artist to hurt myself by not doing my best work at all times and under all conditions. Why"—her brown eyes widened earnestly—"of *course* I'm going to do . . . *am* doing . . . my best. I just felt that I had been unappreciated and unkindly treated . . . and I was ill . . . and I lost my case . . . and now it is all over and I am finishing up the contract, which consists of twenty-nine weeks of work and a thousand dollars a week salary . . . or a guarantee of twenty-seven thousand a year . . . and after that . . ."

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ANITA STEWART

"Yes?" I prompted, eagerly. One never knows when these stars will look enigmatical and murmur vaguely, "I had rather not be quoted."

(*Continued on page* 112)

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

We always thought **Louise Huff** inhabited Fairyland; but the latest news is she is a member of the World's forces—in other words, World Film Company.

Mabel Normand has made a Food Film—no doubt the fans will "eat it up."

The Liberty Comedy Company has been formed to star **Francis Reisner,** who played a character part in Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life."

"You Cant Get Away With It" sounds inauspicious for a film, were we not sure that **Jewel Carmen** was the star selected by Fox to try it.

That greatest of all stage and screen stars, **Nazimova,** has selected "L'Occident," by the Belgian dramatist, Henri Kistemaecker, for her third screen classic. Of course the title will be changed.

Romaine Fielding has just opened a school of Motion Picture acting in Chicago.

Bill Hart recently gave a ball at the Coronado Hotel in honor of the officers of the regiment of which he is godfather.

Constance Talmadge will reveal her ability as a farceuse in "Good Night, Paul," which she is finishing for Select.

Belle Bennett, of Triangle, is suffering from a complete nervous collapse.

June Caprice says she is married — to her work. And she wants to play Shakespeare in Motion Pictures.

Wedding bells are ringing for **Tom Mix,** of the Fox forces, and Mabel Victoria Hannaford, known to film fans as **Victoria Forde.**

Naoki, **Douglas Fairbanks'** valet, describes his part in the Liberty Loan tour in this manner: "Of the country, I see nothing. Mr. Fairbanks, he change his clothes ten times a day, and all I have seen is the inside of taxicabs and hotels. I have, I think, much pride when I say I have carried twenty-one bags from coast to coast in the interest of the Liberty Loan; I have pressed 326 suits; I have shined 140 pairs of shoes, found the collar button 96 times, and have been taken for Sessue Hayakawa 18 times."

BILLIE BURKE

Harry Carey, starring in "The Three Bad Men," did a fantastic flip from a high cliff, at Newhall, Cal., and in so doing scraped off most of his face. Before he could pick himself up, along came a traveling boulder with a thru ticket. It caught Carey under the fifth rib and added insult to injury. Members of the company found him more hurt than scared. But time heals all things!

Captain Robert Warwick, who has been with the Intelligence Bureau of General Pershing's staff, has returned to New York for three or four weeks on a special mission for the General Staff.

Irene Castle, the young widow of Captain Vernon Castle, has volunteered to go to France, along with other famous artists, to entertain our soldiers who are serving in the trenches.

Altho only six years old, **Baby Marie Osborne,** Pathé star, earns an average of $800 a week.

Robert Brunton and Jesse D. Hampden have purchased the new Paralta Studios, which will hereafter be known as the Brunton Studios. The Brunton Studios will contract to make pictures for recognized distributors to sell. The Paralta stars who will continue to appear in pictures under that brand include **Bessie Barriscale, Louise Glaum,** and **J. Warren Kerrigan.**

Margarita Fisher is at work in Santa Barbara on "Impossible Susan."

Emily Stevens says there is a deal of difference between real life and reel life. "In life they say, 'Kiss and make up,'" says Miss Stevens; "but on the screen, if you kiss, it spoils your make-up."

It has been reported that Corporal R. Sidney Drew, of New York, who enlisted in the French Aviation Corps in 1917, is among the missing. It is practically certain that **S. Rankin Drew,** the only son of Sidney Drew, is meant.

If you are suffering from the common complaint known as "Aspirations for Screen Honors," consider this paragraph: Think of **Bill Hart** turning flap-jacks before a fire and then being precipitated upon the back of his talented neck! Fancy **Vivian Martin** tumbling off a ladder into a mortar-bed; **Pauline Frederick** strangling in clouds of sulphurous smoke, and **Sessue Hayawaka** drowning in the Pacific in a motor-boat accident. These are only minor incidents staged by Famous Players-Lasky Studios within a very short time.

Warner Oland, that villainous villain, has joined World Pictures and is at work in "Mandarin's Gold."

Helen Eddy has been engaged to support Monroe Salisbury in "The Rustler of Wind River" (Universal). Here's hoping he's not a heavyweight.

May Allison is busily working on "The Way to a Man's Heart." Harry Hilliard will be the man. Immediately upon the completion of this picture, Miss Allison will leave New York for California to do her next Metro picture.

Few people know that the great **Nazimova** has a sister in this country. She has. Her name is **Nina Lewton,** and she is a translator of foreign literature. At present, she is reading foreign plays in order to find suitable stories for Mr. Karger, manager of Metro.

Bryant Washburn has finished "Kidder & Ko.," which will be released by Pathé.

Fannie Ward's chief activity outside of the studio is her fund for the Motion Picture Hospital for Convalescents, in Los Angeles.

The scenes of **Clara Kimball Young's** next picture are laid in South Africa. Robert Vignola is the director, and "The Claw" is the title.

"His American Birthright" is the name of **Sessue Hayakawa's** first special production. It has been completed and will be distributed thru the Mutual Film Corporation.

"Up Romance Road," with **William Russell** as the star, ought to make mighty pleasant traveling.

Another O. Henry story is to make its appearance shortly as a Vitagraph feature. It is "One Thousand Dollars," taken from the volume of stories published under the title of "The Voice of the City." **Edward Earle** and **Agnes Ayres** will be featured.

Alice Joyce has started work on "To the Highest Bidder," having just finished "Find the Woman."

"A vampire actress is stalked by her screen shadow," says **Louise Glaum.** Cheer up, Louise; you are letting your imagination run away with you.

Herbert Rawlinson has been engaged to play leading-man to Mabel Normand in her next Goldwyn picture. The vivacious Mabel has just returned to New York from Norfolk, Va., where she went to bid her brother good-by on the eve of his departure for France.

Jack Barrymore has just signed a contract to return to the screen as a Paramount star. "On the Quiet," in which Willie Collier appeared successfully on the stage, will be his first picture.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Doris Kenyon is a grasping young person in "The Inn of the Blue Moon," the second picture produced by her own company, for she has two leading-men. Crawford Kent is one, while Harry C. Browne, who appears with Constance Talmadge in "Scandal," is the other.

Private Irving Berlin recently arranged an entertainment for his colleagues at Camp Upton. Grant Mitchell, star of "A Tailor-Made Man," was the combination interlocutor-toast-master. When it came time to announce an act by **Jane** and **Katherine Lee**, Mr. Mitchell said, "And now, as this is truly a military affair, I take great pleasure in presenting the infantry."

Samuel Goldfish, president of Goldwyn, announces that he intends to purchase or erect a studio in Los Angeles and to remove all the company's stars and producing activities to the Coast. These stars now include **Geraldine Farrar, Pauline Frederick, Mabel Normand, Madge Kennedy,** and **Mae Marsh**. All have signed new long-term contracts.

In order to kill a bee that was buzzing about Bobby Dennis' face, **Gertrude Selby**, a fellow-player in a Sunshine comedy, threw a strawberry pie with such force that Dennis nearly choked to death. The bee was quite overwhelmed.

Carl Laemmle, president of the Universal Film Company, announces that the picture public is being five-reeled to death. Consequently, he is going to bring them back to life by releasing two-reelers.

Olga Petrova is devoting her time to speaking in the larger Eastern cities for the Thrift and War Savings Stamps Drive.

Betty Blythe, the stunning brunette, who joined Vitagraph only last summer, has been made an inhabitant of Starland. She will play opposite Harry Morey.

The New York studios of Metro are so busy that they had to hire space in the Biograph Studio to start work on **Viola Dana's** next picture.

Elsie Ferguson has returned to New York from Yellowstone Park, where the exteriors for her next picture, "Heart of the Wilds," were taken.

D. W. Griffith's first picture for Artcraft will be called "The Great Love" and will be released July 15th. The principals will be practically the same as were in "The Birth of a Nation." Lillian Gish, George Fawcett, Bobby Harron, George Seigmann, Henry Walthall, Mansfield Stanley, Rosemary Theby and Gloria Hope are among those listed in the cast.

Charles Ray has at last taken time for a short pleasure trip. As soon as he finished "A Nine o'Clock Town," he jumped on a train and stole away to Chicago. This has been his first chance to visit any of his friends in two years.

"Where Have They Gone?" announces that **Edwin August** can be seen in "A Broadway Scandal," with **Carmel Myers**.

Players have many hobbies. For instance, **Victor Sutherland**, who plays opposite **Virginia Pearson** in "The Firebrand," is happiest when he is displaying a silk shirt that speaks for itself. 'Tis said that the New York City police wont allow Vic to walk up a hospital street because of the noise his raiment makes.

"A Liberty button," says **Charlie Murray**, "will hold up the pants of the Government."

There are twenty stars on the Mack-Sennett service flag and several in the studio.

Chester Conklin has planted roses next to his onion patch. Yes, he will have a smell garden.

Priscilla Dean is not as demure as her name, for she is acquiring fame as a vampire—in pictures of course. "Woman Against Woman" is her latest.

Word reaches us that **Mary Garden** has arrived safely in Paris. From there she will go to Monte Carlo, where she intends to spend the entire summer.

Margaret Clayton, of former Essanay fame, is the leading-woman in the Paramount picture, "Hit the Trail Holliday," starring George M. Cohan. Pat O'Malley and Richard Barthelmess are also in the cast.

J. Blackwell is an interesting character actor who gives a highly colored performance—he's colored.

On the door of the extra-men's dressing-room at the Vitagraph Studio one is confronted by the warning: "This is a dressing-room and not a lounging-place for the idle rich."

Mary Anderson has completed her work in "The Hushed Hour" and is playing ingénue with Sessue Hayakawa.

E. K. Lincoln has returned to New York from the Coast, where he starred in "The Clarion Call" for William Christy Cabanne, and will start work at once in "America First," a special patriotic feature.

Dustin Farnum and **Theodore Roosevelt** will be the guests of honor at a great Red Cross Rodeo, to be held at San José, Cal., on the Fourth of July.

When any one yells "George!" at the Fox Studios, there's plenty of action. Said studio harbors **George Walsh**, Burton George, his director; a property-man, and a painter, both of whom are Georges.

JUNE CAPRICE

Dorothy Dalton is planning a trip East at the completion of her present story, "Green Eyes."

Charles Gunn, after making two fishless fishing trips to mountain streams, has taken himself to Catalina, Cal., where he is always sure to take from the deep a more than satisfying number of its inhabitants.

William Duncan's new black-and-white speedster records 1,898 miles in 24 hours. He thinks that not so bad.

Probably the fanciest sweater-coat that ever escaped the censor is that worn by **Tom Mix** in "Ace High." But, then, Mix always was a daredevil.

"Under the Yoke" should prove one of **Theda Bara's** very finest pictures. It is said to combine all the good qualities of "Carmen" and "Under Two Flags," two of her most popular dramas.

"Are Wives Unreasonable?" is a question we have long formulated in secret. Now comes Keystone with a comedy to answer to that query.

Margarita Fisher is probably the only motion Picture star in America who studies her parts in a room that is walled and roofed with French mirrors. Miss Fisher evidently believes in seeing herself as others see her.

Not only is **Doris Kenyon** the bright particular star of DeLuxe Pictures, Inc., but she has now been elected treasurer of the organization, and each check sent out by the company will bear her signature, as well as that of Theodore C. Deitrich, the president and general manager.

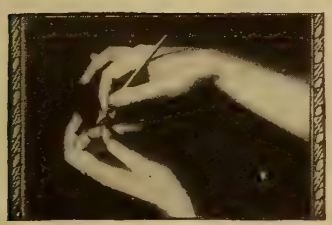
E. M. Newman has arrived safely in Great Britain. He intends to film war conditions thruout England, France and Italy for the Educational Film Corporation.

Metro have acquired the screen rights to "Kildare of Storm," by Eleanor Mercein Kelly, for the use of their emotional star, **Emily Stevens**.

Anna Nilsson is the proud possessor of a nifty roadster which she has owned for three weeks. And in the period of time made famous by Elinor Glyn the auto has sustained the following casualties: front fender ripped off, two rear fenders badly bent, self-starter turned into a self-stopper, carburetor fractured, steering post afflicted with the rattles, and the reason for all is that against all warnings, Miss Nilsson has driven thru the downtown streets of Los Angeles.

Bessie Love, one of motion pictures' most delightful stars, says: "The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

Jessie Reed, who was "Beauty" in "Sinbad," the Winter Garden Show which played in New York, says: "I scarcely knew my nails when I had finished manicuring them with Cutex, they looked so well-groomed"



When you see how well Cutex makes your nails look, you will never go back to the cutting method

Apply a little Cutex Nail White under the nails. It removes all discolorations

Finish your manicure with Cutex Nail Polish. Gives your nails a transparent, lasting polish

Why you must not cut the cuticle

Manicure your nails without cutting. See how much lovelier they *can* look!

IN manicuring your nails don't cut or trim the cuticle. When you cut the cuticle, it grows tough and ragged. It breaks and forms hangnails. All around the base of the nail little cracks open upon the tender, sensitive skin underneath—the appearance of your whole hand is ruined!

Knowing the need for a safe and efficient cuticle remover, a specialist worked out the formula for Cutex. Cutex has taken the place of the ruinous knife and scissors. It is absolutely harmless. It will quickly remove surplus cuticle without cutting, leaving the skin at the base of the nail firm and smooth.

How to manicure without cutting

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick. Both cotton and orange stick come in the Cutex package. Dip the stick into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse off the dead surplus skin with clear water.

If your skin has the tendency to become dry, rub a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort—a mild, soothing cream—around the base of your nails when you go to bed.

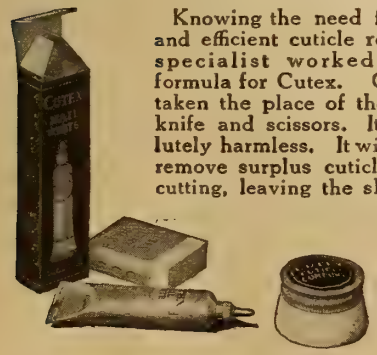
Have your first Cutex manicure today. Notice how short a time it takes and what a well-groomed appearance your nails have.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If your store hasn't what you want, order direct.

Let us send you this complete manicure set

Mail the coupon today with 15c (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you a complete Individual Manicure Set, enough for at least six manicures. Send for it today. **Address Northam Warren, Dept. 808, 114 West 17th Street, N. Y. City.**

If you live in Canada, send 15c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 808, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.



This individual Manicure Set is complete. It contains enough of each Cutex product to give you at least six manicures. Send 15c for it today.

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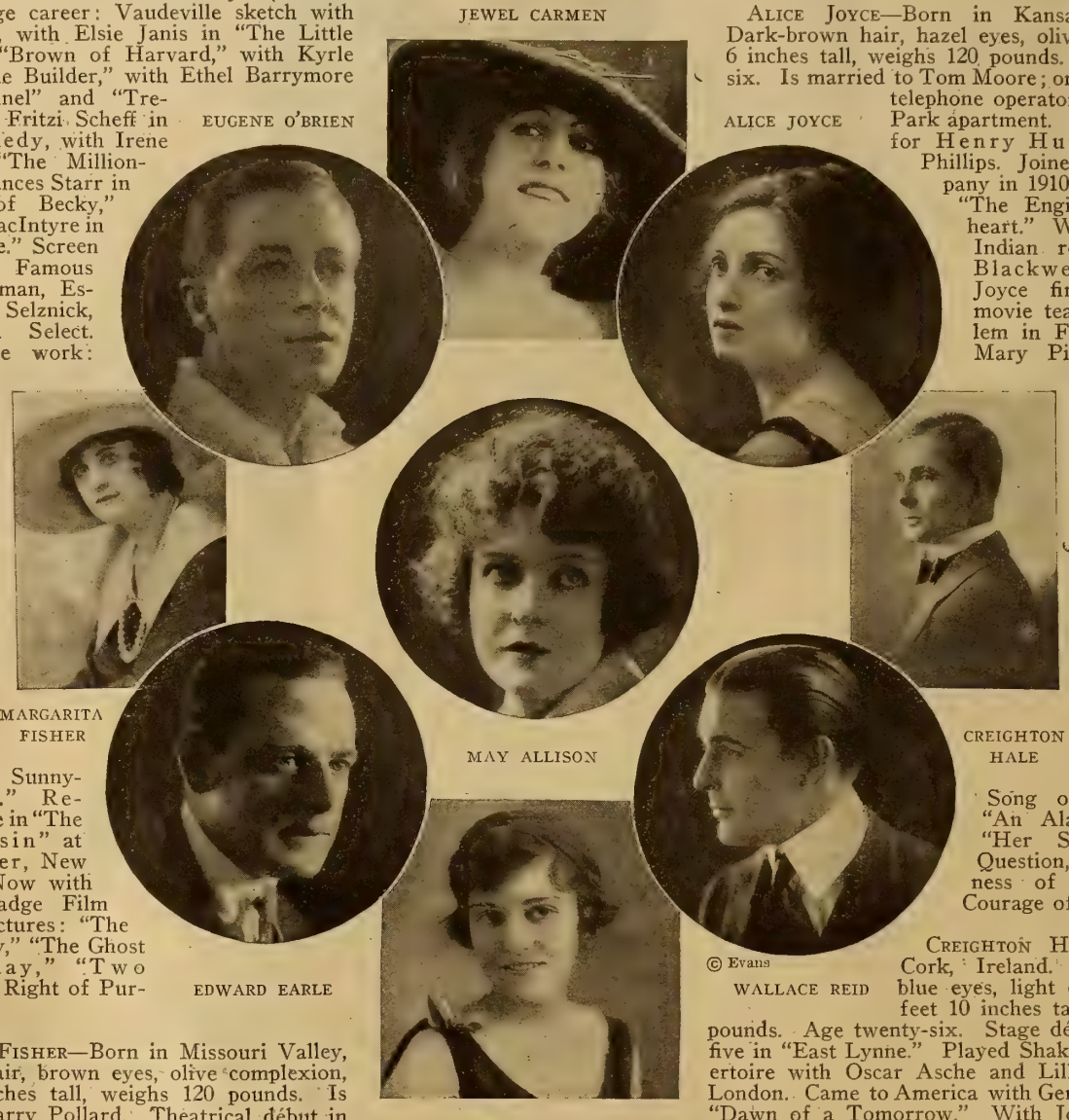
Who's Who in Starland

JEWEL CARMEN—Born in Danville, Ky., in 1898. Blue eyes, blonde hair, fair complexion. Has had no stage experience. Has been in pictures four years. Played with Douglas Fairbanks in Triangle pictures. Now with Fox. Played with William Farnum in "The Conqueror" as Eliza Allen, Lucy Manette in "A Tale of Two Cities," "American Methods," "The Painted Lady," "When a Man Sees Red," was Cosette in "Les Miserables." Starred alone in "The Bride of Fear," "To Honor and Obey," "The Kingdom of Love" and "The Girl with the Champagne Eyes."

EUGENE O'BRIEN—Born in Dublin, Ireland, in 1884. Dark-blue eyes, blond hair, fair complexion, 6 feet tall, weighs 160 pounds. Graduate of Colorado University (medical school). Stage career: Vaudeville sketch with Irene Bentley, with Elsie Janis in "The Little Duchess," in "Brown of Harvard," with Kyrle Bellew in "The Builder," with Ethel Barrymore in "Mid-Channel" and "Trelawney," with Fritzi Scheff in musical-comedy, with Irene Fenwick in "The Millionaire," with Frances Starr in "The Case of Becky," with Molly MacIntyre in "Kitty Mackaye." Screen career: With Famous Players, Frohman, Essanay, Metro, Selznick, Artcraft and Select. Best picture work: With Clara Kimball Young in "The Rise of Susan," with Olga Petrova in "The Scarlet Woman," with Edna Mayo in "The Chaperon," "The Return of Eve." Returned to stage. Played with Mary Pickford in "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Returned to stage in "The Country Cousin" at Gaiety Theater, New York City. Now with Norma Talmadge Film Co. Their pictures: "The Moth," "Poppy," "The Ghost of Yesterday," "Two Women," "By Right of Purchase."

MARGARITA FISHER—Born in Missouri Valley, Ia. Brown hair, brown eyes, olive complexion, 5 feet 1½ inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Is married to Harry Pollard. Theatrical début in "The Celebrated Case." At age of twelve was star of own company on Pacific Coast. Appeared with Grace George and in T. Daniel Frawley Stock in Canada. Toured in vaudeville with Harry Pollard in skit, "When Hearts Are Trumps." Engaged by Selig while playing in Chicago. Has played with American, Imp, Universal, Rex, Nestor, Bison, American-Beauty, Mutual, Equitable and Pollard. Best pictures: "The Light of Heaven," "The Butterfly Girl," "The Pearl of Paradise," "The Miracle of Life," "Miss Jackie of the Army," "Miss Jackie of the Navy," "Molly, Go Get 'Em" and "Jilted Janet."

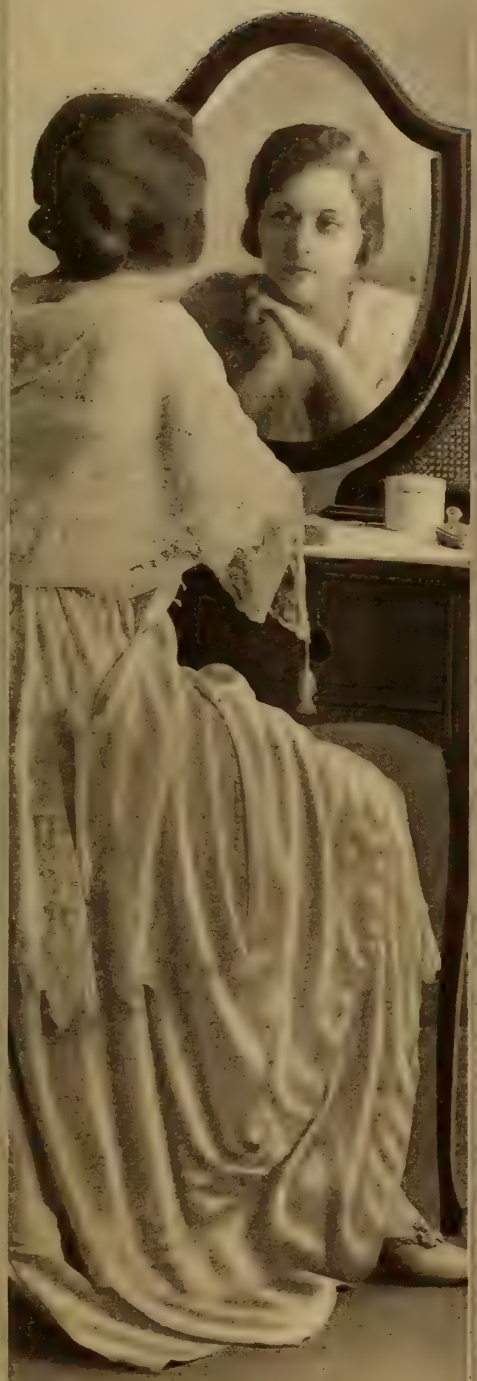
EDWARD EARLE—Born in Toronto, Canada. Light brown hair, blue eyes, 5 feet 11½ inches tall, weighs 160 pounds. Began career in Valentine Stock Company of Toronto, of which Mary Pickford was a member. One-night stands in "The Dairy Farm," "The Bishop's Carriage." With Henrietta Crosman in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," season in vaudeville, with Mary Mannering in "Glorious Betty." In original cast of "The Shepherd King" at Knickerbocker Theater, New York City, a season in musical-comedy with James T. Powers in "The Blue Moon," two seasons with Marie Cahill in "The Boys and Betty," with DeWolfe Hopper in "The Matinée Idol," last stage appearance with Ina Claire and Clifton Crawford in "The Quaker Girl." Began screen career in 1914. Has appeared in pictures for Famous Players, Pathé, Edison, Metro and Vitagraph. Did exceptional work in "The Unopened Letter" "The Hand of Horror," "The Lost Melody," in "Olive's Opportunity" series, "Ransom's Folly," "In the Shadow of Death," "Gates of Eden," "The Light of Happiness," "The Innocence of Ruth," "The Beautiful Lie," "The Working of the Miracle." Appeared with H. B. Warner in Frohman picture, "God's Man." Vitagraph pictures of note: "For France," "The Agony Column." Is now making comedies for Vitagraph.

ALICE JOYCE—Born in Kansas City, Mo. Dark-brown hair, hazel eyes, olive skin, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 120 pounds. Age twenty-six. Is married to Tom Moore; one child. Was telephone operator in Gramercy Park apartment. Artist's model for Henry Hutt and Coles Phillips. Joined Kalem Company in 1910; first picture, "The Engineer's Sweetheart." Was famous for Indian rôles. Carlyle Blackwell and Alice Joyce first famous movie team. Left Kalem in February, 1915. Mary Pickford wrote "When Fate Decrees" for her. Joined Vitagraph in 1916. Best pictures: "Whom the Gods Destroy," "The Fettered Woman," "The Battle Cry of War," "Womanhood," "Glory of the Nation," "Within the Law," "The Song of the Soul," "An Alabaster Box," "Her Secret," "The Question," "The Business of Life," "The Courage of Silence."

CREIGHTON HALE—Born in Cork, Ireland. Blond hair, blue eyes, light complexion, 5 feet 10 inches tall, weighs 140 pounds. Age twenty-six. Stage début at age of five in "East Lynne." Played Shakespearian repertoire with Oscar Asche and Lilly Brayton in London. Came to America with Gertrude Elliott's "Dawn of a Tomorrow." With John Mason in "Indian Summer"; with Holbrook Blinn in "Moloch." First picture, "The Taint," with Frank Powell Productions, Inc. Has played with Pathé, Famous Players, Solax, Eclair, Edison and Rolfe-Metro. Well-known pictures: "The Three of Us," "The Old Homestead," "Charity," "Rebellion," "The Witching Hour," "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Iron Claw" and "The Seven Pearls."

WALLACE REID—Born in St. Louis, Mo. Gray eyes, brown hair, light complexion, 6 feet tall, weighs 185 pounds. Twenty-six years old. Married to Dorothy Davenport; one child. Newspaper reporter on Newark *Morning Star*. Stage career: In vaudeville skit, "The Girl and the Rancher," with father. Joined Selig in May, 1910. Came East to act as assistant editor with *Motor Magazine*. While on *Motor* staff, sold "The Confession" to Vitagraph. He and father secured engagements to act in it. Has been with Selig, Vitagraph, Reliance, Universal, Lasky. With D. W. Griffith in "Birth of a Nation." Good acting in "The Love Mask," "The Selfish Woman," "To Have and to Hold," "The Yellow Pawn," "Carmen," "Maria Rosa," "Joan the Woman,"

(*Continued on page* 111)



Take your complexion seriously

A French orator once said, "There are no ugly women, there are only women who do not know how to look pretty." If your skin is rough and red, if the pores are clogged and irritated from excessive oil combined with dust and cosmetics, study the problem seriously, learn how to overcome the trouble and "look pretty."

Exposed as the complexion is to climatic conditions, what thoughtful woman would be willing to leave the care of her skin to nature alone? She knows it needs more than the regular cleansing with ordinary soap to combat these elements, clear away blotches and roughness, and restore the fresh healthy glow. Yet it is unnecessary to spend hours in tedious expensive treatments.

Just bathe your face twice a day with warm water and Resinol Soap, and watch your skin become clearer, fresher, more charming generally.

Resinol Soap does this not only because it is an exceptionally pure, cleansing, toilet soap, containing no free alkali, but because of the soothing, healing Resinol medication in it, which is so widely used in the treatment of skin and scalp troubles. It is also excellent for baby's tender skin.

Resinol Soap is sold by druggists and dealers in toilet goods. For a trial-size-cake, free, write to Department 7G, Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Resinol Soap

Photodrama in the Making

A Department of General Interest to All Readers, Showing How Photoplays Are Plotted, Written, Submitted and Sold

Conducted by HENRY ALBERT PHILLIPS

Staff Contributor; Lecturer and Instructor in Photoplay Writing in the Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences; also in the Y. M. C. A. of New York; Author of "The Photodrama" and "The Feature Photoplay," and many Current Plays on the Screen, etc.

A COMPLETE PHOTOPLAY SYNOPSIS

NOTE—More than half the inquiries received by this Department ask HOW and in WHAT FORM Photoplays are submitted and sold NOW, in this year, 1918. The following Photoplay SYNOPSIS ONLY is a facsimile of a Photoplay which was sold. Furthermore, the style and form are identical with all the Photoplays I am writing and selling TODAY. This Photoplay was bought and produced by The World Film Company, Miss Alice Brady taking the lead as the *widow*. Hence this is the SALABLE FORM. This is the eighth instalment of the serial publication of this Synopsis.

A SELF-MADE WIDOW

By Henry Albert Phillips

SYNOPSIS—(*Continued*)

Part III.—To the Ends of the Earth—(*Continued*)

Butts has been a trifle suspicious from the first of his new mistress, especially when she had professed ignorance of the identity of a painted portrait of his late master. A new era begins from this date, as the romantic Sylvia proceeds to conceive a sad affection for the image in the painting and daily spends an hour worshiping before it like a shrine.

It is while Sylvia is engaged in the sad duty of worshiping the husband she has never seen that Lydia is ushered in. Strangely these two women conceive a deep attachment for each other on learning their mutual history. The girls are absolutely opposites in type. Lydia is masculine in tastes, appearance and preferments. Sylvia is ethereal and spirituelle.

We catch a glimpse of Bobs and Fitzhugh in the South American port. Bobs is intent on appearing like a gentleman, and Fitzhugh takes delight in appearing like a savage, cultivating, besides other rough habits, a pair of fierce whiskers. He is as brown as a berry, where formerly his skin was like a child's.

Thus, after the lapse of six months and absolutely changed, Fitzhugh now tires of the rough life, claiming that he has not found the thing that gives spice to life. So he returns to America, in sailor togs, dead broke. Arm in arm with Bobs, he comes back home, defeated and ready to assume his old life in the lap of luxury.

Part IV.—To the Exhaustion of Riches

Fitzhugh and Bobs arrive amidst difficulties, as the dogs and hirelings on the estate do not recognize them and they have to bombard their way to the house. Fitzhugh first takes a peep thru one of the great windows. There, sitting at the piano not far distant, is Sylvia, playing softly and singing with her eyes cast to the ceiling. Fitzhugh proceeds to fall in love with her then and there. Here is what his ideal might be—BUT he is deeply mystified as to who the stranger may be and what she is doing there. He is interrupted at this time by the appearance of Butts with a corps of servants, who consider the marauders burglars.

The sailors proceed to vanquish their annoyers, and then Fitzhugh drags Butts inside by the collar, demanding: "AND NOW, BUTTS, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT ALL THIS NONSENSE MEANS?" Butts is frightened out of his wits in the realization that this brutal person is none other than his late mild master, and it is some time before he is convinced that he is not a rude spirit. Then he says: "AND YOU DONT KNOW WHO THE LADY IS, MASTER FITZHUGH? WHY, SHE'S YOUR WIFE!"

(*To be continued in our next*)

BOUQUETS AND BRICKBATS

I made a protest recently.

Who ever heard of an Author making a protest—and being taken seriously?

I said something to the effect that my name had *scarcely* appeared on the screen in the case of a recent release for which I had been responsible.

The fact was that my name had been Siamese-twinned with that of the person who rearranged my play in continuity or working form. In fact, both the Continuity Writer and myself were equally unhonored. Our appearance was too brief for even a quick-eyed audience to read the names. Quick eyes were outwitted in that the names were printed so *small* as to be almost invisible.

The next name to appear was that of the Director. Was his name in small letters too? No, they were so large that they crowded the space.

But it is not the Director whom I wish to want-to-know-why in this number. His turn will come later.

I merely, mildly and meekly questioned the rights, reasons and ramifications that led to another appearing as co-author of a play for which he has merely written the continuity.

It was but natural that the representative of the Producing Company should rise and tread upon such an objection, like the annoying insect he considered it.

"As to your question regarding Authors' rights in regard to writer's name and scenario writer's being given equal prominence on the screen, this is of course outside of my jurisdiction, but I believe it is the policy of the Company to so consider them."

Then the Editor gave the matter a little defensive thought and came to this polemical conclusion in a postscript to the same letter:

"What do you think Jeanie Macpherson, scenarioist of 'The Whispering Chorus' and 'Joan the Woman,' would say to your question? It all depends, it seems to me, upon *how much* the scenarioist puts into the play. Even our old friend Shakespeare assumed considerable credit for adapting other people's ideas."

To which I replied somewhat in this fashion:

Re our friendly discussion of the rights and credits of re-writers.

In your contention you get away from the premise I lay down in my complaint.

You argue that Bill Shakespeare and Jeanie Macpherson should get full credit for adapting other people's *ideas*. And I quite agree with you. All power to their arm and fame in cases where writers merely submit ideas.

But I dont submit ideas—I send you complete Photoplays in Synopsis, or reading form, that merely need rearranging and not adapting.

I work out all the problems of the screen and send you *a screen story*, not a literary or dramatic form that needs *remaking*.

Take the story in question, "Heiress for a Day," for instance. The screen portrayal was identical with the Synopsis, captions and all, save a few exceptions of

(*Continued on page* 113)

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.....

(*Continued from page 86*)

been built into a perfect whole by careful direction, fine settings and a splendid cast thruout. But it is the May Allison charm that makes the whole live. One of the points about Miss Allison's acting which is so refreshing to a jaded movie fan is that she acts as a real girl would when put under similar circumstances, not as an actress *thinks* a girl would act under certain circumstances. Get the subtle distinction? Hale Hamilton makes a distinct place for himself in movieland by his energetic portrayal of the young advertising man who helped the girl he loved win financial success in the candy business and clear the name of her murdered father.

THE CHARM OF MAY ALLISON RAISES "THE WINNING OF BEATRICE" (METRO) ABOVE THE AVERAGE

"THE MYSTERIOUS CLIENT" (PATHÉ) IS A MIXTURE OF FARCE AND DETECTIVE MELODRAMA

ALICE JOYCE IN "THE TRIUMPH OF THE WEAK"

"THE HOUSE OF SILENCE" (FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY)

An amateur detective story originally called in book form "Marcel Levignet." The plot is a little off color—surprisingly so for a Paramount picture. However, it does give Ann Little an opportunity to do some mighty fine emotional work. By the way, it would be a kindness itself if some one would please definitely settle upon Miss Little's first name. One moment she is billed as Ann and the next as Anna. Of course she is just as sweet by either one. Wallace Reid is the star, and is convincing and pleasing, as usual, in his clean-cut, boyish way.

"DE LUXE ANNIE" (SELECT)

This is a hummer. It reminds me of trying to put on a chiffon veil in an automobile traveling at seventy-five miles an hour. You no sooner think you have solved the mystery of all the loose ends than—whiff! they are off again. For a mile-a-minute photoplay, with a surprise in every scene, let me recommend "De Luxe Annie." It is the story of a woman whose husband, Walter Kendall, dabbles in detective work. One evening, when he is on the trail of De Luxe Annie, a book-agent crook, who, with her pal, Jimmy Fitzpatrick, pulls the old badger game on rich men who fall for a pretty face, Julie Kendall dreams her husband is in danger, gets up, dresses and follows him. As the crooks are about to escape they encounter Julie and give her a beautiful beating up, from which Julie awakens with her mind a blank and wanders away from her loved one. "By a strange coincidence" she falls in with Jimmy, who makes her his side-partner in the old de luxe game. The succeeding episodes are full of surprise punches, including some very clever and ingenious scenes in which Walter Kendall tries to recapture his wife, who, with Jimmy's aid, successfully foils him at every turn. In the end, Jimmy is told that she is Kendall's wife, and in order that she may be happy he persuades her to give in and undergo the operation necessary to bring back her real self. The whole thing has been splendidly directed. There are long shots that are as good as any I have ever seen, and never does the photography become monotonous because photographed from an angle. Diverse positions of the different scenes are used to great advantage. Norma Talmadge gives, as usual, a splendid characterization. There are few emotional actresses on the screen today, altho years older than this young star, who get across such tense situations. Eugene O'Brien takes the part of Jimmy Fitzpatrick in a manner that proves he has few equals on the screen. Here is a young man who should be starred. Some company is losing the chance of a lifetime by not making Eugene O'Brien an individual star. Edna Hunter and Frank Mills do satisfactory bits as De Luxe Annie and Walter Kendall. All in all, it is a de luxe production in every sense of the word.

"CECILIA OF THE PINK ROSES" (MARION DAVIES FILM CO.)

The very best thing about this picture, which has been so expensively—and I might add expansively—advertised, is the title. It entices one into anticipating all sorts of romantic and pleasing episodes. As a matter of fact, two reels are spent watching little Cecilia's mother die, another two are spent turning Cecilia into a lady via the usual boarding-school route, and still another two are reeled off while saving brother from the machinations of a wicked vamp. The director failed to bring out any dramatic moments the story might have had, but the whole was saved from being absolutely trite by the splendid screen presence of George LeGuere, who, as the snobbish, weak-kneed brother, brought the necessary note of sincerity into the piece. Mr. LeGuere entirely dominated the scene whenever he appeared, which was lucky, as up to his appearance "Cecilia of the Pink Roses" had been a play of pastel colors for people with bread-and-milk appetites. Marion Davies, who has been made a star and who is a very beautiful girl, should film better than she does in this. Edward O'Connor as Cecilia's father and Willette Kershawe as her invalid mother add materially to the reality of the play.

"MOONSHINE" (PARAMOUNT)

"Fatty" Arbuckle has as good a time leaping around mountains and hanging perilously over cliffs in this, his newest comedy, as the redoubtable Doug himself. "Moonshine" is a take-off on Kentucky mountain dramas with their everlasting secret stills. Many deliciously funny and original comedy stunts are interpolated. For instance, when "Fatty" hangs his side-partner by his toes from the limb of a tree to dry after his ducking in the rapids. Because of equally original bits of funny business, this is the best comedy "Fatty" has done in some time.

"THE YELLOW TICKET" (PATHÉ)

Fannie Ward in a play full of action. "The Yellow Ticket" was a most successful melodrama on the stage and affords excellent dramatic possibilities for screen presentation. For the first time in our recollection, golden-haired Miss Ward wears a dark wig and portrays a Russian girl. She is very appealing as the persecuted Russian and costumes her part so as to lend even more reality to the distinctive atmosphere. Director William Parke has given the production.

"THE LANDLOPER" (METRO)

This is one of the most unsatisfactory Lockwood stories turned out in a long while. "Broadway Bill" was lacking in punch, but the "Landloper" lacks everything. The story is hackneyed; in fact, the audience is left wondering just what did happen. It was as tho the company had photographed the required number of feet, and having snapped an attractive close-up of the girl and man in each other's arms, decided to end the thing then and there, regardless of the fact that the thread of the story was broken off. The supporting cast was poor, and even the star's appeal refused to assert itself. Harold Lockwood is badly in need of another May Allison; something seems to be missing from his pictures. His leading-ladies, so far, have been more of a detriment to his work than his unfortunate selection of stories.

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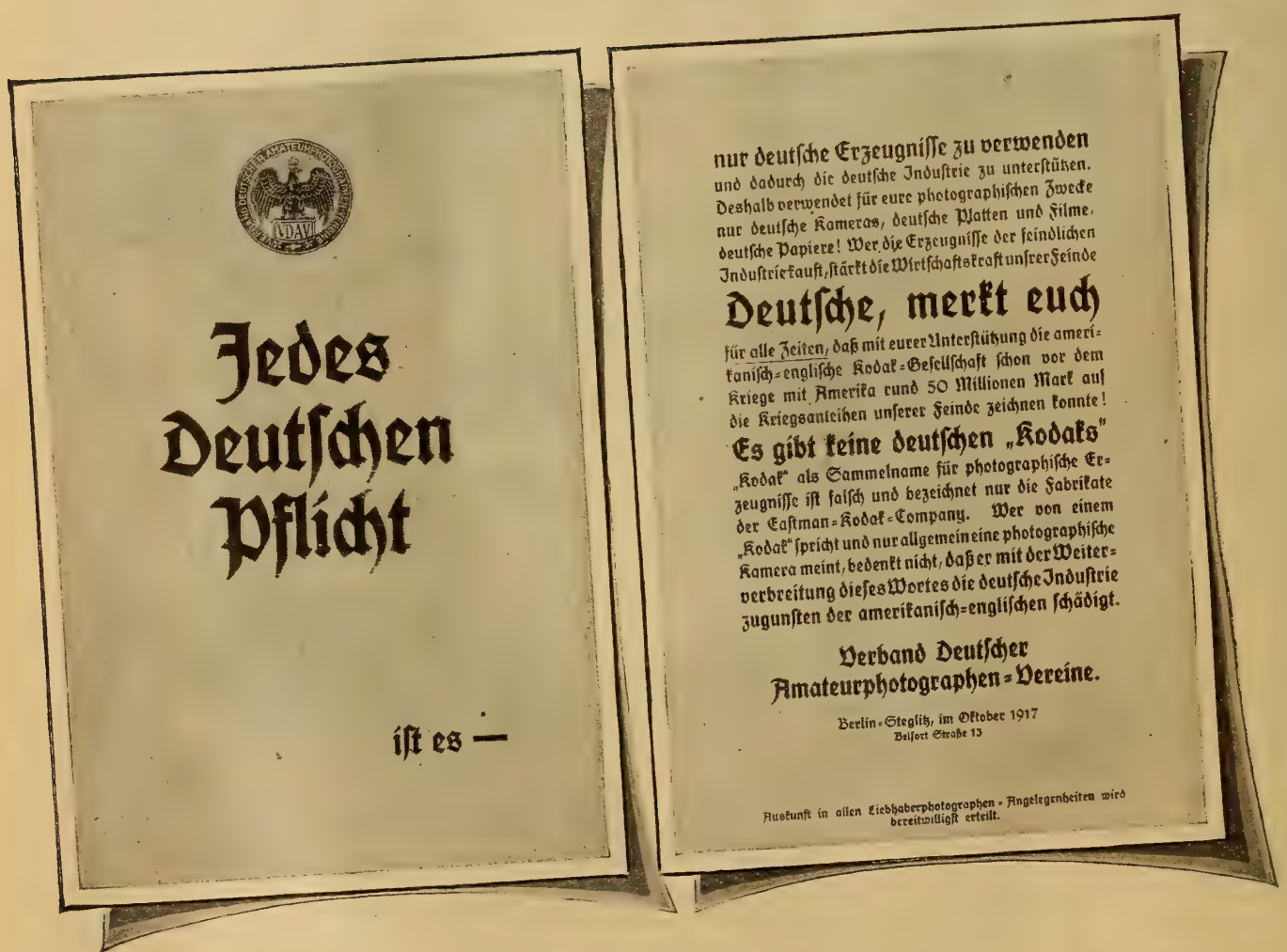

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Deshalb verwendet für eure photographischen Zwecke
nur deutsche Kameras, deutsche Platten und Filme,
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Industrie kauft, stärkt die Wirtschaftskraft unsrer Feinde

Deutsche, merkt euch

für alle Zeiten, daß mit eurer Unterstützung die amerikanisch-englische Kodak-Gesellschaft schon vor dem Kriege mit Amerika rund 50 Millionen Mark auf die Kriegsanleihen unserer Feinde zeichnen konnte!

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Verband Deutscher Amateurphotographen-Vereine.

Berlin-Steglitz, im Oktober 1917
Belfort Straße 13

Auskunft in allen Liebhaberphotographen-Angelegenheiten wird bereitwilligst erteilt.

The illustration shows a pamphlet signed by the Association of German Amateur Photographers' Societies and dated Berlin, October, 1917. It is reproduced from a photographic copy lately received in this country. The translation in full is given on opposite page.

—*If it isn't an Eastman it isn't a Kodak!*

A translation of the circular in full is as follows:

"It is the duty of every German to use only German products and to patronize thereby German industry. Therefore, use for photographic purposes only German cameras, German Dry Plates and German papers. Whoever purchases the products of enemy industries strengthens the economic power of our enemies.

"Germans! Remember for all times to come that with the aid of your patronage the American-English Kodak Co. subscribed before the war with the United States, the round sum of 50,000,000 marks of war loans of our enemies!

"There are no German 'Kodaks'. ('Kodak' as a collective noun for photographic products is misleading and indicates only the products of the Eastman Kodak Co.) Whoever speaks of a 'Kodak' and means thereby only a photographic camera, does not bear in mind that with the spreading of this word, he does harm to the German industry in favor of the American-English."

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Missing

(*Continued from page* 80)

the well-spring of my recent fear and joy. Fear is inadequate. Joy is puny. There *are* no words. The greatest power is in the admission.

It was George . . . but George after war had done with him—squeezed him dry of his valiant youth, his strength, his daring, his eager will; after it had blanched his hair and carved deep lines on his young face . . . out there in No Man's Land; after it had gassed him and bayoneted him and shocked his memory from him.

Oh, it was George . . . but I felt that the blood must well out of my heart at the sight of him.

There was—there never had been—any me—to the eyes that met mine as I knelt beside him. They were wiped clean of anything save horror. Under the white hair, they simply stared . . . just stared. . . .

"There is very little hope," Dr. Howson whispered to me, gently. "You must be very calm."

After a long while, during which I just knelt and stroked his nervous, pitifully thin hand and bathed it with my tears, the doctor came to me again. "We have been consulting, Dr. Beaudet and I," he whispered, softly, "and we think if there should be something—something with a strong power of suggestion—of tender association—of keen pleasure—something to arouse his *mind*—it might—*might*, mind you—help."

"Mean recovery?" I managed to articulate; "mean . . . life?"

"If he should recover his memory," the doctor said, "he would be able to command his will . . . his will to *live* . . . psychologically, which is the twin to physiologically. This would mean much."

Then . . . I dont know how I did it . . . save only that great love is the one force which has accomplished miracles . . . I found in my throat all the sweetness and thrill of the voice that I thought I had lost.

"Bonnie, sweet Bessie . . . Bonnie, sweet . . ."

Over and over, softer and softer, I sang it . . . and, oh, the love, the love, the love I put into those notes!

After a long while, the dazed eyes softened, the twitching hand quieted and rested within my own, and the poor, weak voice caught up the words and tried to sing them with me.

Then . . . "George," I whispered to him, "my lover, my husband!" . . .

Dr. Howson tells me that even war hasn't hardened him to what he saw when George *knew* me. "Long ago," he told me, "I had ceased believing in love . . . now it has come back to me . . . tenfold." And then he added, taking my face between his palms, "and because of that, little girl, I think your George will live—he has done his bit."

A Week Later.

Sir William has brought us all home, and George is convalescing in the war-hospital I visited so many times when my heart was breaking.

There is only one thing now to mar our perfect peace, and that is Hester and what she did.

Just at first, Dr. Howson didn't tell me—there in that Paris hospital. He felt afraid of another shock. He did not know the measure of my regard for Hester. But before we left, under the escort of Sir William, he did tell me. He felt that he should.

He had written Hester *first* about George—a week or more before he summoned me by wire. He had asked her to come for identification purposes . . . not wishing to arouse false hopes in me. *That* was her "business trip"—that, while my heart was breaking.

She *refused* to identify him . . . she denied him . . . dying there . . . without me. . . .

Some day, I suppose, I shall forgive Hester. I know she is sorry now. Some day, in George's arms, forgiveness will come. Just now, he is too precious . . . what she did . . . too horrible.

Sir William has been so dear. "I am going to be your friend," he told me on the trip over, "rejoicing in your joy—and even for this—I am grateful."

A Month Later.

I am so *happy!* Oh, God, make all women as happy as I am, world without end. Amen!

SILHOUETTE—WILLIAM S. HART

By Fritzi Remont

Of Western types we've seen a bunch—there surely is no end! But two-gun Bill has got the *punch*, he's *everybody's* friend. We like his "dawg," his pinto, too, he aint afraid to ride; he'll wipe the sod up with a man and boldly swipe his bride. Tra, la, la, la! we love you, Bill, except in one regard—it's got our goat, we cant keep still, you wont be angry, pard?

There's just one prop which makes us sore, featured in every play; why cant you see that it's a bore—that old express box? Say, if something you must really snitch to gather up as loot, drop that Wells Fargo in the ditch, the money-bags to boot! We want to see a *novel* stunt; if you would be the rage, dont use the chest whene'er you hunt for money on that stage.

We know it's painted black and white each time you film a story. That ruse of chilling men with fright has grown a wee bit hoary. Why doncha have things up-to-date, since war stamps are the style? Liberty Bonds would be just GREAT! Man, dear, they're worth a pile. You'd advertise our Uncle Sam—those bonds the Hun shall whip! Some day you'll whisper, "Thank you, ma'am," to me for that small tip.

The *old* West now is left behind—the Fargo box a DREAM! Just gently shunt it from your mind, take up this newer theme. We've loved you, Bill, tho plots ran stale, but we shall still adore you, gladly pass out our hard-earned kale and root as strongly for you, if you'll cut out this passé stuff. Gee, whiz! Why, aint you WEARY of hauling round that old prop bluff, monotonously dreary?

NO USE

They were out on location. A picture was being taken in which a dog played a prominent part. In one scene the dog was supposed to steal a piece of meat from the lunch of two men, which they were eating under a tree. The dog, upon being let loose, ran in a different direction. The scene had to be played over. After several futile attempts to get a picture, the dog being little concerned in regard to the meat, the director called the players together.

"All hands call it a day," he ordered, in a tone that was conclusive. "That dog will never take that meat today—it's Friday.

Who's Who in Starland

(*Continued from page* 102)

"The Woman God Forgot," "Nan of Music Mountain," "Believe Me, Xantippe."

MADGE KENNEDY—Born in California. Brown eyes, brown hair, light complexion. Married to Harold Bolster, connected with Goldwyn Corporation. First played in amateur theatricals. Stage career: "The Genius," Colonial Stock Company in Cleveland, Ohio; two years in leading comedy rôle in "Overnight"; starred in "Little Miss Brown," "Twin Beds" and "Fair and Warmer." Now appearing in Goldwyn pictures. Pictures: "Baby Mine," "Nearly Married," "Oh, Mary, Be Careful!" and "The Danger Game."

MAY ALLISON—Born on plantation in Georgia. Light golden hair, violet eyes, fair complexion, 5 feet 5 inches tall, weighs 127 pounds. Unmarried. Stage career: Vanity in "Everywoman," name part in "The Quaker Girl" with Ina Claire, ingénue lead with DeWolfe Hopper in "Iole" and "Miss Caprice," featured in "Apartment 12-K" at Maxine Elliott Theater, New York City. Picture début in 1912 in Famous Players' production of "David Harum." Has played with Lasky, American and Yorke-Metro. Best work done while co-starring with Harold Lockwood. Well-known pictures: "The Governor's Lady," "The House of Scandals," "The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs," "The End of the Road," "The River of Romance," "Mister 44," "Pidgin Island," "The Come-Back," "Big Tremaine," "The Hidden Children." Is now starring alone for Metro. First picture, "Social Hypocrites"; latest picture, "The Winning of Beatrice."

Letters to the Editor

We have an admirer in E. F. Isherwood of Winslow, Arizona:

I have been a reader of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE since the first publication and have a copy of every issue gotten out, and can only say that the last three copies are the very last word of all that is great and good in magazine publishing, and I am so pleased that I am going to ask a foolish question: How are you going to beat it, and give us, as usual, "the best yet"?

Pauline Frederick (Mrs. Willard Mack) writes us we are all wrong:

In the present issue of June, I find my photograph and a statement beneath it which announces the fact that at the conclusion of my present contract I will retire to private life.

This announcement being the first I heard of myself, naturally interested me, because it is always best to know what one is going to do beforehand. I have no idea from whence this information came, but want you to please publish this letter announcing to my friends that the statement that I am to retire to private life is absolutely without foundation.

As a matter of fact, instead of retiring to private life, I have dragged my husband from his business into mine.

I can only say to my friends that I will continue in the Motion Picture business for at least two years. I can now announce that my future pictures will be released thru Goldwyn. Thanking you very much for the space, I am,

Very sincerely,

PAULINE FREDERICK (MACK).

(*Continued on page* 122)

CHARM

No girl, conscious of hair on face, arms or armpits could have such charm. Superfluous hair can be removed in five minutes with X-BAZIN—safely, effectively, without discomfort.

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Four Colored Portraits with the Big September Motion Picture Magazine

YOU saw those beautiful colored inserts in the March, April and May Magazines, did you not? Well, weren't they worth 50 cents each? If not, we are going to have some in the September MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE that will be worth it, and more, too. And they will be something entirely different, made by a new process. They are not merely colored photographs reproduced in half-tone, but original, hand-drawn sketches, made from selected photographs by a celebrated artist. Every line of the artist is faithfully reproduced by the same firm who makes our covers and tinted so as to give a remarkable, artistic, sketchy effect.

Harry Roseland, the celebrated artist,

has made these sketches, and they are really wonderful. You will surely want to frame each and every one of them. If you saw them in an art store you would gladly give 50 cents each for them; but you will get the entire set of four pictures with your September Magazine, which will cost you only 20 cents.

Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Fannie Ward and Wm. S. Hart

are the subjects selected, and when you see how well their sketches look you will admit that these four popular stars were a happy choice. Whether it be a college den, or a library, or even an art gallery, we assure you that these pictures will adorn it and not look out of place. We know that this is rather a daring statement we make, but we make it without reserve.

All this means that you cant afford to miss the September Magazine for 20 cents, even if it contained nothing else. But (with a capital B) that Magazine will be well worth 20 cents without the four pictures, as we could soon prove to you were we to enumerate some of the unusual other features that are to appear in it; but we think that we have said enough. This insert of four pages cost us nearly $1,000 extra; but we know that it will be appreciated by our readers. Long ago we attained the reputation of putting out the handsomest and most comprehensive Magazine of its kind published in the whole world, but we are bound to keep it up by occasionally giving our readers a treat of this kind, regardless of cost. Our readers have always said of each successive issue for years:

"THE BEST YET!"

and we know that it will be hard hereafter to meet the high standard that the September issue will set; but we shall not retrench. *We shall always keep on top!*

And now, what we suggest is this: See your newsdealer at once and secure a promise from him that he will reserve a copy for you. If he wont so promise, subscribe at once, or send us 20 cents in stamps, and we will take care of it for you.

Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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Ex-tra! The Story of Anita Stewart's Hoodoo Year

(*Continued from page* 98)

"After that . . . I have not decided," she said, "but I have been offered *ten* thousand a week . . . and so . . . but I really dont know at present."

There was a brief pause. I gulped and asked, tentatively: "Miss Stewart, about this reported marriage of yours—is it, or is it not—just a report?"

"I have nothing to say on that subject at all," the star said briefly.

"Of course," I returned, also briefly, "we shall respect your wishes.

"What is the picture you're doing now?" I asked, as we left the studio and sauntered arm-in-arm to her pretty blue-and-white pansy-filled dressing-room.

"It's the 'Mind-the-Paint Girl' . . . Billie Burke played it on the legit, you remember. After this I want to do 'Two Little Wooden Shoes,' by Ouida. I love the story . . . and I hope Mr. North will."

"Who's playing opposite you in the 'Mind-the-Paint Girl'?" I asked, watching Anita arrange her lengthy auburn tresses into a style à la Castle and top it with a jaunty Tam-o'-Shanter.

"Conway Tearle," she said, and then she suddenly laughed. "Poor mother is so worried about it," she said; "she says she hears that he is such a heart-breaker. Isn't that just like a mother?"

Then we were joined by Miss Norden, Virginia Norden, you know, and Anita's best pal and constant companion, and we started off in Anita's luxurious limousine for location, where Anita did a scene and was nearly "done for" by a veritable mob of small children, eyes and mouths agape.

After the scene Anita told them all, as sweetly as possible, to stand back, and be very, very careful, because she would feel terribly if one of them should get hurt the least bit in the world, and then she threw kisses to them and waved her hand, and left them in a complete state of imbecile joy, judging from the expressions of their countenances.

"I've always had the misfortune," she said, as we rolled off, "for myself at least, to take everybody's troubles on my own shoulders. The *pity* of things simply oppresses me. It's so with this frightful war. I couldn't read a casualty list for anything in the world. I simply could *not*. I do all I can . . . put all my money into Liberty Bonds . . . and . . .oh yes, I've contributed one man to the cause! I'm prouder of that than of anything I can think of. It was this way, you see . . . some time ago a young chap about twenty years old wrote to me from some jail in the West. He had been there for several years because of dishonesty of some sort—and he sent me a beautiful, hand-carved box and asked me if I wouldn't help him to regain his liberty.

"I raffled off the box—and got—wasn't it twenty-five dollars for it, Virginia?—and added a little more to it—and with that money he began his fight for freedom—and I had a letter from him a week or more ago, saying he had won and was off to fight a bigger fight still . . . he was going to 'kill the Kaiser.' I wish I could have seen him and wished him *bon voyage* and good luck.

"I belong to the Patriotic Gardeners, too. It started just for the purpose of raising more food . . . but it has spread now in many other directions. Last summer we had quite a large entertainment, and I posed as Liberty."

At the Long Island station Anita was dear enough to tell me that she would like to see me again, and added that she is a lady of many homes.

"When I'm working," she explained, "I live with my mother and brother in Flatbush—brother George is in 'Mind-the-Paint Girl' with me—week-ends I'm with Virginia at Bayshore—and the rest of the time I'm at the Plaza in New York, where I spent part of last winter. I love it."

"Well," I said, "an interviewer has to be something of a sleuth, you know, and when I want to find out all about the ten thou' I'll track you down, relentless." And then I alit, and went my separate way, thinking of how glad all Anita's fans would be if they could have seen her as those kiddies in the park saw her that day . . . brown-eyed and auburn-haired . . . slender and very young . . . and very, very gentle and sweet. Just the sort of humanly dear, vividly interested as well as interesting person that you, whoever you may be, wherever you may be, most love to talk to.

Reminiscent of a wildflower . . . with the tenderness of a woman . . . and the perennial appeal of the small, wistful girl who never has "growed up."

"MY IDEAL GIRL"

(*Continued from page* 91)

agreeable for me to be drawn to the speaker. The matter of features is really too complicated to go into. Whether a short nose or a long nose adorns the face of my ideal; whether she must look at me thru wide, brown eyes or small, blue ones—honestly, I cant say. After all, the mind, the soul back of the eyes, is what counts. It is the same way with the height of this ideal girl. She may be as tall as I or many inches shorter. Nothing really matters except the character of the girl. That will shine out of her eyes and vibrate in her voice and express itself in her clothes. Then I shall speak!"

"Tom Moore."

BONNIE CHARLIE

A Silhouette

By Fritzi Remont

They say that Mary's little LAMB ran with her far and wide, but she had nothing on Friend Charles with his familiar stride. Now, tho it took an OX or two to HIDE wee Charlie's SOLES, he never seems to find a shoe which hasn't any holes. The old familiar derby and swaggerstick to BOOT cant quite distract attention from Bonnie Charlie's foot.

Now, would you call it SHOD-dy whene'er he plants that hoof on some one *in the garden* to make him keep aloof? Here, too's, a *burning* question anent our Charlie's smokes—why should he kick his siggeret? Ah, these perennial jokes! To feature Charlie Chaplin without his number nines would be to rob his figure of its potential lines.

It's PIE for Charles to SHUFFLE—but can he shuffle cards? Sure thing! He always holds a PAIR—he and his feet are pards. P'raps that's the SOLE reason those shoes are still on DECK—since Chaplin draws a FULL HOUSE—it *pays* to KICK, by heck! If he would go to Egypt to dance the gay maxixe, he'd fill the Sphinx with laughter and gather in backsheesh.

Those tootsies mean insurance for just one hundred thou'—the penalty he has to pay for winning fame enow. Yes, there are imitators who copy Charles' mustache, who twirl a cane and tip a hat, do other things as rash. They'd sacrifice their beauty and gladly take his STAND, but what's the use? 'Tis Charlie's feet *alone* that get a HAND!

Photodrama in the Making

(*Continued from page* 104)

minor importance, some of which were improvements, others defects.

My plays are all *visualized* before and as I write the Synopsis. I may say they are seldom changed essentially.

The person who does the dividing, assorting and rearranging of a well-built Synopsis is a skilled mechanic in that particular work, tho he may be an artist on his own hook in creating his own play. This does not follow.

Notwithstanding, it is MY PLAY that he rearranges, as does the location man, the scene carpenter and the camera-man to suit the immediate mechanical and technical requirements. All these necessary persons AID me and my play when they carry out my plot, conception, creation and suggestions. They even may be able to create ANOTHER play that is better than mine.

And for this aid I heartily thank the re-write man and all the other coöperators!

Incidentally, I have tried to show aspirants for screen credit what is necessary for them to do to claim it. Producers do not want ideas only—they want visualized, well-thought-out, full-blown Photoplays—SYNOPSIS ONLY.

WHAT YOU WANT TO KNOW

G. E. P., Denver—In case an author is dead and no copyright is registered on his work, it is more than possible that the publisher may control that right; in any event, there are the common law rights wherein his estate retains property rights in that which was his property.

F. P., Worcester—The address of the Sunshine Comedies is 130 West 46th St., New York. I am afraid that they are NOT in the market.

L. E. R., Chicago—No Companies are in the market for Scenarios; those that do want outside material want *Synopsis Only.*

R. L. T., Newark—D. W Griffith directs Artcraft features. The address of Paramount Pictures Corporation is 487 Fifth Ave., New York.

M. M., Columbus—There would little come of your suggesting a book that would lend itself to Photoplay, either to the Fox Company or any other. In the first place, all Companies employ readers to seek adaptable vehicles; in the second, they employ staff writers to do the adaptations. All Companies welcome suggestions.

M. W P., Tuscaloosa—If you will send me 12 cents in stamps I will be glad to send you a Complete Photoplay Market List.

Mrs. R. C. R., Santa Fé—There is no way of making certain that a Company is honorable in its dealing except from experience or authentic hearsay. I think you will find most Companies strictly honorable.

L. E. W., Ventnor—As I have already mentioned, each Company has its own expert who is constantly seeking books and plays fitted for adaptation. The Drews have no competitors, nor are they themselves now in the market.

When Bill Russell was in New York, he blew into a restaurant and said to the waiter: "What day is this—wheatless or meatless day?" Waiter—"Neither, sir, this is just an ordinary day." "Oh, I see. This is the day when you make just a regular profit."

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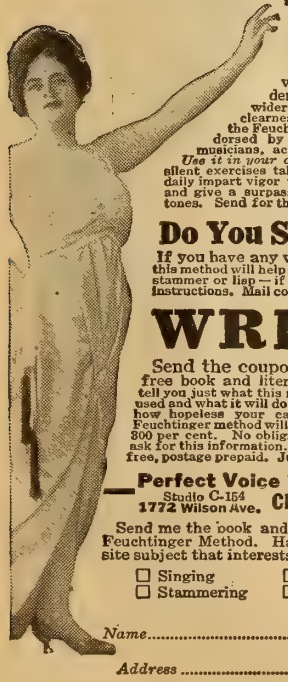

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 50)

appeared in native costume, her kimono attracting attention even among those accustomed to wonderful handiwork. She is very sweet and gracious and speaks English with but little accent.

It isn't usual to hear applause at a Motion Picture theater unless for patriotic reasons, hence we were pleased to note a prolonged hand-clapping in a recent Lasky release in which Raymond Hatton had only a minor part, when that fine actor appeared on the screen. Mr. Hatton has made a solid name for himself since his beautiful work in "The Whispering Chorus," for every one concedes that he really "walked away" with that production. He's not only versatile, but lays aside personal preferences and brings his very best work to uncongenial rôles, so it's not surprising that he has acquired great facility in screen portrayals.

Mrs. Mae Gish gave a card party and musicale in her Los Angeles home for the Red Cross Auxiliary of Virgil Intermediate School, at her home, 616 S. Serrano Street. The famous mother was assisted in receiving by Dorothy and Lillian, and Marjorie Daw, Mildred Harris and Constance Talmadge were all "powers behind the throne." Marjorie Daw gets prettier every day. With her hair piled high and ringlets forcing exits from the shiny knot, she's the picture of a débutante. She surely would win prizes in a "charm" contest with that sweet expression. Her closest rival in that regard probably would be Lois Wilson, who is a few years older, but possessed of the same childlike innocence, sincerity and amiability.

One of the kind things Charlie Chaplin has done is to engage a deaf and dumb player, who could not make a living in other vocations, for his comedies. You'll notice him as the dance-hall owner in "A Dog's Life," a fine-looking man with bushy, curly, gray hair. One of the assistant directors in the Chaplin company uses the deaf-and-dumb language, but seeing Charlie at rehearsal makes one realize that he doesn't rely on an interpreter. Mr. Chaplin explains in mimicry everything he wants, and this afflicted actor is as quick to grasp comedy as any one who understands audible language. Mr. Chaplin never loses patience, tho he personally acts every smallest part for his company and rehearses each scene many times to get the laugh properly injected.

The studios in Los Angeles certainly were shaken up recently, when the worst earthquake this burg has felt struck every one speechless. It was Mary Thurman's first experience, and she says that the next time Mother Earth is going to have the colic, she wants to be back in her own little safe State of Utah. Miss Thurman was rolled out of bed as she took a Sunday afternoon siesta after strenuous work in filming two plays at one time. Her apartment is on the fourth floor, and naturally the building rocked very hard and *sighed* apprehensively. Outside of cracked cement and broken windows, the big buildings suffered little damage, but they swayed out of plumb from two to six feet.

The war has caused many changes, not the least of these being a complete metamorphosis of the comedian, Ford Sterling, who always played "German" policemen, restaurant owners and sich. His make-up this time consists of a polished villain physiognomy, high silk hat, black mustache, sleekly combed curlilox and a dignified demeanor. Can you imagine Ford without the police? Well, you'll have to get accustomed to the new idea, because he refuses to be a pseudo-Hun any longer.

Frank Keenan says that between the difficulty experienced thru poor lighting and inability to shoot out-of-door scenes, a case of grippe and being up to his neck in Red Cross work, he surely has been anything but a photoplayer the last few days. He and Mrs. Keenan have been busy in the new chapter of the Stage Women's War Relief, which recently gave a monster benefit in Los Angeles, at which Julian Eltinge, Mr. Keenan, Fred Niblo, Kathlyn Williams and many others did stunts.

April went out à la Hades at the Lasky plant, for a fire started in the color room and rapidly spread to the films and prop-room. About a quarter-million was burnt up. On one corner of the lot in the early evening they had already erected a temporary fence to keep out intruders, and firemen were clearing up the débris. The heaviest loss was in draperies, for they estimate the damage in this one room alone at over one hundred thousand dollars. Before twelve hours had elapsed, bids had been received and contracts let for new-style concrete buildings, each separated from the other by a fire-wall. It was lots of fun to hear the blank cartridges popping off incessantly in the prop-room, and for many blocks autos lined the roads as people arrived to find out what caused the patriotic celebration. Fortunately, the latest takes of Mary Pickford were saved by Jesse Lasky personally, but many other valuable films are lost and re-takes will be made without delay.

A three-story concrete building will succeed the burned structures. This building will house the purchasing department, the still photograph room, a fire-proof storeroom for upholstery, draperies, etc., and a tinting room.

At the preview of Commodore Blackton's beautiful drama, "Missing," we noted Blanche Sweet talking chummily to Marjorie Daw. Blanche is looking well again, her cheeks have filled out, and she was most becomingly attired. You will soon see a new play with Miss Sweet playing lead. George Beban attended the performance, as well as the De Milles and Wilfred Buckland. Mr. Blackton was so busy receiving congratulations that his arm worked like a semaphore and one was lucky to get a smile from afar.

Enid Bennett is sponsoring a new juvenile in the person of Charles Spere, who dropped into the Ince studios one day to size up the situation. Mr. Ince liked his appearance and gave him a test in much the same way that Charlie Ray had his start. His thoro adaptability for the part required in "A Desert Mating" gave the young man a leading part, and if there's anybody who needs sympathy or comfort, you can depend on Enid Bennett to be right on the job. She has made many newcomers feel at home and comfortable at the Ince studio.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 69*)

French Gene.—You refer to Matiste. I positively read every letter I receive, and that's some bunch, too. The number of American women who have married titled foreigners, among countesses, duchesses and baronesses, are: England, 64; France, 26; Italy, 21; Austria-Hungary, 15; Germany, 11. Oh, to be a lord, and have your pick of American heiresses!

Mrs. M. R. McR.—Of course William S. Hart will answer you. He sent me an autographed photo, and I am mighty proud of it. You say you would rather watch him and Robert Warwick make love than any one else on the screen. Watch away. Well, there's a lot of consolation in watching.

V. V. J.—You ask, when I go to bed, do I tuck my beard in or leave it out. You say you have wondered whether it went under or over. In cold weather I tuck it in to prevent it getting frost-bitten, and in warm weather I tuck it in also to prevent mosquitoes and other birds from making a nest in it. Yes, Fairbanks is two years older than Bushman. Allen Sears is with Triangle.

Red Jacket.—No, I haven't gone to a brig as yet. Your letter was a jolly, interesting one, and I will always be glad to hear from you.

Eugene O'Brien Admirer.—Thank you. "The Mad Lover" was taken in New York. That's right, a lie in time saves nine, but it usually gets you in trouble in the end.

Kid.—At this writing Richard Barthelmess can be reached at the Goldwyn studio.

G. M. A.—No, Wallace Reid is not. First impressions rule the mind, but sometimes our first snapshots are poor likenesses. And you didn't like that picture of me? I admit that it does not do me justice.

Mary D.—I really cant impart to you the important information as to whether Douglas Fairbanks is interested in horse-shows or not. I suppose he is. I know, however, that William Hart carried a picture of his horse "Fritz" in his locket. Perhaps he is carrying some one else's picture now.

Elsie I.—Let George do it. Most players furnish their own costumes. Yes, Hamilton Revelle. Your circulation is poor; you need more exercise. You should subscribe to the Classic as well as to the Magazine, and when thru reading them, place a one-cent stamp on each and hand to any letter-carrier or place in any letter-box. That will improve the circulation. I shall be expecting the candy. Thanks.

Carmen, 16, Chicago.—Douglas Fairbanks is in California just now. And you expect me to tell you the naked truth. Do you want the Board of Censors and a lot of lawyers after me?

Mary H.—Sure thing, I smoke. And I eat candy and chew gum—oh, I'm a regular chap when I get going. England vies with America in all kinds of patriotic social functions, and is not to be outdone by the Yanks in offerings to the Red Cross; society is giving up its treasures and heirlooms to be sold to help the war funds, and not the least of these is the cushion-shaped, canary-yellow diamond presented by the Diamond Syndicate. It weighs in its cut state 205 carats, the largest yellow diamond in the world, and shows at its summit a wonderful white cross when held to the light. Clara Young is taking pictures in California.

Paddy, 23.—No; why dont you write to him? All players like to hear admiration and criticism, but they dont like mush letters. I want you to come back. You actually make me laff.

Patriotic 64th.—Why dont you write to the Red Cross, 389 5th Ave., New York? You always write such interesting letters. Thanks a heap for your fee.

Robert L.—What a beautiful letter, and all about Jewel Carmen, "the diamond incarnate," as you call her. If you knew how hard it was to get pictures of the stars you wouldn't complain. The players dont realize the necessity of having pictures taken. They should send their pictures to us unsolicited.

Layola, 76.—Thanks, I'm feeling great. No, I never butter my corn on the cob, nor eat spaghetti Italian style—you know—well, my whiskers interfere. I agree that Louise Glaum is some vamp.

Ruth and Blair.—Earle Williams is about 38. Paul Capellani was Armand in "Camille." Clara Young and Nigel Barrie in "The Marionettes." What! I in love with Olga? The reality of beauty yields itself to no words. Allah be praised!

Mutt and Jeff.—Marguerite Loveridge was Tommy Thomas in "Runaway June." Thanks for the me and you. Looks tempting. Also thanks for the maple-sugar. But in the end, boys, it is the indefeasible truth that lasts; it lasts because it works and serves.

Buna T.—Oh, but you shouldn't ask about mystery plays. That wouldn't be right if I told you. No, you haven't broken any rules—yet. You are very much in error when you say I snore. No small vices—all large ones.

Caroline C.—I admire your new artillery paper. Dont believe all the papers print, and dont believe all you hear and only half of what you see. What seems only ludicrous is sometimes very serious.

Black Hair.—The picture you enclose is of Walter McGrail, with Vitagraph. Lois Meredith is also with Vitagraph. Patsy DeForrest in "The Love Doctor." Yours was very funny.

Rosebud.—The new aeromail system is now in effect. Mail can be taken from New York to Philadelphia and Washington within three hours. An average of about thirty-five hundred letters can be carried, and at 24c an ounce. At present the landing station is in Belmont Park, L. I. Eileen Percy isn't playing now. Have forwarded your letter.

Texas Blue Bell.—Never been to Texas. Well, discretion is more necessary to women than eloquence, because they have less trouble to speak well than to speak little. Ethel Clayton is about 5 feet 5½ inches. Yes, I read every letter thru. And sometimes I'm glad to get thru.

Mollie King Admirer.—Before the war, Luxembourg was an independent grand duchy of Europe. As to the language of the Swiss, a description must be given to reach the facts. By Federal Constitution of 1843 and also by that of 1874, German, French and Italian are recognized as national languages, so that debates may be carried on in the Federal Parliament in any one of the three tongues. Earle Foxe was Bob in "Blind Man's Luck." You dont ask enough.

M. O.—Something wrong. You say your mother reads my department, but objects to your writing to me. Perhaps mother writes. So you had rather be alone. Great minds love solitude, you know, and little ones company; so the eagle flies alone and sheep flock together.

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NATALIE G.—Oh, naughty, naughty! You ask how many girls did I make love to and propose to before I decided to become a bachelor. That is a secret that shall never be divulged to the inquisitive, heartless world (until some woman gives away on me). The player you mention has brown eyes and she is 24.

MARY PICKFORD TOUT-À-FAIT.—You want a chat with Richard Barthelmess. Margery Wilson is slender, dark-eyed, born in Kentucky. Her mother was an instructor in the seminary she attended.

BESSIE S.—You certainly have great ideas of life. It is very amusing to sit here, with my shirt-sleeves rolled up, smoking a two-for-five Havana, reading the different views of life by my readers. Great stuff, I am telling you.

SEIZE.—I'm glad to hear you are not satisfied. Those who are satisfied sit still and do nothing. Those who are not quite satisfied are the sole benefactors of the world. Discontent is the mother of progress. Julian Eltinge was born in Boston, Mass. Very pretty. You write a mighty clever letter.

PEGGY.—Yes, that was "The Iron Claw."

WALTER FOREVER.—Good-looking—ha, ha! Perhaps good to look at, but not good-looking. Come in and see for yourself. I'm not a bird, but I'm in a cage. *Fort bien.*

HELEN A.—Raymond Russell in that picture. That was taken in Russia. Really? Why dont you count ten first? The word you hold back is your slave; the word you say is your master. Dont be too hasty.

SUNNY L. A.—A hawk can fly 150 miles in one hour. Hunting is good sport, but it depends upon what you are hunting. It may be a lost collar-button. Kenneth Harlan played in "The Price of a Good Time." Molly King has hazel eyes. Alfred Whitman you refer to. Shoo, fly; dont flatter me!

GOLD-DUST TWINS.—Your letter reminded me of a last will and testament. Thanks for all the compliments. George Clark in "Redemption." You refer to Ruth Taylor. Oh, yes, I want to hear from you. If you lose your temper, dont look for it.

BETTY BROWN.—Oh, I am strong for Brown Betty. You were right—Muriel Ostriche was Barbara.

MISS G. W.; ALICE B.; DO TELL; ALL ABOUT ANITA; M. E. M.; DOLLY L.; ETHEL E. S.; KANGAROO K.; K.; BOOKWORM; MIRIAM D. M.; MRS. K. L. S.; OPHELIA; ROBERT F.; GRACE P., DAYTONA; C. D. R.; CHARLOTTE M. F.; HELEN H.; RUTH R.; MARGUERITE H.; T. C.; MURIEL E., GOUVERNEUR; CHARLOTTE; C. D. R., GENEVA; ALLEN A. W.; E. O. S., NOYO; ALLAN T.—See elsewhere for your answers. They have been answered before, and hence, as all great men say to the reporters, "I have nothing to say."

T. BOANE.—And pray, why do you call me George? You are a regular grasshopper—you do such harmless kicking! Mae Marsh and Mae Murray are not the same. The three things you love in this world are the Magazine, the Classic and Me. I am much mortified to play third fiddle or be the third rail.

DOTTY.—Frederick Warde is in Paramount pictures now. Shirley Mason is with Paramount. Of course I think she is pretty. How many crumbs in a loaf of war bread? I'd rather tell you how many kernels of wheat.

M. M. M. ADMIRER.—So you are a three M admirer. I hope you admire the three R's as much. Louise Lovely is in vaudeville now.

MISS CALIFORNIA.—Hedda Nova is with Vitagraph.

LAVINA.—No, you shouldn't say that—God made him, and he should pass for a man. He has his admirers, too. Mabel Taliaferro in "Snow Bird."

LEATHERNECKS.—Yes, a chat with William Shay is forthcoming.

"FATTY" ARBUCKLE.—You ought to be a stump speaker. A regular talker. Elocution is reading and speaking with science and effect. Science is the knowledge of art, and art is the practice of science.

CONNIE, SYDNEY.—In Los Angeles. Robert Todd Lincoln is living in Chicago and is interested in the Pullman Palace Car Co. We do not know whether or not he has children; if not, he is the only living descendant of the martyred President.

GLADYS H. R.—Of course I like you—why not? I love every one of you. Victor Sutherland is with Fox. Send in a stamped, addressed envelope, and I will give it to you. No, I have never seen Charles Ray. I am anxiously waiting for him to visit the office. A dandy chat with him next month by Fritzi Remont.

BILLY, TORONTO.—Corinne Griffith and not Carol Holloway. You ask why does a black hen lay a white egg. Are you referring to chickens now?

ERIN.—Yes, alas! there will be a lot of powder shot this Fourth of July. Warren Kerrigan, Paralta, Los Angeles, Cal., will get him. You may write me any time. No trouble at all. Harry Carey's next is "Hell's Neck."

LOUISE LOVELY ADMIRER, YOKOHAMA.—Glad to hear from far-off Japan. No doubt the characters were named differently when the picture was shown in Japan, but Howard Estabrook was Dr. Alder and Allen Murane was Arthur in "Mysteries of Myra." You want more stories in the Classic. The Editor seems to think our readers like more general articles and chats. Let me hear from you again. John Barrymore is to play for Paramount.

SILVER SPURS.—You say, "If Mary had a daughter, would that make her love Owen Moore?" It might be. "Gates of Gladness" was featured in January, 1918. Niles Welch played in a McRae Webster picture. "Public Opinion" was fictionized in September 1916 Classic.

A. R. M., D.D.S.—I thank you for calling my attention to the film, "Educational Demonstration in Modern Dentistry." I have seen this film and it is fine. The Photoplay Philosopher should now revise his Movie Dictionary. You know he was only fooling, dont you, doctor?

KATISHA ADMIRER.—First, let me thank you for the fee. It was a pretty fat one. Marie Treador was with Unity Co. last. No further record. Elliott Dexter is with Artcraft Pictures. George Irving is with World. That's a very old Universal. Edwin Stevens was with Unity also. Yes, Motion Picture Directory, 729 Seventh Ave., New York. Come again, and thanks.

HOPE B.—Why, "The Star Spangled Banner" music was adapted from an old English drinking song, "Anacreon in Heaven," composed by John Stafford Smith in 1770, and the words were written by Francis Scott Key, of Baltimore, September 13, 1814. Yes, write to him. Why, yes, send along the snaps. I'll be delighted to have them.

M. M. R. U.—I like the way you address me. You are learning fast. By teaching we learn. Not to communicate one's thoughts to others—to keep one's thoughts to one's self, as people say, is either cowardice or pride. It is a form of sin.

HELEN S. AND LIZZIE J.—Why, Antonio Moreno is about 30. You say your brother was shot in the back of the neck for trying to attack the enemy backwards. What tommyrot is this?

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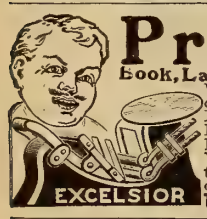

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RUSSELL, AKRON; SEPH W.; WILLIAM C.; CANADIAN; A. J. I.; DOROTHY M.; HELENA T.; D. B., AUSTRALIA; T. C. T.; THE COLD DECK; HAROLD K.; POWELL ADMIRER; L. E. BROCK; WINNIPEGITE; CLARICE; SID G.; MILDRED B.; EDDIE; PORTIA M.; RICHARD T.; ALICE B.; ANDREW P.; P. J. Y.; A SCAMP; R. Z. K.; MRS. L.; HAZEL AND LOIS.—Do write to me again. Better luck next time.

CHARLES I.—Mary Anderson is with Haworth. Their office is Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal. Your letter was indeed chatty. Well, one secret of attraction is to love the public, to study universal good and to promote the interest of the whole world, as far as lies within our power, which is the height of goodness and makes the temper which we call divine. So you are going to write once a month. I'll look for you.

ROY L.—Faint purse ne'er won fair lady. Take her out and treat her to a picture show—if you can afford it. Doris Kenyon in "The Street of Seven Stars." Viola Dana in "Opportunity."

OUR CLUB.—You refer to Count Manfred, the hero of Byron's poem, "Manfred." Yes. Blanche Sweet is working at the Griffith studios on the Coast, but the release arrangements of the production have not been announced. I told the Editor what you said about the Classic.

LILY R.—True, but love never dies of starvation, more often of indigestion, and a bromo-seltzer wont settle it, either. I am not sure whether you can get that picture.

LITTLE LADY EILEEN.—Now, Eileen, when you ask "Does Mary Pickford take her ice-cream soda with a straw or without?" you are placing yourself in a class called "fool questions," so have a care. Enid Bennett was born in York, Australia.

LADY BUG.—So you really have a list of 860 players, all arranged alphabetically. Good for you! But we have a list of about 30,000 cards of almost every play that has been produced. So you work in a bug-house—I mean Peterman's Roach Co. With so much powder, you would think there would be lively times around your diggings. Adele DeGarde in "Within the Law." I understand she is engaged to be married.

ROSE C.—Thanks for the clippings. Dickens' nom-de-plume was Boz. Well, they call me Rip, but the girls in the office—oh, they just call me for lunch. You ask, "Will they quit making beer in Germany when Wilson gets the Kaiser's goat?" Yes, but the Kaiser wont be there to enjoy it.

MYRTLE, SOMERVILLE.—Glen White was Gaston in "Camille." Mary Martin was Eleanor, opposite William Farnum, in "A Wonderful Adventure." Kenneth Harlan in "The Price of a Good Time." Walt Whitman in "The Regenerates." Emile Chautard directed "The Ordeal of Rosetta," with Alice Brady.

EARLE KING.—Just why Answer Men refuse to disclose their identity to the reading public and choose to shroud themselves in mystery is a puzzle to you and even to me. I did and others followed. Earle Foxe is with Metro. We are not using any more sheet music in the magazines.

RAETIHI.—'Most every one is against the Moving Picture. The legitimate theaters revile it, the clergy abhor it, the censor boards restrict it, and even the saloonkeeper says it's hurting his business. Earle Schenck was Clinton in "The False Friend." You say it's a jolly shame that we enlarged the Magazine. 'Most every one likes it.

RACHEL.—*Je suis pret.* Your jokes are excellent. Dorothy Rogers was the countess in "Stolen Honors." Edith Hallor was Betty. You refer to Roberta Wilson. Always try to be good. Little sins are eggs from which great sorrows are hatched. Now, will you be good?

JACK.—Glad to hear of your experience. You dont call that temptation, do you?—just inclination's opportunity. You can reach the players in care of the companies. Cant give you the private addresses. 'Most all the scenes we have are on cardboard.

IOWA, 14.—Watch out for them—women are coquets by profession. June Elvidge was Marion. Glad to hear you enjoy the Scroll Club. They all have a good time corresponding with one another. These warm days I dont eat much of anything, altho I do enjoy salads and fruits.

KHAKI CELEBRATE.—Is Vivian Reed married? No.

MISS INQUISITIVE.—You know that the United States Naval Academy is at Annapolis, Md., and the students are called midshipmen. Oh, but I beg to differ—popularity is a delusion. James Kirkwood in "The Eagle's Mate." Yes, Niles Welch.

HARRY T.—Dont know a great deal about it, but Dives was the ancient god of riches; now of degradation. In Japan women divers search for pearls; in this country the dive-keepers seem to get them. I dont know how I can help you. Dont want to advise you to leave home. If you come to New York you wont know a soul, and New York is a cruel place without a friend.

ULSTER GIRL.—So you are in the motor corps—good for you! I am sure movie people dont work on Sunday except for something special. That's right, but death is deaf and hears no denial. Always let me hear from you.

C. W. ADMIRER.—We must have them, but fools and obstinate people make lawyers rich. You think I have a lot of fool readers. How dare you insult my flock? I haven't a lot—only a few.

JOHN BOWERS.—John Bowers is with World.

MISS LIBERTY.—So you want to be independent. Real independence is living within our means. Try it. Pauline Frederick played in "Zaza," but not in "Firefly." Billie Burke is 32 and Dorothy Phillips is 26.

LUCILLE I.—Always in good humor when I hear from you. Surely you can confide in me. Confidence produces more conversation than either wit or talent. I need it.

VIDA G.—Oh, there are a lot of players who haven't had stage experience. Anita Stewart, Mabel Normand, Norma Talmadge, etc. Haven't the address of that correspondent. So you are engaged. Best wishes. I dont want to discourage you, but marriage is a lottery, you know, in which men stake their liberty and women their happiness.

RITA M.—Rose Tapley has played in pictures with Earle Williams. Norma Talmadge first, always. I meant that Shirley Mason was formerly Leonie Flugrath and that Viola Dana was her sister.

IMA FANNE; BILLY; LEILA D.; WILMA Y.; SIVERA L. R.; TROTSKY; MARGUERITE D.; AMO, WINNIPEG; A. T. C.; GIRL IN THE WOODS; SERIAL QUEEN; LIZZIE C.; MAY ALLISON FAN; TOGO; MOLLIE; J. J. L.; JAMES R. C.; CHARLES S.—See elsewhere for your answers.

ALICE B., MONTREAL.—Warren Kerrigan has fully recovered from his broken leg and is now playing in "Toby" with Lois Wilson for Paralta. Brinsley Shaw is to marry Marie Mosquini of the Rolin Co., I understand, and Tom Mix married Victoria Forde, both of Fox.

SUNNY L. A.—I have always said there is more imaginary trouble in this world than real. After you think it over, there's nothing to it. I fear you wont see Anita Stewart with Earle Williams again. Alice Joyce did not play in "The Beloved Traitor." Mae Marsh and E. K. Lincoln had the leads. So you like our "Patter from the Pacific." I want you to tell me what you like and also what you dont like.

FRANCES N.—Yes, that was Elliott Dexter in the old Biograph "Daphne and the Pirate." Well, my theory about the mosquito is that he has humanity stung—going and coming. I dont know where they go in winter, but I wish they would stay there in summer. I hate to have them make a nest in my beard.

JOSEPHINE D.—Harold Lockwood and Marshall Neilan both played opposite Mary Pickford. Norman Kerry you refer to. Forrest Stanley was Rev. Sturgis in "The Tongues of Men." Napoleon hit it when he said "War is the trade of barbarians and the art of bringing the greatest physical force to bear on a single point."

SILVER SPURS.—The daughter of Sir Henry Mordaunt in "Panthea" was played by Ieleene Peisey. Why dont you take it up with Mr. Barry, our advertising manager? You know, if you play the fool, you cant blame folks if they think you are one. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of managers.

ROSE S.—If you would enjoy life, learn to enjoy your work. I love to answer questions, and that's what keeps me tame. I sometimes sign myself O. B. Joyful. Victor Kennard in "The Volunteer." Darrell Foss in "The Girl Glory."

PAUL F.; MARIE J.; ROSALIND; EMMA B.; BOOBIE; JOSEPH M.; BESSIE K.; DOC; W. S. Y.; CHRISTINE; MARGARET P.; LENA E.; IMA H.; EVELYN A. C.; LILLIE D.; J. K.; MARGARET MC; ROBERT L. G.; A. C., WOONSOCKET; EVA M.; NELLIE; MARY P.; MARIE B.; DESOLINE V.; ED F.; FRED M. K.; ECCENTRIC; FIGHIE; CHAS. B.; MARIE S.; HYPHEN; KATHERINE D.; IMA DREAM; EDNA G.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered elsewhere. I would gladly give you personal answers if you gave me something to write about and the Editor gave me more space. He has cut me down mercilessly this month, but he promises to be kind to us next time.

R. HARRIS, AUSTRALIA.—Thanks for sending me the views of the Rockhampton flood. Very interesting book.

GIRLS.—Private Howard E. Cole, Casual Camp 1, Co. 11, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C., wants to hear from some of William Hart's admirers.

MARGARETTE K. T.—Of course I missed you, Margarette. You are a real queen of hearts. Margarita Fisher will be seen in "Impossible Susan" about July 22d. Billie Rhodes plays in a Strand comedy every week.

JULIAN, SYRACUSE.—Yes, word came to us from Paris dated March 26th of the death of Claude Debussy, which is a great shock to the theatrical and musical world. He was a great musical impressionist, whose delicate and elusive harmonies have often accompanied and brought out the effectiveness of some of the great screen successes. Mabel Normand will next appear in "The Venus Model." Remember her in the old Keystone bathing pictures? Altogether, Mabel's great.

PADDY, 23.—You dont think Earle Williams smiles enough in a picture—that he is too grave. Perhaps he will look more cheerful now that he is in the land of the golden West. That's right; clothes dont make the man, but they make the impression.

PANAMA.—Thanks for the fee. Good luck to you. I'll have to tell Hazel Simpson Naylor you want to know more about Crawford Kent. Come again.

RALPH C. B.—Yes, I get nine dollars, good money. I try to please and that is the only way to please. I thank you for the blotters. I wont blot you from my memory, tho. No doubt that serial will be shown in West Virginia.

BETTY BROWN.—Hello, Betty! Helen Green is with Select. Marin Sais is with Haworth. It's all right to lose your heart so long as you dont lose your head. T'anks for dem kind woids.

IMA KNUT.—You want to know whether I have brown or white hair. I haven't any. No, I dont wear spats either. Besides, they're not in style now. Write to Artcraft. Yes, your name is simple, but I hope you're Knut.

LANG H.—George Walsh is 26. I cant tell you about the trick he does with the cigaret. Ask him. You refer to James Marcus.

TORONTO ROSE.—Oh, but you must not ask about marriages. Some of the players refuse to answer, so naturally I have to refuse also. Bumps on the head indicate nothing, but the formation and shape of the head have been proved of importance as affording a substantial foundation upon which to build judgment of character. Louise Huff is still with Paramount, but she will be loaned to World for only one picture.

GIB OF VANCOUVER.—Yes, I love music, too. It's a tonic to the muses, to say nothing of the spirit. Eugene Pallette enlisted in the flying service.

PHOSPHATE.—Sorry I cant help you, even tho you are a beauty. You can remove fruit stains by pouring boiling water over the stain. When this fails, use javelle-water. You can get javelle at the drug-stores. I like you very much in spite of the fact that you call me "Whiskers."

ANITA L. M.—They grow every day, but I dont have to water them. There's no girlish ways about me—not even a girl's arm about me.

MARSHALL S.; F. W. M.; RENE P.; WILLIAM DUNCAN ADMIRER; GLADYS, 14; D. C. K.; JAS. V.; IONA HUSBAND (you're lucky!); MERBERT B.; UNCERTAINTY; A. B. C.; VERNON P.; JEANNETTE W.; R. S. T.; GRACIOUS MABEL; H. S.; LITTLE MISS MUFFET; PATRIOTISM; JOSEPH Z.; LUCKY 13; EMIL E. S.; FRANCES M.; BILL HART FAN.—This department is getting so crowded I'm sorry I cant give you individual answers this time. See above for answers.

MAIDEN.—Eugene O'Brien in "The Moth." The heaviest weight we know of is that of John Bright, born in England, July 21, 1809. He was noted for his great bulk and appetite. It was no uncommon thing for him to enter a restaurant and order fifty dollars' worth of ham and eggs. At his death Mr. Bright weighed 915 pounds. Wasn't he lucky not to have lived in the present Hoover age? Yet he would have been useful on the firing-line, and he could have enlisted as a whole regiment.

OLD HICKORY.—Murdock MacQuarrie was Allen in "Fear Not." Marie Doro has her own company. That's right; dont be stingy. It soon becomes a confirmed habit and increases with our years.

EUGENE O'BRIEN ADMIRER.—The secret of success in movies is for a man to be ready for his opportunity when it comes. It may be only a small part, but he can seize the opportunity and make it a big one. Oh, I am the "Spirit of '76." Never felt better. I treasure the sweet words you uttered.

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There will be an intimate story of Mary Miles Minter, in which she betrays her inmost self; Fritzi Remont will tell you about Enid Bennett's honeymoon, and Louise Glaum explains just why she is forsaking vampire rôles. You will also find the storyized version of Wallace Reid's forthcoming picture, "Less Than Kin," and "No Man's Land," a Metro story starring Bert Lytell and Anna Nilsson. Dont be without the August Classic—you'll find numerous spare moments when time hangs heavily on your hands. Why not read about your player friends?

MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Lily of "Hearts of the World"

(*Continued from page 83*)

to know a little Australian lassie who knew and appreciated the stage and its silent and spoken art. I invited her to go with me, and her heart was quite full at the prospect of being present at the first showing, under such delightful circumstances.

Griffith and his art had always been one of her idols.

We were both quite in the seventh heaven when we reached the theater and passed along the flower-lined lobby.

Just inside the door, who should we meet but the great Griffith himself? After an exchange of greetings and a word of appreciation for the invitation to attend his "first night," I asked if I might introduce the little Australian.

Mind you, dozens of personal friends of this great man were standing in line waiting for a chance to speak to him.

Did he hurry? He did *not!* He smiled down at the bewildered little girl before him, just as if she were the guest of honor, and said, "I'm mighty glad to meet you, little lady from a far-away land!"

As she followed me to our seats, her eyes were moist with tears of plain appreciation. A very great, busy and popular man had taken time to greet a lonely little girl in a big, strange country.

I wont go into the triumph of the performance. You all have heard of it ere now. Tho the reporters may have neglected to say that Griffith just brushed away the tears when the house went mad after the final curtain and demanded his appearance. You may appreciate that this was the climax of fourteen months' hard work. And—Griffith was not ashamed of his tears.

I watched the Gish girls leave the theater with their mother. They held their heads down bashfully and modestly, and looking like sweet girl graduates, entered their car.

The following day I went to the Gish home for luncheon. The big Persian cat greeted me at the door, and Lillian had to admit the cat and the writer at the same time. The Gish girls have been trying to keep cats and birds together successfully for some time, and when I saw them last, the cat was still alive and they had two love-birds, a few canaries and a cockatoo to keep tabby interested in living.

Lillian says the cockatoo is "just human." He answers the telephone for them anyway. If I had a bird with that talent I'd teach him a few words that are taboo in my own vocabulary.

Mrs. Gish came forward to greet me, and a sweeter-faced little lady I have seldom met. Lillian curled up on a divan, mother chose a comfy rocker, and I took the biggest chair in the room. They told me of the many months spent in war-stricken Europe—of the air raids in London, and how, with good reason, they spent most of their time wishing they were back in the old U. S. A.

Lillian is a great reader—thinks deeply and reads *good* things. Among the experiences most treasured on the trip abroad to make "Hearts of the World" was the meeting of two of her idols, J. M. Barrie and G. B. Shaw.

Quite in contrast to her sister Dorothy, Lillian is very quiet and serious. Just as Dorothy respects and looks up to her sister, so does Lillian enjoy the little sister's fun and romps. When Dorothy came dashing downstairs, bubbling over with the joy of living, I was introduced to the romp of the family.

"Lillian liked London!" she exclaimed. "She liked everything English—the quaint old vine-covered houses and the quiet country places. Not for me! I liked Paris best! Just think—there was only one place in all London where we could get an ice-cream soda!"

I spoke of Dorothy's good work the night before in the play.

"That character of Dorothy's just suited her," said Lillian. "Funny as it may seem, when you see us together, we do not look so much alike, but we *do* photograph very much alike.

"So we planned and planned to find a good make-up that would give Dorothy a chance to be different. One day, walking down a main street in Paris, we saw the character we wanted—a typical girl of the Paris streets, a tough little tomboy, a sassy Tam set at a jaunty angle on one side of her head, a boyish little suit and a shirt opened low at the throat.

"We followed her for blocks, watching her every move. Dorothy tried to imitate her walk as we went—and you saw the result, the sassy swagger in 'Hearts of the World.'"

"She *was* the sassiest thing," laughed Dorothy. "She met a soldier on the street and, walking up to him, put her elbow on his shoulder and leaned over on him as if he were a post."

When luncheon was announced we went into the charming mahogany-furnished dining-room, Dorothy chattering all the while, telling me that she and her chum, Constance Talmadge, had both agreed to quit eating candy, that it was spoiling their complexions.

With the appreciation and enjoyment you would expect a girl graduate to show, Lillian pointed out the flowers in the room that friends had sent them the night before.

"Wasn't it lovely of them!" she exclaimed. "I do so love flowers."

When the door-bell rang and the maid came to the dining-room to say that some one wanted to see the "lady of the house," Lillian exclaimed, "Now, mother, we dont want to buy any lace or baby garments, or have any washing-machines demonstrated."

"Mother," she explained, as Mrs. Gish left the room, "just cant say 'No' to any one. Last week she bought a whole trunkful of lace from a peddler—stuff that we cant possibly use."

After luncheon, when we went upstairs to don our wraps for a drive, Mother Gish showed me her babies' pictures. "My girls have never given me a moment's worry!" she said with pride.

In the sewing-room, where the love-birds and the cockatoo hold forth, dainty rainbow garments were in the making, bits of chiffon in lavenders, pinks and blues, latticed with dainty Val lace.

The whole home atmosphere is just the same that you find in any lovely home. Love is there—perfect understanding. Nothing up-stage about these two stars, no envy of each other's success!

As we left the house I took an inventory, as a woman will, of Lillian's costume. She wore a white skirt and waist with a short black jacket having white cuffs and collar. A soft white hat framed her face. Her lips are thin, beautifully formed, like a rosebud; her skin is unusually white; her hair a soft, natural blonde and her eyes a lovely blue-gray. She uses no rouge. She is all that is refined. A patrician from her head to her heels.

Dorothy wore the same kind of waist

Featuring Fay

(*Continued from page 30*)

I've never bought a car, I haven't a poodle or K9 of any kind, and I didn't run away from a rich home to become a screen idol. They all do that, dont they? I mean run away from rich homes, at least so the press notices state. When I sift the matter down, however, it amounts to about the same thing in every case. 'Tis the problem that drove me into the movies—I've got to eat!"

Fay Tincher's eyes widened and brightened as they focused on an ornamental box which stood within the open trunk-tray. "Do have some of this lovely candy, straight from New York. We dont have anything quite so good in sweets out here, do you think so? Please dont accuse *me* of extravagance, just because I spoke of eating. This box was a gift from the World Corporation, thru whom I release."

"Will you release a picture soon?"

"My first in about three weeks. We have two others finished, and that is why I felt I could afford to take a short trip, fit up a home and do a little sewing. But in two weeks I'll be working in full swing again."

"But you forgot to tell me about your entrance into the movie firmament," I reminded reproachfully.

"Oh, to be sure. Well, I had been six months on the Keith circuit and a little while in musical-comedy, when one day I was seated with a friend in a New York café. A strange man came up to me and said, 'How would you like to go into Moving Pictures?' I replied, 'I wouldn't like it at all,' and turned my back on him. I thought him very rude. He didn't move off, but said, 'You resemble Mabel Normand so much that you would be splendid on the screen, I feel sure.' I never had been to a picture show, didn't have the faintest idea who Mabel Normand might be, and consequently was not interested. Then he said, 'I want Mr. Griffith to see you. I am sure he will consider you a splendid type for the pictures. Will you call at this address tomorrow morning?' I took his card and thought no more of it that day, but next day curiosity had me nibbling at the latch-string of the Biograph studio. Mr. Griffith engaged me at once, had me play a vampire part—think of it—*me*—a vampire! At the end of three weeks, when the picture was finished, he put me into comedy, and there I've stuck ever since. I said to him once, 'I dont know whether I was simply rotten or a howling success as a vampire or why you switched me into comedy, but I do know that it suits my taste better.'"

"Who will direct you now, Miss Tincher?"

"The world doesn't know his name—I'm going to surprise everybody, because I've faith in this man. He is a newcomer to the field, but has excellent judgment, good taste, is businesslike, conserves time, patience and energy, and—well, I like his ideals and I am going to try him out because I had an inspiration that he would be a splendid director, and his lack of renown has nothing to do with his ability. We've all got to have a chance *some* time, and if everybody is going to stick to nothing but famous directors there will be great men lying idle just because they are unknown. I shall have a different leading-man each time, perhaps engage two stock character people, but no stock company. You know that is in line with the policy now prevalent in the Motion Picture business. I really think it is better in every way—it is fairer to the public for one thing. One can get exact types, instead of expecting stock company members to try to live up to a story type by putting on a little more or a little less of this or that. It isn't like real life, for one thing, and to be successful one should depict life as it is all around one, dont you think so? Life is full of changes, and I hope my pictures will entertain because of many changes I shall introduce."

"You have so much optimism and aggressiveness, have you any particular philosophy or theory of life?"

Fay Tincher selected another bonbon very carefully. I dont believe she does a single thing without forethought. The peculiarly set diamonds in the only jewelry she wore, a fine ring, seemed to catch a rosy hue from the pink-and-white gingham. Then she said earnestly, "Yes, I believe in hard work. I believe that it not only gets one where she desires to land, but that it keeps away blues, forestalls useless frivolity and enables one to make truer and better friends. Thinkers respect those who work—and *I* respect thinkers. I like to be busy always, and I love to work in pictures now, even tho there was a time four years ago when I hadn't paid a nickel to a nickelodeon and the footlights seemed to offer the only chance for support. Yes, I'm glad that man was persistent enough to force Mr. Griffith's card on me. However, it is up to the fans now and I do hope they'll like straight comedy such as I have in mind."

"Do you get many foreign letters?"

"Actually, they are showing my old office-boy films at various places in Japan. We are so different from the Japanese. They hide emotion, and we seem to think that we must laugh and weep with a wild gesture, so I dont see how they can like my old slapstick comedy. Do you suppose they think it is a drama? Anyway, I get lots of letters from that country and I'm glad they like me."

Like Fay Tincher? Well, when a girl has no fear of work and lots of gray matter in the think-tank, with prettiness to boot, why shouldn't the public like her? But the box-office must solve this rebus.

SIDEWALKS MISBEHAVE UNDER DAINTY FEET OF VIOLA DANA AFTER TRIP TO SEA FOR "BREAKERS AHEAD" SCENES

It took Viola Dana, Metro star, three weeks in the Hollywood studios to get rid of "sea legs" which she acquired in three days at San Francisco while working there in "Breakers Ahead."

Miss Dana, who weighs only 94 pounds, was tossed about like a feather on the deck of a big sailing ship used in "Breakers Ahead." The vessel, which had been obtained by Metro under special permit of the Federal authorities, cruised for three days off the Golden Gate, during which time bad weather and choppy seas were the invariable rule.

Hardened mariners aboard the ship admitted that "she was rolling some," and Miss Dana wailed that it was even worse than that. But she stuck to the ship.

It was only when she struck dry land again that the actress noticed anything out of the ordinary. The sidewalks seemed to be coming up to meet her.

"Viola dear," remarked a friend in astonishment, "what on earth is the matter?"

"Sea legs," replied Miss Dana. "I'm not the only one. Everybody in the cast has 'em. But the bow-legged ones have 'em the worst!"

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Your Magazine may be late! But what of it?

Coöperation is the link that is holding the hearts and minds of the American people together in this time of heartache and worry. We, the American people, are quickly reaching the place where petty annoyances and grievances are pushed aside for the Greater Object.

Now that summer is here, every State in the Union is busy shipping out its products. Added to that, each State is busy transporting its men and supplies to the various training camps. With this additional burden, the railroads have become congested and many things delayed.

We are doing our best to get your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to you on time. We *may* not succeed. The government may be using your railroad line in an emergency call, and your Magazine may be temporarily sidetracked. What if it is a few days late? The reading matter will be just as good and the pictures will be just as new when you do get it. If your Magazine doesn't come just when it should, dont find fault. Coöperate! It is the spirit of the times.

THE LILY OF "HEARTS OF THE WORLD"

(*Continued from page* 120)

and skirt, with a green jacket, and went shopping for a white Tam to finish the costume.

"Oh, Lil," Dorothy said, as we drove along, "the last time I wore this dress was in Paris. Do you remember?"

"Yes, that's right," replied Lillian, "and —the last time I wore *this* dress was in Paris."

"What was the greatest, most interesting thing you saw on your trip?" I asked.

"The Statue of Liberty in the New York harbor," said Lillian, with reverence.

"The trip across to make 'Hearts of the World' was a great experience," said Dorothy. "I wouldn't take worlds for it, and I wouldn't do it again for worlds. If the winning of this war depended on me, I dont know what democracy would do. I'm the greatest little coward in the world. Wouldn't cross the ocean again for anything. Just the same, the trip gave me a greater appreciation of the brave fellows who are going."

Several days later I talked to Miss Gish on the 'phone. "We're in such a mess!" she wailed. "The chauffeur got hurt, the cook's in a hospital, and the maid was taken to an asylum—all in one day! Mother's the cook, Dorothy's the chauffeur, and I'm the maid."

And—I'll warrant they all filled their jobs well.

Lillian Gish is a serious-honest-earnest little worker. She wants only the applause she earns and will work untiringly for all that she gets. She is very modest, unassuming, and nothing is too much trouble that she can do to please any one.

To the joy of all her friends, Miss Gish is to be starred in five-reel features, instead of giving so much of her time to the making of one. This will give her public an opportunity to see her oftener, and, since she will continue under Griffith's direction, her work will be of the same value that she has already given us in "The Birth of a Nation" and her latest success, "Hearts of the World."

The Why and Wherefore of Mary Warren

(*Continued from page* 32)

cakes! Ask hubby—and the neighbors. And I do all sorts of culinary things besides. I love it—fussing about my kitchen. And I do two other things—*well,* I mean."

"They are——?"

"Bantam chicks as prize-winners and the study of music wherewith to charm the savage breast."

"Of——?" I queried facetiously.

"My husband—should he ever grow savage," smiled Mary, happily, "and they do say that husbands *do*." And she smiled happily again. She is vibrantly, deliciously happy.

Then the director called Mary, and there was a small, perfumed, electrical whirlwind, and Mary flew to location with an equally electrical farewell to my so captivated self.

It isn't much fun recording the bare facts after hearing them so piquantly from Mary's own lips, but anyway, she lives in Culver City, where the Triangle pictures are done, and also her own special brand of domesticity, bantams and music. Her latest triumphs have been in "The Sea Panther," "The Vortex" and "An Honest Man."

Mary has flamed very high in the heavens now, and if any one knows any reason why she *shouldn't,* let them come forth with it. I *wont agree!*

Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 111)

F. R., from Los Angeles, Cal., has an observing eye and a keen insight into the picture business:

There's no doubt in my mind about the way certain stars make good in different parts of the country. I hear Mary Miles Minter "goes big" back East, yet here she is never shown in a first-class house, I suppose because of the program on which she is released. I am not familiar with the way bookings are made in New York at all, but here we have one Broadway house which shows only Metro, another which is all Bluebird, one for Mutual (a little second-rate house out of the fashion center, a ten-cent admission—this shows all American products), one for Paramount, and the hitherto best paying house in the city, Tally's Broadway, which is on the independent release. Graumann's is now being filled, but he gives some vaudeville and charges high prices. The Kinema is off the shopping center, and I find that even Elsie Ferguson and Mary Pickford fail to fill it. It's a wonderful theater, so comfortable and beautiful, fine management, etc. Last night, for the first performance of "M'liss," the house was just about a quarter filled. If Mary Pickford cant draw a crowd, who can?

The Tally theater, with its independent releases, has always been crowded. A fine orchestra draws the people, and every picture is a guaranteed "good" picture. He's built up a clientele which no house in town can take from him, and yet it's an old theater, with none of the up-to-date comforts of the costly new ones. The two Clune houses pay usually, because he features big productions like Griffith's, Fairbanks', etc.

I am interested in the star system and whether it is on the wane or not. I talked recently with Fred Niblo about it. He says the *player* draws, on the stage as well as screen, and that when Marjorie Rambeau was injured in New York and a very capable actress was substituted for her last winter, the play lost $4,000 a week, tho it was a winner as a play. He believes in a star with splendid supporting company. He said to me, "They talk about doing away with the star, but it's merely substitution of *stars!* Mr. Griffith, Mr. De Mille and Mr. Blackton substitute themselves for a star in the company. If their names were not at the top of the play bill the mere name of their features would never fill the house." There is certainly some truth in this, for the publicity which David Griffith has given *himself* with "Hearts of the World" is something remarkable, even in this land of big posters and flooded newspapers. Nowhere do you see a mention of a single player—on the poster. It is just the huge letters, "D. W. GRIFFITH'S 'Hearts of the World.'" People go to it saying, "Oh, it *must* be good, for Griffith produced it." So, after all, it is a star director instead of a film star, isn't it?

I also had a talk with Mr. Blackton about the star system, and he and Mr. De Mille think that in about a year we'll see all-around capable support instead of the exploited *one.* This will make photoplays delightful, to my way of thinking.

Here no first-runs are shown anywhere but in the shopping district. Lois Weber stopped producing for two months around Xmas-time because of the controversy as to her releases. The exhibitors had kicked so forcibly about the poor plays foisted upon them via the

(*Continued on page* 124)

Childhood Triumphant

(*Continued from page 63*)

"And when he doesn't like anything I do, he sauces me right back and says, 'Wouf, wouf!' Oh, he's an awful saucy pup!

"I can make him all the different actresses by pulling the skin on his face. I make him Clara Kimball Young with his eyes popping; Alice Brady—you know she has a pug-nose; and Olga Petrova—she looks all pulled back. And I make him Douglas Fairbanks, with his mouth open and grinning."

"Do you like 'Bobo' best of anything in the world?" I asked this infant prodigy.

"Oh, no! I love mother the best!"

"And do you always do what mother wants you to?"

She nodded her baby head yes.

"Suppose you didn't agree with mother—suppose you thought she was wrong—would you still do what she told you to?"

The child-wonder thought it over very seriously, neither her mother nor I saying a word, and finally she proclaimed, in her high baby soprano, "But I dont believe I ever found mother wrong."

Mrs. McAlister told me that "Billy" (her pet name for Mary) is a very affectionate child, and if she ever leaves her alone in the evening with her nurse, she will always find her curled up in bed hugging her nightgown or slipper instead of a doll. Mrs. McAlister has taught her to use her own brain and know her own capabilities from the time she was a baby. That is one reason Mary McAlister is more intelligent at six than most children at ten.

"Tell me, Mary," I asked, and she immediately sat at attention, "what shall I say to the thousands of little girls that ask me how they can get in the movies?"

Mary looked at her mother, registering, "What shall I say?" Pretty little Mrs. McAlister shook her head and encouraged, "If a little girl wanted to get in the movies, what should she do?"

"Well," said Mary, seriously, "she should go register at some studio and have a test picture taken, and if they need her they'll call her up."

"What do you think is the most necessary thing to be a success in the movies?"

"Well, one has to be clever—has to have a picture face—has to have talent—and"—she was ticking them off on her little finger—"has to have a *real clever mother.* Yes, I think that's the most important thing—to have a clever mother."

And then I did what I had been longing to all along. I cuddled the sweet little bit of soft pink-and-white little girl adorableness in my arms and said, "You precious baby!"

"Oh, dont go!" she cried. "I think it's just loads of fun to be interviewed."

George M. Cohan Hits the Trail of the Midnight Movie Crew

(*Continued from page 65*)

brought the movie "extras" back. "Thru, boss?" Assistant Green inquired.

"Oh, yes, I guess they all are tired. Besides, the clock says nearly three, and that is all the work there'll be with rushing mob and train and station. Tomorrow we'll go on location."

I said "Good-night," went on my way. My, how those folks turn night to day! Of course I know their work at large is mostly always "cameraflage," but then I'd like to be a star like George M. Cohan and own a car.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 122)

program on which the Weber productions also appear, that to throw a sop to Cerberus the releasing company always threw in a Weber play. Consequently the really fine work which Miss Weber put out was shown in little Mexican theaters in Sonoratown, the older part of Los Angeles. It's pretty hard to build up a reputation when one cant show at one of the big houses—Clune, Tally, Kinema, Miller or Graumann—and she cant. I believe the independent exhibitors' idea is absolutely the *only* solution of the present picture output if one wishes to make money. Miss Weber was under contract and could not get out and join the independent forces, so she just stopped working.

Our theaters here are spending enormous sums in a wild endeavor to make the houses pay. Graumann has one organist at $125, another at $60 and a 35-piece orchestra, besides singers and entertainers. In this way he fills the house, but I saw Hayakawa's latest there last week, and the much-advertised star appeared and was coldly greeted after a clever little speech. There's a feeling against Japs in this land, where we have about 7,500 to buck up against if there's ever any trouble. It's well known that the Japs alone do the farming and money-making here in fruits and vegetables, and they all own motor-cycles—why?

Mrs. G. Lydell has a word or two to say for Earle Williams:

In the April number of your Magazine there appeared an article referring to Earle Williams as a "has-been." I believe the letter was written by two young women who are living on the ragged edge of nowhere and probably go to a picture show once a month.

Of course, they are entitled to their own opinion, but why should they be allowed to force their silly little thoughts upon the public? I am using Mr. Williams as an example, because I *know* that he is very popular both here and abroad. I do not base my statement upon hearsay, but on actual experience. My husband and I travel extensively, and always make it a point to visit the leading picture houses everywhere we go, both of us being ardent picture fans. Always we have found Mr. Williams' photo displayed in the most advantageous spot of the lobby, and upon inquiry were told that he was a much loved idol.

Of course, it is needless for me to tell you that he is one of the most popular screen stars in New York today, and New York is an acknowledged criterion as far as the popularity of both the legitimate and screen actor is concerned. We also know our city has set a very high standard for her artists to live up to, having had at one time or other the best artists in the world appearing here, and there is not the slightest doubt about Earle Williams having won our affectionate regard and a most sincere respect and admiration for his artistic work.

I understand the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE has no personal feeling in the matter, so I expect to see my protest against having Earle Williams called a "has-been" published.

Private Alfred Bowher, 6141, Machine Gun Corps, B. E. F., France, tells about the movies "over there":

It is with the greatest of pleasure that

(*Continued on page* 126)

The Movie and the Soldier

(*Continued from page* 61)

exploitation of pictures ancient in art and origin which had long since been relegated to the scrap-heap. Another problem was the lack of operators for the projection machines.

To meet the first problem, a committee of the leading Motion Picture producers and distributors were formed under the supervision of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, which has charge of camp recreations. Together they worked out a coöperative scheme of extending film exhibitions in the camps and supplying the soldiers with the best of pictures at the lowest possible cost. On the other hand, the solution of the second problem was comparatively simple. A call was posted for men who had been Motion Picture operators in civil life. There was a rush to respond, for every trade and vocation is represented in the army.

Now the soldier is seeing the latest releases as quick as the metropolitan movie-goer. They reach the camp theater thru the same channels of distribution that bring them to the theater in the city. All this has been made possible thru the patriotic coöperation of the producers and distributors of the film industry. They are sending their productions into the camps at a charge sufficient to cover the cost of distribution only, altho in cases where feature photoplays have been recently released a graded scale of rentals has been established in accordance with the length of time they have been on the market.

Altho picture shows are the order of evenings in every recreation hall and hut in the camps, the government is establishing real theaters in the camps to make more entertainments of this kind possible. Sixteen theaters have been erected already and fifteen more are now in the building.

These theaters are theaters in every sense of the word. Experts in theater construction have designed them. They seat from 900 to 2,500 persons. They are well lighted and heated, and the acoustics are of the best. All in all, the soldier in his theater is just as safe and comfortable as the man back home in his orchestra-chair, even tho the seats, which are not seats at all but pine-board benches, are sans upholstery.

For admission to the camp movie the soldier is charged 5 and 10 cents—and there is no war tax. But the government is endeavoring to relieve him of even this nominal expense. To do this it has originated "smileage." "Smileage" is a term that applies to the book of tickets which the soldier uses in lieu of cash to pay his admission to the cantonment theater? The idea is for the folks at home to buy "smileage" and send it to the boys in camp so that the cost of their amusements will not come out of the meagre wage they receive as fighters.

In the million-dollar "smileage" drive that went "over the top" recently, Motion Picture stars played a large part. Doug Fairbanks, Mary Pickford, Charlie Chaplin—all of them helped. They not only bought "smileage" freely, but they went out and sold it. In fact, it was Doug Fairbanks himself who coined the most original definition of the word.

"Mileage," he said, "is stretch of miles; 'smileage' is a span of smiles."

But the Motion Picture is not only amusing the soldier—it is developing his spirit of fellowship thru the congenial association of the theater, and it is educating him. In illustrating the sex hygiene lectures that are a part of his military routine the Motion Picture has been found indispensable. Graphically and convincingly, far more so than the spoken word, it points out the perils of social diseases and instructs him in the healthy care of his body. In addition, it is showing him the latest methods of warfare, the correct way of doing many of his regular duties, and the strong analogy between boxing and bayonet-fighting, of which the former is now the basic training.

ANNOUNCING THE WINNERS OF THE MOVIE CHARADE PUZZLE

IN the April number we published a Movie Charade Puzzle which literally flooded our office with answers. Practically every city in the United States of any size at all was represented—and some twice over—so quite a little time was necessary to look the answers over carefully and make the proper selection.

The puzzle, as you all know, was easily solved with a little thought and concentration upon it, so we received a great number of correct answers. Of course, every one couldn't win, so we chose the answers which were the most artistic and original, and trust that every one will accept our decision like good sportsmen.

It is with great pleasure that we announce the first prize as going to Canada. We have hundreds of Canadian friends, all of whom always try to solve the puzzles and take an active part in our various contests. The first prize of $5.00 goes to Vera Hassert, 314 Kensington Ave., Montreal, Canada. Miss Hassert's idea was most original, yet simple. She took a tiny photograph book and on neat little strips of white paper printed the question. Then in one corner she gave the answer, and in the other corner she pasted a photograph of the answer, such as May Allison's picture and the Lasky trade-mark. The idea was indeed simple, but very effective, and quite a lot of time was evidently devoted to it.

The second prize of a year's subscription to the Magazine and Classic goes to Jennie C. Colvin, 2010 Roscoe St., Chicago, Ill. Miss Colvin cut a string of tiny pennants from various gay-colored ribbons and printed one answer on each individual pennant. She then sewed them all on one long strip of pink ribbon. The idea was unique, the work neatly done, and, like the above, undoubtedly took considerable time and effort.

The third prize of $3.00 goes to E. Louise Espey, 2010 First St., N. W., Washington, D. C. Miss Espey removed the contents page from the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, pasted the contents border design on a plain sheet of paper, and then typed her answers in the middle of the sheet. This, too, was simple, yet it made an artistic and attractive page.

The remaining winners merely wrote their answers on the typewriter, but because of the typed designs they made or the unusual neatness and dignified quality of the work, we felt they were deserving of a reward.

Fourth prize, one year's subscription to the Magazine—William F. Werner, Mt. St. Marys, Emittsburg, Md.

Fifth prize, one year's subscription to the Classic—Anna E. Lubar, 764 East 152d St., New York City.

Sixth prize, $1.00 cash—L. C. Smith, 3037 O St., N. W., Washington, D. C.

Seventh prize, $1.00 cash—James R. Lamb, 1120 Miller St., Utica, N. Y.

They Say It Never Happens---But It Does

(*Continued from page* 52)

"Have you any particular type you wish to run *to?*" I asked.

"No . . . I want to 'do' them all . . . and of course I want to vamp. Yes, really. Why, I shouldn't feel at all complete unless I vamp. I'm going to see Theda Bara . . . and then . . . well, you watch for me . . ."

"What is a sort of sketchy sketch of your day's routine?" I asked. "Of course, the fans, existing and potential, will want to have *some* idea . . . coffee and a sliver of toast at breakfast . . . that sort of thing."

Marion laughed. "They'll never hear that about *me,*" she declared. "I eat—*a* breakfast—orange-juice and a few chops and three cups of coffee——"

"Now—" I protested. Marion Davies looks so palpably the nectar-of-the-gods variety

"But I *do!*" she affirmed. "I agree with my father, who says that he goes all night without food and therefore must have it in the morning. *He* even takes *soup.*"

At this culinary juncture Mr. King came in, groaning over the loss of time and declaring that they would "shoot at twelve." Miss Davies then told me something of the efficiency of her co-directors, which is, I believe, one of the appalling few things that have *not* been done before. "They sort of collaborate, you see," she explained; "one supplements the other."

"I must have this sketchy day before I go," I persisted, as the colored maid entered with a suggestion as to make-up and an armful of pinky de-chines.

"We-ll," laughed Marion—mostly she is laughing—"then I hear sisters rolling . . . to *keep* thin," she informed me emphatically, "not to *get* thin. If you mention this in the interview, be *sure* you say to *keep* thin. They'd *kill* me if I suggested that they were *fat.*"

"Of course you're not married," I ventured, as a parting thought. The most paradoxical things *do* happen.

Marion looked sober. "No," she said, "and I dont believe I ever shall be. I've . . . I've seen so much . . . *too* much of marriage . . . I dont believe I'd be very happy. But I suppose I shall fall in love one of these days . . . and then . . ."

"Then . . . would you go against your theory?" I asked.

"Ye-s . . ." she sighed, "of course . . . I suppose so . . . but *one individual* . . . oh, dear!"

"How about an actor?" I ventured again.

The starry blue eyes (I knew color would out) flashed. "*Never* an actor," she declared. "That much I *know.* I'd . . . well, I'd be too jealous . . . I'd just hate to be married to *any one* in the profession . . ."

After which weighty question we reverted to colors . . . Marion likes 'em pastel . . . and thence to her ensuing trip to Hot Springs . . . and thence to food again (she graciously insisted that I have luncheon there) . . . and finally we drifted out to her Mercer car, which she placed at my disposal for whatever faraway subway station caught my vagrant fancy.

And when I come to write of that hour or more I find it, even it, ephemeral . . . deliciously so . . . sunshine and fragrance . . . and youth and potentiality . . . and this girl who is going to be a star . . . here at least not ephemeral . . . permanent, fixed and radiant.

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Letters to the Editor

(*Continued from page* 124)

I write these few lines to you regarding the movies in this country. The movies are exhibited in the Y. M. C. A. hall here, much to the amusement of the troops, who are both American and British troops. It was only last week that I saw a few episodes of "Greed," and only last week that I saw "The Purple Domino," featuring Grace Cunard and Francis Ford. I also saw a Chaplin film, "Charlie at the Bank." All these films are, as I presume, three to four years old, but all the amusement is caused by the remarks made in the audience made up of soldiers. The film "The Cause for Thanksgiving," featuring Bobby Connelly and Tefft Johnson, was shown here last night, and to see John Bunny in the Vitagraph films (which are as old as Adam) brings back old memories, sometimes about five or six years ago. "Good-by" is a favorite expression among the troops in any pathetic film.

The French films shown here dont get much appreciation. They say they are too dull and there is a considerable amount of waste in the productions. Altho there are such films out here, whether they be "junk" or not, they are always welcomed, but for French pictures —nothing doing! The settings of U. S. films are great.

We are answering the request of Private Harry C. Oechsler, Cantonment Headquarters, Adjutant's Office, Camp Upton, L. I. Who else will?

Have just read the October issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and all of us have found it so interesting that we would like very much to receive more of these old issues after your readers have finished with same.

There are at least half a dozen K. of C. and Y. M. C. A. houses in this camp, where Moving Pictures of the better class are shown nightly.

If, therefore, you see fit to publish this letter in your Magazine, you will certainly be doing all of the soldier-boys a great favor.

We wish you all possible success.

Dulcie Wayne, Bendigo, Victoria, Australia, seems to think out of sight is out of mind:

Altho your Magazine is, to my way of thinking, the very best of its kind, I have a serious offense to lodge against you. The title of my article might well be called "Gone But Not Forgotten," not gone in a sense to which this sentence is generally applied, but gone nevertheless. I speak of our movie heroes who have proved that they are heroes in real life—the actors who have gone to do their bit.

Practically all their life has been spent for the enjoyment of other people, and now they have gone, prepared, if necessary, to give their lives for the same people, and we—are we willing to let them drop out of our lives as if they never existed? No, we are not! It is you, who have the influence to keep them fresh in our minds, it is you who seem to be willing to forget them.

Now take, for instance, young Tom Forman. Here is a young man at the height of his career. He has proved that he is an actor of great ability by ably

(*Continued on page* 128)

A Salty Sketch of Edward Earle

(*Continued from page* 73)

"No fault of yours, Eddie?"

"Shut up, or I'll sketch you the way you look. Well, to continue with the interesting career of screenland's sweet young star," said he modestly, "I decided that art was calling me. This time it was the art of the brush, pencil and palette. After considerable persuasion from the muse, I invaded the studio of Clarence F. Underwood and Lester Ralph, who at that time were not the stars they later became. They proceeded to instruct me, and in return I posed for them."

"I dont wonder they didn't get far that summer if you posed the way you sketch," I interjected. "Did they kid you into believing you were a young Greek god reincarnated?"

"Greek—nothing!" he retorted with some asperity, at the same time adding a curl to Alice Joyce's hair that was never there. "They said I was as typically American as the Statue of Liberty."

"Which was made in France," I reminded airily.

"Well, France is American at heart. Doesn't she fly the red, white and blue, too?"

"Why, I never thought of that, Eddie. You should be tracing the genealogy of nations."

"As I was saying, before you interrupted with your caustic wit, I posed as the typical American for various artists. If you dig up some old magazines, you will note a striking family resemblance between me and the gentleman who stars in advertisements for garters, ketchup, chewing-gum and automobiles."

"You didn't by any chance pose for that classic, 'He Hears His Master's Voice,' did you, Eddie?"

"No," he replied, bearing rather heavily on the pencil, "but I think I hear the bark of the dog that did."

The rest of this interview is Eddie's. I wont say nuthin' more. I feel I have revealed his spiteful disposition.

After doing several masterpieces, which were too far in advance of the times to be appreciated, he returned to the stage and played with Tim Murphy. After that he sojourned a season with DeWolf Hopper in musical-comedy, thence into "The Blue Moon," with James T. Powers; "The Boys and Betty," with Marie Cahill; "The Quaker Girl," with Ina Claire, and finally into pictures with the Edison Company. After his contract expired there he played leads with Metro. Then came the offer from Albert E. Smith to star in Vitagraph pictures.

Earle has played typically American rôles in all his Vitagraph productions. In "For France" he was a daredevil Yankee aviator; in "The Blind Adventure" he was an American love-adventurer abroad; in the Vitagraph comedies he played a sort of American everyhusband; and in "Ann Acushla," he was the American wooer of the rollicking colleen, Gladys Leslie. Everything about him bears the "Made in America" stamp, from his shoes to his hats. And I might say right here that Eddie has a collection of hats that would outrival Alice Joyce's famous store. His wardrobe looks like that of a crown prince or a munition-maker's only son.

But dont think he squanders his money. He's of Scotch extraction. You see there are a lot of tailors who are ambitious to have a typical American model display their wares, even to the extent of sacrificing these garments at half price. Occasionally, too, he condescends to pose for a clothing advertisement, but only on condition his name is not used. While I was in his dressing-room, a big consignment of collars of a famous brand were delivered to him with the compliments of the makers. Eddie opened the box, took one squint at the styles, then told the boy to take them back. They didn't suit his American majesty. Could you beat that for noive? The next day the collar company sent another assortment for his selection. He kept a few of the high ones. He detests low collars—says he has no confidence in a person that wears them and that he considers it little short of indecent to expose the Adam's-apple.

Earle remarked that his chief ambition was to be an interviewer, just for the chance to burlesque the interviews with film stars which he has read. He says no one has the courage to tell the truth about a picture idol. After reading one about himself, he says, he feels as tho he had been dipped in saccharine and come out a lollypop. Here's where he'll feel like he had been plunged in brine and come out a pickle.

As an artist, Eddie is a good baseball player.

His favorite author is not Carlyle, as one interviewer said. It is Ring Lardner. This is another proof of his Americanism.

He is very fond of history. One of his favorite heroes is the famous Italian, Bacardi.

He smokes too many cigarets, particularly the Lambs Club variety, but any kind are welcome. (Tip for his fan friends.)

He never wears a red necktie.

He has never written a scenario—at least he says so.

He also has good taste in actresses. His favorites are Alice Joyce, Elsie Ferguson and Louise Glaum. Oh yes, and Mary Pickford, of course, altho he doesn't think she has had the right sort of leading-man since the stock days in Toronto.

He has never played opposite a woman who is not beautiful. He says he couldn't stand it. The most beautiful of his leading-women is the one who appears with him the most. I couldn't tell her name, because some others might be jealous.

He detests mild sports, such as baseball, and goes in for such violent athletic games as stud poker.

His worst work of art to date is displayed here. The best of these is the one of himself, which would look like him if it were not for the pipe. I think it is a "prop." His regular crony is a "fag." (See Empey's dictionary of a Tommy in "Over the Top.")

His favorite male player is, I believe, John Barrymore. Perhaps that is because John also had aspirations as an artist in oils and charcoal. I might also say that there is a certain likeness in the methods and personalities of the two, but I wont, because that would please Eddie too much.

This much I'll say for the benefit of his fan friends, whose letters I saw stacked in heaps on his dressing-room table: Edward Earle's best rôle is himself. He was corking in "For France." He kept you smiling, mystified and liking him in "The Blind Adventure." But he's at his best in the mellow atmosphere of the Lambs Club, far from the Cooper-Hewitts, "sets" and grease-paint—likewise his pad and pencil.

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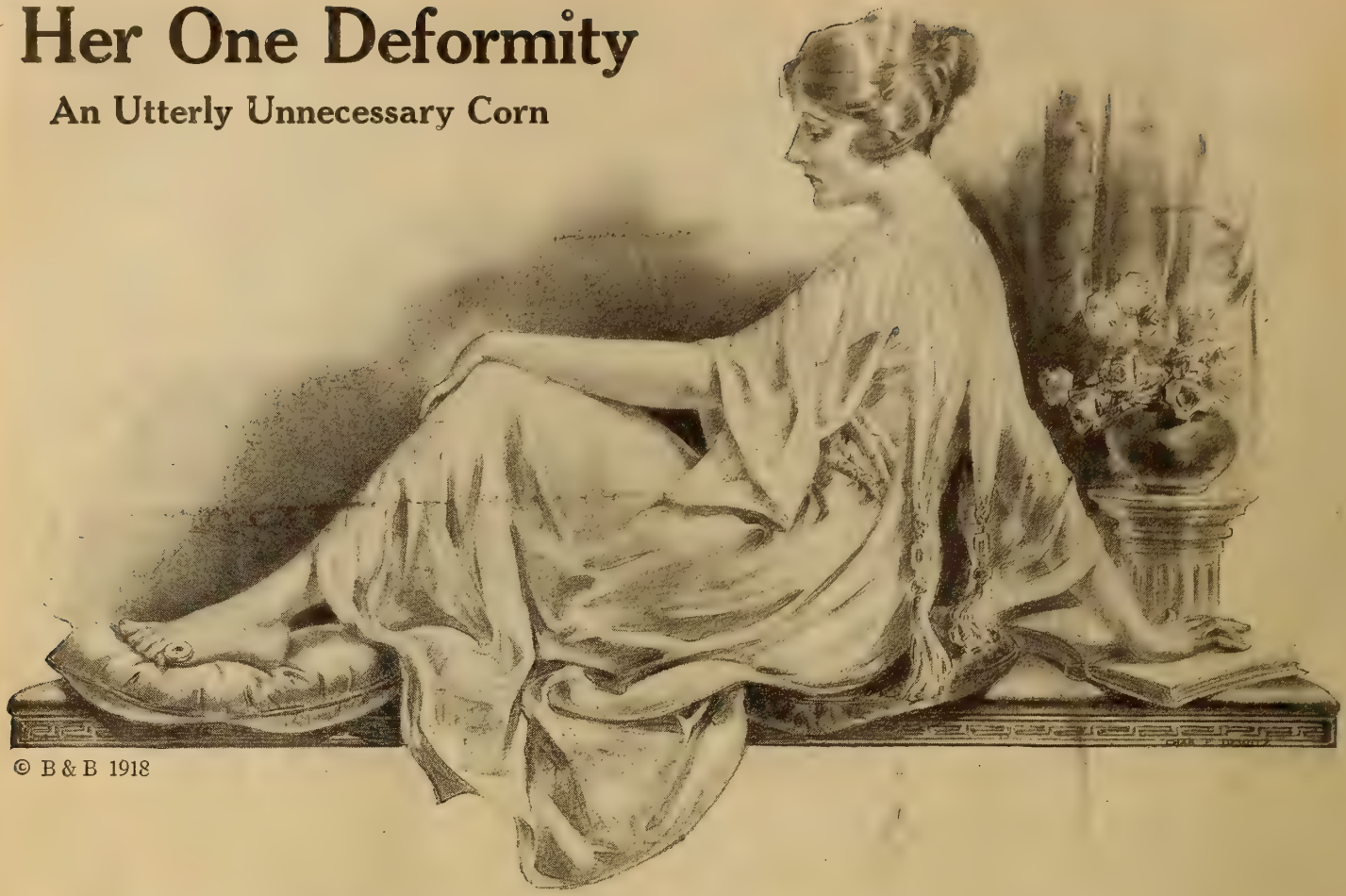
Her One Deformity

An Utterly Unnecessary Corn



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Why Will Dainty Women Keep Them?

Don't you find it hard to explain a corn, when millions never have them?

A corn means one of these things:

That you merely pare it or pad it, and never try to remove it. Or that you use some old-time treatment, harsh and inefficient.

Science has solved the corn problem by the method used in Blue-jay. Now every corn ache can be stopped in a jiffy. Any corn can be ended completely, and usually in 48 hours.

To do this, you simply apply a Blue-jay plaster. Then forget the corn. In 48 hours the average corn will go. And the toughest corn cannot resist a second application.

You can have no possible objection.

The application takes but a moment. The toe is then comfortable, the pain is entirely gone. There is no mussiness. Simply ignore the corn, go your way, and let the Blue-jay end it.

Blue-jay is a famous chemist's invention. It is prepared by a surgical dressing house of world-wide reputation. Don't confuse it with the shams which people try and quit.

Blue-jay has millions of users. To them corns are but incidents, needing only a moment's care. Make one test, and you will join this army who never suffer corns.

Don't wait longer—make the test tonight.

How Blue-jay Acts

A is a thin, soft pad which stops the pain by relieving the pressure.

B is the B & B wax, which gently undermines the corn. Usually it takes only 48 hours to end the corn completely.

C is rubber adhesive which sticks without wetting. It wraps around the toe and makes the plaster snug and comfortable.

Blue-jay is applied in a jiffy. After that, one doesn't feel the corn. The action is gentle, and applied to the corn alone. So the corn disappears without soreness.

B&B BLUE-JAY Corn Plasters

Stop Pain Instantly—End Corns Completely

Large Package 25c at Druggists

Small Package Discontinued

Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters

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MOTION PICTURE

SEPTEMBER

20 cts

LILLIAN GISH

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White, oval, floating—Fairy Soap combines purity and convenience with a fine cleansing quality that is most refreshing.
Its use adds real pleasure to toilet and bath.
THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY
The oval, floating cake fits the hand
"Have you a little Fairy in your home?"
FAIRY

"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?

It is the undying spirit of youth—of boyhood—the precious subtle something that has passed away with the years and that comes back to you with a laugh—a choke in the throat—every time you open a page of

MARK TWAIN

Novels **Boys' Stories** **Humor** ***25 VOLUMES*** **Essays** **Travel** **History**

No wonder we love this greatest of all Americans—his soul is that of all America—young—gallant and unafraid.

While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—we love him—yes—he's still the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this new land—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

Low Price Sale Must Stop

Mark Twain wanted everyone in America to own a set of his books. So one of the last things he asked was that we make a set at so low a price that everyone might own it. He said: "Don't make fine editions. Don't make editions to sell for $200 and $300 and $1,000. Make good books, books good to look at and easy to read, and make their price low." So we made this set, and up to now we have been able to sell it at this low price.

Rising costs make it impossible to continue the sale of Mark Twain at the low price. New editions will have to cost very much more than this Author's National Edition. Now the price must go up. You must act at once. You must sign and mail the coupon now. If you want a set at the popular price, do not delay. This edition will soon be withdrawn, and then you will pay considerably more for your Mark Twain.

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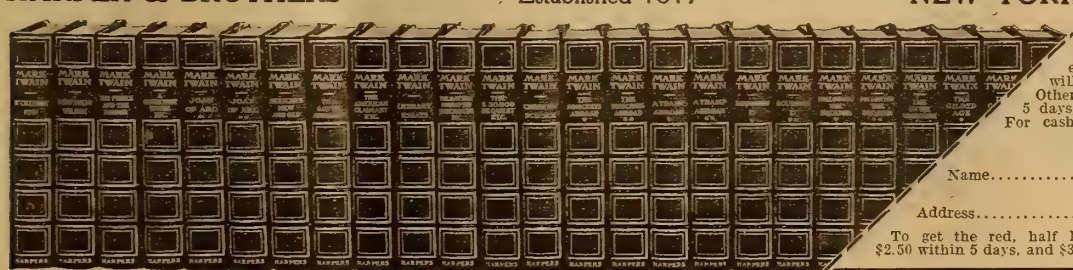

M.P.M. 9-18

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Send me, all charges prepaid, a set of Mark Twain's works, in 25 volumes, illustrated, bound in handsome green cloth, stamped in gold, with trimmed edges. If not satisfactory, I will return them at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1 within 5 days, and $2 a month for 14 months. For cash, deduct 8% from remittance.

Name.....

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Established December, 1910. "We lead, others follow," and it was ever so

Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVI SEPTEMBER, 1918 No. 8

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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(Also Publishers of the MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, out on the fifteenth of each month)

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Member of the Audit Bureau of Circulation

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

48th Street.—"The Man Who Stayed Home." A tense, thrilling war drama with a little comedy thrown in. Albert Brown is the whole show and makes a big hit.

Shubert.—"Getting Together." Still another war drama, and this one is more or less official. Blanche Bates and Holbrook Blinn are the stars, and they are supported cleverly by some real veterans from the front.

Elliott.—"The Eyes of Youth." An interesting series of dramatic events that transpire thru crystal-gazing. Marjorie Rambeau triumphs as the gazer and her acting is really fine.

Cort—"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold, if not risqué, situations, flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve.

Princess.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

Republic.—"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds," and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

Rialto—Photoplays supreme. Program changes every week.

Strand—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rivoli—De luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

For further reviews and pictures of scenes from notable stage plays, see the Motion Picture Classic, out Aug. 15th.

NUBIAN GUARDS? NO, PLAIN BAPTISTS

George D. Baker, manager of productions at Metro's West Coast studios, was directing a big scene in "The Demon," with Edith Storey as the star. It was in the throne-room of the sultan of Morocco, a beautiful and massive setting. Among the "extras" were two bulky negroes.

In the midst of a thrilling moment Director Baker shouted: "Come now—come! Bring on the Nubian guards!"

The dusky supers stood by, dumb and unheeding.

"You," shouted Baker to the larger one, "you are a Nubian; dont you know it?"

The negro rolled his eyes and shifted his paunch.

"A Nubian guard!" cried Baker.

"'Deed I aint, boss," returned the super. "I'se a Baptist and aint been nothin' else for twelve yeahs!"

Bring Out That Hidden

CHARM, BEAUTY, AND EXPRESSION

Nothing will add so much to one's attractiveness as long, thick, silky eyelashes and well-formed eyebrows that are really natural. They give the eyes a fascinating charm that is envied by all.

If your eyebrows and lashes are short, thin and uneven, you can greatly assist nature in increasing the length and thickness by simply applying a little

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nightly. It will nourish and stimulate them in a natural manner. After a short time you will be delightfully surprised at the noticeable improvement shown in your facial expression. LASH-BROW-INE is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved of by noted chemists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use. Why not you?

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Send price and we will mail LASH-BROW-INE together with our Maybell Beauty Book, "The Woman Beautiful" prepaid under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps or money order. Satisfaction assured or price refunded. Avoid disappointment with inferior imitations.

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If you play quaint, dreamy Hawaiian music or latest songs on the Ukulele you will be wanted everywhere. We teach by mail 20 simple lessons; give you free a genuine Hawaiian Ukulele, music, everything--no extras. Ask us to send the story of Hawaiian music. You will love it. No obligation--absolutely free.

The Hawaiian Institute of Music
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OFFICIAL BALLOT "MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME"

I hereby nominate the following players:

1.....	7.....
2.....	8.....
3.....	9.....
4.....	10.....
5.....	11.....
6.....	12.....

Name of Voter.....

Address.....

Mail to "Hall of Fame Contest," 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other communications to that address.

ARE *YOU* SAVING WAR STAMPS?

If Not, Why Not?

W.S.S.
WAR SAVING STAMPS.
issued by the
UNITED STATES
GOVERNMENT

Every child saves pennies. Every parent should save quarters. And what better banker than UNCLE SAM?

WAR SAVINGS STAMPS are the answer of a great democracy to the demand for a democratic form of government security.

YOU SHOULD BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS BECAUSE

1. Your country needs every penny which each man, woman and child can save and lend in order to feed, clothe, arm and equip the soldiers and sailors of America in order to HASTEN the victorious ending of the war. WAR SAVERS ARE LIFE SAVERS.

2. WAR SAVINGS STAMPS increase in value from the date of purchase until the date of maturity, and this increase is guaranteed by the government.

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A THRIFT CARD is furnished for the convenience of all purchasers of 25-cent stamps. This card has spaces for 16 stamps. When all the spaces have been filled, the THRIFT CARD may be exchanged for a $5 stamp at post-offices, banks or other authorized agencies by adding 12 cents in cash prior to February 1, 1918, and 1 cent additional each month thereafter.

If you prefer, you may purchase a $5 stamp outright. They automatically increase in value a cent a month every month thereafter until January 1, 1923, when the United States will pay $5 at any post-office or at the Treasury in Washington for each stamp affixed to a War Savings certificate

Additional information may be obtained at your own post-office or bank.

BUT—DON'T HESITATE! BUY NOW!

at any post-office, bank, trust company or any other authorized agency.

AND STRIKE A BLOW FOR YOUR COUNTRY AS WELL AS SAVING FOR THE FUTURE

America's Pioneer Dog Medicines

BOOK ON
DOG DISEASES
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H. CLAY GLOVER CO., Inc.,
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This coupon entitles the holder to a reduction of 50 cents per reel on each photoplay sent in to us for criticism, the regular fee being $1.00 per reel; and on synopses up to 3,000 words, the regular fee being $1.50. Coupons not accepted on revision or typing orders.

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THE SCENARIO SERVICE BUREAU
175 Duffield Street Brooklyn, N. Y.

"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Liveliest Contest Ever Conducted in the Motion Picture World Is Surpassing All Expectations

IT is unusually interesting to note that the first twelve contestants in the Motion Picture Hall of Fame Contest have not changed places from the beginning of this contest. Mary Pickford has never been usurped from her position of highest honor, while Earle Williams still remains just inside the realm of the immortals. This last despite the fact that Mr. Williams is being hard pressed by some very popular players.

William Farnum, Pauline Frederick, Norma Talmadge, Charlie Chaplin and other well loved screen friends are being gloriously defended by their loyal fans; but the fans must work a little harder if these all-deserving people are to be seen in the National Museum at Washington.

While we are being specific and mentioning these people whose friends are battling nobly for them in a great cause, it might be well to mention that thruout the contest the positions of the players have changed but very little. May Allison, however, has stepped forward quite a number of places; Edward Earle also jumped a great many places, due, undoubtedly, to the faithfulness of his fans.

Fans, back your favorites—your special favorites. Just because some one else—some dear friend—happens to admire a certain player is no just reason why you should vote for that player. Go and see the work of the persons whom you feel you wish to cast your vote for—see if they merit the courtesy you show them by voting for them.

Try to remember always that this is not an ordinary contest, with automobiles, bracelets, etc., as the rewards, but that it is the biggest contest ever conducted, with an honor so great that one has to take a deep breath of awe when telling of it. So do not cast your vote lightly; talk with some one and get his idea on the subject—and then vote as your heart and mind tell you to.

Mary Pickford will, of course, go in the National Museum at Washington; so will Marguerite Clark—their work and their untiring efforts merit this reward. And who will the other ten be? The first twenty-five names in the column printed below represent some of Screenland's most talented players — so close together that their nearness is appalling. Help *your* favorite—not the other fellow's. Cut out your coupon and vote today.

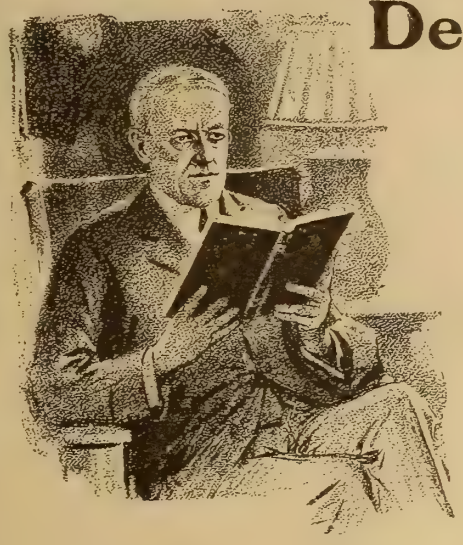
Each person is permitted to vote for twelve different players; no player's name may appear twice on one ballot.

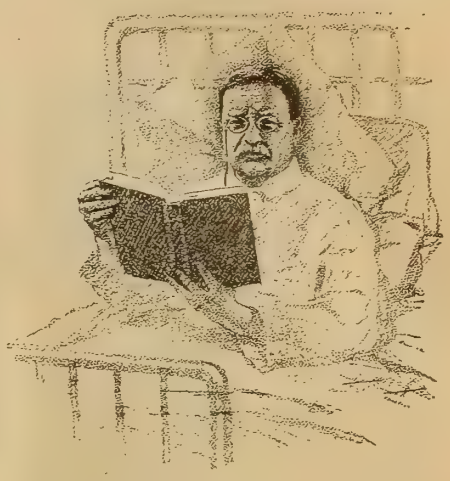
We give you below the standing of the contestants up to June 20th:

Mary Pickford	117,300
Marguerite Clark	97,084
Douglas Fairbanks	90,651
Harold Lockwood	88,631
William S. Hart	88,201
Wallace Reid	77,756
Pearl White	73,094
Anita Stewart	61,911
Francis X. Bushman	52,931
Theda Bara	52,919
Mary Miles Minter	52,399
Earle Williams	51,612
William Farnum	50,202
Clara K. Young	49,530
Pauline Frederick	47,260
Norma Talmadge	46,846
Charlie Chaplin	46,334
Vivian Martin	45,991
Billie Burke	40,307
Ethel Clayton	39,351
Beverly Bayne	39,115
Warren Kerrigan	37,598
Jack Pickford	37,163
Alice Joyce	37,000
Henry B. Walthall	36,037
Geraldine Farrar	35,732
Alice Brady	35,238
George Walsh	31,025
Dustin Farnum	29,549
May Allison	29,518
Mae Marsh	29,429
Violet Mersereau	29,405
Bessie Love	29,303
Mae Murray	29,060
Charles Ray	29,040
Carlyle Blackwell	28,442
Bryant Washburn	28,252
Olga Petrova	28,087
June Caprice	27,890
Louise Huff	23,265
Dorothy Dalton	23,120
Mollie King	22,850
Antonio Moreno	22,669
Owen Moore	21,888
Olive Thomas	21,851
Sessue Hayakawa	21,648
Viola Dana	21,094
Bessie Barriscale	21,001
Creighton Hale	20,957
House Peters	20,660
Crane Wilbur	20,256
William Desmond	20,253

Tom Forman	17,964
Robert Warwick	17,942
Edith Storey	17,735
Blanche Sweet	17,666
Earle Foxe	17,605
William Russell	17,538
Harry Morey	17,363
Jackie Saunders	17,356
Fannie Ward	17,354
Ruth Roland	17,227
Thomas Meighan	17,223
George Beban	17,106
Ethel Barrymore	17,075
Helen Holmes	17,055
Mary Anderson	16,989
Stuart Holmes	16,896
Lillian Gish	16,887
Madge Evans	16,696
Tom Moore	16,623
Irene Castle	16,602
Grace Cunard	16,533
Gladys Brockwell	15,534
Ann Pennington	15,505
William Duncan	15,428
Montagu Love	15,347
Peggy Hyland	15,331
Kathlyn Williams	15,097
Marie Osborne	15,007
Eugene O'Brien	15,006
Virginia Pearson	14,987
Ben Wilson	14,904
June Elvidge	14,802
Louise Glaum	14,791
Ralph Kellard	14,548
Dorothy Gish	14,536
Irving Cummings	14,478
Harry Hilliard	14,467
Mary Fuller	14,463
Ann Little	14,462
Mahlon Hamilton	14,414
Conway Tearle	14,412
Niles Welch	14,340
Theodore Roberts	14,290
Vola Vale	14,248
Shirley Mason	14,242
Frank Keenan	14,219
Jewel Carmen	14,200
Edward Langford	14,197
Maxine Elliott	14,181
Dorothy Phillips	14,163
Mary Maurice	14,154
Marie Walcamp	14,153
Herbert Rawlinson	13,890
Doris Kenyon	13,608
Elsie Ferguson	11,673
Julian Eltinge	11,589
Lillian Walker	11,495
Henry Gsell	11,458
Virginia Lee Corbin	11,446
Marie Doro	11,423
Florence LaBadie	11,411
Eileen Percy	11,394
Mabel Normand	11,394
Roy Stewart	11,366
Jack Holt	11,270
Carol Holloway	11,261
Billie Rhodes	11,250
Enid Bennett	11,237
Edward Earle	11,212
Carmel Myers	11,203
Monroe Salisbury	11,199
Hazel Dawn	11,105
Elliott Dexter	11,100
Marguerite Courtot	11,091
Francis Ford	11,070
Corinne Griffith	11,056
Constance Talmadge	11,049
Emmy Wehlen	11,043
John Bunny	11,042
Milton Sills	11,037
Margery Wilson	11,032
Paul Willis	11,016
Thelma Salter	11,015
Marguerite Snow	11,014
Gail Kane	11,013
Ella Hall	11,008
Roscoe Arbuckle	11,007
Wilfred Lucas	11,002
Mary McAlister	11,000

They Both Like a Good Detective Story





President Wilson's Blessed Intervals

President Wilson is quoted as saying: "There are blessed intervals when I forget, by one means or another, that I am the President of the United States. One means by which I forget is to get a rattling good detective story, get after some imaginary offender and chase him all over."

When Roosevelt was in the Hospital

When Colonel Roosevelt came out of the Hospital a few weeks ago—after a long and trying illness—he told the reporters: "I did a whole lot of reading. I particularly enjoyed half a dozen rattling good detective stories by Arthur B. Reeve—some of them were corkers."

Get fresh strength for the problems of war as they did—these two great men. Get for yourself a thousand nights of pleasure and forgetfulness—of thrills and excitement—by reading

ARTHUR B. REEVE

The American Conan Doyle

CRAIG KENNEDY

The American Sherlock Holmes

He is the detective genius of our age. He has taken science — science that stands for this age—and allied it to the mystery and romance of detective fiction. Even to the smallest detail, every bit of the plot is worked out scientifically. For nearly ten years America has been watching his Craig Kennedy—marvelling at the strange, new, startling things that detective-hero would unfold. Even under the stress of war, England is reading him as she never did before.

Such plots—such suspense—with real, vivid people moving through the maelstrom of life! Frenchmen have mastered the art of terror stories. English writers have thrilled whole nations by their artful heroes. But all these seem old-fashioned—out-of-date—beside the infinite variety—the weird excitement of Arthur B. Reeve's tales.

FREE

EDGAR ALLAN POE'S MASTERPIECES
10 VOLUMES

To those who send the coupon promptly, we will give FREE a set of Edgar Allan Poe's Works in 10 volumes.

When the police of Paris failed to solve one of the most fearful murder mysteries of the time, Edgar Allan Poe—far off here in New York—found the solution. The story is in these volumes.

This is a wonderful combination. Here are two of the greatest writers of mystery and scientific detective stories. You can get the Reeve at a remarkably low price and the Poe FREE—for a short time only. Sign and mail the coupon *now*.

M.P.M. 9-18

HARPER & BROTHERS
7 Franklin Square, New York.

Send me, all charges prepaid, set of Arthur B. Reeve—in 12 volumes, maroon cloth. Also send me, absolutely FREE, the set of Edgar Allan Poe, in 10 volumes, green cloth. If the books are not satisfactory, I will return both sets within 10 days at your expense. Otherwise I will send you $1.50 a month for 13 months.

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PEARL LA SAGE, former actress who now offers to tell women of the most remarkable complexion treatment ever known.

This great beauty marvel has instantly produced a sensation. Stubborn cases have been cured that baffled physicians and beauty specialists for years. You have never in all your life used or heard of anything like it. Makes muddy complexions, red spots, pimples, blackheads, eruptions vanish almost like magic. No cream, lotion, enamel, salve, plaster, bandage, mask, massage, diet or apparatus, nothing to swallow. It doesn't matter whether or not your complexion is a "fright," whether your face is full of muddy spots, peppery blackheads, embarrassing pimples and eruptions, or whether your skin is rough and "porey," and you've tried almost everything under the sun to get rid of the blemishes. This wonderful treatment, in just ten days, positively removes every blemish and beautifies your skin in a marvelous way. You look years younger. It gives the skin the bloom and tint of purity of a freshly-blown rose. In ten days you can be the subject of wild admiration by all your friends, no matter what your age or condition of health. **All methods now known are cast aside.** There is nothing to wear, nothing to take internally. Your face, even arms, hands, shoulders are beautified beyond your fondest dreams. All this I will absolutely prove to you before your own eyes in your mirror in ten days. This treatment is absolutely harmless to the most delicate skin, and very pleasant to use. No change in your mode of living is necessary. A few minutes every day does it.

To every reader of this magazine I will give full details of this really astounding treatment. Let me show you. You do not risk a penny. Send me no money—just send your name and address on the free coupon below and I will give you full details by return mail.

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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of *Motography*, a leading trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Blue Blazes Rawden, with William S. Hart—An excellent picture. Big business. Book it.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Blue Blazes Rawden, with William S. Hart—A very good Hart production, the north woods location being a relief from the Western cow-puncher surroundings.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Amarilly of Clothesline Alley, with Mary Pickford—Very fine. One of the best. Business good. Book it and your people will go away satisfied.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Mr. Fix-It, with Douglas Fairbanks—Very good. One of the best. Business excellent.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks—Doug always pleases. Picture good, with plenty of action.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Selfish Yates, with William S. Hart—A typical Hart picture.—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

Barbary Sheep, with Elsie Ferguson—A very good picture. Photography superb. Business only fair as the title did not attract.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Woman God Forgot, with Geraldine Farrar—This cant compare with *Joan the Woman.* It is very spectacular and magnificent, and that is all. However, it pulled a big house and most people were satisfied. — Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm, with Mary Pickford—Splendid. Drew a good house. It is worth the money, something I cant say for all the Artcraft-Paramount pictures. — Eminence Theater, Eminence Ky.

BLUEBIRD

The Red, Red Heart, with Monroe Salisbury—Not up to the standard of Salisbury pictures, but it's very good.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Brace Up, with Herbert Rawlinson—A good picture. Business good.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Wine Girl, with Carmel Myers—Just fair. Not up to standard.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Wine Girl, with Carmel Myers—An average Bluebird.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Raggedy Queen, with Violet Mersereau—A very good picture which pleased. Well acted. Business average.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

FOX

Cleopatra, with Theda Bara—Second run. Big business all week.—Rex Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Durand of the Badlands, with Dustin Farnum—Just an average picture, not up to standard.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Rose of Blood, with Theda Bara—As good as any, none better. Plenty of thrills. Good business.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

The Devil's Wheel, with Gladys Brockwell — The best picture this star has played in for some time.—Mission Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Ace High, with Tom Mix—One of the best pictures turned out on any program in the last six months.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

GOLDWYN

Joan of Plattsburg, with Mabel Normand — An excellent attraction. Mabel Normand was never better. Capacity business for three days.—New Theater, Baltimore, Md.

Joan of Plattsburg, with Mabel Normand—Big houses well pleased. My patrons cheered the patriotic scenes.—Family Theater, Le Roy, N. Y.

The Face in the Dark, with Mae Marsh—A good box-office attraction. Seemed to please all.—Strang Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Face in the Dark, with Mae Marsh—Business very good for two days. Mae Marsh goes well here.—Lincoln Theater, Newark, N. J.

Nearly Married, with Madge Kennedy—A good picture, well staged. Business good on a two-day run.—Iris Theater, Pacific Grove, Cal.

Nearly Married, with Madge Kennedy—Business excellent. If other Goldwyns are half as good they will satisfy me.—Empress Theater, Canton, S. D.

Our Little Wife, with Madge Kennedy—A profitable attraction. Madge Kennedy has a big following here.—Orpheum Theater, Marshfield, Ore.

Baby Mine, with Madge Kennedy—A real farce-comedy. Pleased a critical crowd and kept them laughing continually. If Madge Kennedy can repeat, it will be a knockout.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Auction Block, with Ruby de Remere—Very good. A super-feature at program feature rental. A big winner if you get behind it.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Beloved Traitor, with Mae Marsh—Very well liked. Pleased big crowds on a two-day run. — Community Theater, Sherrill, N. Y.

The Beloved Traitor, with Mae Marsh—Brought the crowds. Much favorable comment on Miss Marsh's acting.—Princess Theater, Deming, N. M.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden —Pleased our audiences and did good business. As good as *Thais.*—Gem Theater, Cairo, Ill.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden —Attracted bigger crowds than I've had in my house in months.—Majestic Theater, Fruita, Cal.

The Splendid Sinner, with Mary Garden —All my patrons spoke highly of Mary Garden and this picture. Business fine on a two-day run. — Crescent Theater, Adrian, Mich.

JEWEL

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—A 100 per cent. picture. Turned them away. A wonderful production.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—An extra fine picture, hurt by rough advertising. My patrons expected to see some rough stuff, judging from the advertising. Business very good but far from expectations.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

KLEINE

The Unbeliever, with Raymond McKee (Edison-Kleine)—A great play. Capacity business for five days.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

The Man Who Was Afraid, with Bryant Washburn—Good. Well liked. Fair business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Pants, with Mary McAlister—This is great. Grown-ups as well as the kiddies like it. Good business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

METRO

The Adopted Son, with Harold Lockwood—Very fine. One of the best Lockwood pictures.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Breakers Ahead, with Viola Dana—An average Metro. — Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Claim, with Edith Storey—Not a pleasing picture, but it will get by.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Toys of Fate, with Alla Nazimova—This picture is well acted. The star is fast gaining popular favor.—Rose Theater, Chicago.

MUTUAL

Southern Pride, with Gail Kane (American-Mutual)—Picture average. Star doesn't draw. Business poor in rainy weather.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Calendar Girl, with Juliette Day (American-Mutual)—A very good picture. Star unknown here, but pleased our patrons.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

PARALTA

An Alien Enemy, with Louise Glaum —Not a vampire play. Straight drama. Star fine. Great picture.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Blindfolded, with Bessie Barriscale—A good crook picture, but the star is better in a different kind of play.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Humdrum Brown, with Henry B. Walthall—A fair picture, not heavy enough for Walthall.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

PARAMOUNT

Madame Jealousy, with Pauline Frederick—A poor picture. Business poor. —Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Jules of the Strong Heart, with George Beban—Excellent picture, business good. Book it. This star is sure a wonder.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Keys of the Righteous, with Enid Bennett—An average picture, but some parts were inconsistent and puzzling.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

A Country Hero, with Roscoe Arbuckle —Not his best, but plenty good enough to drive away the glooms and send the patrons home in a happy, satisfied frame of mind.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Secret Game, with Sessue Hayakawa—A good picture with an interesting spy plot, but the director had clues and evidence fall into the hero's hands too easily.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Jack and Jill, with Jack Pickford—A pleasing comedy-drama, which should please any one. — Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Eve's Daughter, with Billie Burke—Another bloomer. Nothing much to this picture, and Billie has completely lost out here.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Watch Your Neighbor, with Charles Murray (Sennett-Paramount)—Our patrons say these Sennetts cannot be beaten. We think the same. This is a little reminiscent of a comedy produced some time ago, but it had the punch, nevertheless.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

Bab's Diary, with Marguerite Clark—Great. Capacity business on a very warm night. Print in poor condition.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

The Ghost House, with Jack Pickford—A good picture, but very poor business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Cook of Canyon Camp, with George Beban—Rather a thin story, but Beban is great. Average business.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

PATHÉ

The Other Woman, with Peggy Hyland —A fine picture, star and subject fine. Plenty of comedy and good laughs.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Sylvia of the Secret Service, with Mrs. Vernon Castle—Excellent. Every one spoke highly of it. Large crowd. Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Pendleton Round-up—A poor print, too dark.—Auditorum Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Luke's Lively Life, with Lonesome Luke —The best comedy we have received for a long time.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Twenty-One, with Bryant Washburn—A fine comedy. Washburn is fine. This will go big where patrons like comedy.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

The Great Adventure, with Bessie Love —Star good. Story poor. Miss Love is capable of something better. — Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

SELECT

The Lone Wolf, with Bert Lytell—A very good picture, with story, settings and photography that go to make a picture worth while.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Her Silent Sacrifice, with Alice Brady—Very poor. Old stuff that might have gone over years ago, but is out of season at this period of production.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

TRIANGLE

The Law of the Great Northwest, with Margery Wilson—Average good picture of its type. — Mission Theater, Seattle, Wash.

The Matrimaniac, with Douglas Fairbanks—Big business all week.—Rex Theater, Seattle, Wash.

Captain of His Soul, with William Des-

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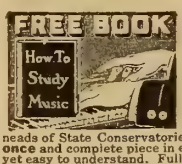

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mond—Picture, subject and title poor. A William Desmond picture without a Desmond smile has about as much punch as a gin fizz in a State as dry as Michigan.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Keith of the Border, with Roy Stewart—None better than this picture, story and actors. Has Hart skinned a mile. Book it as a special and advertise it strong. Raise your prices and make a killing. Business capacity and then some.—Bijou Theater, Alpena, Mich.

Keith of the Border, with Roy Stewart—A good Western picture to good business. Stewart is coming on well.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Flames of Chance, with Margery Wilson—We got this in place of a Desmond film. It is just fair.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

The Man Hater, with Winifred Allen—Slow moving, but it gets over fairly well. Not a good drawing-card.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

Wee Lady Betty, with Bessie Love—A good Irish picture. Scenery good.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Grafters, with Jack Devereaux—Excellent.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

Faith Endurin', with Roy Stewart—An average Stewart picture.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Answer, with Alma Rubens—A long-drawn-out subject, better suited for a three-reel subject. Beautiful settings—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Hard Rock Breed, with Margery Wilson—A very good picture of its type.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Sea Panther, with William Desmond—Another case of a costume picture not getting over. The story and action, however, will entertain some.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Shoes That Danced, with Pauline Starke—An average picture, but our people do not care for this type of rough stuff.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

VITAGRAPH

Over the Top, with Arthur Guy Empey—A real war play. Big business for seven days. A money-maker for any one.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Over the Top, with Arthur Guy Empey—A good picture and very timely. Star well known.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

The Soul Master, with Earle Williams—Star well liked. Picture average. Film rather poor. Business average.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Magnificent Meddler, with Antonio Moreno and Mary Anderson—Picture excellent. Full of action. Stars are both popular.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

WORLD

Man's Woman, with Ethel Clayton—A dandy, good picture. Drew a large crowd and pleased well.—Princess Theater, Winnsboro, La.

Masks and Faces, with English stars—A fine costume play with old English settings. Good for high-class audiences only. Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

Journey's End, with Ethel Clayton—An entertaining production. Star very pretty. Good acting. A worth-while production.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

SERIALS AND SERIES

The Fighting Trail, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—The best serial we ever ran. We have run episodes one, two and three, but we can judge from this what kind of a picture it is.—Auditorium Theater, Cuba City, Wis.

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes (Mutual)—Chapter 9. We had a slump in business during the last three chapters, but on this we were surprised to see an increase, in spite of rain.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

The Lost Express, with Helen Holmes (Mutual)—Chapter 10. Business holding about even.—Lyric Theater, Platte Center, Neb.

Vengeance and the Woman, with William Duncan (Vitagraph)—Chapter 14 still holds about even, altho the story is somewhat improbable. Excellent drawing-card for children.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

The Son of Democracy, with Benjamin Chapin (Paramount)—This has been consistently good.—Eminence Theater, Eminence, Ky.

STATE RIGHTS AND SPECIALS

Carmen of the Klondike, with Clara Williams (Selaxart)—Very good. Book it. I consider it nearly as good as *The Spoilers.* It's a money-maker.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

Raffles, with John Barrymore (State Rights)—Not what the people expected. Business poor.—Colonial Theater, Orange, Cal.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (Arrow)—A reissue of the picture taken from Hall Caine's masterpiece. It drew even business with *Toys of Fate* and William S. Hart's *Selfish Yates,* which proves that if they are good, they can come back.—Alcazar Theater, Chicago.

The Deemster, with Derwent Hall Caine (Arrow)—A deep subject which will not be enjoyed or appreciated by the majority. It is well acted and directed and the photography is good.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Glory, with Kolb and Dill (State Rights)—A fair comedy-drama.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Bar Sinister (State Rights)—Above the average program picture. Not worth the rental asked, however.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

Bright and Early, with Billy West (King Bee)—A fair comedy, but overrated in price and drawing power.—Kozy Theater, Eureka, Ill.

Bright and Early, with Billy West (King Bee)—Fast, furious and funny. A very good comedy.—Boston Theater, Chicago.

REPORTS OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

The Firefly of France, with Wallace Reid and Ann Little (Paramount)—Entertainment value, good; educational value, fair; dramatic interest of story, good; coherence of narrative, good; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, good; scenic setting, good; historical value, fair; moral effect, good.

The Service Star, with Madge Kennedy (Goldwyn)—Entertainment value, excellent; dramatic interest of story, good; coherence of narrative, good; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, excellent; scenic setting, good; moral effect, good.

The Whirlpool, with Alice Brady (Select)—Entertainment value, good; dramatic interest of story, sustained; coherence of narrative, involved; acting, good; photography, good; technical handling, satisfactory; moral effect, fair.

The Empty Cab, with Eileen Percy and Franklyn Farnum (Universal)—Entertainment value, fair; dramatic interest of story, fair; coherence of narrative, good; acting, fair; photography, good; technical handling, fair; scenic setting, fair; moral effect, good.

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Now that summer is here, every State in the Union is busy shipping out its products. Added to that, each State is busy transporting its men and supplies to the various training camps With this additional burden, the railroads have become congested and many things delayed.

We are doing our best to get your MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE to you on time. We *may* not succeed. The government may be using your railroad line in an emergency call, and your Magazine may be temporarily sidetracked. What if it is a few days late? The reading matter will be just as good and the pictures will be just as new when you do get it. If your Magazine doesn't come just when it should, dont find fault Coöperate! It is the spirit of the times.

In Memoriam

S. RANKIN DREW

When Rankin Drew, the director-son of Sidney Drew, enlisted, he wrote on his enlistment card the phrase, "For the duration of the war—and as long after as they need me." Ever anxious and willing to aid every one, he gladly offered his services to Uncle Sam, giving up a career that was the envy of many a young, aspiring director. In May, 1917, he sailed for France, entered the aviation school of the French army, and became a pilot of daring skill. Mr. Drew was announced as missing after an aerial combat in May of this year. Later newspaper dispatches from France place him among the killed. His death is untimely, but we are proud to record that he fulfilled his enlistment promise—"as long as they need me."

Letters to the Editor

Here are two of the most interesting letters we have received this month. It gives us a great deal of pleasure, and not a little thrill of pride, to feel that even "Over There" the boys in the trenches and in the dugouts look forward eagerly to the coming of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. These two letters were written by Private Charles L. Bishop, Battery C, 102d Regiment F. A., American Expeditionary Force.

Well, here goes! What brought the smile of gladness upon the firing-line and in the darkness of the night? One evening our caissons came in loaded with ammunition and mail, and when the mail was sorted out, sure enough, there was a MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE among the bundle of papers. And that MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE! Believe me, it was read from cover to cover by all the boys in my dug-out alongside of our gun, the 75. It sure was great to read after our minds had been wrapped up in barrage all the time. That Magazine was like payday to me. It eased a fellow's mind a little amid the bursting of Fritz's shells and shrapnel."

—

Again I received the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and wish to thank you for same. Just as soon as I finish writing this little spiel to you I am going to enjoy reading your gift. I have a little more time now, for I am in a base hospital taking a little vacation, tho Fritz tried to make it a long one The doctor here is a wonder. In fact, all of them are, and as for our Red Cross nurses—well, you know what angels from heaven are like. That's what our nurses are They are better than all the wonderful things ever written about them Why, they're really wonders. It's worth it all, to hear a real American girl say, "How's the boy this morning?"

I met some of the boys from Camp Merritt over here, and the more that come over the quicker we'll finish this job. I'm with a fighting division, the Yankee Division of New England, and the First National Guardsmen of France. We followed General Pershing's first division into action. I guess you have read all about the 26th Division Of course, every soldier is proud of his outfit, but I'm more than proud of mine, for we have broken all records in modern warfare. True, we've paid the price, but we came thru every time we were needed, and that word "fail" is unknown to a Yankee. Why, when the great General Foch was asked to take his choice of a division to go in and hold the Fritzes back, he picked the Yankee Division.

I dont want you to think that I'm laying it on heavy just because I'm telling you the truth. I'm not telling it for the credit which is coming to us who are alive today, but for my pals, my buddies, who are resting beneath little wooden crosses just beyond the battlefield; yes, I'm telling it for the boys who wont come back to tell the story of the first volunteers who came over and went into battle, with all the spirit that is imbued in an American soldier, backed up by his flag. Old Glory, God bless it! has never tasted defeat, and it never will while there's a Yankee to defend it. Life is uncertain here, like a candle in a breeze, but that's the least of an American's troubles; he is care-free and takes things easy

Perhaps you would like to know that the Boche now fears the American. They paid dear for their first raid on our trenches. We wont forget, or cant, what happened to our first boys they got.

I'll close now, for I know you must be getting a little tired of my line. I'm not boasting to you—I'm merely giving you straight facts Good luck to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and all who are behind us with your Liberty Bonds and Thrift Stamps.

Good luck, also, to the Salvation Army, that blessed organization that the soldier has learnt to love, for their representatives are right in the second-line trenches, passing out the real stuff—smokes, doughnuts and apple-pie—on the firing-line. They have never been known to refuse a request from a soldier, even if he hasn't got a franc or a big clacker (two cents). Mother Burdick, of the Salvation Army, is the soldier's friend, and just like a real mother to us. You will always find her in the thick of the biggest fight, always en-

couraging us with a cheery word and stimulating us with coffee and doughnuts I hope, when this war is all over, that I shall see her with a fighting man's war chevrons on, for she certainly deserves them. We will never, never forget her.

Please remember the name "Sammy" is like poison gas to an American soldier. The Tommy calls us the only real, live name in the world—the one we made famous in '76—just plain Yank. Please do the whole A. E. F. a good turn and tell the world that we're not Sammies—just Yanks.

Mr. Will T. Henderson, one of the Answer Man's oldest and steadiest customers, writes him the following letter, which we think will interest our readers as much as it did the Grand Old Man:

DEAR ANSWER MAN—Say! you old octogenarian, graciously permit me to "hand it" to you upon the most highly splendid Answer Department you "dished up" to us in the July number of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. It's a lallipaloosa—a humdinger—whatever *that* is.

After quite some several "moons" of sepulchral silence, I rise from the "tomb of oblivion" to explain, or rather to ask of you, in contravention of your statement in answer to an inquiry from "J. H. H., Sydney," page 118, that "Pearl White is playing in 'The House of Hate' " if, in your wise opinion, a house of hate is a good place for a little girl to play in—now, do you? Where's Pearlie's parents, that they do not evidence more loving concern as to where their little girl plays? Huh! where are their watchful cares for their little one—I ask you, where are they?

Answering (?) another question, you say that "Allan Holubar is directing Dorothy Phillips." Whazzamatter with you, anyway? 'Sright t'other way—Dorothy Phillips is "directing" Allan Holubar, b'gosh; 'fanybody sh'd ask you.

Also, page 118 you say to "Julius C.," "Thanks for the necktie. It shows very good taste." Great Scott! He doesn't expect you to eatum, does he?

And you blandly ask "R. G. M.," of Tientsin, China, how he (or she) "ever got over there." Well! Great shades of the aeroplanes. Have you been fast asleep these past five years—huh—have you? Furthermore, did you think the ocean has dried up? In that case, of course, (forgive, ah, forgive, but I just must, I cant help it) we wouldn't have an ocean (a notion) as to how he (or she) "got there," unless he (or she) "hoofed it," and, if you stop to think about it, it's quite some jaunt over to li'l ole China from the good old U. S. A.

And you make bold to tell "F. C. S.," Sitka, that "no man is worthy of a woman's love." In that, righto—go to the head of the class. But, you cant let well enough alone—you have to go and "crab the game" by adding that "no woman is worthy of a man's love." Say! you old centenarian—you've got the biggest guess coming you ever "stacked up against" in all your young (?) life—you can lay to that, "Grandpa!"

And you tell "Frank Humboldt," that some company will sell him "stills." Hey! Page the revenue officers.

And you start out, to "Loyola, 76," with "Why Kittie Gordon Married Sir Beresford." And I snugly ensconce myself for a choice bit of gossip and then you dont tell us. Come, now—out with it—why in thunderation did she?

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Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne	Mary Miles Minter
Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman	Pearl White
Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood	Orml Hawley
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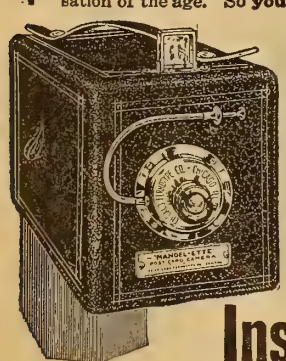

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And you ask "Funny," of Queensland, "Why dont you look on your map?" Do you think she's (or he's) a magician, to be able to look on his (or her) own "map?" Or are you advising him (or her) to consult the mirror? Anyhow, what is there so all-fired interesting about one's own "map" that they should gaze on it—huh—what?

Whazzat—huh—why dont I ask questions, instead of trying to be funny? Oh, have a heart—have a heart—give me time—I will—here's one—now go to it and answer it—if you can:

How old is Ann (Pennington)? None of my business? Of course it aint—I know it; but that's the way you do—holler at us for not asking questions and then, when we do, you come back at us by telling us it's none of our business! Oh, fudge—what's the use? Darn it—I'll get mad and say *"apple sauce"* or something equally as invective, yet!

And "Betty of Mélrose" suggests a "Gallery of Magazine Fans." Oh-gosh-oh-gosh! Wont that be fine—oh-gosh-oh-gosh! At last—at last—oblivion, where is thy sting! Boycott, where is thy victory? At last—at last I'll get my "picture in the paper"—at last-a-las'! And when I do—alas-nd. alas! I'll "get mine," when the connoisseurs of real art once "glue their glims" on my inartistic "map." Oh-gosh-oh-gosh!

You tell "Annabelle M." that "Young ladies should set a good example, because young men are sure to follow." Say, dah-gunnit! where the Sam Hill do us *old* guys come in, anyway—I'd like to know? Dont you, at your greatly advanced age, know that the older the man, the more susceptible is he to the fascinating charms of the lovely, young girlies—huh—dont you, or are you so dummed *old* that you've forgotten all you ever knew—*hey! are* you?

Now, I will ask you a real, bona-fide question:

Why does not Little Madge Evans appear more often in the pictures? She is the very sweetest, darlingest, little dear among all the "kiddies" in the pictures and I love her—I idolize that lovely, pretty, bright-minded, little child. Her work in the pictures is away above par—it is absolute perfection and then some. I realize that the little girl is only human and so cannot appear in pictures all of the time—that is, that pictures with her in them cannot be released every day, nor every week; but somehow, it does seem to me that we might see her a little more often than we do. First thing the World people know—if they dont watch out, I'll write a play for her, myself, if they cant find enough of them that are suitable for her appearance more often. Now, that's an awful threat; so, World Pictures Corporation "powers that be," watchyerstep—watchyerstep, or I'll fulfill my threat and write one. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure." They might get over it, but they'd never look the same.

An anonymous friend writes interestingly from Kingston, Ont.:

My ire was aroused by some of the letters in the past Magazines.

I am not an admirer of Mr. Bushman, but I never could write as they did.

Mr. Bushman is all right when assigned the proper rôle. I never forgot him opposite Ruth Stonehouse in the old days. One picture of his that impressed me was "Chains," about six or seven years ago. He used to have fine dramatic rôles and played them A-1—the same of Earle Williams—and I might say I am a Brooklyn girl and lived within eight blocks of Vitagraph and daily passed the Vitagraphers on the street, and if people only got a real close-up of Earle Williams they'd soon realize he's a gentleman both on and off the screen.

I wish Alice Brady would not *grin* so—she is much more charming when she smiles naturally. Fannie Ward is O. K.—if she'd occasionally slick her stray locks. Marguerite Clark is a dear—'nuff sed! Wally Reid was fine with "Gerry" in "Carmen," "Woman God Forgot," etc., but take him out of slushy romance, like "Nan of Music Mountain," etc. I'd love this minute to walk up Beverly Road or on Flatbush Avenue or take the Brighton Beach "L" and perhaps run across some one from "Vita." It is so lonely up here—a stranger in a strange land and all alone and no place to go, etc. The movies keep me from going *plumb mad* from ennui. What became of Tefft Johnson, Kate Price, Hughie Mack, the Vita Twins, and Rose Tapley? I used to see them on Flatbush or Elm Avenues nearly every day—now I dont even see 'em in pictures. Guess I would feel a little less homesick if I could see some of the old-timers. Many's the day "Dimple" Walker and I, at the same time, got a manicure and shampoo at the "Gem," on Duffield Street, not far from you.

Well, I'd love to sign my real name, but in a small jerk-water town, with one horse and buggy, where every one else knows every one else's "bizness" but their own, etc., I'm afraid I'd get all sorts of bricks. If I was sure my name wouldn't be published I'd sign it; as I'm not sure, let me pass as ——. Perhaps if I signed my name Mr. Blackton would *laugh!* I danced with him often at the Knickerbocker Club, Flatbush.

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Elsie Ferguson, one of the industrious workers at the Stage Women's War Relief headquarters, is fitting one of the type of leather vests on Mrs. Charles S. Whitman, wife of Governor Whitman. The vests are windproof and will be used by Uncle Sam's aviators. They are made of scraps of leather.

From the Belgian Battlefield

THE MANAGER,
MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE:

DEAR SIR:—I am enclosing herewith a photograph which, I think, may be interesting, or of value, to the original as a souvenir from the battlefields of Belgium.

I found the picture in an old chateau that had been ruined by shell-fire. It was known as the "White Chateau," and situated between Ypres and Zonnebecke, just behind our old line of trenches.

The chateau was used as an advanced dressing station in October, 1917, during the Passchendaele battles, and it was then that I found the picture. On one small portion of the wall that was left standing, I saw the picture pinned. Thinking the young lady had had her share of shell-fire, I commandeered it and tacked it over the driving seat of my ambulance car. It has been there ever since until today, when I was in a Y. M. C. A. hut, glancing thru magazines, and I came across the same photograph in your publication. I at once thought it would be worth sending to Miss Courtot, as a personal relic. To my knowledge it has seen "active service" for over seven months.

Trusting you receive this note safely, I remain,

Yours sincerely,
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To Our Readers

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M. P. PUBLISHING COMPANY
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

WHEN THE WAR WILL END!

A Prediction Based on Incontrovertible Facts

By EUGENE V. BREWSTER

When will the war end? Everybody wants to know and yet the greatest military and political authorities on earth hesitate to venture a prediction. Some time ago the German military authorities stated that Germany could hold out for thirty-five years longer. Some of our own experts have stated that it might take five or even ten years to defeat the enemy. In the meantime, we are preparing to spend some thirty-odd billions of dollars next year, and each of the other Allies is straining every nerve to raise proportionate amounts. We are just beginning to feel what war is like. Our pocketbooks are being hit from every angle and our wealth is diminishing every day, but we have not yet glimpsed the poverty that threatens the world if this war long continues.

We begin to feel the real strain as we find prices soaring, taxes multiplying, and as renewed demands are made upon our shrinking purses for more money for Liberty Bonds, the Red Cross, War Savings Stamps, etc., etc.

But, sad to relate, the worst is yet to come! This is only the beginning. Day after day, month after month, year after year, we are to be asked for still more help, still more sacrifice, still more money. Some of us have thus far escaped without making much sacrifice. We have not yet been hit good and hard. But our time will surely come. They will get us all.

We might as well face the truth. We cant run away from it, even if we would. There's no escape! We must face the music. We must prepare to make tremendous sacrifices, and it would take the heart out of us if we knew *now* just what the future will demand of us.

It isn't a question of whether we believe in war or not, or even whether it is a just cause we are fighting for; we are in the war, and that settles it. Most certainly we have got to win it, for there is no other way to get out of it! It is a world conflict of Germany *vs.* Civilization, and if Germany should win—well, most of us would rather die than face the consequences, if we knew them.

When will the war end? I am quite sure I can tell you, and in a moment I shall try to convince you that I know.

We all believe that our Government and our Allies are doing all they can do. They are doing the best they can with the resources at their command. We have surprised the world with our war preparations, and, from a nation of peaceful, luxury-living civilians we have suddenly become a nation of warriors. But it takes time to get into action and to make our power felt. The enemy has been preparing for forty years. Yes, we have made a wonderful start, but it has cost fabulous wealth and great sacrifice to make even this start. Do you think our Government has made us sweat to obtain the money to do what they have already done?

Why, they have not even scratched the surface! If you think you have been unduly taxed and besieged for money, *wait!* It is only a drop in the bucket to what is to come! They are now breaking the news gently. They are educating us *gradually!* Two years from now we will look back upon the present as a golden era of prosperity and luxurious comfort as compared with what we shall then be suffering. If the present outlook is dark, the future is *black.*

Now, you ask, what can we do to change all this? What can *I do?* That's it—what can *you do?* You can do a whole lot. In fact, if the aggregate of I's and you's can get together and grasp the situation, we can actually turn the hands of the clock backward. You say you have *done your bit!* Horrors! What mortal man invented that idiotic catch-phrase? Do your *bit?* Your *BIT?* Are you content to do a "bit" in this world struggle? Why not DO YOUR MIGHT? And here is just where all the trouble is. Thousands of people, perhaps millions, have said to themselves, "Well, let them fight it out. I've done my bit." One person sings at a concert for the benefit of the Red Cross, and lo! she has done her bit, and she need do no more! Another person buys a Liberty Bond, and lo! he has done his bit! Another person subscribes $10 to the Soldiers' Tobacco Fund, and lo! he has done his bit! And so on, etc. Of course, every little helps, and small favors are thankfully received, but how an American citizen can rest content with *doing a bit* when his country, his prosperity, his home, his happiness, his very life are at stake and hang in the balance is more than I can comprehend. Either he does not yet understand the gravity of the situation, or he is a selfish slacker and a coward! If he understands, and chooses to turn his back and run away while a few bear the brunt of the burden, he is a near-traitor. If he understands, and refuses to do his share, he should either be put in jail or taxed to the poor-house.

So away with "Doing your Bit," and up with the banner, "I'm Doing My Might!"

And what more can I do? Why, there are a thousand and one things! Every man, woman and child has a margin in every twenty-four hours. Some spend this margin in idleness, some in pleasure, some in a vocational work and some in other ways. The very busy ones are always the ones to call upon when you want something done. The ones who dont do much and who have plenty of leisure are the ones who usually dont *want* to do *anything.* It is to these that I *particularly* call. If you who have a margin will pay heed, I can tell you when the war will end. What can you do?

1. Fight. If you cant enlist, then you can— 2. Get somebody else to fight 3. Support those who are doing the fighting for you by: (a) buying Liberty Bonds; (b) buying War Savings Stamps; (c) contributing to the Red Cross; (d) helping along one or more of the numerous war relief societies; (e) knitting; (f) supplying yarn for knitters; (g) canvassing your neighborhood for supplies to be sent to the soldiers, etc., etc., etc., etc.

This brief list can be stretched out indefinitely, and everybody can, with a little thought, add a few items to it. If he cant, all he has to do is to ring up or call at the nearest naval or war station and they will tell you lots of things you can do. Every woman cant be a Red Cross nurse, nor knit, but there are dozens of other things she can do. Every man cannot afford to buy more bonds or stamps, but he can help sell them, and there is no limit to his usefulness in other ways. If you cannot make a speech at a recruiting station, or carry on a successful argument with your rich but miserly neighbor, thus inducing him either to go across or come across, you can at least find somebody who is willing to lend his field-glasses to the Navy Department. There is a vast, unlimited amount of work to be done, and anybody who wants to can find it. If you dont find something to do in this war, it is because you dont want to. You can easily cut out that automobile trip, or that beach party, or that game of cards, and devote that time to serving your country. And you can easily do without that silk shirt or skirt that you were going to buy, and lend the money to the Government. Uncle Sam needs more money more than you need more clothes. If you are a business man, perhaps you can spare two hours out of every day to serving your country in some Government office. If you are a woman, you *surely* can. In short, there is no limit to what you can do in this war I have given only a glimpse of the openings and possibilities. Your country needs you—*you!* Not the other fellow, but *you!* Are you going to be one of those laggards and sluggards who say, "Oh, I observe wheatless days, and meatless days, and I dont waste any fuel or food, and I bought $5 worth of War Savings Stamps—I've done my bit!" For shame on such a slacker! You haven't done your *bit* until you have done your *might!*

And now, to get down to the point—when will the war end? Is the answer beginning to appear? No? Do you see no light? *The war will end in six years or in six months,* speaking in rough figures. Whether it is six months or six years depends on *you!* Do you get me? Just suppose that *you* and every other *you* who is over ten years of age should say, "I am not content to do my bit unless it is my might. From now on, I agree to do everything possible to bring this horrible war to a finish. I am willing to sacrifice everything, my all, to win this war!" You might as well say it, because if you dont, you will eventually have to sacrifice all anyway.

Now, if you all say this, and go at it hammer and tongs, what would be the result? Cant you see? Just imagine fifty million people, all working to whip Germany! Fifty million Yankees, with all their marvelous ingenuity, energy, enthusiasm, brains and resources! Just think of it!

If you *all* say it, and mean it, and do it, in six months the war will be over. If you dont, it may be over—*here!* As Franklin said, "We must all hang together or we shall all hang separately." So let's get together and win this war in six months.

NOTE—The foregoing is a copy of an address delivered by Eugene V. Brewster to the employees of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC, of which he is managing editor.

AUG -5 1918

CONTENTS

SEPTEMBER, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

At the time "The Birth of a Nation" was released, some one very aptly said: "Lillian Gish has found her specialty—portraying a soldier's sweetheart." In "Hearts of the World," Miss Gish evidently realized the rôle as her specialty and made the most of it. She is truly feminine—the gentle, lovable type, with dark blue, seriously sweet eyes, pale gold hair; a creature of moods, intensely appealing. David Griffith casts her well—she is the personification of Any Soldier's Sweetheart.

		PAGE
Stage Plays Worth While		5
The Motion Picture Hall of Fame		6
The greatest contest ever held in Motion Picture annals.		
Exhibitor's Verdict		8
What the theater-owners say about the pictures.		
Gallery of Popular Players		25-33
Exclusive photographs of screen favorites.		
Real Folk—Marshall Neilan and Elsie Ferguson as They Are	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	34
The Great Love	*Gladys Hall*	39
A storyization of D. W. Griffith's new picture.		
William S. Hart Speaks the Sioux Language		44
With the Newest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company	*Dorothy Nutting*	45
And incidentally a chat with Frank Losee.		
"Hands Up!"	*Gilson Willets*	47
The first installment of a thrilling new serial.		
Bathing-Suit Models	*Harvey Peake*	52
The Kaiser—In Fort Lee	*Ethel Rosemon*	53
Of course, not the real one, but——		
Taking an X-Ray of Charles	*Fritzi Remont*	55
The inside information you have been waiting for.		
At the American Studios	*Ruth Kingston*	57
Grace, Earle, and What the Graflex Saw		60
Conserving Salt	*Martha Groves McKelvie*	61
Monroe Salisbury stages a snow-storm in summertime.		
"The Servant in the House"	*Advance Photographs*	63
Movieland's Musical Revue		64
Bits of My Life's History	*Milton Sills*	65
In which that popular screen hero recounts his past.		
The Cross of Shame	*H. H. Van Loan*	68
The introduction to a great story.		
What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing	*Henry McMahon*	73
Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary	*Sylvester Fleming*	77
An interview with lovely Mary Thurman.		
The Man Behind the Film, George Eastman	*Frederick James Smith*	79
Niles Welch as We Saw Him	*Lillian Montanye*	82
Across the Silversheet	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	84
The screen in review.		
Film Fantasies	*Louise Fazenda*	88
The Answer Man	*By Himself*	89
The old man continues to tickle the palate of Wisdom.		
Funny Happenings at the Studio and on Location	*Harold Lockwood*	92
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views	*Duetted by Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts*	93
An illustrated department of news notes.		
The Vamp	*William Seymour*	96
The story of a plucky girl and her winning fight.		
Stylization in Motion Picture Direction	*Maurice Tourneur*	101
Official U. S. Government Pictures		104
See what your boys are doing in the war.		
For the Benefit of the Service	*H. H. McBride*	106
Cartoons.		
Greenroom Jottings		110

WATCH FOR

"Catching Up with George," the first interview ever published with George Walsh, in the October Magazine.

READ

The two greatest serials of the year, "Hands Up" and "The Cross of Shame," in this issue.

Mary Pickford
Art Panel
with samples, 10c

Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness
Stays on unusually long

Instant Beauty in Summer

How can I become more attractive—now—today? The answer is Pompeian. A touch of Pompeian DAY Cream protects the skin from the sun and also serves as a powder foundation. Now apply Pompeian BEAUTY Powder. At once you have an added charm of beauty, and with a fragrance that captivates the senses. Face shine disappears.

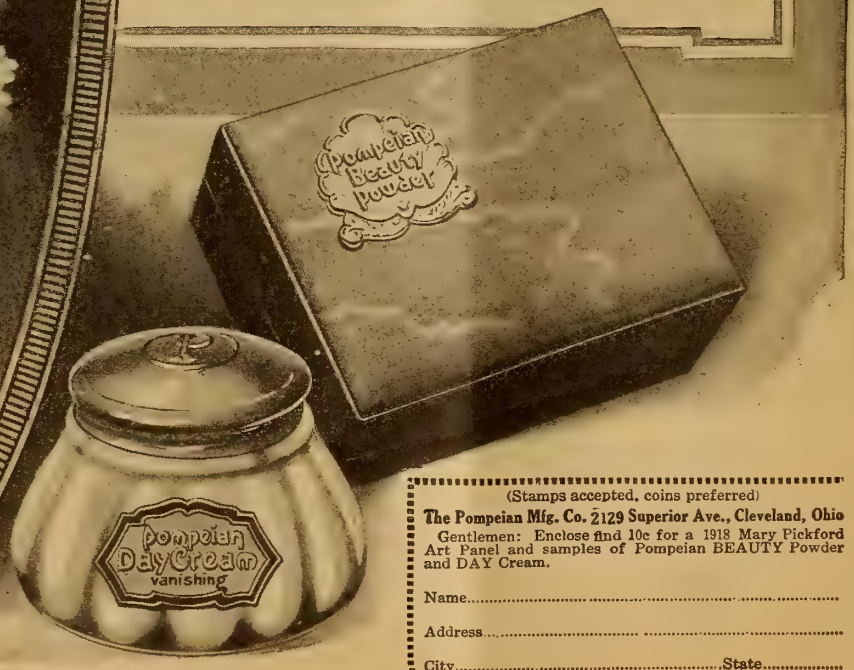
Pompeian DAY Cream—A vanishing and greaseless cream that protects the skin from the sun. It also keeps the skin smooth and velvety. An ideal cream before applying a face powder. It has an exquisite dainty perfume. 50c jars at the stores

Pompeian BEAUTY Powder adds a pearly clearness to the skin. It stays on unusually long and has a refined, delighting fragrance. Cools and freshens the skin. It is pure and harmless. Shades, white, brunette, and flesh (the most popular). 50c at the stores.

Above products guaranteed by the makers of Pompeian NIGHT Cream, Pompeian MASSAGE Cream and Pompeian HAIR Massage.

Mary Pickford Art Panel

The world's most beloved little woman has honored the makers of Pompeian by posing exclusively for the 1918 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel. Size 28 x 7¼ inches and in beautiful colors. Sent for 10c together with samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream. Clip the coupon below.



(Stamps accepted, coins preferred)

The Pompeian Mfg. Co. 2129 Superior Ave., Cleveland, Ohio

Gentlemen: Enclose find 10c for a 1918 Mary Pickford Art Panel and samples of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder and DAY Cream.

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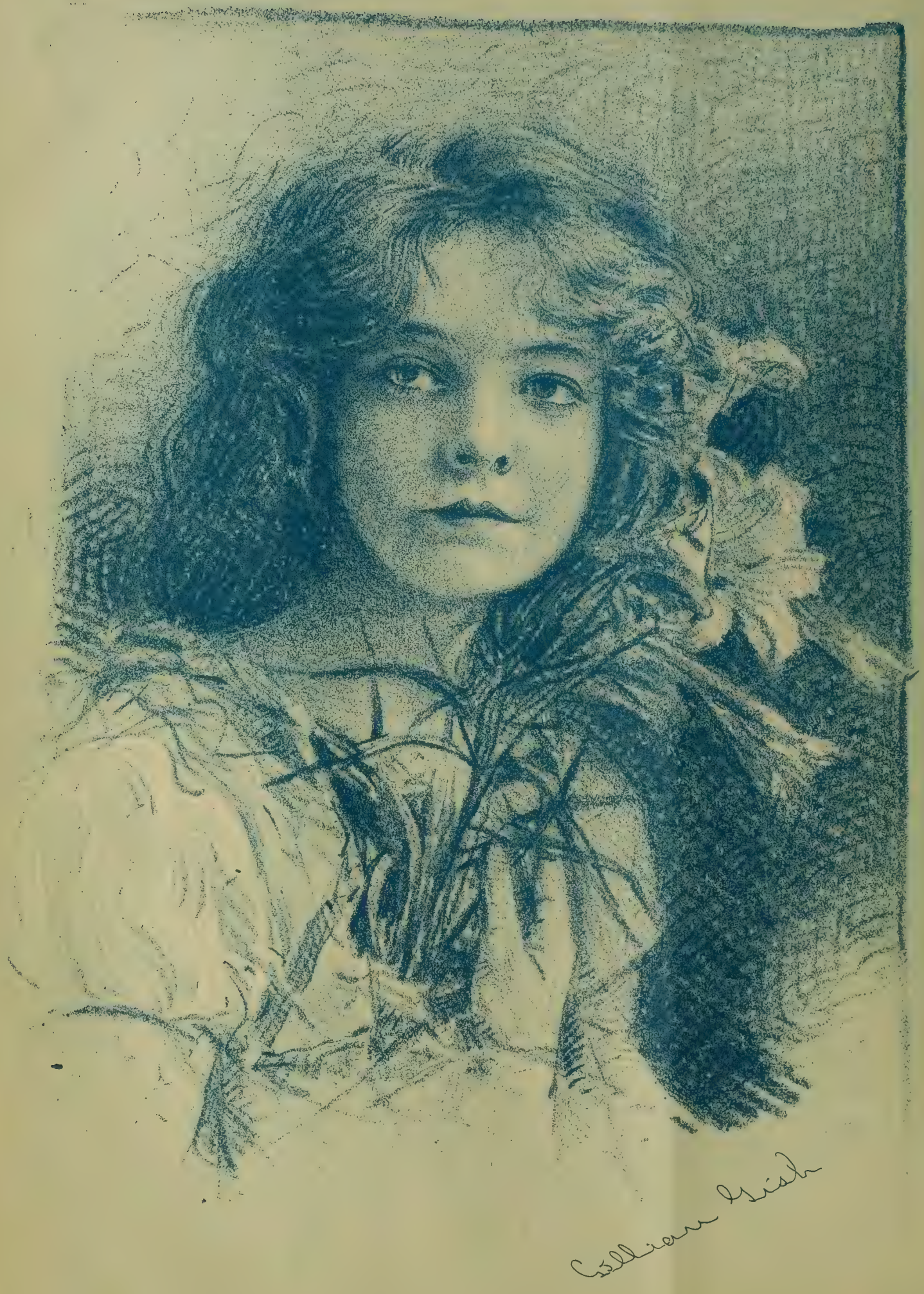
Address.....

City.....State.....

William S. Hart


Lillian Gish

Mary Pickford.

Fannie Ward

The easiest way to manicure

Use only two preparations
Send 6c for Miniature Outfit

Now you can manicure easier—*and quicker.* Instead of using several preparations, use only two! Keep your nails lovely and dainty — in less time, with less trouble, at smaller cost.

HYGLO Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach (combined)

is a new preparation. It keeps the cuticle firm and shapely. It removes dead surplus cuticle without cutting. It prevents soreness, rough edges, hangnails. It removes stains and discolorations from the surface of the nails—and under the tips —leaving a clear and natural color.

HYGLO Nail Polish tints and polishes at one time

Many, many thousands of women use Hyglo Nail Polish. It is the most widely distributed in the world—and indeed, it is unquestionably the best.

It tints and polishes at one time, giving a soft, rich, lasting lustre that water will not affect.

Send for miniature manicure outfit—6c

This outfit includes a small vial of Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach, a sample of Hyglo Nail Polish (powder), orange stick, emery board and cotton. Send for it and see how easy you can manicure—and how lovely you can keep your nails.

Over 5000 stores sell HYGLO Preparations

In almost every town and city there is at least one store where Hyglo Preparations are sold. Hyglo Cuticle Remover and Nail Bleach costs 25c for a double-size bottle. Hyglo Nail Polish, cake or powder, costs 25c and 50c. Send for the name of a nearby dealer if your dealer cannot supply you.

Graf Bros., Inc.
123 West 24th St., New York

GRAF'S

HYGLO

Manicure Preparations

6¢

GRAF BROS., Inc.
123 West 24th St.
New York

I enclose 6c. Please send me the Hyglo Miniature Manicure Outfit.

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

Dealer's Name .....

Seeing the World's Best Stories

TO SEE the characters of a famous novel come to life upon the screen is a tremendous thing!

There, *alive*, in flesh and blood, is the hero, or heroine, whose exploits you followed breathlessly upon the printed page.

To the great organization behind *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures we are indebted for this in the case of "Tom Sawyer", "Oliver Twist", "The Sub-Deb Stories", "Cinderella", "Old Wives for New", "David Harum", "The Bottle Imp", "To Have and to Hold", "Great Expectations", "The Virginian", "The Firefly of France", "His Majesty Bunker Bean", "The Varmint", Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird", "M'liss", "Resurrection", and literally scores upon scores of others.

The beloved characters of these romances find a new and rich lease of life in the talent of the *equally beloved stars of Paramount and Artcraft.*

—foremost in *their* world as the fiction characters in *theirs*,

—as superbly directed in *their actions* as were those they portray,

—and doubly fascinating because touched with all the warmth and light of life.

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one —by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two —by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three —by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

JOHN BARRYMORE

Jack Barrymore's return to the Paramount screen is welcome news. The scion of the famous Barrymore-Drew families starred in the films before, but the stage won him back again. In the interim he has graduated from a light comedian to a serious actor of genuine distinction.

BILLIE RHODES

Billie, the vest-pocket comédienne, was born in 'Frisco. "Babes in Toyland" gave Billie her first footlight opportunity, and later she became a member of Gus Edwards' juvenile vaudeville companies. But the call of the movies manifested itself, and Miss Rhodes became a Kalemite.

LLOYD HUGHES

A newcomer of promise is young Lloyd Hughes, who stood out in Margarita Fisher's "Impossible Susan" and who has been featured in the Judge Brown stories. Hughes will bear watching, for he has youth and breeziness.

WILLIAM DUNCAN

William Duncan owes his fame to the serial. Vitagraph's "The Fighting Trail" lifted him into prominence, and now Duncan is one of the best-known of our "continued-in-the-next" directors and stars. Bill is a Scot and was born near Dundee.

BELLE BENNETT

Belle Bennett started her film career by being a screen comédienne with the "Cub" Mutual farces. But she thought better of it and became a serious star. Miss Bennett comes of a theater family, and she made her début at the ripe age of five weeks in "The Fatal Wedding."

ELLIOTT DEXTER

His first claim to fame was as husband of Marie Doro of the soulful optics. But Dexter soon won a place for himself and he is now one of Screenland's favorite leading-men. He scored recently in "Old Wives for New," and has won personal hits with almost all the Paramount-Artcraft stars.

VIRGINIA PEARSON

Virginia Pearson has the distinction—or whatever it is—of being our first vampire. She played the original siren in Robert Hilliard's stage version of "A Fool There Was." Later she scored in more moral rôles in "The Hawk" and "Nearly Married," but the films have largely made her a modern Cleo.

KITTY GORDON

Kitty Gordon, of the famous décolleté back, was an English favorite before the American stage won her over. She captured her first New York hit with Sam Bernard in "He Came from Milwaukee." After that Miss Gordon's success was assured. Her celluloid career has been entirely with World Film.

CHARLES CLARY

Charles Clary has a number of film hits to his credit. He had a noteworthy stage career before he appeared on the screen, altho he came to the celluloid in the early days. He was a Seligite then, and played in the first serial, "The Adventures of Kathlyn."

Real Marshall Neilan and ar They

By Hazel

ELSIE FERGUSON, MOST APPROPRIATELY CALLED "ELSIE, THE GLORIOUS," IS ALWAYS A GREAT ACTRESS

INCONSISTENCY—thy name is Movies! Marshall Neilan came out of the West to direct Elsie Ferguson, and was given the script of a Western story.

Elsie Ferguson, the quintessence of culture and Eastern conventionality, cast as a primitive woman!

Verily, the movies demand good actors. And they get them.

Which has little to do with the fact that you are now going to meet Marshall Neilan, an unusual director, and Elsie Ferguson, a great tress. I have the pleasure of presenting them to ou thru the eyes of Truth—neither magnified by se-colored glasses nor shaded by the wit of cynicism.

There, the orchestration is over! The curtain is about to arise. You have before you—Marshall Neilan. He is a young man of medium height, comfortably padded. He sits on a table and swings his feet and gets hot and a little bit red from the heat of the studio, just like any other person.

He doesn't like to talk about himself for publication, but he is too polite to say so.

You realize instantly why Marshall Neilan is the youngest Big director in the Motion Picture industry. He is a Big director because he doesn't rant about his art, nor his soul, but he treats Motion Pictures as any other *business,* and—he uses *common sense.*

AND THE VILLAIN STILL PURSUED HER

Marshall Neilan was an actor, but he had one characteristic—the rarest attribute of an actor: the ability to look into the future.

Folk

Elsie Ferguson are

Simpson Raylor.

MARSHALL NEILAN BECAME A DIRECTOR BECAUSE HE MIGHT NOT ALWAYS LOOK LIKE THIS

MARSHALL NEILAN CONSIDERS "REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM" THE MOST SUCCESSFUL PICTURE HE HAS DIRECTED

He doesn't believe in this *carpe diem* stuff; he believes in looking—ahead.

Then, too, it is so much easier to grow fat and get a wrinkle, and not worry if your hair should grow thin; and if you remain a leading-man you just have to fuss over such trivial details—and shave—maybe twice a day.

And of course Marshall Neilan *is* so old he *should* begin to worry.

For he has been on this old planet all of twenty-eight years, and has been a director for seven years. Before and during that time he was a leading-man and star.

He says that it was in the old Kalem days that he started directing, because he got to thinking "Suppose some day he should be caught in a fire and have his face burnt, or suppose his nose should be cut off in an auto accident."

"This banking on one's beauty is pretty ticklish business," says Mickey, as his friends call him.

And so, because he felt that leading-men may come and go in the brook of popular favor, but a good director can run on forever, Mickey started in to learn a trade.

He learnt every mechanical detail about operating a camera, about lights, sets, properties, scenarios. When he had acquired a thoro knowledge of all these, he started grinding out Moving Pictures exactly like sausages, because that was the way the business end of the firm wanted them ground out—at that time.

"You see," explains Neilan, in his soft easy-going voice, "those first film companies belonged to the trust

MICKEY POSES UNDER PROTEST. YOU SEE IT WAS THE FIRST TIME HIS MISPLACED EYEBROW HAD "FOCUSED"

and held all the patents. No other company had a chance to make pictures, consequently there was no competition, and no incentive to do better things. Kalem, Lubin, Vitagraph, Anderson, Biograph, etc., held the monopoly, and the public had to swallow the pictures they gave 'em.

"Almost every one of the men at the head of those firms became millionaires over night, but they failed to realize the fact that competition is the life of trade—that there must be advancement or else death—and because they had complete hold of the market, they killed their own goose. When the idea-men, the brain-men such as Griffith, left because they refused to pay better salaries, the old firms let them go, and black-balled them in the trade. It was impossible for an actor or director who had left one company to obtain work in another. I've known times when we Independents started work out West that my camera would be shot to pieces under my very nose—by the trust. Yes, of course, with real bullets. But the Independents won out because they encouraged advancement.

"Take Zukor of Famous Players. He believes in competition and absorption.

"If he discovers any man who can do things better than those in his employ he goes to him and says, 'How much did you make on that production? One million? Very well, I'll give you two million to do the same for me.'

"And so he assembles the best brains of the business about him. But he cant assemble all the brains in every department. No one company could carry such an enormous pay-roll. So sometimes the best director will be given the poorest story because, with original bits of business, he can get it across, while the best story will be given to a less capable director, because the story will carry the production; or again a popular star will turn a mediocre story and direction into a success.

"Picture productions are getting better each year, and it wont be long before all of the mediocre stuff will be weeded out."

Marshall Neilan announces that a director is the best paid person in the Motion Picture industry—that's why he's one; but he adds with a quizzical little twist of the new-grown eyebrow on his upper lip—that is a *good* director. By a good director he doesn't mean the man who is the greatest artist. He considers the best director the man with the biggest business head, who can make productions that appeal to public taste.

CODY, WYOMING, WAS VISITED TO GET ATMOSPHERE

Mickey always listens to the tinkle of the coins in the exhibitors' cash box, for that is the court of final appeal as to whether a picture is successful or not. To turn out a picture that is a financially successful picture, one cannot always produce plays only for highbrows, nor solely for lowbrows; but with a hand on the pulse of the public one must sound the average of popular appeal.

Mickey believes that to satisfy a director's sense of artistry, he should at least make one production according to his visionary ideals, but it's a wise man who produces with an eye to pleasing the greatest number of the

public, for he's the one who is going to draw down the fattest salary; and, after all, Motion Pictures are a business.

As a case in point he cites "The Blue Bird," considered one of the most artistic pictures ever produced, but which will not, he is confident, make as much money as "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Neither will "Stella Maris," altho a far superior production from the artistic standpoint, make as much money as "Rebecca," because Rebecca had more of the element of popular appeal.

Mickey's religion is the creed of individualism. He believes that each individual

TILL THE SANDS OF THE DESERT GROW COLD

MICKEY —AS HIS FRIENDS CALL HIM

is entitled to his or her happiness. It was for this reason that in his film version of "Stella Maris," he had Stella marry John Risca, while in the book William J. Locke had Risca remain married to his drink and drug crazed wife, thus making two people drag out a miserable existence.

Mickey Neilan pulls out a gold watch—not a wrist watch—and says, "It's time for me to get to work."

Down with the curtain—and now you have before you

The Second Act.

Imagine the interior of a Western cabin. Did I not say that the script called for a Western setting, and this was Fort Lee? Rough-hewn logs form the walls of Miss Ferguson's cabin. Navajo rugs adorn the floors and the bunk-bed. There are a rough pine table, a story book, fireplace, a range and dishes and—well, everything complete to start housekeeping.

And then the Star enters. In very truth Elsie—the Glorious. She is perhaps not too pleased that we are to watch her do a scene, but she is too well-bred to show it, and so with a somewhat amused, satirical expression playing around her beautiful mouth, she tells me about her trip to Cody, Wyoming, to take the exteriors of this, her Western picture. "We had to stop in a little ramshackle hotel," she says. "In the picture I take the part of a primitive woman," she continues in her voice which is very deep, and so colorful that it invests the simplest statement with a dramatic force. "And do all sorts of terrible things. I have killed a man and imprisoned another, and had a hand-to-hand fight with yet another. Oh, I tell you, I'm a terrible person. We send a man to his death and laugh." She brandishes a revolver.

"Shall we begin, Miss Ferguson?" asks Mr. Neilan in his calm, low voice. "Son, please light those Kliegs. Everybody on the stage."

His soft brown hat placed on the back of his curly head, wearing spectacles, and *not* tortoise-shell ones, if you please, using no script, Mickey stands calmly beside his camera-man and vizualizes the scene.

"I'm going to play a little joke on you," Mickey speaks the opening sentence in the scene to his performers. "Ready. Now, old man, I'm not going to have you sneer —that's old stuff," this to the villain. "Now, I'm going to play a little joke on you."

Miss Ferguson takes her place within camera range. An actor in full Western regalia levels a villainous gun at her. She turns her golden head slowly, her eyes fill with terror, her lips part slightly in awe.

"That's good," says Mickey. He snaps his forefinger and his thumb together. "Bing, bing, bing," he says in an ordinary conversational voice. Like a soldier his camera-man starts to grind while the actors play their scene.

"All right, son. Out with the lights!"

(*Continued on page* 121)

What causes skin blemishes

The way to remove blemishes and to remove their cause

EVERYONE is immediately attracted by a *clear* skin — soft, free from blemishes and unsightly spots.

Every girl longs for it.

If your skin is not as clear as you would love to have it, find out just what is causing the blemishes that mar it. Then start at once to remove not only the blemishes, but their *cause*.

Skin specialists say they are tracing fewer and fewer skin troubles to the blood—and more to the bacteria and parasites that are carried into the pores with dust, soot and grime.

To keep your skin clear from the spots and blemishes caused in this way, you must remove the blemishes you already have and *prevent* the appearance of fresh ones.

Just before retiring, wash in your usual way with warm water and Woodbury's Facial Soap and then dry your face. Now dip the tips of your fingers in warm water and rub them on the cake of Woodbury's until they are covered with a heavy cream-like lather. Cover each blemish with a thick coat of this soap cream and leave it on for ten minutes. Then rinse very carefully with clear, hot water; then with cold.

Use this treatment *regularly* until the blemishes disappear, and supplement it with the regular use of Woodbury's in your daily toilet. This will keep your skin so firm and active that it will resist the frequent cause of blemishes.

The 25 cent cake of Woodbury's will last for a month or six weeks of any facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time. For sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

If your skin is pale and sallow, try the new steam treatment given in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch." With your Woodbury's Facial Soap you will get one of these interesting booklets

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and samples of Woodbury's Facial Cream and Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1309 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1309 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.

MARGUERITE CLARK SEEMS TO HAVE FORGOTTEN HOW WICKED FRANK LOSEE CAN BE

With the Newest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company

Frank Losee Plays Uncle Tom to Marguerite Clark's Little Eva and Topsy

By DOROTHY NUTTING

WALTER LEWIS MAKES THE MOST MALICIOUS SIMON LEGREE HISTORY HAS EVER RECORDED

FRANK LOSEE'S UNCLE TOM PROVES HIM AN ACTOR OF STERLING QUALITIES

WHING! Whang! Whistling thru the air, the great whip curled time and again over the quivering—but well-padded—shoulders of old Uncle Tom, as he crouched at the feet of Simon Legree. The time was late afternoon; the place, the Famous Players-Lasky New York studio. Somewhere, the little god of "Evening-Things-Up" — "Retributive Justice," he has been called, too—stirred in his lair and smiled appreciatively.

FRANK MAY HAVE CHANGED THE COLOR OF HIS SKIN IN ORDER TO CHANGE THE COLOR OF HIS SOUL

For Frank Losee, arch-villain and male vampire of the stage and screen, was receiving the just reward of his sins. White-haired and wrinkled, in the tattered rags in which he had been sold into slavery, he crouched there—a picture of abject misery, as Uncle Tom, in the Paramount version of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Harriet Beecher Stowe. So realistic was the scene that it was a decided relief when Director J. Searle Dawley signaled the Klieg lights out and the

camera-man clicked shut his instrument.

Straightening, with a smile, Mr. Losee heaved a smile and said, still in character, as he mopped a black, perspiring brow: "I'se done bit mah tongue 'mos' off a-tryin' to keep frum techin' mah face where the persperination done tickled. This pernickety ol' make-up jes' hard to *keep on* as *git off*."

UNCLE TOM (FRANK LOSEE) TELLS LITTLE EVA (MARGUERITE CLARK) ABOUT THE LESSONS IN THE WONDERFUL BOOK

FRANK LOSEE MAKES OF UNCLE TOM A MAN OF INFINITE GOODNESS AND SIMPLE FAITH

MARGUERITE CLARK, AS TOPSY, HAS HER "DOOTS" ABOUT LOTS OF THINGS

For a single brush of a fingertip on the oily grease-paint on face, neck, arms and hands would have worked havoc with old Tom's complexion. During the recent trip made by the company to Louisiana to film the river-boat scenes, their make-up troubles were complicated by a "flock" of mosquitoes which followed them about from place to place, Mr. Losee averred, with a persistency which, had it been directed in any other direction, would have been admirable.

"And we had other troubles, too," Mr. Losee went on, smiling reminiscently. "For instance, there was the time Miss Clark and I were immersed.

"No, it wasn't a christening party, but the scene where she, as Little Eva, fell into the Mississippi, and it was Uncle Tom's privilege to rescue her. Playing opposite Miss Clark is always an inspiration," continued Mr. Losee; "but that scene was positively the most realistic I ever did, because I was actually worried about her; she seemed frightened, altho I knew she could swim. Then there was the difficulty in getting the 'types' we needed to work in the picture. Mr. Dawley engaged a few of the inmates of an old men's home near by, who consented joyfully, as the daily stipend of five dollars was a god-send to most of them.

"Then, having worked exactly long enough to be thoroly 'registered' in the picture, they struck, because, they assured us, 'they were *gentlemen*, and wouldn't reckon they'd play in any old "Uncle Tom's Cabin," sah!' You see, the feeling in the South used to be very bitter against that play, but, at present, seems to be forgotten except by these very old men we were unlucky enough to have chosen.

"Again, at the hotel, an old lady generously tipped me a dime, because she thought I'd carried her bag for her. I was standing near it in the lobby and had my make-up on, so she was somewhat excusable, probably being near-sighted into the bargain. That dime, tho, will be one of my most cherished possessions, because it pays an unconscious tribute to my make-up. It was the same old lady, too, I think, who nearly caused a small-sized riot in the hotel elevator. I was returning from work alone, having finished my scenes before the others, and

(*Continued on page* 128)

THE EVER-READY WHIPLASH OF THE DAYS OF SLAVERY

"Hands Up!"

Beginning a Fascinating New Serial — By GILSON WILLETS

CHAPTER I

PICTURE a great, mysterious cave, a regular "Ali Baba" sort of a cave, with barbaric luxury and mystic beauty of fittings. A man of heroic proportions, clad in black, seated at a stone table, by which stood a tall brazier of beautiful design. In it burned perpetual fire.

On the stone table, on a black velvet cushion, lay a golden diadem set with jewels, the front being a reproduction of the rising sun, made entirely of diamonds and rubies.

The man in the black cloak was gazing with tense, concentrated interest directly at this jeweled sun. The lower part of his face was concealed by his cloak, and on his head was a picturesque black sombrero, so that you could see only his eyes.

They were remarkable eyes. And as he stared at the jeweled sun, you could not help wondering of what he was thinking.

This Phantom Rider, in his black cloak, rode, always at break-neck speed, upon a foam-flecked steed of shining black. And instinctively one sensed that he was in some way a figure of romance.

CHAPTER II

In the big living-room in the Strange ranch, furnished artistically in Western fashion, sat another man, foreman for the late Colonel Strange and now chief manager of the huge estate. His name was Robert Rushe, but he was better known thruout the great West as "Hands Up." And, remarkable as the coincidence may seem, he, too, was gazing on an unusual ornament, which the Colonel's Inca wife had inherited from her ancestors, the ruling Incas of Peru. It was a golden bandeau, in the exact center of which was set a rising sun made entirely of jewels and the exact duplicate of that flaming barbaric on the diadem of the mysterious, becloaked Phantom Rider.

As the young daredevil cowboy foreman, "Hands Up," sat there, his fists clenched and his lips slowly framed the words:

"I must and will find the Colonel's daughter, the Princess Divina of the Incas."

The mysterious disappearance of the little Princess fifteen years before, and the despair of ever finding her, had finally caused the death of the old man.

"Hands Up" rose, and as he stood there examining the bandeau, as if there must be some connection between it and the disappearance of the little Princess, there appeared outside the window the evil and sinister face of Oman, the High Priest, the former suitor for the hand of Princess Serena, the Inca Sun Maiden, whom Colonel Strange took to wife.

Oman peered with hatred thru the ranch window, his eyes falling upon that golden bandeau with the emblem of the royal Incas, the jeweled rising sun. With a low guttural cry, this herald of evil slunk away into the night.

Thus it was that later that night "Hands Up" discovered, with the rays of his pocket lamp, on the door of the ranch-house, a drawing of a rising sun and certain words written in strange characters.

At sight of the cabalistic drawing, "Hands Up" gave a start, for he knew this to be a message for the Incas, meaning: "To-night at the hour of 12."

At midnight, he waited alone in the big room of the ranch-house.

All the windows and all the doors and all the curtained entrances were flung open, each window and door framing an Inca envoy, all in their native white, flowing robes, as picturesque a band as the West had ever seen.

Every one of these envoys was tall, straight and of impressive dignity and gravity of bearing, all being persons of importance, as the personal representatives of the last great ruling Inca, who was the only living true descendant of the first ruling Inca. They were headed by the Grand Envoy, who strode to where "Hands Up" sat, and said, coolly:

"The time for you to give the Princess Divina to us to fulfill her destiny is near."

"But I have failed to find Colonel Strange's daughter," the cowboy answered.

"On or before this hour, fifteen weeks from tonight, you must surrender the Princess Divina into our hands—or suffer the extreme penalty," was the reply. "Tonight we have come for the golden bandeau of Divina, in order that we may be ready to place it on the head of the sacred person of the Princess when she returns to us to fulfill her destiny as the bride of the Prince of the Sun."

Enraged at their insistence that he perform the impossible, "Hands Up" drew his gun.

"I'll be d—d if I will let you take this girl as a victim of your tribal rites, even if I find her," he said, slowly. "Furthermore, I'll be d—d if I give up the golden bandeau, which properly belongs to the Colonel's missing daughter as an heirloom from her mother."

The jealous Inca, Oman, then slunk forward, in sinister hatred of the dead Colonel and all that was his.

"The golden bandeau is hidden somewhere in this room," he hissed.

And silently the envoys started toward their lone adversary.

HE REALIZED THAT HE HAD KIST HIMSELF INTO THE LIFE OF THIS ABSOLUTE STRANGER

Cast of characters of "Hands Up!" the Pathé serial of romance in the West, produced by the Astra Company:

Echo Delane	Ruth Roland
"Hands Up"	George Chesebro
Judith Strange	Easter Walters
Sam Killman / Oman, the High Priest	Wm. A. Carroll
The Grand Envoy	George Gebhardt

The click of an electric switch—darkness—and when the lights went up again the cowboy stood on the threshold of the great entrance, with a gun in each hand, shouting the stern command:

"Hands up!"

Like a shot went up thirty pairs of hands. To the Grand Envoy stepped the cowboy and snatched from him the golden bandeau.

"Now beat it," he said expressively.

The envoys, with upraised hands, started to back out, when suddenly the infuriated High Priest, Oman, hurled a knife at the cluster of electric lights. The place was thus again plunged into darkness and a terrific fight began. Shots flashed.

The cowboys at the bunk-house, not far away, rushed to the house to take a hand in the fracas. And when the smoke cleared, outside the house, in the moonlight, the white-robed Incas could be seen flying on their horses, carrying those wounded by the guns of the cowboys. And when "Hands Up" lighted a candle the golden bandeau was gone.

CHAPTER III

In a big city, a girl, Echo Delane, the twenty-year-old reporter on the most influential paper in town, sat at her desk, casually drawing on a sheet of paper—what? A picture of a rising sun.

"YOU ARE THE FIRST AMERICAN WOMAN TO CROSS THAT THRESHOLD," "HANDS UP" TOLD HER

She wore around her head a black velvet ribbon, serving as a bandeau. And she gazed as if in horrified wonder at her drawing of the rising sun, which she seemed to have drawn almost unconsciously.

A fellow reporter stole up behind her and playfully pulled the velvet bandeau from her head. Echo, with a cry of terror, sprang up, covering her forehead with her hand. She snatched the bandeau and restored it to her head.

"There's something funny about that bandeau on her forehead," thought the astounded reporter.

In a tempestuous passion, she turned upon him.

"If you—or any of you others"—and she swept her hand around the room—"ever again take such a liberty with me—I'll kill you!" she cried, her bosom heaving and her eyes flashing in anger.

Then a slow smile curved her beautiful lips.

"Remember," she said, sweetly.

"Miss Delane," the editor said to her later, "I understand you speak Spanish."

"Yes."

"Then I have a corking assignment for you, where knowledge of Spanish is needed."

He showed her a photograph of the palatial ranch-house of the Inca envoys at Sirocco, in the ranch country.

"You can get from a certain Peruvian"—and he whispered the name—"a letter of introduction that will give you the entrée to the Inca's house. There is a secret to be learnt in the women's quarters—some tremendous secret, which, if you can secure it, will be a big scoop for us, as it will be found of international importance."

So here was Echo's chance to do something for her newspaper—a chance to penetrate into the secrets of the mysterious Inca castle, which had never before been "profaned" by an American citizen.

"There may be risk and danger for you in this enterprise," the editor told her. "Will you undertake it?"

"You bet I will," was her reply.

And in good time Echo stepped from the train at the station at Sirocco, only to find no means of conveyance to take her to the house of the Incas.

Fate then took a hand. "Hands Up" was in town with his cowboys. Learning that the stranger-girl was asking the way to the Inca castle, he dashed to the station. Echo stood, indecisive, on the weatherbeaten platform as he made his dramatic entrance into her field of vision, likewise into her life.

Off came his hat, and he smiled a smile that showed white, strong teeth.

"May I not be of service?" he asked, in his soft, Southwest drawl. "I guess I can find you a wagon."

"A horse will do," was the answer. And as he saw her spring into the saddle a few moments later his first admiration of her increased.

The trail on the way to the house of the Inca envoys, the cavalcade tearing over the hills, a hole—and Echo's horse fell with such violence as to knock her senseless. Quick as a mountain-cat, "Hands Up" seized her in his arms and put her on his saddle. The others were 'way ahead. They were alone. And as he looked down into her sweet face, he yielded to the temptation of her lips. The kiss was given just at the moment when she regained consciousness—and the hot blood that flowed in her veins from her Inca mother aroused her anger.

She whipped his gun from its holster.

"A man may do that to me *once*—and live," she said. Then pressing the gun against his body and looking him square in the eyes, she spoke again.

"But he dares not do it a *second* time, unless he wants to die."

Whereupon, "Hands Up" laughed recklessly and kist her a second time.

Her finger contracted on the trigger, and the barbarian in her further asserted itself.

"You are the *first* man ever to touch my lips," she said, "and by all the gods, you shall be the *only* man."

And she deliberately kist him.

It was a meeting of lips so fierce and burning that the cowboy realized ecstatically that he had kist himself into the life of this absolute stranger, and that he had surrendered to her with his hands up.

"You are sure some girl," he whispered. And that meant as much from him and more to her than any graceful compliment paid by a city-bred man.

CHAPTER IV

The entrance to the Inca's palace—

"You are the first American woman to cross that threshold," "Hands Up" told her, as he said good-by. "You know your

own business best—but, in my opinion, it's no place for a skirt. If you should become the maiden in distress, just telephone the Strange ranch and ask for 'Hands Up' "—and he was gone.

At the portals of the castle of the Inca envoys, Echo stopped. The doorkeeper, a giant of a man, barred her entrance.

"Strangers enter not here," he said.

Echo handed him her sealed letter of introduction.

"Take it to the Grand Envoy," she told him, tho she did not know what it said or that it was from a Peruvian spy posing as a friend of the Incas at Sirocco, while secretly reporting their movements to his government.

The Grand Envoy opened the letter and read:

"The bearer, in her own time and in her own way, may possibly reveal to you *one of the rising suns,* for which you have been searching all America for fifteen years."

The man who wrote this letter, knowing of the Inca's quest, had made a wild guess, in the hope of learning more about their activities and their pretentions to power in Peru. The consequence was that this mystic letter permitted the young newspaper woman to pass the carefully guarded portals of the Court of Sun Women.

Echo was quartered in luxury, with sun maidens to attend her. And day and night she listened at curtained doors in the hope of learning the international secret which the editor of her paper had sent her there to get. And finally she learnt the secret.

REACHING THE GROUND, SHE WAS CAUGHT AND CARRIED BACK TO THE CASTLE

ECHO WAS QUARTERED IN LUXURY, WITH SUN MAIDENS TO ATTEND HER

In this house, fifteen years ago, lived the only son of the last surviving great Inca, his age at that time being fifteen. This boy, heir to the throne of Incas, had been brought there as a member of the band of envoys. This boy, Prince Pampas, suddenly disappeared from the Inca castle, and no trace of him had ever been found.

Echo learnt, further, that the Incas called the missing Prince "The Prince of the Rising Sun and Bearer of the Light." She learnt that the envoys were still seeking him and that they had orders from the great Inca to remain in North America till they found him, and that they must bring him back to Peru.

More than this, Echo learnt that the Grand Envoy had recently been ordered by the great Inca King to find the missing heir to the throne within fifteen weeks of this date.

The final night of the specified time was the one on which the Oracle of the Incas had predicted that a mighty meteor would be flung to earth from the celestial regions.

"The coming of that colossal ball of fire will signify that the night has come when the heir to the Inca throne must wed the woman destined to become a human sacrifice to the Sun Gods—an offering which will induce the Gods to restore the Incas to power in Peru," read the prophecy. "And unless the Grand Envoy produces the missing Prince before the great flaming meteor drops from the heavens, he will die."

Echo realized that her editor was right in saying that in the sun women's quarters she might get a story of international importance. She had secured a great scoop for her paper. But she wanted still more of the secret. Finally she learnt something of much more importance to herself than to her paper. For this day she found that she had come to this house to have revealed to her the story of *herself.*

In the garden of the sun women was a beautiful sunken pool, surrounded by silken curtains. Here Echo bathed. The velvet ribbon forming the bandeau which she had always worn around her head was removed during her swim.

One of the Inca sun maidens, spying on her thru the curtains, suddenly gave a piercing scream. The woman ran from the garden, seeking the Grand Envoy.

"At last—Praise to the God of Light!—to us has come *the virgin of the rising sun!*" she exclaimed, trembling with excitement.

To the court of sun women hastened the Grand Envoy and all his retinue. Echo, alarmed by the screams of the sun maiden, and thinking it a signal of danger, had hastily drest herself in her traveling clothes and restored the black velvet band on her head. The envoys confronted her. The bandeau was torn from her head, and—behold! in the center of her brow was a mark in the form of a rising sun.

"THE SUN VIRGIN!" cried the Grand Envoy.

And he and all his entourage salaamed to Echo, kneeling as before a sacred person.

"What's it all about?" she asked.

And they answered:

"You are the one destined to be the bride of the Prince of the Sun. And you will remain here to fulfill your destiny until we find—*the other rising sun.*"

Thus Echo learnt that these Incas believed her to be the woman whom the missing Prince Pampas must wed on or before the night in which the great meteor from the heavens would strike the earth, coming as a flaming celestial messenger with the news that the one who that night wedded the heir to the Inca throne would restore the Incas to power in Peru, thru offering her as human sacrifice to the sun gods.

"You are crazy," she assured the Grand Envoy.

But he and all the others insisted upon calling her "the long lost Princess Divina." And the command was given that she be drest in the Inca robes of her august station.

"Piffle!" shouted Echo.

But again they seized and overpowered her.

Realizing now that she was fighting for her very liberty, she resisted with all her strength.

At last she eluded them and dashed thru the castle. In the course of the chase she reached a tower room in the top of the house and herein barricaded herself.

Out of the window she noted that tall vines led down to the ground. So down these vines she made her spectacular way, reaching the ground safely, but only to be caught in the arms of a lot of the Inca envoys and carried back into the castle. Realizing how powerless she was, she now resolved that instead of making further resistance, it would be better to remain here and get the whole story, even tho she herself had to play the star's part.

So now she smiled on the Incas and said to the Grand Envoy:

"Go as far as you like, old chap. If you say I'm a Princess, so be it. What's the next move?"

Delighted at finding that the Princess Divina, the Sun Virgin and Bearer of the Light, had become tractable, the Incas sent her back to the court of sun women,

"YOU ARE THE BETROTHED OF THE PRINCE PAMPAS," SAID THE GRAND ENVOY

"HANDS UP" AND HIS COWBOYS, FIGHTING BACK THE INCAS, SMASHED THEIR WAY INTO THE TOWER ROOM

where royal robes were put upon her, and she came forth arrayed in the splendor of an Inca Princess. And among the envoys who gloated over Echo was Oman, the High Priest. For the coming of the Princess, as by a miracle, had opened the way for the High Priest now to wreak his vengeance on the man who stole from him the woman he loved—the mother of Echo. And Oman slunk away by night on his errand of vengeance.

CHAPTER V

As "Hands Up" sat in the Strange ranch-house, thru the curtain appeared the horrific face of Oman.

"The Virgin of the Sun has been found," he said, and disappeared.

Into the room where "Hands Up" sat, now entered the Colonel's niece and mistress of the house, Judith Strange. She had in her hand the will of her late uncle, which Roy Strange, the half-brother of the missing Princess, had brought.

Roy lived at the Strange mines beyond the mountains, coming to the ranch only on business. He read the will to the cowboy foreman. They then learnt for the first time that the Colonel had left his entire fortune to his long missing daughter on condition that she be found within a certain date, naming the same date as that named by the Inca Oracle as the night on which the meteor would fall.

The will went on to state that if the daughter was not found by the night named, it would mean that she was no longer living. In case the daughter were not found—or, if found, if she died without children—then the Strange fortune was to be given his niece, Judith. The will then made the son, Roy Strange, sole executor of the estate. And in the last paragraph there was a strange codicil bequeathing to his foreman, "Hands Up," the task of finding his lost daughter.

This will had very different effects upon "Hands Up," the cowboy foreman, and Judith. The cowboy was determined to find the daughter, to give her the Strange estate. Judith made up her mind to see that Echo was out of the way, so that she (Judith) could herself acquire the Strange fortune.

Later, when the Colonel's son, Roy Strange, was alone with "Hands Up," he gave the cowboy a sealed envelope inscribed:

"To be opened only by Robert Rushe, known as 'Hands Up.'"

When Roy had departed on his horse, "Hands Up" opened the envelope, to find these written words:

"I have asked you to find my lost daughter. I have no clue for you to work on, excepting that on her forehead is a mark representing a rising sun. Wherever she is, she is in mortal danger. If you find her and become her protector, I will bless you from the grave."

The cowboy's first thought was where to start his quest for the lost daughter. But just then the ranch telephone rang. A voice, the voice of the strange girl whom he had taken to the Incas' house, and whom he had not seen since, came over the wire.

"This is an S. O. S.," was all she said.

And as he tried to learn more, the wire went suddenly dead.

CHAPTER VI

In the gorgeous throne-room at the castle of the Incas a weird ceremony was taking place. The walls and draperies were decorated with pictures of rising suns. On a low throne-chair Echo Delane was seated.

The Grand Envoy and his entourage were all assembled, all very dignified and solemn, treating the Princess Divina, the sun virgin, with great deference.

The Grand Envoy now gave a command. The great rising sun of gold behind Echo's head opened, and thru it came a hand with the golden bandeau which the Incas took from the Strange ranch. The hand placed this golden bandeau, with its jeweled rising sun, on Echo's forehead. Then all the envoys prostrated themselves before her.

As they did so the Grand Envoy spoke:

"You are the betrothed of Prince Pampas, only son of the great Inca. You are one of the rising suns. And when *the other rising sun* is found, you will wed Prince Pampas, and fulfill your destiny. For Prince Pampas and *the other rising sun—are one.*"

The situation was serious. Echo thought quickly. If they found the *other* rising sun, and had both her and Prince Pampas (the two bearers of the light) in their possession at one and the same time, she would be in mortal danger. While she did not yet think that *she* was the person whom they really wanted, still, believing that they had mistaken her for the real woman of their schemes, she sensed that she was nevertheless in grave peril of being forced to play the part of wife to the man they called Prince Pampas, *if* they found him.

Suddenly she sprang from the throne, and began another attempt to force her way to freedom.

She fought them tooth and nail until they seized her and forced her back on the throne-chair.

"Let me go, let me go!" Echo cried, in real alarm.

And at this moment attendants dashed excitedly into the room thru a big curtained doorway. And behind them came a man bringing his horse down on his haunches in the doorway, with his two guns leveled at the assemblage and crying out in stern command:

"Hands up!"

And Echo, with a cry of joy at recognizing her cowboy lover, ran to him. He pulled her up to his stirrup, backed his horse out and away they dashed.

To their horses flew the Incas in their white robes. And away in pursuit. Up hill and down and across stream and over cañon the pursuit continued, till at last the Incas overtook the cowboy rider and his precious burden, surrounded him in overwhelming numbers, tore the Princess from his arms, knocked the cowboy senseless from his horse, and started back to the castle with Echo again a captive.

Night! "Hands Up" recovered his senses and his horse. He rode post-haste to the Strange ranch, summoned his band of rough-riders, and led the cowboys in a general attack on the castle of the Incas, a fight in which all the Incas and all the cowboys engaged, with the cowboys tearing their way thru the castle in search of the captive.

Meantime, the Grand Envoy had given the order:

"Rather than see the sun virgin again touched by profane hands, she shall die!"

Forthwith she was carried to the tower room at the top of the castle and there locked in. She heard the cowboys fighting their way up the stairs toward her prison room, terrified at the knowledge that her very attempted rescue by the cowboys would mean her death at the hands of the Incas.

DOWN THE ROPE SHE DESCENDED INTO THE ARMS OF THE PHANTOM RIDER

And then the unexpected happened.

Toward the castle, riding his black horse like mad, thru the night came the Phantom Rider. Near the base of the tower of the Incas' house he halted and shot a flaming arrow to the tower window.

In her prison, Echo saw the arrow imbed itself in the wall. To it was attached a silken cord. She pulled on the cord till she drew up a rope, which she tied to the base of the window-frame, breaking the glass of the window with her foot in order to do so. And down this rope she descended into the arms of the Phantom Rider, who was waiting at the base of the tower, seated on his horse.

In the castle, "Hands Up" and his cowboys, fighting back the Incas, smashed their way into the tower room, only to find it empty.

(*To be continued in the October Magazine*)

Bathing Suit Models

A Suggestion for Certain Motion Picture Stars Who Want to Do a Little Advertising This Summer

"HA, HUM, JUST SO, THE HUDSON!" MUTTERS WILHELM; "A PRETTY BROOK IF THERE HAD BEEN NO RHINE."

"IF I JUST HAD YOU, KAISER BILL, I'D MAKE A PICTURE FIT TO KILL!"

The Kaiser---In Fort Lee

By ETHEL ROSEMON

"HA, ha!" the Kaiser laughed one day, just like a villain in a play. (For all the villains that I know they always laugh "Ha, ha!" just so.) "We have a Yankee prisoner yet? Well, bring him here, and dont forget that he is but an insect small, while I am me-und-Gott und all."

They shoved the prisoner into view. He did what all good Yankees do; he looked his captor up and down, nor did he tremble at his frown. The Kaiser asked:

"What brought you here?"

"I thought I'd like some German beer," the soldier bravely made reply and didn't even bat an eye.

"No nonsense now," the Kaiser said, "or I will bust you in the head. I want to know what both brought you and all those other Yankees, too."

"I came aboard your *Vaterland*. I thought I'd like to lend a hand to wipe you, Kaiser, from the earth and thus cause all the Allies mirth."

"And what about the German mates who left my land for your old States?"

"Tee hee," the soldier laughed out loud, "you'll find them with the Yankee crowd a-shooting guns for Uncle Sam—for Kaisers they dont give a damn."

He was so mad, that Kaiser guy, he stamped his foot and gave a cry. (Afraid of him? Well, let me say that boy was from the U. S. A.)

"And where's your home, man?" asked the kink.

The boy in brown gave him a wink.

"Up in the Bronx—a New York flat—that's where I used to hang my hat before I came to fight you Huns, to lick you doggone sons-of-guns."

"Ach, take that man away from here!" the Kaiser yelled, then ordered beer.

What happened to that boy in brown on whom the Kaiser bent his frown? Now that is something I can't say, for when the guards took him away he passed beyond the camera's view, as he had nothing else to do.

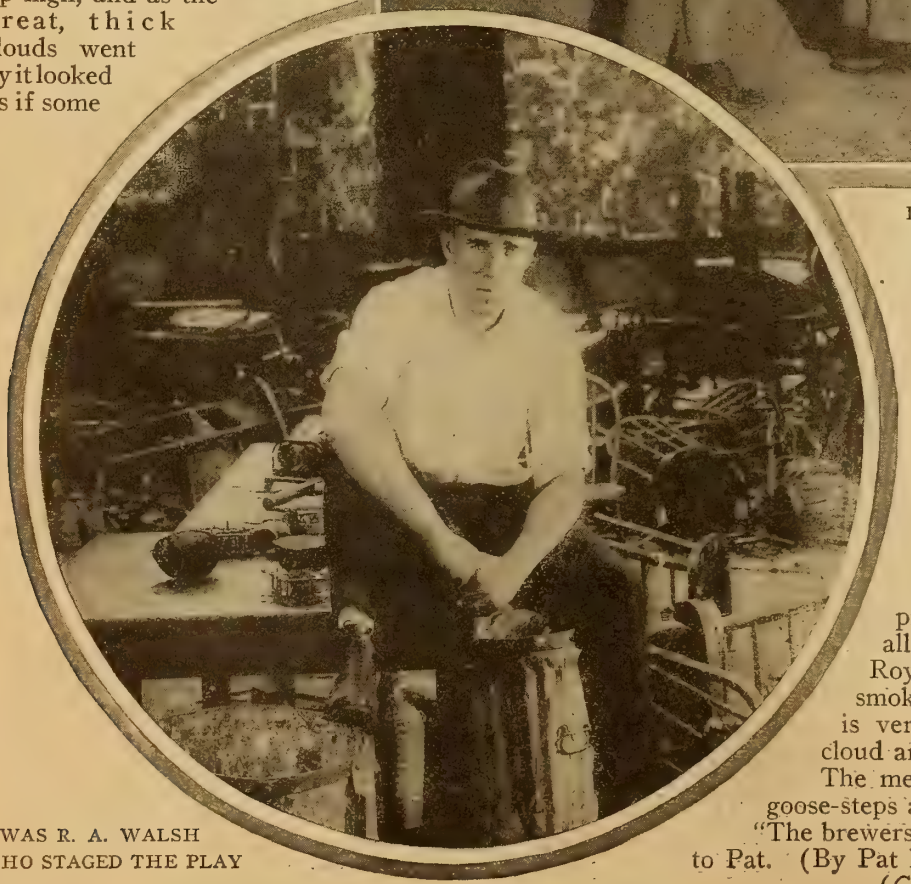
Berlin that day was at Fort Lee, and Bill was reel, not real, you see. The picture? "Enemies at Home." It dealt with spies from 'cross the foam. Since war plays

have become the rage old Bill is seen upon the stage of every little house in town; the Yankees always knock him down. It's great to see Old Glory wave, but how it makes the Kaiser rave to have our boys upon the screen cook pork chops where the Kaiserin once fried her pancakes, sausage, too—and there our boys make Irish stew.

Young R. A. Walsh—it was his play—invited me to go one day across the river to Fort Lee—he said 'twould do me good to see the boys in brown give hell to Bill. He promised he would take a still. (He ended up by taking more; I said I needed three or four, so I could prove to all of you this tale of mine is really true.)

We motored far out to a hill—of course, the staff accompanied Bill—where we could see fierce fires burn. (It didn't take me long to learn that R. A. Walsh had ordered men to light the tar the minute when their watches said it was just three; that's how they work those stunts, you see.) The tar made smoke that rolled up high, and as the great, thick clouds went by it looked as if some

DONT LOOK SO REFLECTIVE, MR. WALSH; HE'S ONLY AN IMITATION OF THAT HOHENZOLLERN FELLER



'TWAS R. A. WALSH WHO STAGED THE PLAY

snuggling town by beastly Huns had been burned down.

The Kaiser looked out thru his glass.

("By gosh! I like that fellow's brass!" called out a soldier boy nearby—"pretending he's the Kaiser guy.")

"That's O. K., Walter," said R. A. "Now turn around and come this way. (Walter Lawrence was old Bill—just pipe the likeness in the still.) "Now all you boys fall in behind; that's right, Roy, make the camera grind till all the smoke has rolled on by. The price of tar is very high, so we must Hooverize each cloud and make it look just like a crowd."

The men in gray marched out of view with goose-steps as the Germans do.

"The brewers going on a bat," said Mr. Walsh aside to Pat. (By Pat I mean Pat Hartigan, the cheery little

(*Continued on page* 128)

Taking an X-Ray of Charles

By FRITZI REMONT

CHARLES RAY was nursing a kid that seemed to require a good deal of his attention, one warm day not long since. The kid was a pretty little thing with appealing blue eyes, and white and brown wavy hair that had never been subjected to the indignity of a barber's bobbing. A phrenologist surely would have enjoyed reading the kid's bumps, especially the two promising mole-hills over the eyes, which seemed to prophesy a strong defensive later on. Mr. Ray, utterly oblivious to everything save the butting *enfant terrible*, was trying to amuse it by catching sunspots with his seal-ring and allowing them to dazzle his lively ward.

"LAWK A' MERCY, CAN THIS BE I?"

MR. RAY, AS IS

"WHERE *AM* I?" ASKS CHARLES RAY, AND RUNS HIS FINGERS THRU HIS WAVY LOCKS

"Is that your kid?" I just had to break in rudely on the game, in order to get the X-ray necessary.

"*Oh!*" Charlie Ray jumped up with that delightful little bashfulness which brings instant realization of the unspoiled sweetness of Ince's Wonder-Boy, and how utterly unconscious he can be of his powers of attraction. "Yes, he's my kid all right, but he wont be after tomorrow, for I found a splendid home for him with some friends. I happened to be down at the San Gabriel Country Club last week when they pulled off an auction. I simply *had* to bid for something, and before I really thought it over, I had set a price on this youngster's head, never thinking my bid would stand. Anita Baldwin donated him, so you may know he's high-class stock. Well, the first thing you know I was writing out a check, and somebody was getting my goat and putting it into my unwilling arms. You should have seen that drive home! I had one hand on the wheel and with the other was holding the kid on my lap. I couldn't do anything else because the back of the car was filled with people, and it was just up to me to get the kid home."

Mr. Ray tied the kid's leash to a convenient bench for extras, under which the shaggy Angora crept for a nap, first stopping to snip off a few straggling weeds.

"I've come for your autobiography, Mr. Ray," I announced boldly.

"I'm not sure that I just understand what you mean," returned the star of "His Father's Son" and other big pullers. "Do you mean one of those things like a nice white tombstone, name, birth-date, birthplace, and little details like that? I haven't lived so very long you see, and I don't know whether my little happenings would interest any one or not."

"Let's try, will you?"

"Sure thing; let's see—it is hot out here. We haven't any really suitable place for entertainment on this lot; my dressing-room is crowded with things—but, well, it's cool and perhaps the best spot for quiet.

"Name, you *know*."

"Only the dead ones *dont* know it," I interrupted eagerly.

"Birth-date was March 15, 1891; not ashamed to tell it because I'm only a *male* star. The birthplace was Jackson, Illinois, but I lived in Springfield and Peoria later, and went to school there, finishing at the Los Angeles Polytechnic High. I did live in a desert town in California when we first moved from the East, tho.

"At Poly High I got the movie bug badly. Perhaps it was more of a theatrical bug that bit me; anyway, I took part in all the plays and went to every show that my allowance would permit me to take in. I wanted to go on the stage so badly that I could hardly think of studies. My parents objected—as parents mostly do.

"I got the bulge on them in summer vacations, however, for when they'd go off on a trip, I'd apply to the old Burbank Theater for work as a supe. Sometimes I

had a single line to speak, sometimes none at all, but I was keeping my eyes open for what was what in make-up, and didn't worry about the dollar a night I received, or the fact that I might never have more than two lines to speak.

"My opportunity came at last. A little show was booked to appear in Phœnix; a musical-comedy. I applied for a position in the chorus, but got something better. I used to sing at school, am a tenor, but never had done anything on the concert stage. At home I sang a lot, of course. You know, just little parlor entertainments that dont require much nerve. Willis G. West, who was a Dutch comedian like the Kolb and Dill outfit, was one of the members of that company. They had an Irish comedian, a juvenile, leading-lady, a general utility, and I was supposed to fill in for whatever they wanted.

I BELIEVE THAT HE IS EMOTING

"MY BOY, WHAT HAVE YOU DONE?" OR SOMETHING OF THE KIND

SHE SORTER SEEMS TO LIKE HIM, DONT YOU THINK?

"They gave me a song and quite a little part to play. I was to sing this song in the usual stage fashion prevalent, just a few lines which really embody the first line of the song, then the orchestra vamp, a light thrown on me, and chorus with ten girls hopping in from the wings. The stage manager said to me in the morning, 'Which do you want, spot-light or flood?' I never had heard of either, really, for at the Burbank we were playing straight drama or comedy. 'Flood' sounded like a lot of light to me, so I thought it best to begin in a small way and answered him very timidly, *'Spotlight, please!'*

"That night everything went smoothly. My feature number arrived in due course, and I was standing in stage-center with one foot resting on a bench; remember how they always make the tenor do something uncomfortable like that? It is supposed to look easy and nonchalant, but you should have seen the way my leg and foot wobbled with nervousness. I wasn't really scared and felt sure I could get thru, but I remember looking down at that wobbly calf and wondering if it would fall or whether I'd better take it down at once. It was just like when you press on a certain nerve in the arm and your fingers tremble involuntarily. I didn't like the looks of that trembling member, so took it down, recited my lines, plunged into the song, had a lively chorus and dance around the stage, and I tell you, it went *big!*

"Those theaters in Phœnix and other Arizona towns were beautiful to me. They are mostly airdromes, and you look up and see the most beautiful stars in the world. Did you ever see Arizona skies at night? Yes? Well, you know just how inspiring the sight is. The stage was built in, with a roof, but one could look out and see

(*Continued on page* 126)

At the American Studios

By RUTH KINGSTON

IT was a relief when the Es Pee train left Bevo Junction (the new name for Los Angeles since we went bone-dry) for pretty little Santa Barbara, where the most picturesque studio on the west coast is situated. It isn't the largest by any means, but in point of up-keep it has no peers and few equals. Its green grass hair is always neatly bobbed, its paths beautifully manicured, and it has so many baths a day that a delicious scent fills the air, reminding one of a bathed and newly-talcumed infant. One expects each flower in the extremely tonsorial flower circles and squares to have a dew-fresh countenance. One knows a weed would never see the light! It always wears flowers in its buttonhole. The "Flying A" is a model of Motion Picture production.

Mr. S. S. Hutchinson, president of the corporation, is a stickler for form and neatness. At the same time, the capital initials stand for slow and sure. This is one of the studios which has stood the test of hard times, business changes and war encroachments, and at the present writing special dividends are declared. Everything is done conservatively, pictures are turned out on record time, and arrangements are now completed whereby two new companies are to be added to the four already working on the big glass stages. Nobody would tell me who had been engaged for the new companies, but Mr. Crone has made mysterious visits to Los Angeles, where he personally does all the casting.

FOUNTAIN AND STUDIO. BILL RUSSELL WORKS IN ONE AND—AH—BATHES IN T'OTHER!

HE WOULD APPEAR TO BE WASHING HIS HANDS!

BILL RUSSELL DOING A BIT OF MATUTINAL EXERCISING ON THE "FLYING A" PERGOLA

HE BATHETH HIS HANDS IN A FOUNTAIN OF LILY DEW!

THIS GLASS EMPORIUM IS FOR TRICKS AND DISSOLVES

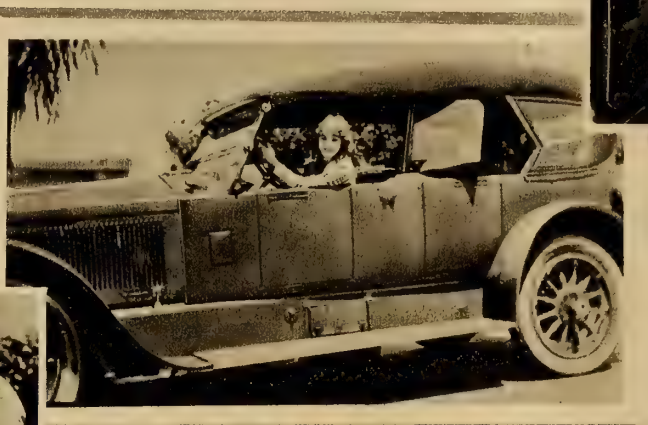
THE BUSINESS OF BUILDING A SET

Being Western manager of the "Flying A" for five years, Mr. Crone thoroly understands the policies of the corporation, and his detail work has contributed not a little to its freedom from losses and steady advancement financially.

I had inquired of Mr. Lloyd Ingraham, Mary Miles Minter's newest director, how early I might expect to find things in full blast at the studio. Mr. Ingraham chuckled. "Let's see, tomorrow is Monday. Well, that means about eight o'clock for everybody in the various casts, for you see the players are paid promptly every Monday morning, while the mechanics and workmen in other lines are given their checks on Saturdays. You can come up before breakfast and be reasonably sure of finding quite an aggregation on the lot!"

Nine o'clock found me camera-laden on the lot. One lovely thing about this studio is that they make you welcome, everybody is part of the big family, they are so proud of their pretty surroundings, and all want to show you a pet corner. I ran into Bill Russell, who

QUARTET, I.E., SCRIPPS-BOOTH, MARGARET SHELBY, MRS. WHITNEY, GEORGE PERIOLAT AND DOLL



MARY MILES MINTER AND—OR IN—HER PACKARD

A ROSE BETWEEN—THAT IS—MARY BETWIXT ALAN FORREST AND LLOYD INGRAHAM AT STUDIO

WIND AND RAIN MACHINES

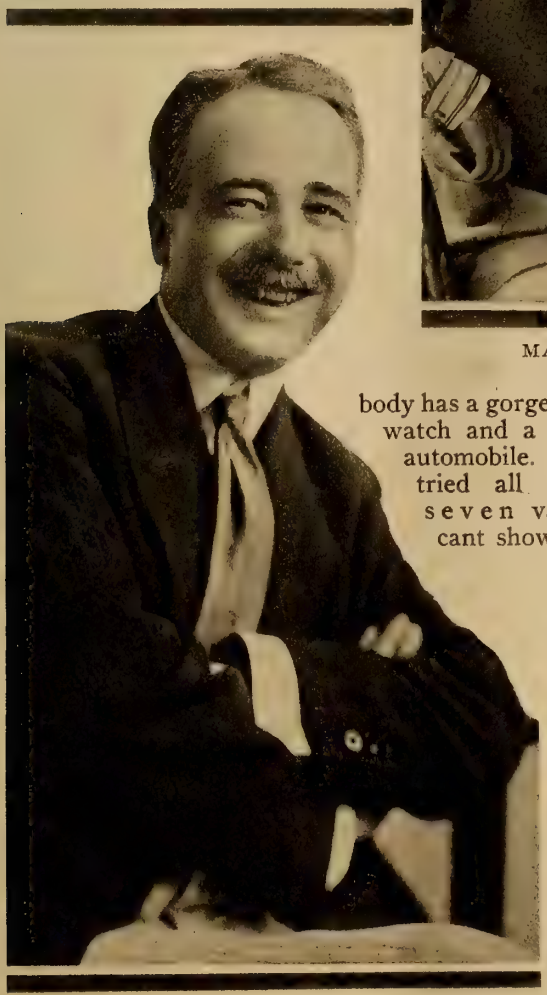
came out in resplendent Western make-up, with the handsomest belts and cuffs of leather, nickel-studded, that I've ever beheld. Mr. Russell's big shoulders and small waist are the envy of everybody. All his accoutrements are perfect, from the silken cowboy hankie about his muscular throat, to the beautiful leather boots and silver spurs. He was defying fate by washing his hands in the fountain and frightening Cecil and Beatrice, the pet goldfish, into a speechless state. Having wiped his fingers on the grass, Mr. Russell leaped nimbly across the lawn, jumped for the pergola, and swung about—"just warming up for the day's work," he told me.

Two things stand out permanently in my memory. Everybody has a gorgeous wristwatch and a handsome automobile. Having tried all the fifty-seven varieties, I cant show any partiality by deciding in favor of a special car. I was whizzed about in the cars of the stars and directors, rushed to their homes and back to the studio, introduced to their families and given enough flowers to bury me respectably. Santa Barbara folks are most hospitable—perhaps I looked like a Cuban famine sufferer—anyway, they all rushed for food and drink the moment I was lifted out of the machine.

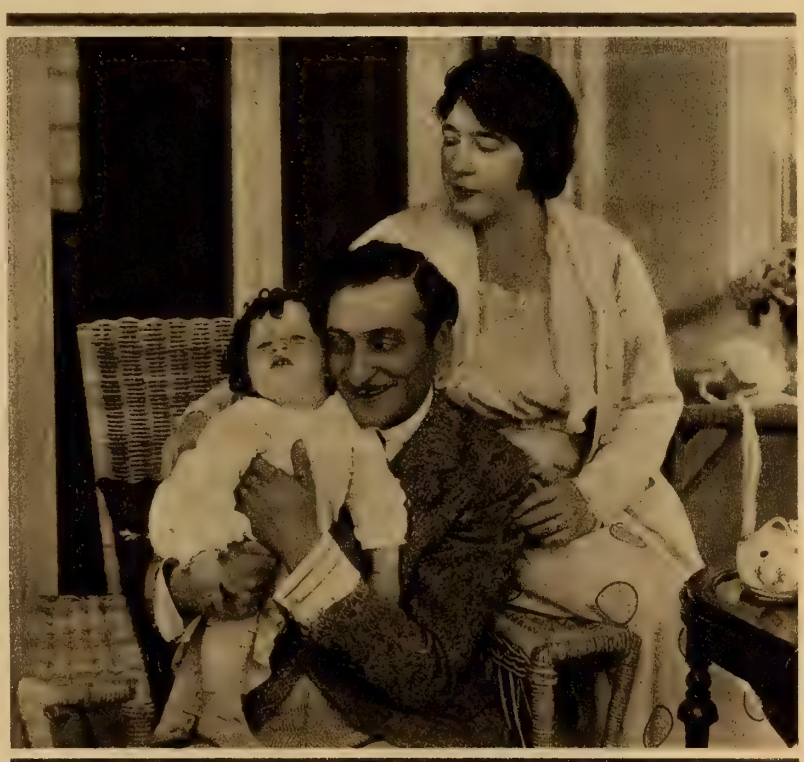
Henry King has a $4,200 Mercer of a beautiful dust color with scarlet wheels and a splash of the color over the engine—"anything so it's red," confided Mr. King. Mr. Ingraham and Ted Sloman, who now directs Bill Russell, both own huge Hudsons with luscious trimmings and fittings. Mary Miles Minter has a new Packard, the prettiest peacock blue with peacock green wheels, leather cushions to match, ditto curtains, one of those all-the-year-round enclosed cars which may be opened to admit the sea breezes of the little tourist town. Each door bears a

(*Continued on page* 125)

MARY AND LLOYD INGRAHAM QUAFF LEMONADE BETWEEN SCENES



PERMIT ME TO PRESENT MR. S. S. HUTCHINSON, PRESIDENT OF AMERICAN!

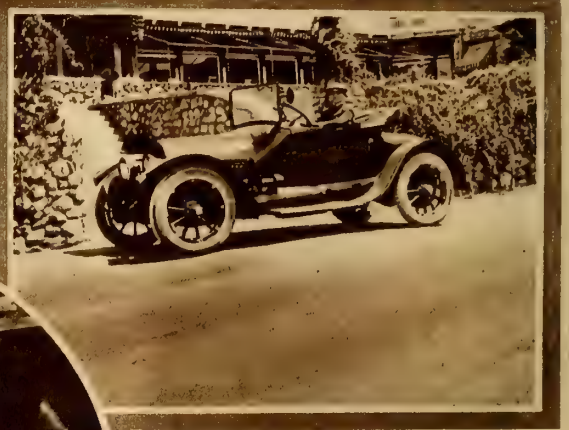


TED SLOMAN, HILDA HOLLIS, AND "EVA TANGUAY," THE BABY, EVIDENTLY "AT HOME"

Grace, Earle and What the Graflex Saw

EARLE WILLIAMS SEES HIM SELF AS OTHERS SEE HIM

EARLE WILLIAMS ENJOYS TOURING ALONG THE BEAUTIFUL CALIFORNIA ROADS



EARLE'S CAR IS A CADILLAC

THE DAY THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE" REACHES EARLE WILLIAMS AND GRACE DARMOND

EARLE WILLIAMS AT SANTA BARBARA MISSION. HE'S NOT REALLY AS LONELY AS HE LOOKS—FOR GRACE IS SNAPPING THE PICTURE

"THIS SAYS YOU ARE 'A PERFECT SUPPLEMENT' TO ME," EARLE TELLS MISS DARMOND, AFTER SCANNING THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE." GRACE STATES THAT SHE CANT SEE WHY, AS SHE KNOWS MORE ABOUT SERIALS AND FEATURES THAN SUPPLEMENTS

Conserving Salt

Monroe Salisbury Stages a Snow Story in Summertime

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

© Lauritz Bros., L. A.

MONROE SALISBURY

WHEN Monroe Salisbury of the Universal forces read the script of "Silent Smith" he said to himself, "It's great! The best story I've had in ages!"

He forgot that he had just given us "Hands Down" and "Hungry Eyes."

He forgot everything but "Silent Smith," as he usually does when he starts a new picture, and he began to live, in his mind, the Yukon hero.

Salisbury is the type of fellow one sees mentally upon reading Robert W. Service's poems of the Yukon. Just the type of man to do "Silent Smith."

There's a ruggedness about him that suggests "long, rough trails," "gold digging," "big mountains," and endurance.

Of course we remember his excellent portrayal of Alessandro in "Ramona," and a similar Indian character in the "Red, Red Heart," a recent production.

His portrayal of Indian characters has not been excelled on the screen, and he reminds one of the Robert Edeson of "Strongheart" days. In fact, he reminds one of Robert Edeson in many ways—in looks and in acting. He stands over six feet tall and is built in proportion. Very black hair, dark brown eyes, earnest and sincere in their directness, and a face strong in its Indian-like lines. The chin is a square, determined one, the cheek bones rather high; but the eyes are the commanding feature.

He is intensely serious in his work, and believes, with all his soul, in the future of the Motion Picture art and the survival of its worth-while stars. He is one of the few actors of the silent stage who does not complaint of the dearth of good stories. In that, to use his own words, he has been blessed.

So, when they

"STAGGERING BLIND THRU THE STORM-WHIRL, STUMBLING MAD THRU THE SNOW"

brought him the script of "Silent Smith," he considered it the "best yet" and plunged into the making of it with enthusiasm.

He collected his company, his camera-man, his director, and the necessary costumes, and headed for the snow country.

Out in Hollywood, Cal., when a script calls for "snow stuff," and Hoover says "Conserve salt," the companies hurry up to Truckee in the Donor Lake region. There they usually find plenty of it.

"Silent Smith," being an Alaskan story, called for *snow*, and Salisbury headed for Truckee. When he got there he found no shortage. They had plenty of "snow stuff"; in fact more than he had bargained for.

"VISIONING CAMPFIRES AT TWILIGHT, SAD WITH A LONGING FORLORN"

"SEARCHING MY UTTERMOST VALLEYS, FIGHTING EACH STEP AS THEY GO"

Old-timers told him that they had just had the worst snow storm since "'49." And the members of the company, fresh from the rose-scented, orange-blossoming Hollywood, called him not blessed.

They called him everything else they could think of; but he went right on enthusing about "Silent Smith."

If the author of the script had been handy, his life would have been in danger.

As it was, they lost themselves in fur coats and mittens, and waited for the Frost King to "get 'em."

They had some difficulty getting to their camp. The horses' feet kept getting tangled up in the telegraph wires. (And the wires were not down either.) When they reached the camp and Salisbury had calmed the ladies and let them snowball him to their hearts' content, told Betty Schade and Ruth Clifford how charming they looked in their furs, and otherwise calmed the troubled waters (frozen waters), they went to work.

YOUTH TRIUMPHANT!

Believe me, with visions of a return to a warmer clime, they worked fast and furious. Furious is *right*. About this time the Gods of Fate decided to put a few obstacles in Salisbury's path. The picture was fairly started when news came that a new life was imminent in the camera-man's home, and *she* wanted him. Now Salisbury has a favorite

(*Continued on page* 130)

"The Servant in the House"

Advance Photographs from Triangle's Filming of a Great Spiritual Story

TO GAIN ADVANCEMENT FOR HIS BROTHER IN THE CLERGY, THE "DRAIN MAN" SACRIFICES HIS WIFE AND HAPPINESS

CALLED BY THE BISHOP TO REPAIR THE SEWER SYSTEM BENEATH THE CHURCH, THE "DRAIN MAN" CONFRONTS HIS NARROW, CONCEITED BROTHER

THE "SERVANT" INSTILS THE SEEDS OF HUMAN KINDNESS IN THE HEART OF ONE PERSON IN THE "HOUSE"

THE "SERVANT IN THE HOUSE" WORKS HIS MIRACLE AS HE HAD INTENDED, BRINGING HUMBLENESS, SINCERITY AND PEACE OF MIND TO THE MASTER AND HIS DEAR ONES

Movieland's Musical Revue

"GIMME THE MOONLIGHT, GIMME THE GIRL, AND LEAVE THE REST TO ME," JERE AUSTIN SERENADES MAE MARSH

"GOOD-NIGHT, GERMANY," CAROLS MARGARITA FISHER

"I KNOW I'VE GOT MORE THAN MY SHARE," WHINES TEDDY

"YOUR LIPS ARE NO MAN'S LAND BUT MINE," SINGS BILL HART TO FRITZ

CHARLES BRYANT BELIEVES IN "KEEP YOUR EYE ON THE GIRLIE YOU LOVE"

Bits of My Life's History

By

Milton Sills

MILTON SILLS, AGE SEVEN
TIMES ONE IS SEVEN

IN 'eighty-two, back in Chicago, my name was first placed before the public on the birth records. Having achieved so much notoriety and distinction, I entered a period of absolutely uneventful days, days spent at the public schools, with the usual seasons for top-spinning, marbles, baseball, and later football. I was not punished for bringing home poor class reports, and indeed received occasional emoluments for good conduct and superior recitations, but as an early autobiography builder I admit failure.

The first real excitement in our family emanated from my announcement that I had received a scholarship for one year at the University of Chicago. It is my opinion, now that I worked a decided bluff on some one, but nevertheless, it was possible for me to take the entire college course without paying tuition fees. I tried out many schemes, and worked my way thru college. I was blessed with a very inquiring turn of mind, and was fortunate in meeting professors who took an interest in me even outside of class hours. I studied philosophy and psychology, which had always possessed strong attractions for me, later entered another department for special study, and after some years graduated as — a *philosopher!*

MILTON SILLS, AGE . . . GUESS! . . .

WHEN HE WAS A SOPH AT COLLEGE

The most interesting part of the graduation ceremonies to me was embodied in an offer to remain with the university at a salary, for research work. Professor John Dewey, now teaching philosophy at Columbia College, New York, really was responsible for my attaining this honor. He had always been my friend and helper, and I owe him an immense debt of gratitude.

During the year which followed, I occasionally wrote for magazines and newspapers. One of my articles was entitled "Bolsheviki in the Profession," which appeared in a theatrical magazine. It created some comment, and was reproduced almost in its entirety in the New York *Evening Sun*.

Meanwhile I saturated myself with the general points of view prevalent in university research work, and found it becoming irksome. I studied French, German, Italian. Later I took up Russian in order to read Turgieneff and Tolstoy in the original. I eagerly absorbed everything

IN "THE DEEP PURPLE," WITH CLARA KIMBALL YOUNG

WITH IRENE CASTLE IN "PATRIA"

HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU!

pertaining to philosophy and psychology. I entered debates, edited a college paper, and really lived in a literary delirium as I now see it. I was studying pure socialism, examining reports of the American Federation of Labor, experimenting, studying every theory dealing with matter, and accepting life as philosophically as I could. I really had no worries and there were no excitements.

Just one corner of my heart was a traitor. I had found a little sweetheart while at college, and spare moments were happily spent in her company. With every thought loyal to my pursuits, I was astonished to find a sudden change in my being, something which upset many of my theories; and while I continued to concentrate well in my researches, I admitted ruefully that the pressure of a small hand had made me a partial traitor to my one big ambition. No, I did not marry my early sweetheart; for some years later I had my real romance, of which I will speak later.

One afternoon I was strolling across the campus, when a fellow-student accosted me and said there would be a real actor at the college the following Saturday afternoon. I had never met or even seen one in close perspective, but a little imp of curiosity nipped me right there, and I asked a few questions. My chum wished me to promise that I would join him on the half-holiday, in order that we might have a chat with Donald Robertson, whom he called a very interesting and intelligent actor.

I refused, for I had already digressed so far from my scholarly path as to promise my sweetheart a visit to the matinée on that day. However, as fate would have it, when Saturday arrived, I received word that my faire ladye was compelled to remain at home as visitors from a distance had arrived unexpectedly, and I was invited to join them at dinner. This left me free for the afternoon, and I felt disappointed and disgruntled until I remembered that a famous actor was to be introduced to the college men.

The next events were so bewildering in their hasty entrances and exits that it was late at night before I had sorted them out logically. Mr. Robertson talked with me but a few moments; then said I should undoubtedly go on the stage, that I would have a great future there. You can imagine my surprise. I had been an avid reader always, was thoroly familiar with Shakespeare and other great dramatists, had spoken much in public and knew that my voice carried well; therefore the thought was not unpleasant. We discussed ways and means, and I became so enthused that I cheerfully gave up my college work and followed Robertson to Chicago. I was given splendid parts from the very start, had wonderful training under men who thoroly understood their business, and loved my new work intensely from the beginning.

At the end of about eighteen months, I was called to New York and given a fine part as a leading-man. The newspapers were kind enough to take me right under

MILTON AND RUTH ROLAND APPEAR TO BE SOMEWHAT FRAYED IN "THE FRINGE OF SOCIETY"

their wings, so that I no longer had fear of attempting to work before what is probably the most critical audience in the United States, the New Yorkers.

During that first year in Chicago, I was awkward and ungainly. I think I must have been a rotten actor, but they were all kind and taught and encouraged me continually, until I gained a little self-confidence. I was endeavoring to find my personality, a thing without which no actor can be a success. It differs with each, and until one is suffused with it, he has no magnetism and cannot impress an audience. It is like the "style" of a writer, something which once established will always attract people.

I played with Carlotta Nielson in "The Man on the Box," and "This Woman and This Man," and then received a number of contract offers varying from three to five years. Among these were represented Charles Frohman, Belasco, and the Shuberts; while Clyde Fitch said he would put me in his new play and would make me a star in five years. It was he who advised me to take Mr. Belasco's offer and to play with Blanche Bates. He said he would write a new play with a fine part for me, something which would advertise me far better than anything I had thus far attempted. But such was not to be my fate, for, alas, before he was able to write another play, he died sadly and suddenly in England.

Blanche Bates and I were associated for quite a time, and the following summer I was doing "The Servant in the House." I traveled West with it, visited Salt Lake, Denver, the northern cities on the coast, and wound up at Los Angeles. In California I met the cousin of Edith Wynne Matheson, now my wife, Gladys Wynne. We were engaged to be married, but Gladys went back to England and I was to follow and marry her there, with her father to give her away.

The next nine months were spent with Blanche Bates and the following summer I went to England. I had been abroad before during my college term, and looked eagerly forward to this opportunity to travel in a foreign country, for much of my time had been spent in just one New York playhouse.

Our wedding was romantically beautiful. It may appear egotistic, but I never have seen so pretty a wedding. We were married in Savoy Chapel Royal, near the Strand; a regular actors' ceremony it was, for the profession turned out en masse, and the clergyman was one who had married many theatrical

(*Continued on page* 120)

WITH CHARLES CLARY IN "THE HONOR SYSTEM"
P. S.—AREN'T STRIPES *BECOMING?*

"The Cross of Shame"

Introducing Our Readers to Something New and Great

C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, R. CECIL SMITH, JULIAN JOSEPHSON, JOHN LYNCH AND J. G. HAWKS ALL DECLARE "THE CROSS OF SHAME" THE GREATEST WAR STORY TO BE PRODUCED

DOROTHY DALTON READ "THE CROSS OF SHAME" WITH ENTHUSIASM

IT is very seldom that the public is let in on the real romance of a story.

Little do outsiders know, as a rule, about the wanderings of any author's brain children before they mount to a throne of glory thru the printed pages of some magazine.

But "The Cross of Shame" has had such an interesting history in its short career that we thought you would like to hear about it.

You are all acquainted with the name of H. H. Van Loan, the brilliant young author who started on a trip around the world to recount for us conditions in Motion Pictures thruout the country.

But the war had so affected these conditions that Mr. Van Loan was forced to abandon part of his trip until a more propitious time.

Meanwhile he had been in close touch with affairs "over there," and he returned to Los Angeles, burning with wrath at the terrific

© Witzel

THOMAS H. INCE, THE FAMOUS PRODUCER

© Moody

H. H. VAN LOAN, THE YOUNG AUTHOR

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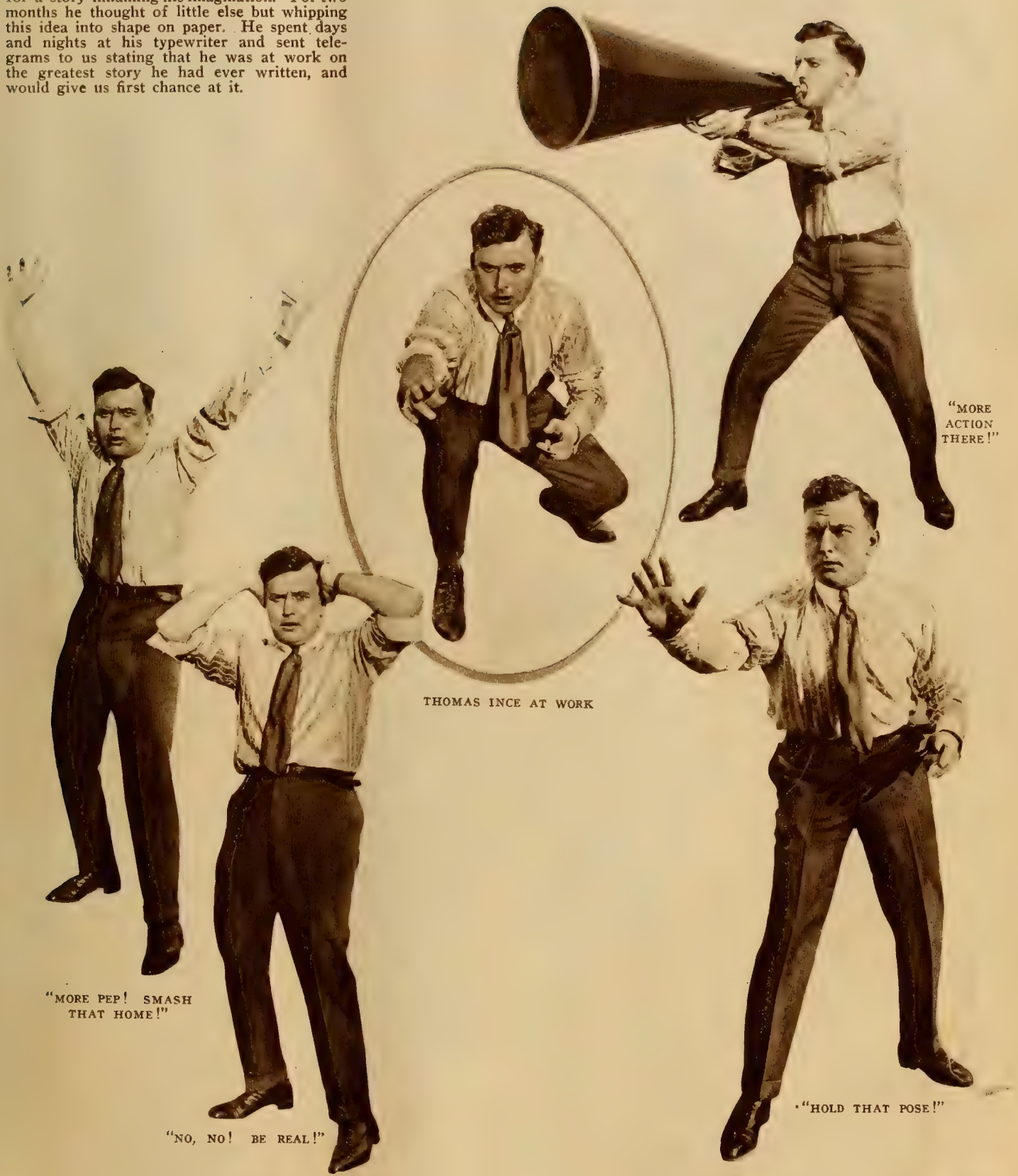
C. GARDNER SULLIVAN, THE SCENARIO WRITER

brutality of the Huns and with a big theme for a story inflaming his imagination. For two months he thought of little else but whipping this idea into shape on paper. He spent days and nights at his typewriter and sent telegrams to us stating that he was at work on the greatest story he had ever written, and would give us first chance at it.

Now, it is the way of authors in the heat of creative genius to think that they are at work on the "greatest novel," so we let it go at that—until one day a bulky typewritten package reached our hands.

At first our reader groaned—it was so long! But he had only read one page of "The Cross of Shame" when he became dead to all exterior disturbances. In vain did the lunch-bell ring—he neither heard nor cared. Then in the middle of the afternoon he called a consultation.

"This is great, simply great—the most wonderful story of the war I have ever read. If any one can read this and not itch to get over there and choke every one of those Germans' dirty, fat throats, I'd like to see him. Van Loan has turned out a masterpiece."

THOMAS H. INCE AND DOROTHY DALTON, DIRECTOR AND STAR OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

THOMAS H. INCE PUTS DOROTHY DALTON THRU A STRENUOUS REHEARSAL

"COME ON WITH THE EMOTIONALISM!"

After we had all perused the typed pages, each one was more enthusiastic than the first. Such atmosphere, such action, such characterizations — never had we struck the equal of "The Cross of Shame."

But that was only the beginning of the romance of those typewritten pages.

We had accepted the story, but there arose immediately the necessity of illustration, and upon the novel having a few posed by some film Consequently in touch with studios. But working double and the affair on.

In the meantime, Van was getting anxious. He wanted to see his brain-child in print, because he felt that it was a bit of wonderful propaganda and would be a great patriotic arouser.

So one day when he was talking to Thomas H. Ince, one of the greatest directors in the Motion Picture business, Van Loan spoke of his story.

Mr. Ince was amused by the young author's seriousness and said, "Bring the carbon copy to me. I may be able to pose enough scenes for you to supply the illustrations."

Van Loan needed no second bidding, so it came about that the great director read "The Cross of Shame."

Like our reader, he never left it until he had finished the last paragraph, and then he climbed into his auto, raced to Mr. Van Loan's hotel and up to his room.

"Man alive," he said breathlessly, "this is the biggest thing I've got in touch with in many a day. You've just got to sell me the film rights; do you hear? I'm going to make it into the greatest film of the year!"

Van Loan did hear! "Do you mean it, Ince?" he gasped.

And Ince slapped him on the back and said, "I sure do, old fellow."

And so it happened that "The Cross of Shame" was put into the hands of one of the country's best scenario writers, C. Gardner Sullivan, to be shaped into a scenario.

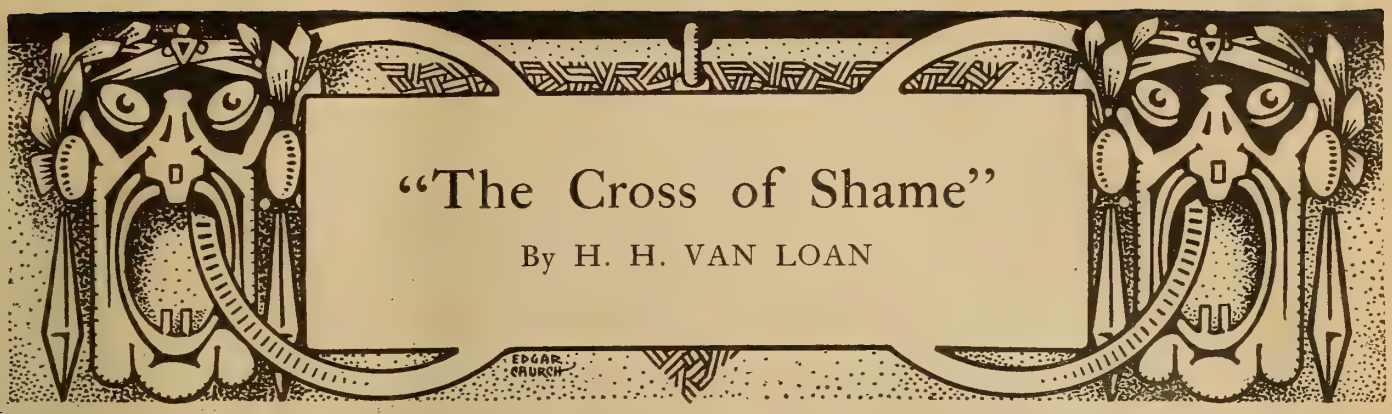
But even before that it had the honor of being read by Dorothy Dalton, who was jubilant when Mr. Ince told her she was going to be the star of the piece.

And so it came about that they wired us that our story, "The Cross of Shame," was to be made into a feature film.

At the present writing, Dorothy Dalton is in New York purchasing costumes, while out on the Coast C. Gardner Sullivan is busily shaping the continuity, and Thomas H. Ince is choosing locations and settings for what he considers will be the greatest feature film of the year.

We are more than happy to be able to present to you in this issue the first installment of H. H. Van Loan's "The Cross of Shame." There will be three installments in all. Dont fail to follow this story —a story with a real romance.

Then go to see it on the screen with Miss Dalton as the heroine.



"The Cross of Shame"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

CHAPTER I

IT was during a lull in the battle that Colonel Bouchier, who was seated in his dug-out, before an improvised table, strewn with maps and papers, suddenly looked up and summoned Captain Duval, one of his aides, who sat in one end of the dimly lighted chamber, silently watching him.

The Captain jumped up quickly, and the next instant came to attention and saluted his superior officer.

"Who's that young fellow, in B Company, who's been taking such desperate chances with that picture machine lately?" inquired the Colonel, as he glanced at his aide.

"You mean Lieutenant Picard, sir?" answered Duval, thoughtfully.

"Is that his name?" continued the Colonel.

"I think he's the one you mean, sir. He's the new 'official' assigned to B Company, by a special order, with the rank of second lieutenant."

"I guess that's the man," agreed the commander. Then he added, "Send for him, will you, Captain?"

"Yes, sir." And Duval swung on his heel and left the dug-out.

When he had gone, Colonel Bouchier arose and began pacing his quarters. He was a handsome man, was this commander of the French Guards. In appearance he was all that could possibly be expected of a soldier. His figure was tall—in fact, he could not enter his dug-out without considerable stooping of the shoulders—and well proportioned. He was as straight as one of those elms which stand so erect along the Chateau de Renfort. The men of his command said he was the French Kitchener, for they declared that not only did he resemble the great British idol, but he was equally as good a soldier. His dark-brown hair had been tinged with gray, in the service for France, but his eyes, of the same hue, still contained that fire and lustre which seems to endure with all great fighting men. His long, shaggy mustache covered lips that were ever set in grim determination, and what they lacked in emphasizing this quality was supplied by the firm, strong chin. In time of peace he would look every year of the fifty he had lived thru, for his face contained quite a number of deep wrinkles, all of which had come thru his worrying for the safety of France. But, when a battle was raging, he was as youthful as some of those boys from Paris who fought under him.

His only adornments were four medals, pinned near the lapel of his breast pocket, and one of them was the Medaille Militaire, which he had received two weeks before, during the taking of Vimy Ridge. During that attack he had gone over the top with his command and had captured an important German trench, which he was able to hold until re-enforced by a detachment of British troops.

Then had followed the Thiamont Farm and now Fort Douaumont. For three days his command had held an important part of the line against every destructive device in the hands of the Germans. Early that morning the Teuton offensive had ceased, thus giving his men the respite they so badly needed for a little rest. But there was no telling when it would start again. It might begin at any moment, or they might remain almost silent for several days, while they were re-enforcing their lines.

The line held by the French Guards was the center of a semi-circle, owing to the formation of the country. At the left of the center, to the extreme end, Colonel Beschard, with the 136th Infantry, was holding his own at the foot of Hill 301, six miles away. For strategic purposes, Bouchier had ordered the command to fall back to the third-line trenches. It seemed at first as tho the Germans had anticipated his move, for they shifted their attack to Hill 301. The attacks were repulsed, however, but this apparently filled the Teutons with renewed energy, and they came back with heavy machine-gun fire and terrible gases, which resulted in rather heavy French losses. But the troops had held their own, and Beschard was still entrenched at the foot of Hill 301. The Germans had ceased their attack after this, and the French commanders were satisfied with the situation—all except Colonel Bouchier.

"By gad, we'll get those fellows within twenty-four hours or I'll resign my command!" he vowed, as he entered his dug-out. Then he turned to Lieutenant de Courtivron, another member of his staff. "How many Fritzes have we taken so far?"

"During this engagement, sir?" inquired the staff officer.

"Today!" snapped his superior. The mere thought of the enemy stirred his anger.

"Two hundred, sir."

"Um! Issue an order that, beginning from now, up until we have straightened our line to the Damloup Road no prisoners are to be taken," directed the Colonel.

Lieutenant de Courtivron immediately sat down before a small typewriter in the regimental headquarters and typed the order. Then he handed it to Colonel Bouchier, who signed it, and a few minutes later every man in the command had received the instructions.

Then the commander dictated another message. It was after reading this that he summoned Captain Duval and instructed him to bring Lieutenant Picard before him.

The Colonel was still pacing the floor when Captain Duval returned with the Lieutenant. Both halted just inside the door of the dug-out and came to salute as they faced their superior.

"Lieutenant Picard, sir," announced the Captain.

Colonel Bouchier raised his head and beheld a handsome young man of about twenty-five years of age. His black hair and eyes formed a peculiar harmony with his skin, which had been bronzed by the wind and sun, and he presented, altogether, a rather striking appearance. There was an evidence of neatness and preciseness about him which the eye of the observing Colonel did not fail to notice.

With a nod of approval, the officer returned to his table, and, seating himself, he motioned to Lieutenant Picard. When the other had obeyed and had taken his place in front of his commander, the latter picked up a small typewritten paper from the table and handed it to him.

"Are you a good camera-man?" inquired the Colonel, as he leaned back and studied him from head to foot.

"I—I wouldn't care to make such a liberal assertion," replied Lieutenant Picard, with a slight show of embarrassment.

"Um!" And the Colonel stroked his mustache, thoughtfully, for a moment. "Er—what's that word you fellows use when you talk about taking a picture?"

"Shoot, sir," replied the other.

"Yes, that's it," said the Colonel, smiling. "Well, it seems to me as tho you're shooting more than any one else around here."

"We're supposed to get it all for the government," the Lieutenant informed him.

"Yes, it's a wonderful thing, isn't it?" mused the Colonel. "I'm thinkin' some of the battles of Napoleon would be pretty useful, if we could see them, just as these will be to future warriors." Then, after a moment's silence, he continued, "I want you to shoot that message, develop it, and return here with the negative as soon as possible." And with that he turned his attention to the map which he spread out before him on the table.

The young Lieutenant glanced at the paper in his hand. Then he saluted and left the dug-out.

The Colonel and his little group of staff officers were still bending over the map when Jean Picard returned a little later. He halted at the entrance a moment and then stepped inside. He walked over to the table and, after saluting, reached into his pocket and drew forth a small piece of film, which he handed to the Colonel. The commander glanced at it a moment and then compared it with the original typewritten slip of paper. After studying them both, he finally laid them down.

"Very good; you may go," he said, as he glanced at Jean.

The Lieutenant was about to withdraw, when the words of his superior caused him to turn about.

"And say, by the way," added the Colonel, "you want to be more careful. I notice you have a habit of taking desperate chances with that hand-organ apparatus of yours. One of these fine days

a German sniper is going to spill you and that box of yours all over the top of our trench."

Jean Picard was silent for a moment. Then, drawing himself up to his full height, he saluted as he replied: "If he did, sir, he would kill me, that's all. And I should die happy—for the glory of France! The rest of my brothers go over the top, why should not I? I am simply doing my bit, as they say in America."

"Yes, an' by gad, you're doin' a big bit!" emphasized the commander. "The rest of us go over with guns, swords, bayonets, revolvers and other things to protect ourselves with. But you fellows stand there and shoot those pictures with nothing to safeguard you from the enemy. You're some of the heroes that the world dont hear much about."

As the young officer started towards the door the Colonel turned to the members of his staff.

"Captain Duval, you will please issue an order to Major Rouvier. Tell him to open an attack at midnight with his 75's. He is to direct his firing on that sector of the enemy nearest Hill 301 and await my further orders.

"Lieutenant de Courtivron, you will direct Major de Billy to hold his battalion in readiness to go over the top and capture that portion of the line nearest Hill 301, when Major Rouvier's batteries have ceased firing. They will advance under the barrage fire of Martin's howitzers. Advise him to have his gas-masks ready, for the 68th Prussians are fiends with that stuff.

"And Captain Carpeau, you will order Major Arnaut to proceed with his machine-gun batteries, under cover of Rouvier's guns. He is to advance, and, provided we have managed to rout the Prussians, enter Beaumont, which is two miles east of the Damloup Road."

The commander paused a moment, as his gaze rested on the map before him. Then, after some reflection, he added: "Now then, the success of these movements depends on our being able to get this message thru to Colonel Beschard." And he picked up the small piece of film and looked at it a moment as his officers watched him in silence. "All our communications with Beschard have been demoralized. The Germans hardly expect an attack from that quarter at present, believing, as they do, that his losses have temporarily silenced the 136th Infantry. My plan is to begin an attack on their front line, and, while they are thus being engaged, have Beschard pound them from the rear. Now then, some one must volunteer to take this message to his headquarters."

All were silent, as each studied the countenance of his comrades with questioning gaze. Finally Captain Duval spoke. "I will take the message," he volunteered, as he drew himself up and faced his superior.

"Let me be the one," interrupted Lieutenant de Courtivron. "You are married."

"And you, de Courtivron?" spoke up Captain Carpeau. "How well I remember Maria Costa, of the Rue des Italiens, the sweetest flower in Paris. No, Lieutenant, she will always be waiting, and I would rather be struck by a Hun out there than witness the look in those eyes were I to go back without you. No, no, comrade, this is a young man's job. I am alone. No one is waiting somewhere for me; no one is sighing for me tonight, and no one would shed tears if I should not return. Such tasks are for men such as I. I am ready, Colonel!"

Their commander listened quietly as each spoke, and his heart filled with pride as he realized the willingness of each to undertake this dangerous mission.

Had any of them glanced towards the door, they might have noticed that Lieutenant Picard was still in the room. He had heard all that had been spoken. What prompted him to pause there, he did not know. Months afterwards, as he recalled the incident, he decided it must have been Fate that guided him that day.

"I am proud of all of you," said Colonel Bouchier, finally, "but I cannot spare one of you. We must get some one else."

"I will volunteer!"

The commander and the members of his staff turned their eyes in the direction of the voice, and were surprised as they beheld the "official" of B Company, who had advanced silently and was standing at "attention," his right hand at the salute.

"Why—er—what are you doing here?" demanded the Colonel, somewhat sternly.

"I beg your pardon, sir, but I could not help overhearing your words," replied Lieutenant Picard, by way of apology.

"You cant be spared," objected the Colonel. "You have your duties to perform elsewhere. The government pays you to shoot pictures. You are not a soldier."

"Pardon! The government pays me to go where I am needed, and where it needs me. I am always a soldier first, a cameraman afterwards."

"But who would take your place?"

"I have an assistant, who has taken my place twice before, when I was wounded, first at the Marne and again at Verdun," remarked Picard, proudly.

"Do you realize the dangers of this undertaking?"

"After one has gone thru three campaigns and spent most of his time on the top, turning the crank of his camera, and has had three of his machines smashed at different times as he was shooting, he begins to believe he's passed thru all the dangers there are out here," continued Picard. "He is ready, then, for the great release. His nerve is gone and then he knows no fear."

"It is dangerous," the Colonel warned him. "After you leave Calleaux you will find it doubly so. The German outposts extend to Third Ridge. From there to Deschon, a distance of four miles, you are within the German lines."

"I understand, sir," bowed the Lieutenant, unaffected by the other's words.

"Whoever starts on this trip is taking his life in his hands," added the commander. Then, as he eyed the other carefully: "It—is—quite—probable—he—will—not—return."

"I do not fear," replied the Lieutenant, stoically. "My life belongs to France. If she needs it I am ready to surrender it. I will go."

"On the other hand, in case the bearer of this message succeeds in reaching the headquarters of Colonel Beschard, we will probably be able to straighten the Allied front to the Damloup Road. Should we succeed in reaching our objective all credit will be due the courier. He will probably receive the coveted Medaille Militaire."

Silence followed the words of the Colonel. His aides studied the countenance of the brave man, whose gaze was fixed on the face of the commander. The latter turned over some papers which were lying on his desk, but it was evident he was unconscious of his action, for his features plainly disclosed the fact that he was in deep thought. Finally he shook off his reverie, and as he arose and faced Lieutenant Picard he said calmly:

"War heroes are not made to order, young man. They usually make themselves. They are not staged and there is nothing dramatic about them to those who enact them. Some have said they are the results of sudden impulse, which causes them to do precisely the right thing at the right moment. There should be nothing dramatic or sensational in what you are about to undertake. As you have already stated, you are simply doing what every one of the three million men out there should and are probably ready to do. Your life is your own—it belongs to you—and you have a right to spend it as you choose, to protect it from any unnecessary danger. The fact that you stand ready to offer it so freely, in the undertaking of a mission wherein the odds for your return are so much against you, stamps you as a hero, a real man. The most wonderful thing in the world is a real man. There is the message." And he handed the Lieutenant a small strip of film. "Captain Carpeau will accompany you, by motor, as far as Calleaux. From there you will go alone, and no one will be able to help you then—but God." (*To be continued in the next issue*)

"CUTS"

By Fra Guido

That megaphone man is Director de Stutt,
Whose favorite word is a shrill-sounding "Cut!"
It's "Cut out that chatter," and "Cut out the noise,"
And "Cut conscious acting, get some natural poise."
"Cut out that stiff, artificial walk";
And "It's face that will register, madam, not talk."
Oh, the cutting remarks of the director-in-chief
My heart fill with anguish and bring me to grief!

One day, cross my heart, I was doing my best,
And, at drawing a laugh, sure had outstripped the rest;
Out from the corner came the shrill-sounding "Cut!
Your efforts at comedy are tragic, you nut!"
Once I thought, in a scene marked by sorrow and dole,
My great work would sure bring me a great leading rôle,
When—"Cut!"—once again that shrill-sounding cry—
"Your sob-stuff is funny, and cut out that sigh."

But oh, the unkindest cut of them all,
It was when I was playing the lead at the ball;
And when that great feature would be thrown on the screen,
I thought that the world would soon hail me as queen.
But when the director once looked at the play,
His cheeks lost their color and he fainted away;
And when they revived him, he eyed me in doubt,
And whispered, "Your scene makes me sick; oh, have it cut out!"

What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing

By HENRY MacMAHON

THESE ARE THE "LEATHERNECKS"—U. S. MARINES HOLDING THE LINE IN FRANCE. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY"

THE so-called educational picture is developing certain new factors in the cinema field. First, absolute accuracy and authority. Second, permanent excellence of technique. Third, the skilful blending of entertainment and information.

When you look at a good educational, you are not only pleased, but you add to your mental stock. That educational should be as good for future generations as for yourself. Unlike the film "best-sellers" of a fictional character, that appear and disappear year after year, it becomes standard and takes a permanent place in the film libraries, like Macaulay's "England" or White's "Natural History of Selborne" in the realm of books. It will be seen that this sort of product requires highly

UNIQUE TRANSIT SYSTEM, PORTO RICO

COAL IS NOW HANDLED BY MODERN MACHINERY. BROWNHOIST HANDLING BRIDGE OF THE GENERAL ELECTRIC COMPANY AT SCHENECTADY, N. Y.

OUR BOYS STATIONED AT THE AMERICAN LEGATION, PEKING, CHINA

THE PALI-HAWAII. IT WAS OVER THIS MILITARY, MAGNIFICENT ROAD THAT KING KAMEHAMEHA, THE GEORGE WASHINGTON OF HAWAII, DROVE HIS ENEMIES

cultivated directors, scientific photographers, and actors who do things rather than just pose.

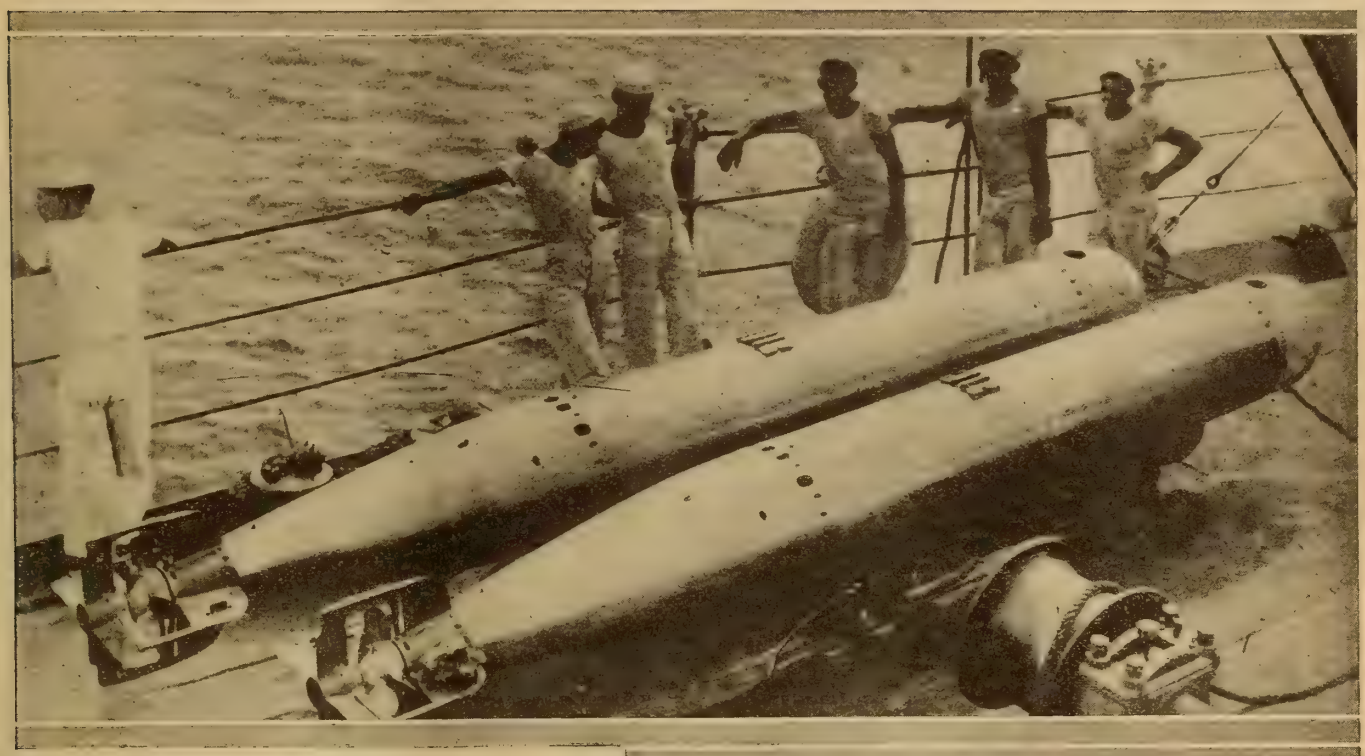
Several concerns are working in the new field, but the activities of the Educational Films Corporation of America may be conveniently taken to illustrate the new movement. One most interesting phase of the work is the assigning of cinema commissioners to explore and report pictorially from various parts of the world. Today this company alone has E. M. Newman visiting the Allied countries of Great Britain, France and Italy for pictures of wartime conditions; Robert C. Bruce exploring the Pacific Northwest and Alaska; George D. Wright as a special cinema correspondent in old Mexico, and Professor Raymond L. Ditmars as an investigator of the curiosities of natural history.

YOU MAY NOT KNOW IT, BUT E. M. NEWMAN, TRAVELER, IS BEING CREATED A BRAVE OF THE BLACKFEET TRIBE

The cinema commissioner, in a sense, replaces the old-fashioned special correspondent that the more prominent newspapers and magazines sent to the far parts of the earth. He brings back a pictorial story instead of a written one, and his contributions appear in installments of one reel every week or every two weeks. Comparatively few people would care to sit down to a big book of travels, but many people enjoy a short

THE STONE CAMELS PLACED ALONG THE ROADWAY LEADING TO THE MING TOMBS ARE CREDITED WITH WARDING OFF EVIL SPIRITS FROM THE FINAL RESTING PLACE OF CHINESE MONARCHS

MOUNTAIN LAKE



THESE ARE THE TORPEDOES WHICH DESTROY THE BOCHES

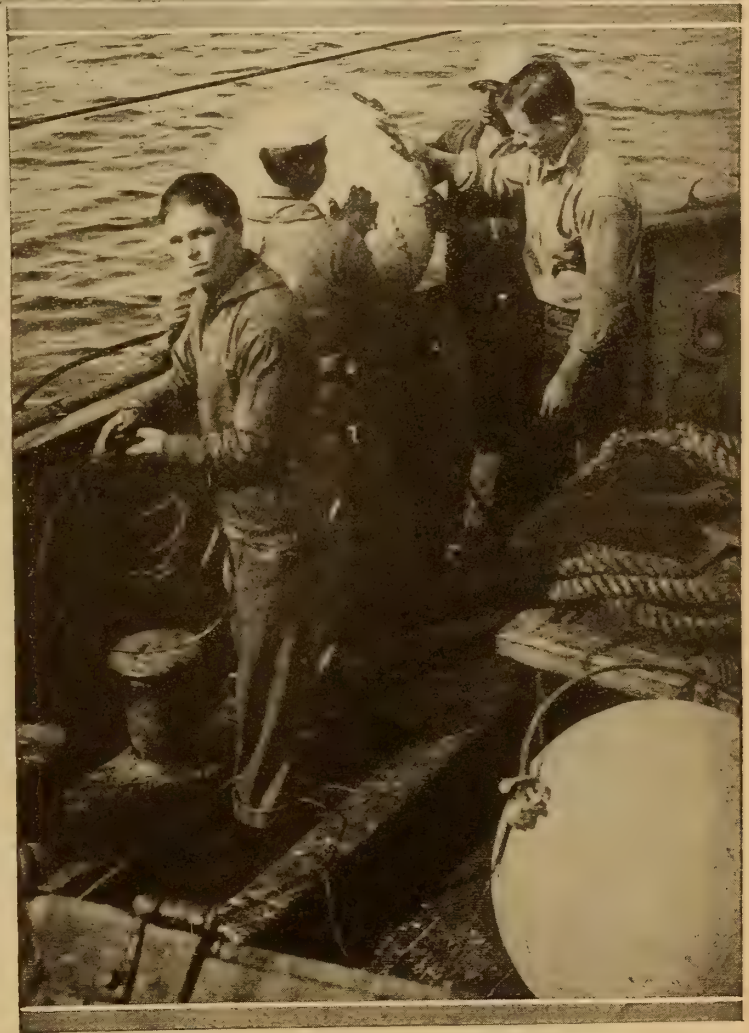
travel article as a monthly feature in their favorite magazine. On the same principle, the cinema correspondent gives us fifteen minutes of Great Britain at war work, or Northwestern glacial wonders, or Hawaiian surf-riding, or Chinese sacred rites, or a Mexican bull fight or fiesta. The theaters that play these short travel reelers find they gain a new class of cultivated patrons, and this class sticks as long as there are any of the so-called educational pictures advertised.

The extent of the movement may be gauged from the fact that practically all of the first-run theaters of New York City show educationals of one kind or another. In most of the important cities, the pictures of travel and adventure find favor, and even the smaller houses are gradually putting in the scenics nowadays.

Another big department of the educational work is similar to historical fiction. An example of the last kind is "The Romance of Coal," which the Educational Films Corporation is now producing. It answers the requirements of accuracy as to fact and permanent qualities for standard use, yet it is primarily entertaining. Such a subject cannot be dealt with by installments. It lends itself to a big plot and to well defined dramatis personae, like the epic novels of Frank Norris that dealt with the theme of wheat.

The idea of this story originated with Miss Caroline Gentry, a native of Charleston, W. Va., who has made a deep study of the basic theme. Even more so than you and I—who did *some* studying on the subject of "How to obtain coal" this past winter.

Coal is said to be the most widely talked about, and the least intelligently understood, of Nature's gifts. The picture will bring home to everybody the truth about coal, and the romance of the vast transmuted solar energy, expressed in concrete human terms. The absolute dependence of the Allied Powers on the Coal Giant—and particularly their dependence on the coal fields of the United States—makes the picture timely.



THE DEADLY MINES (COURTESY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE)

An excellent first step in the undertaking was to select

the Switzerland of America—West Virginia—as the scene. The most ravishing landscape beauty hides the murky form of the Coal Titan, who is roused from his secular slumber by the wizardry of modern machines and the labors of many thousands of men. Every process in the mining, transportation and transmutation of coal into active energy is shown in the picture, but everything will be incidental to the romance itself, which is typical of the relations between the mining folk and the outside public. A big wallop will be put in for the better treatment of the public and of the mining interests by the ruler of the railroads. Perhaps public sentiment will be waked to the point where priority of coal cars will not be asked but be demanded. The making of the picture comes at an acute coal crisis, and this clarion call for better conditions should be heeded.

Still another interesting side of educational activity is shown by the Educational Films Corporation's picture, "Your Fighting Navy at Work and at Play." This is a series of scenes that brings the bulwarks of the nation vividly before the eye. It, too, answers the requirements noted at the beginning of this article. It is absolutely accurate, because titled by Lieutenant Henry Reuterdahl of the U. S. Navy, who is an

(*Continued on page* 124)

FIGHTING IS NOT ALL THEY CAN DO. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY"

TARGET PRACTICE WITH QUICK-FIRING GUN ABOARD ONE OF OUR DESTROYERS NOW IN EUROPEAN WATERS. SCENE FROM "YOUR FIGHTING NAVY AT WORK AND AT PLAY"—EDUCATIONAL

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary!

Mary Thurman Proves the Truth of the Nursery Rhyme

By FRITZI REMONT

THE CONTRARY MARY HERSELF

SHE really *was* Mary, Quite Contrary, for just when she had made up her mind to be as *triste* as a Sistine Madonna, a little imp rose in Mary Thurman and showed her to the world of fans as a lively, sprightly comédienne.

It all happened in approved story-book fashion.

Mary had been teaching school in Utah when something went out of her life and caused her to seek comfort in dampened handkerchiefs. Miss Thurman refuses to reveal just what happened, but so great was the sorrow and disappointment which entered her heart that existence in Salt Lake City seemed quite unbearable.

She had been one of those demure lassies, content with pleasant home surroundings, a rather congenial school position and the companionship of a few good friends, gathered up at church meetings and sociables. Her days ran along uneventfully—gray, like a soldier's sock. Mary hadn't noticed their drabness because nothing better had ever opened to her vision. Each hour dovetailed, just as one stitch arrays itself against the other, and the girl had no particularly defined desires or hopes.

For amusement, she took long hikes, was the best trained girl in the University of Utah gym, enjoyed swimming immensely and thought prayer-meeting a bi-weekly diversion which every properly constituted individual attended gladly.

She was in perfect health and normal spirits when tragedy stalked in and handed her a bit of citrus fruit which puckered Mary's pretty mouth and forced enough tears into her big, gray eyes to make 'em a miniature Salt Lake. Red-headed girls are very temperamental, anyway, and Mary was no exception. She forgot all about exercising, eating, sleeping and other pleasant diversions, had the family worried to the point where they insisted on her taking a vacation in California, and finally left them, with a funereal expression, to find out what Los Angeles could do in the way of bringing about mental readjustment.

Mary Thurman had some friends in the Angel City and, in spite of her sadness, made many more. When alone with her crumpled handkerchiefs,

CAN THIS BE THE LADY WHO USED TO BE A SCHOOL-MA'AM IN SALT LAKE CITY?

the world looked like the toughest old elephant-hide ever tanned, even in sunny California. Everybody was trying to make Miss Thurman forget that she was a real tragédienne, and so one night she was bidden to a dinner-dance at the Hotel Alexandria.

CAUGHT IN THE ACT OF PICKING SOME COOPER-HEWITT BLOSSOMS

MARY THURMAN

The novelty of it surprised her into forgetting that she was chief mourner in a disagreeable drama, and pretty soon Mary began to sit up and take a little nourishment, as well as notice of her very pleasant masculine neighbor. Tho Miss Thurman seemed to be studying designs in china, the interested young man hadn't any trouble in noting her expressive eyes or the general "Billie Burke" look of the young woman from Utah. He tried to interest her by speaking upon various subjects, meanwhile finding her demureness very attractive, also the pensive droop of her mouth, and finally broached a subject about which he felt sure every one knew *something*.

You've guessed it, haven't you? Yes, right the first time—Motion Pictures.

Did Miss Thurman like them? Oh, yes, she *used* to like them very much. A sigh. Had she ever seen them produced? Miss Thurman brightened considerably as she replied, "No," but she thought it must be the *most* fun!

The young man was smiling very cordially by that time and sent forth a bomb which killed all the tragedy-queen stuff and made Mary delightfully contrary, once for all:

"Miss Thurman, would you like to go into pictures?"

After one has read for a long time that it's almost impossible to get into a studio, even after coaxing, trying, testing and what-not, there's a decided surprise annexed to that sort of a question. Mary thought he was jollying her, and promptly told him so, with a return to the injured air.

But no, the young gentleman was a real director—he didn't have to inveigle some one else to try out Mary Thurman; he wanted her for his very own company at the Sennett studios. Would Miss Thurman report next day?

And, contrary to all her preconceived notions, Mary reported at the studio on the second day after this meeting, for, having considered the matter overnight and deciding that it was just a joke, she allowed twenty-four hours to pass before she thought that, after all, she might as well just *look* at the studio and watch them work before she returned to Salt Lake.

It wasn't a case of watching at all. She roamed about and met everybody, and the new director said he was going away for a few days, but wanted the wardrobe mistress to look after her so that she might fit into his new play when he returned. Just then another director turned up who needed a girl to finish certain scenes in a comedy almost completed, and the wardrobe mistress hustled Mary into a

MARY SAYS CLOTHES ARE THE *LEAST* OF HER TROUBLES

(*Continued on page* 123)

GENERAL VIEW OF KODAK PARK WORKS FROM LAKE AVENUE, ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The Man Behind the Film — George Eastman

By FREDERICK JAMES SMITH

SOMEHOW the name of Thomas Alva Edison is linked alone in the public mind with the birth of Motion Pictures. Yet all the experiments of Edison and the other screen pioneers would have been futile but for a young Rochester bank clerk—George Eastman.

Edison and others were impressed with the possibilities of animated photography. In many parts of the world scientists were experimenting. The development of the photoplay up to this point can be briefly summed up: Motion Picture photography had been approached by taking a series of instantaneous pictures on a number of plates in cameras standing close to one another. The first purpose had been to study the movements of animals for scientific reasons. But the great field of Motion Picture photography opened before the pioneers. It was recognized that only with a thin, rollable, transparent strip, which would carry the photographic image, both negative and positive, could the result be obtained. In other words, a flexible photographic belt was necessary as a substitute for glass. The Eastman film appeared at the psychological moment.

GEORGE EASTMAN

The career of Eastman is sheer romance transferred to real life. To Eastman we are indebted for both the photoplay and the film camera. His development of film made Motion Picture photography possible, just as it created amateur photography.

George Eastman was born on July 12, 1854, at Waterville, N. Y., his family shortly after moving to Rochester, where his father died. The father, altho the originator of the business college idea, died without leaving his family in anything like comfortable circumstances. The widow was a semi-invalid and George, the only son, altho there were two daughters, was taken from school at fourteen and placed in an insurance office at three dollars a week.

The boy worked hard and actually managed to save $37.50 the first year. Success followed his earnest efforts and he was soon earning $600 a year. His employer, realizing Eastman's worth, recommended him for the position of bookkeeper in a savings bank at $1,000 a year.

About this time young Eastman became fascinated with photography. He hired a local photographer to instruct him in photography for five dollars. At that time the "wet plate" process was in vogue. The photographer had to take a piece of glass into a dark room, himself smear it with collodion and dip it in a bath of nitrate of silver. Eastman saw how awkward and difficult was this method and, when news came from England of the discovery of a gelatine "dry plate" process, he began to experiment along these lines. He quickly saw the possibilities of manufacturing dry plates and bringing photography within the reach of every one.

At first he rented a workshop, hired an assistant to work by day, and himself labored at night in making dry plates. The business, as the young bank clerk foresaw, grew rapidly and finally he gave up his position as bookkeeper to devote his entire time to it. That was in 1881. Eastman next began to turn his attention to film

photography. The problem involved not only the creation of a satisfactory film, but of a portable contrivance to hold it. Many technical and chemical difficulties were slowly overcome and, in October, 1884, Eastman's efforts announced the success of his experiments with nitrocellulose, soluble cotton as a film base.

Eastman's success, of course, opened the way for the photoplay.

GENERAL VIEW OF ENTRANCE TO KODAK PARK WORKS

to coat flexible material with sensitive emulsion proved entirely successful. Thus the Eastman Dry Plate and Film Company was incorporated.

At first the "stripping process" was necessary to the developing of film. In this the emulsion was so made that, in developing, the photographic image floated off its backing and was transferred to a gelatine skin. This was still too intricate for anyone but a professional to handle. Finally, in 1889, Eastman

MAKING SOLUBLE COTTON

WALK SHOWING BUILDING NO. 2, KODAK PARK WORKS. SIXTEEN ACRES OF THE TWO HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FIVE ACRES OF KODAK PARK ARE LAID OUT WITH TREES, SHRUBS, FLOWERS AND LAWNS

It is interesting to consider Eastman's development of the kodak. At first he devised roll holders for his film, the holders to be inserted in ordinary plate cameras. The idea of devising a special camera developed and the kodak was born in June, 1888. The name *kodak* was created out of thin air, as it were, being invented for the purpose. Eastman wanted a name that could not be misspelled or mispronounced, and one that could be registered as a trade mark so that it could stand all attacks of imitators.

The first kodaks were sold with a roll of 100 sealed exposures and cost $25. When

the hundred pictures were taken, the camera had to be sent back to Rochester to be unloaded. The "stripping process" made this necessary.

Then came the before-mentioned experiments with the nitro-cellulose base, which opened the way to the amateur. This transparent film could be developed by the amateur photographer. Eastman's next efforts were to do away with a dark room for loading the camera and for developing the film. Daylight reloading was at first made possible by having black paper attached to each end of the rolled film strip. Then a man named Samuel N. Turner devised the window at the back of the camera, and black paper running the whole length of the film with numbers for each exposure. Turner received $40,000 for his idea in 1894.

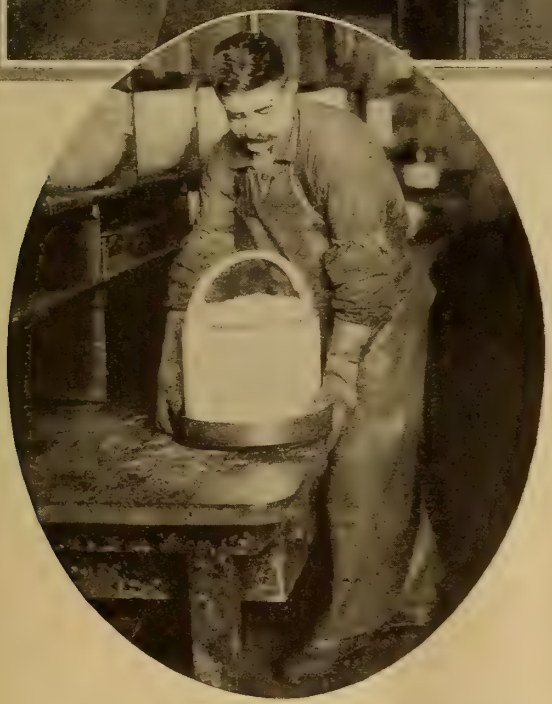
The next step in the history of the kodak was the developing machine, which was devised in 1902 by Arthur W. McCurdy, a young private secretary to Alexander Graham Bell. McCurdy's royalty from the idea made him a man of wealth for the rest of his life.

Non-curling film was created in 1904, and in 1914 Henry J. Gaisman hit upon the autographic film idea. Gaisman's first inventions were failures, but he finally perfected the idea and sold it outright to Eastman for $300,000.

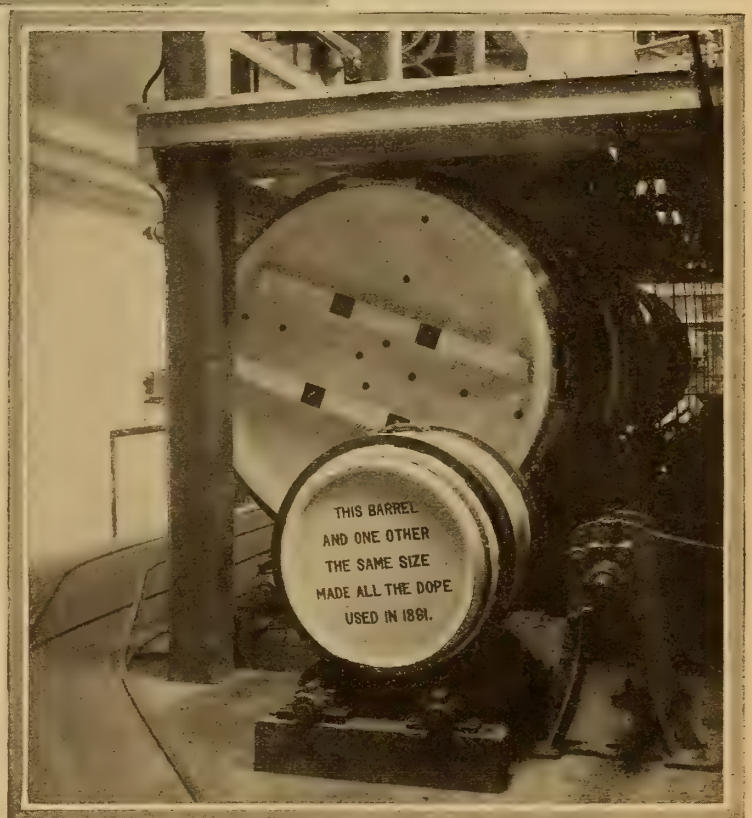
This is the little known history of the kodak. It reveals something of the romance behind the poor boy, who developed modern photography, both animated and still.

From his little workshop on the second floor of a Rochester building, the Eastman business has developed into a vast industry. Today the Kodak Park Works of the Eastman Kodak Company, located along the Genesee River on the Lake Avenue Boulevard in Rochester, comprises 225 acres, 16 acres of which are laid out as a park. There are now 90 buildings, the first being erected in 1890. The total floor space is 55 acres. Eastman here employs 4,500 people, two-thirds of this number being men at the outbreak of the war. This percentage is gradually shifting. In these 90 buildings photographic film, photographic paper and photographic dry plates are manufactured. Cameras and appliances are made in four

(*Continued on page* 128)



CRYSTALS OF PURE SILVER NITRATE. THE PORCELAIN BASKET CONTAINS ABOUT 1,000 OUNCES



MAKING "DOPE." SHOWING ONE TUMBLING BARREL UNIT IN WHICH SOLUBLE COTTON IS DISSOLVED IN A MIXTURE OF ORGANIC SOLVENTS. PRESENT CAPACITY OVER 1,000 TIMES THAT OF THE SMALL BARREL

Niles Welch As We Saw Him

Very Serious, Very Young, and Quite Independent

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

AS I waited in the hotel lobby for Niles Welch I was a bit fearful. He is such an engaging sort of person on the screen—what if his real personality should be disappointing?—like a well-written story that doesn't end well; a fascinating fairy tale in which the most beautiful characters turn into something they shouldn't be; or a dream that doesn't come true.

But when he appeared, apologetically explaining that he had been out all day making "four-minute speeches" to school children in different parts of the city, my fears vanished like dew before the sun. Mr. Welch is even better looking in real life than he is on the screen. His manner is pleasingly simple and direct, his speech at once dignified and boyishly informal and, if he has a middle name it must be Independence, so thoroly does he imbue one with the idea that he knows exactly what he wants, what he can do and asks only a square deal.

NILES WELCH IN "HER BOY" . . . "IT'S A LONG, LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY"

© Lumière

JUST AS I AM, NILES WELCH

He was born at Hartford, Conn., and, like every true New Englander, is proud of the fact that he was thoroly educated. His early schooling was received abroad and at St. Paul's school in Concord, N. H. He was of the class of '09 Yale, and Columbia '11, and will be remembered as an enthusiastic college man and all-around athlete; his specialties being running and football.

In the Columbia Varsity shows he revealed such remarkable aptitude for dramatic work and liked it so much that, when his college days were over, he had already decided what he was "going to be"; he was going to be an actor. This was greatly against the wishes of his parents, but his natural independence asserted itself. He knew what he wanted and knew he could make good, so he went promptly about it and in three years of hard work, and the usual ups and downs in Eastern stock companies, he received training that was invaluable. Then, as he puts it, he literally "fell into" the movies, beginning his screen career with Vitagraph.

In his first engagement with Metro he was given a small part with Mary Miles Minter in "Always in the Way." He made so much of it that the director, William Nigh, wrote him a part in "A Royal Family" with Ann Murdock. Following this, came his artistic coöperation with

years than she did in the beginning. She also wore the very same suit after aforementioned lapse of time, which caused us to marvel and wish that we might find the shop where she procured vestments of such miraculous wearing powers. The plot is too intricate to relate in the small space allowable here, but it has to do with the "papers," which are in the care of a naval officer and which are sought by a German. There are many thrilling scenes, one being the fight of a dirigible balloon out at sea and an anti-aircraft gun on land. The cast numbers Kitty Gordon, June Elvidge, Carlyle Blackwell and Montagu Love, who perform with their customary zest.

"MAIN 1—2—3" (WORLD) SIGNALIZES THE WELCOME RETURN OF FAY TINCHER TO THE SILVERSHEET

BABY MARIE OSBORNE IS AS USUAL THE CHIEF RECOMMENDATION FOR SEEING "THE VOICE OF DESTINY" (PATHÉ)

"Main 1—2—3" signalizes the return of Fay Tincher to the silversheet after a too-long absence. We have to thank World for giving back to us a really original comédienne. True, in her absence from our midst Fay of the stripes has somewhat gained weight; in fact, the more we see of pictures the more we realize that, if food is scarce in some places, it most assuredly is not where the heroines of the silent drama abide. However, Fay has also gained weight in our opinion, for her production of "Main 1—2—3." It is the first time in our knowledge that the comedy of the crossed wires has been screened, and it is admirably done. The main idea, also, that of the little waif who has no home and gets a job in a furniture store so that she may live in the completely furnished flat in the window, is deliciously original. It is all good stuff, and we wish to extend to Fay a right royal welcome of approval.

Vitagraph has turned out a mighty fine picture in "The Girl in His House." Filmed from the story by Harold MacGrath, it possesses precisely the right proportion of romance and adventure to carry the star, Earle Williams, and his beautiful leading-lady thru a series of luxurious sets. By the way, this beautiful leading-lady, Grace Darmond, is quite a little star herself, if you should ask us, and she has the baby stare down to a science. We cant imagine anything more pleasant than to watch Grace Darmond in her exceedingly modiste gowns walk thru five reels of film unless it were to play thru them with her as does Earle Williams. All of which has nothing to do with a critic's duties. And so we will add, so as to justify taking all this space, that there is as much difference in the direction of the Western Vitagraphics and the Eastern Vitagraphics as there is between—well, the West and the East, and this time the West has it. "The Girl in His House" was filmed in the West. By the way, please note Irene Rich as Betty Burlingham, the young wife match-maker who helps the young couple to find their romance. She screens unusually well and deserves more opportunities.

Mae Marsh in "All Woman," a Goldwyn production. We have read so much about the Mae Marsh charm and winsomeness, etc., etc., etc., that we have become a confirmed believer in it. At any rate, the Mae Marsh charm is in full evidence in this, her latest starring vehicle. Scraggly hair, poor clothes. wistfulness and all. The story itself is neither great nor wonderful, but is melodramatically exciting at times, unless one happens to get sleepy and nod in their chair. Mind you, we are not saying we did this; we are merely offering it as a possibility. As a matter of fact this is a pleasing piece, but not a humdinger.

"Missing" is the latest J. Stuart Blackton production, and it is not only picturesque, but is artistic as well. The story has been excellently adapted from Mrs. Humphrey Ward's novel. After a brief honeymoon, Lieutenant George Suratt leaves for the front. His little wife, Nell, endeavors to be cheerful until the fatal word comes that he is missing. Nell's sister endeavors to influence her into marrying Sir William, a neighbor, in spite of the fact that she knows that the husband has been found and is a shell-shock victim. Nell discovers her husband in time and nurses him back to health. Special honor should be given the Commodore for the charming presentation of this story. Robert Gordon and Sylvia Bremer do very well with the leading rôles.

"Tempered Steel" is the triumph of a woman of brains. Behind the modern matter, methods and manner of the production, we feel that it is a woman's keen brain that has made such perfection possible. That woman is Madame Petrova. The story also deals with the triumph of a woman. By pure, dauntless courage, Lucille Caruthers makes her life a success. As an example of the use of suspense, no better continuity than that of "Tempered Steel" could be framed. Nor could one imagine a more realistic reproduction of life as it is lived than this. Altho a melodrama filled with thrills, it never tries our credulity. It is a joy to call other producers' attention to the satisfying care paid to every detail. Madame Petrova does the best work of her career.

If brains were used in Madame Petrova's "Tempered Steel," they were sadly lacking when Paramount chose "Her Final Reckoning" for a fitting screen subject. As a matter of fact, it has been a screen subject so very often, altho dressed with different scenery and players, that the only interest attached to its newest edition is how it ever came to be produced. It is the old tale of the girl with a past who marries, said past being discovered by husband at the altar, whereupon bride goes thru brain fever. Not even the fact that Pauline Frederick screens more beautifully than ever can make us overlook the lack of brains that would permit such a stellar artiste to waste her talents on such a done-before proposition.

Film Fantasies

By LOUISE FAZENDA

MAE MARSH

A wistful smile. A lonesome little girl behind a picket fence. A fall afternoon at three.

CLARA K. YOUNG

Black-eyed Susans, magnolias, camellias. Cut-glass vial of distilled orange-blossoms and a lace handkerchief. All of Marion Crawford's heroines feeding the doves of St. Peter's.

MARY MILES MINTER

A swing under a flowering apple-tree. A field of daisies. A summer sea. Dickens' "Little Nell."

BLANCHE SWEET

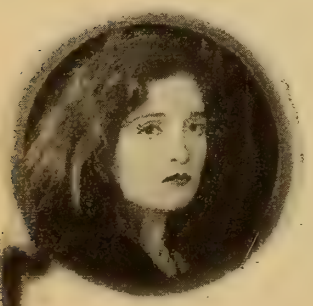
A moonstone. Yellow tiger-lilies and fern. Red rose in a twilight garden.

HENRY WALTHALL

Incarnation of Poe. Absinthe. Smoke in a mist. Ashes of remorse. Green jade and a brass bowl.

THEDA BARA

"La Sonnambula." Medusa. Black opals. Torch in a black forest.



ALICE JOYCE

Odor of crushed roses at night. A black and yellow lace fan. Haunting memory of a song.

DOUG FAIRBANKS

Geo. M. Cohan's conception of "America." A white motorboat. Yale *vs.* Harvard.

MADGE KENNEDY

Sparkling Burgundy. The first robin. An exclamation-point.

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

OOD-MORNING to all ye fishermen and fisherwomen who have dropped me a line! I always nibble, and sometimes I bite. Oft ye are fishing for compliments and not for information, and 'tis then I seldom take the bait. Well, here we are again for another social confab on things spiritual, things material and things nonsensical. So let's start right in. Put on your thinking-cap, brush the cobwebs from your brain, attune your heart-strings with mine, so—and we enter. They're off!

CATHERINE OF ARRAGON.—So you are studying foreign languages. I believe in women speaking more than one language, but one tongue is sufficient for any woman. Elliott Dexter in that play.

MARIETTA K.—Ralph Ince will direct Ethel Barrymore for Metro. Yes, it takes a long time to get an answer in this department. If you enclose a stamp or other small remuneration, your letter will be given preference.

THE QUESTION BOY; VIOLA L.; GOLDIE M.; B. L. B., CHEYENNE; BILLY; LENA B.; ELIZABETH F. M.; HAPPY; OTTO Z. P.; A. D. F. FAN; MAUDE D.; VINNIE G.; and BILLIE O.—I wish I could say something to you all, but your questions are all answered somewhere in these columns.

JACK S.—"The Beast of Berlin" is a Jewel Production, 1600 Broadway, N. Y. City. Watch for the burlesque on it, "The Geezer of Berlin." You ask if Theda Bara designed her own clothes in "Cleopatra"? What clothes?

FORDETTA.—So you own a Ford—good for you! It is a rattling good little car! Cleo Madison was on the top of the list once. You refer to Robert Harron. Oh, but no woman ever laces so tight that she cant eat five dollars' worth after the show. Did you never try it?

PICKWICK.—Harry Morey is 41. Brown eyes and brown hair. I trust you are not getting catty, yet you ask why does a cat always wait until after he has eaten his breakfast before he will wash his face in the morning. Your observation is worthy of Darwin or Herbert Spencer, but not of Ye Answer Man, who passes. You can take that as you like.

BESSIE D.—Ah! but they aren't regular photos—just taken from our Magazine. Dont know how you could dispose of them. If you cant express your feelings, try some other means of transportation.

JANE M.—Yes, indeed, you may lift up the latch and peep in. Always glad to hear from newcomers, but just as glad to hear from ye olde ones. Ethel Clayton is with Paramount now.

RUTH R.—So you think Vivian Martin is a little fairy. I think she's a dream. You ask, "Why is a fashionably dressed lady like a careful housewife?" Because her waist (waste) is always as small as she can make it. Ruth, hast no respect for my age?

PEGGY O'NEILL.—You're all having fine fun with the old Answer Man these warm days when I dont feel in the humor to answer back. John Wessell was Hans in "Fields of Honor." You have me wrong, I believe.

ANNA B.—Your letter was a hummer. George Walsh, Fox Co., 130 W. 46th St., N. Y. C. He was pursued and interviewed today, for the first time in his young life, by two of our star interviewers. Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex will play opposite.

LILLIAN M. C.—Arthur Hotaling, previously of Lubin fame, has joined the L-Ko comedies. Dont know what his wife, Mae Hotely, formerly a comedy star, is doing just now. Why, yes, Kleine did "Cleopatra" some years ago; it was a foreign production. Mayme Kelso in "The Secret Game."

NEW FRIEND.—Thanks for the kind remarks. When Diogenes was asked the biting of what beasts was the most dangerous, he replied, "If you mean wild beasts, it is that of the slanderer; if tame ones, of the flatterer." Dont think the players care to be asked for their cast-off clothing. I never asked them, tho, and I would advise you not to. They probably have good uses for it without our help.

GODMOTHER.—You bet stars are stubborn things. Do I play the piano? Yes, the player-piano. It's an easy matter reading the notes—more easy than reading these. Crawford Kent in "The Trap." You refer to Ramsay Wallace.

RITA M.—You're right, Rita, but every one should be deemed innocent till he is proved guilty. Yes, Crane Wilbur is leading-man in his own stock company in Oakland. Thanks. Well, you are in love with Kenneth Harlan, for 'twas he who played in "The Wife He Bought."

PONEE GIRL.—You are like all the rest; all women are fond of minds that inhabit fine bodies, and of souls that have fine eyes. You refer to Martha Eilich opposite Max Linder in the old Essanay. Yes, I am sure Antonio Moreno would like to hear from you in a Spanish letter.

MISS CHIEF.—Congratulations! Write to me again.

BARBARA W.—Oh, but it's easier to preach what you dont practice and to practice what you dont preach. Elsie Ferguson answers her own mail. You see she has no male to answer to. So your sole ambition is to be a kindergarten teacher. First, you must have patience. You tickle me now in my lonesome rib.

SYBIL M.—Rice, old shoes, and all that sort of stuff! Conway Tearle is married to Adele Rowland now. He and Nat Goodwin and Lillian Russell have entered the matrimonial race. There need be no alarm for race-suicide. Agnes Vernon and Herbert Rawlinson in "D'Arcy of the Northwest Mounted." Louise Huff is with World now.

L. M. P.—Some sensible question you ask. What do you think of switzer cheese as a w-hole? Your question isn't intact. Donald Hall in "The Great Adventure."

CHARLOTTE A.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Flame of the Yukon." Allen Edwards and Cecil Owen in "The Girl of the Roadside." Monroe Salisbury and William Sorelle in "The Fortunes of Fifi." An actor usually gets married on the day he gets a divorce. They all believe in preparedness.

The Answer Man

MISS CAROTS.—Yes, Marion Swayne. I think English tailors for men's clothes have more "chic" than any others, and that is why I am noted for being one of the best-dressed gentlemen in America. I thank you! (*Sotto voce:* my tailor's great-grandfather once lived in England.)

RALPH V.—I'm always glad to hear from you. That's right, Ralph; some people are like automobiles, the cheaper they are the more noise they make. You must have used sapolio, your letter was so bright!

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Best wishes. Lois Meredith is about 20 summers—and about the same number of winters. Hedda Hopper was Myrna in "The Beloved Traitor." Cornish Beck was Marcel in "Lone Wolf."

SILVER SPURS.—Your letter was so very clever that I gave it to the Editor. He will probably publish it. Why the question-mark? Why is an egg undone like an egg overdone? I give up—oh, because both are hardly done. Wonderful!

RUTH S.—See Fritzi Remont's article about the Heidelberg Round Table. Fairbanks' rodeo in May Magazine. Correspondence clubs are clubs of Motion Picture fans who write to one another.

JOHN LE DUC.—I dont remember the writing, but I am glad you have come back. The Pansy Club is run by Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y. Very few of the old members write to me now. Lottie Briscoe with Metro.

PEGGY.—Your letter was mighty fine, but since you dont ask any questions, I cant give you an answer. Did you ever stop to consider why it is that night falls and never breaks, while day breaks but never falls?

CARLYLE B. AND BEVERLY B.—William Courtleigh, Jr., was the sweetheart in that play. You bet things are going up—everything except my salary. I wonder if the time will ever come again when steak for supper will be a mere episode.

F. A. N.—Yes, I paid all my debts in the Prize Contest, and I did it on my $9 a week. Grace Valentine is the star in the Morosco picture, "The Unchastened Woman." The stage version was played by Emily Stevens. Robert Warwick was in the August 1917 Classic. Never ran the story of "Heart of a Hero."

I ADORE WM. DUNCAN.—I'm glad you do. Same here. You dont over-value his playing. A man, like a watch, is valued according to his going. That's an old Essanay comedy, "Chase Me, Charlie."

ESTELLE.—I haven't seen the cards you mention, so cant tell you. Our game of "Cast" was never put on the market. Marc MacDermott was born in England, Owen Moore in Ireland, Antonio Moreno in Spain, Montagu Love in Calcutta, India, and I in New York State. And the greatest of these is—charity.

BOUNCING BURNICE.—Margery Wilson and Edward Brady in "Wild Sumac." Yes, that's so; a man of cultivated mind can converse with a picture and find an agreeable companion in a statue.

MRS. N. M.—Your letter was very chatty. The Augustine age of literature was in the period of Queen Anne's reign, 1702-1714, famous for its prose writers, Addison, Steele, Swift and Pope. It is so named from the Roman Emperor Augustus on account of the brilliant writers by whom he was surrounded, such as the historian Livy and the poets Virgil and Horace.

FANNY B.—How could I ever get angry with you? Thanks muchly. I sent the American Beauties to Miss Bayne, as you requested. Yes, I am sure he is a perfect Southern gentleman, as you think he is. So you have been singing for the Red Cross and you have given $200. My, you are some generous for a 14-year-old girlie! You cant get "Carry Around a Smile with You" in sheet music. It was published in the February Classic. That book hasn't been published as yet. Send along the votes and I will take care of them. Your letters are always welcome. Do write soon again. Good luck to my little violet eyes!

PEGGY, SPEARFISH.—Naomi Childers in "The Devil's Prize." No, no! Napoleon obtained considerable notice from the famous saying, "From the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step." The truth is, he borrowed it from Tom Paine; Tom Paine borrowed it from Hugh Blair, and Hugh Blair from Longinus.

MARY O. AND OLIVIA C.—Stick to school. It's the only place for you two.

CY CLONE.—Hello, Cy! That was Clay Clement in "Stolen Honor." You ask, "After a fellow is a graduate from a movie school, where can he get a job as a beginner, and at what salary, and also how long is it until he can become as great as Mary Pickford?" Say, Cy, you are trying to get me roused on these hot days, and you'll have me up in the air on the dark nights. Everything else is going up, and I'll join the rest.

L. A. V.—"Maytime" ran over 350 performances in New York. George Chesebro in "Broadway Arizona." Nigel Barrie was Roger. Send about 25c. That was quite an experience, but never make sport of an intoxicated or insane person.

ISABEL.—Tom Mix with Fox. Harry Carey with Universal. True Boardman with American. Leon Barry in "Mystery of Double Cross." Come, cheer up; life is half spent before we know what it is. You cant beat it! Men will never feel like women, nor women think like men.

O. U. NO ME.—But I want to know you better. Most jokes are ancient. Priscilla Dean and Ella Hall in "Which Woman?" Take your choice.

HECTOR MACK.—Yes, Wallace Reid is 26, Geraldine Farrar 36, Ann Little 24 and Edna Purviance 23. Cecil B. DeMille produced "Old Wives for New."

GEORGE WALSH ADMIRER.—So you have finished your studies, have you? You must be very happy to finish so young. I do not expect ever to finish mine. That was William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Miss U. S. A." George Walsh has been captured and chatted, soon to appear—probably in this number.

X. X. X.; SMILING DOT; ALICE K.; L. M. H.; MARGARET L. B.; PEGGY C.; NELLIE M. W.; BILLY B.; BILLY JAMES; MRS. M. W. S. L.; W. B. S.; R. R.; THEODORE K.; LANGFORD LOVER; ALICE B.; RUTH T.; HAROLD B.; CAROLINA; ANNA P.; FRANK H.; AMY POTTER; EDNA M.; HARTLESS; TOPSY; THERESA K.—Alas, alack! But do write to me again. 'Tis no disgrace to be in the alsoran column.

CHUMMY.—Why, the American Red Star Animal Relief was organized in June, 1916. It is to do work for the animals in the army similar to that performed by the Red Cross for human beings. Beverly Bayne can be reached at the Metro Studio, 3 W. 61st St., N. Y. C.

T. C., RICHMOND HILL.—Mae Marsh and Henry Walthall. Yes, surely, Hobart Henley directs for Goldwyn. Oh, you mustn't envy people like that. Wealth is not his who gets it, but his who enjoys it.

BANDANNA.—Sure thing I like cold tea, iced or other, cold coffee, cold ham, cold days, and everything but cold feet, cold hearts and plain colds. Nations are known by their common expressions. The Spanish *manana* (tomorrow), the Turkish *kismet* (it is fate), and the Russian *netchevi* (I should worry) are characteristic of their national failures. Stuart Page was Bob in "Two Little Imps."

HELEN K. R.—Gertrude McCoy and Richard Tucker in "On the Stroke of Twelve." That's right, take care of your pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves, and you. Fred Stone has gone to California to play in the Famous Players-Lasky studio. He expects to put over some great stunts.

MAY BRADFORD.—Yes, Donald Hall. No, I'm a 1918 model, well built, and can take the hills like a baby takes milk. Thy vocabulary is extensive, milady!

BIRDIE M.—Winnifred Allen and Miriam Cooper and Ramsay Wallace in "Woman and the Law." Perhaps it's the mustache that you dont recognize on William Bailey. How could you?

LAURA S.—Yes, but learning makes young men temperate, and it is the comfort of old age, standing for wealth with poverty and serving as an ornament to riches. Oh yes, Robert Gaillord is still with Vitagraph. He and Harry Morey have been with them going on eight years or more. Jack Kerrigan is playing in Paralta plays now. Charlie Chaplin's salary is $1,075,000 a year. He ought to be able to eat three meals a day on that—provided prices dont go up much higher.

The Answer Man

NORMA.—Some people imagine that they communicate their virtue or vice only by overt acts, and do not see that virtue or vice emit a breath every moment. I dont mean the latter for you, of course. Rosina Henly was Mercia in "Sign of the Cross." Joyce Moore was Henry in "Beulah." Bertram Grassby in "Devil in Conscience."

GENEVIEVE C.—Marjorie Daw is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Say, Young Fellow." Edna Flugrath is now Mrs. Harold Shaw, and they are both in South Africa. The other 28 questions will be answered in our next installment.

ZAZA.—No, George Le Guere was Johnny when he was grown up, and Harry Benham was Harry in "Cecilia of the Pink Roses," which was pretty poor, I thought. You ask, "Does a horse-fly look like a horse?" Say! No horse-play here, prythee. Gladys Hulette was Dorothy and Creighton Hale was Waverly in "For Sale."

HERBERT MC.—James Cruze is with Paramount. Yes, see the March 1916 issue. Bebe Daniels is 17. Well, if we do not flatter ourselves, the flattery of others will do us no harm. Do you get me?

JOE KING.—You had better join one of the correspondence clubs. Send a stamped, addressed envelope and we will send you a list of clubs, also a list of film manufacturers.

ELIZABETH D.—No, I'm not "fisically unfit." Buy W. S. S. for yours.

GRACE T.—I have absolutely no influence in getting Tom Moore's picture in the Magazine, for the reason that we haven't a picture of him that's good. Nell Shipman in "Black Wolf."

HELEN S.—Thank you. You say you put my bits of wisdom, original and otherwise, in your scrapbook. You do me great honor. Advance, gratitude!

HAZEL D.—Marguerite Courtot in "Barefoot Boy." Where does the light go when it goes out? Search me! Perhaps it becomes a searchlight to guide foolish questioners.

BUDDIE, BRONX.—Yes, Sonia Markova is Gretchen Hartman. Alma Rubens was Celeste, Wallace MacDonald was Andre in "Madame Sphinx."

CHERRY FLUFF.—Fay Tincher is with World. Grace Cunard, Charles West, James Gerard and Wm. Musgrave in "Society's Driftwood." Yes, that's what I say, God bless the phools, and dont let them run out.

DOT, 117.—Well, I have always said that the evil men do lives after them, and generally keeps after them till it catches them. William Shay was King William in "Neptune's Daughter." Tom Mix and Kathlyn Williams in "Chip of the Flying U." Violet Walker was Jean in "The Children Pay." Dorothy Abril in "The Hostage." You haven't forgotten anything, have you?

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Hello, there! Shifting a bit the well-known expression attributed to Abraham Lincoln, the world cannot exist half German and half free. Mary Anderson was born in 1897.

PINEAPPLE.—So you like to roller-skate. I have observed that roller-skating is elevating—to the floor manager. Yes, there is a war in Germany, and it's no laughing matter, either.

M. T. HEAD.—Pleased to meet you. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho! Well, can you beat that? My dear, I wouldn't care to explain here. Why haven't I saved and carefully invested sufficient money in my past working years to live upon its income, should circumstances arise at any time to prevent me from further earning money? I respectfully refer you to my bankers.

ERNETTE B.—Your questions were most amusing. They came too late for the contest. Yes, Kitty Gordon is suing William Brady Productions for $25,000 for not having the proper attention in "Stolen Orders."

ADA O'N.—You are so confectionery, Ada. What could be sweeter? Wallace Reid and Ann Little in "Believe Me, Xantippe!" Why wait? The ingredients used in making a good resolution cost nothing, and anything that costs nothing soon rubs off. Frank Currier is with Metro.

DONALD CAMERON.—Yes, Marguerite Clark will send you her photo. She says that the only requests from soldiers for her photographs that she will be able to acknowledge are those written on Y. M. C. A. paper. She has so many requests that she wishes to single out the soldiers' requests first, and she is only able to determine the soldiers' requests from the Y. M. C. A. paper.

DAGMAR.—Why, yes, that was E. L. Fernandez. Your letter was just right. All photoplayers are musicians; they play on the heart-strings.

VIVIAN M.—She is in New York. You might well be proud of America, altho Kipling once said of us Americans, that we have no language, but dialect, slang, provincialism, accent and so forth. Edith Storey was Colonel Billy in "As the Sun Went Down."

J. D. WAGGA.—You just bet you can come and see me, any time.

VERA T.—Thanks for description of your town. I'll know it when I get there. Yes, better get in the right path late than never. But Washington was born Feb. 22, 1732, and died Dec. 14, 1799.

CORAKI.—Sorry to hear of your accident. Write to me when you get in the service. No, I never promise anything. Expect nothing of those who promise a great deal. Some comedy, all right. Gale Henry was Salome Sedate in "Who's Your Wife?"

MISS WAYBAK.—You know it's awfully easy to be critical, but very hard to be correct. I do get all the letters that I answer, and more, too. What zone do you hail from? Torrid, temperate, frigid or war zone?

MELBOURNE LASS.—I notice no men favorites among your list. You say we Americans are a "very talkative, go-ahead, cock-sure-of-yourselves and intensely patriotic people." You have the right idea, lassie. But where are your questions? If I dont get questions, I lose my job.

VICTORIA.—Cleo Ridgely is not playing now.

SALLIE GUM-TREE.—Mighty old picture you ask about, but Carlotta de Felice, Mat Snyder and Norbert Cills in "Money." I know, Sallie, but let your sympathy be tempered with reason and it will probe the wound, not aggravate it.

EVERYBODY NO. 8.—Better write to the player. Yes, indeed, charm and affability go a long ways in making a good player popular. Jack Livingstone played in "Who Is to Blame?"

R. E. C., CANADA.—You ask, "Why is it, when practically every one realizes that this life is but a preparation for the life to come, and when every one knows he can take nothing with him to the future life—that every one persists in breaking his neck to accumulate a fine collection of vices and to fatten a bank account that must eventually be left behind him?" I dont pretend to be a Socrates, so I must pass this up. Write me some movie questions—"Who played in 'The Lost Gum Drop; or, the Candy Woman's Revenge'?" or something like that.

ALICE B.—Yes, Alice Brady can be reached at Select Pictures, 729 Seventh Ave., New York City.

MISSOURI.—But the greatest events often arise from accidents, but that is neither here nor there. Frank Lanning was Appah in "The Squaw Man's Son." Send the picture along.

S. S. S.—Charming letter! There may be wisdom without knowledge, and knowledge without wisdom. He who possesses both, that is the true philosopher. You possess both. Ella Hall was Doris, and Eddie Sutherland was Jimmy in "Which Woman?"

A FLIRT.—Thank you, I'm pretty warm. Ah! my dear, it is difficult to grow old gracefully, and old age comes uncalled, but I can do a fox-trot or one-step at any old time. Gail Kane's last picture was "When Men Betray."

EMILY PORTER.—You say you have no figure, but you want to act. Figures are quite essential to actresses, so there's not much hope.

MISS S. E.—Write to our Sales Manager for pictures—the 80 portraits with subscriptions. Dont ask me how you can get in the movies; it cant be done unless you are wonderful.

(*Continued on page* 114)

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

HAROLD LOCKWOOD WOOING THE ELUSIVE MUSE AS HE COMPOSES HIS PAGE FOR THE "MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE"

A MOTION PICTURE actor will work in a studio for a period of, say, a month. At the end of the month ask him "What's happened?" and invariably he will answer "Not a thing." This same actor will go on a location trip with his company for two weeks time. When he returns ask him again "What's happened?" and for answer he will tell you a chapter of experiences—tragic, comic or strange.

The reason for this is simple. In the studio everything runs with clock-like precision. The actor reports at nine o'clock in the morning, puts on his make-up, does his work, and when the light fades he is thru. Generally at about five o'clock in the evening he is on his way to his home. His day is not essentially different in many ways from that of the man who works in the store, the shop, or the office. His business becomes a sort of routine with him when he sees the same surroundings day by day.

But on a location trip he is moved from his home and thrust into new surroundings, and he works under different conditions. Then things *do* happen!

Location trips are frequent occurrences in our company, and numerous accidents have cropped up which the camera's eye did not record. For instance, we had an impromptu hunting scene staged by our director that will be called to my mind whenever the subject of hunting is brought up.

We were motoring over a country road from our camp to a location site when, as we made a curve in the road, a rabbit jumped from the bushes and stopped in the middle of our path, about a hundred feet ahead of us. "Stop the car!" the director yelled to the chauffeur when he saw the rabbit, and the chauffeur obeying, applied the brakes. When the car came to a dead stop, we were not more than fifty feet from the rabbit, which quite evidently was not in the least affected by our presence, for it didn't move an inch.

As we were camping out on this trip, our director had an automatic with him as a protection against wild quadruped prowlers of the night, and it so happened that he carried the revolver with him when we left the camp that morning. He whipped out the gun and blazed away at the rabbit.

The shot missed and sent up a spray of dust a few feet behind the rabbit. According to all natural laws, the mammal should have scooted off in a flurry of fright, but instead it didn't stir except to cock its left ear and gaze intently at the marksman. The director followed with another shot, but the result was no better than his first attempt. Except that now it cocked its *right* ear, the rabbit refused to move. For the third time the director fired and missed, and then—we could hardly believe our eyes!—the rabbit moved a foot or two closer to the car. After the fourth miss the rabbit crawled still another foot or two nearer. To make a long story short, the director exploded and missed with every cartridge he had with him, and with each shot the rabbit moved nearer until after the last cartridge had been spent it was truthfully not more than ten feet from us.

The director's disgust at his bad marksmanship had reached an acute stage, but it rose to supreme heights when one of the boys uttered this tantalizing observation:

(*Continued on page* 122)

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and SALLY ROBERTS

CALIFORNIA quietly celebrated the fortieth anniversary of film invention on May 18. It has often been erroneously quoted that Thomas Edison made the first pictures before a Motion Picture camera, but one Edward Muybridge, an inventive photographer in California, really deserves credit for the first film made.

Leland Stanford heard of Muybridge and offered him a large sum of money if he could show a racehorse in motion. On May 18, 1878, Muybridge made his first public attempt to photograph animate objects in continuity. He set up 24 cameras, operated by strings which were broken by the horse's progress around the track, thus catching successive exposures, a crude method, but destined to be the mother of our great present-day inventions.

There was a shed 120 feet long opposite the cameras, painted black to serve as a sharp contrast to the horse's appearances. Later there was a motor, and so revolutionary was the result of Muybridge's first work that the University of Pennsylvania donated forty thousand dollars for experimentation. Still later, Mons. Marey took up the work in Paris, using a sensitized film and single camera.

THE FORMER PATHÉ COMÉDIENNE, LEATRICE JOY, WHO HAS BEEN ENGAGED TO PLAY OPPOSITE J. WARREN KERRIGAN

Much agitation has been felt because of decreasing attendance at picture theaters in California, and exhibitors have murmured that the buying of thrift stamps by schoolchildren is responsible for small box-office receipts. However, a storm of protests arose in our papers, most of which voiced the idea that mighty poor pictures with stale, "warmed over" plots are the real cause of poor business. You cant fool the public ALL of the time, and, after all, houses are full or empty because of personal recommendations or knocks, despite laudatory newspaper notices.

E. RICHARD SCHAYER, PARALTA STAFF AUTHOR, RECEIVING A TRENCH COAT WHICH WAS DONATED TO HIM BY HIS STUDIO FRIENDS. FRANK KEENAN PRESENTING COAT. AT RIGHT OF SCHAYER ARE CLARA WILLIAMS, REGINALD BARKER, HERSCHAL MAYALL, LAWSON BUTT AND ERNEST C. WARDE

ALL THE LITTLE SAND-DABS LOVE BERT LYTELL SINCE HE SHOT A SHARK

Lou-Tellegen is in California with his New York production of "The Blindness of Youth." Everybody in Hollywood sent out S. O. S. calls, and poor Lou hasn't been able to buy a meal for himself since he arrived, and really wouldn't have to pay room rent if he were not a stickler for occasional moments of privacy.

A real production of "Ramona" was given at historic old San Gabriel, with William Desmond playing Alessandro and Ethel Clifton in the title rôle. Sedley Browne did the directing, and the proceeds are to go to American Soldiers' Recreation Homes of France.

We all sympathize with a sick man or woman, but the foibles of hypochondriacs cannot fail to amuse and arouse the risibilities of an audience. Acting on this idea, "Fatty" Arbuckle is staging "Goodnight, Nurse!" which will deal with life in a sanitarium. With Miss Lake endeavoring to show us how a "bug" acts when she thinks she is a mermaid and "Fatty" doing a fencing bout in the operating-room, the fun is of a hilarious nature. "Fatty" slides down the floor in this play, and in so doing ran a splinter in where a splinter hurts the most. Who said cushions and mantelpieces? Dont all speak at once, ye fans!

The Lasky studio now has 82 men at

the front, and to take care of their families a benefit is arranged for this "Folks at Home" fund. Cecil B. DeMille gathered the 600 employees of the studio about his manly bosom and injected patriotic pills for procrastinators to such an extent that everybody came across, and the benefit bids fair to be a huge success. There's to be an old-fashioned quadrille danced, with Charlie Ray nodding to Enid Bennett, "Fatty" Arbuckle doing the gallant act with lovely Ethel Clayton, Wally Reid scraping and twirling with Ann Little, Theodore Roberts, gay old dog that he is, "chassaying" with Clara Kimball Young, and a second "foursome," which is not quite made up, but they do say that Douglas Fairbanks has asked Jane Novak to be his "*sole* support" and that Mary Pickford is going to have one of the tallest partners who ever stooped to admire her—Bill Hart. What wouldn't film fans give to be there?

"TAPING OFF" TO GET THE PROPER DISTANCE FOR A CLOSE-UP. LEFT TO RIGHT: ALVIN WYCKOFF, PHOTOGRAPHIC CHIEF; SAM WOODS, ASSISTANT DIRECTOR; VIC ACKERMAN, ASSISTANT CAMERA-MAN; AND WANDA HAWLEY, OF "WE CANT HAVE EVERYTHING"

JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG SKETCHING ELSIE FERGUSON, ARTCRAFT STAR, FOR THE RED CROSS. THE FINISHED PICTURE SOLD FOR $3,000

Vivian Martin is to take her vacation at Lake Louise, in the Canadian Rockies, having appropriately finished "Her Country First." Oh, no, that's not a recital of recent travels, but her newest comedy-drama, directed by Jimmie Young.

Do you recall the little girl who plays opposite Carmel Myers in "A Penny's Worth of Love"? Leatrice Joy is a Southern girl, who is now playing ingénue rôles with J. Warren Kerrigan. Two years ago her beauty caused her to be selected as maid of honor to the queen of the Mardi Gras in New Orleans. Coming of a well-to-do family, Miss Joy was suddenly shocked one day to find her father dangerously ill, the family income cut down to very small proportions, as they had lived up to their means, and the necessity confronting her of doing something for a living. Having acted in many theatricals, the films attracted Miss Joy, and on the very day Pathé offered to test her the physicians decided that her father's illness might prove fatal and sent her a note to that effect. Sobbing over the news all the way to the studio, Leatrice Joy hadn't time to think about making a good impression. The director told her, "This is a little try-out scene. You're a girl who's in love with a poor chap, your father is fatally ill, your mother insists on your marrying a rich man she's selected for you to save the family fortunes. You carry a note from your own lover and are heartbroken. Now go to it, and let's see what you can do." Miss Joy said the test was so easy that it was a shame to take the money later offered. She wept so copiously that the director was ecstatic and engaged her on the spot, but cast her for comedy parts, in which she played at Fort Lee for two seasons.

MADAME PETROVA GIVING AN AUTOGRAPHED PHOTOGRAPH TO A GENTLEMAN WHO PURCHASED $100 WORTH OF WAR STAMPS FROM HER, IN PHILADELPHIA, WHILE ON HER PERSONAL-APPEARANCE PATRIOTIC W. S. S. TOUR THERE

Lois Wilson and Leatrice Joy have dressing-rooms side by each in the fine new building Mr. Brunton put up. Lois says she just dotes on "hot dogs" at the beach, and consulting clairvoyants is her passion and the horror of her fond female parent. Mrs. Wilson told her daughter it was bad taste, and added, "I dont see why you never eat 'sossidges' at home where they are clean, and yet will rave over them at Venice, where they are exposed to traffic dust." Vivacious Lois replied, "Mother, I dont know whether it is the eighteen-mile drive to the beach, or just the fascination of seeing them broiled there, but they never taste the same at home."

Warren Kerrigan never looked so fine as in his period play, now being finished. His assistant director, Frank L. Gereghty,

DARK STAGE AND COLOR ROOM WHERE THE BLAZE STARTED IN THE RECENT LASKY STUDIO FIRE. THE FIRE IS NOW A PART OF THE PICTURE, "WE CANT HAVE EVERYTHING"

asked facetiously, after watching Mr. Kerrigan chase all over the lot and locations barefooted, "I s'pose your water-meter is registering pretty high these days—eh, Jack?" Mr. Kerrigan looked puzzled. "I dont know; never thought of it. Why, on account of my war-garden?" "Oh, no," chortled Mr. Gereghty, "but you have to take a bath *every* night now, doncha?" Jack has a lovelv home-grown beard—can you imagine it? But he looks perfectly stunning with that fuzzy-wuzzer, a rough shirt thrown open and showing his splendid chest, and his hair all in little rough curls from playing hatless for three weeks. He is perfectly strong again and is turning out pictures at the rate of one every three or four weeks, even if he has to work Sundays and nights to catch up. They get a bonus of about $3,000 on every picture finished ahead of time or exactly on the release date, you see.

Do you recall that splendid aggregation of men in the Keenan portrayal of Sim Tetlow—men who posed as railway directors? Every man engaged was a top-notcher in New York's Rialto, and not one did his bit for less than twenty-five dollars daily. Most of these men were getting from three to four hundred dollars weekly at New York theaters and enjoyed doing short scenes for Mr. Keenan. By the way, Mr. Keenan directed quite a bit of his own production.

William Farnum and wife are negotiating for a fine beach residence, with garage, down at Ocean Park—on Grand Avenue and the ocean front, to be exact. The rental is five hundred monthly and the bungalow has but a dozen rooms!

Mary Miles Minter and Margaret Shelby motored to Camp Kearny and were entertained by the gallant company which is sponsored by Mary. The boys had taken up a collection to buy a better "mess" than usual, so this Sunday dinner brought forth chicken, some fresh vegetables and cake. After dinner the boys showed Mary and Margaret how to wash their own dishes and put them away again. First time Miss Minter has been engaged in that kind of work, but she thought it lots of fun to scrape a tin plate.

Pat Dowling, former publicity man for Paralta, was stationed at a submarine base, but now has been transplanted to the sub itself. He used to give us some pretty strong press stuff to swallow, and they all wonder what kind of stories he tells the boys after one of those 20,000 leagues under the sea trips. He doesn't get over to the studio often any more, as work keeps him tied down at or near San Pedro.

Paralta has its own name on one side of the road, but a huge fence sign, reading, "Robert Brunton Studios," adorns the scenario bureau side. A good many leases are contemplated, 'tis said. Perhaps Thomas Ince will move Enid Bennett and Charlie Ray on the big Brunton lot, and Clara Kimball Young has recently leased the facilities for a week.

Pathé wanted to get rid of Frank Keenan, Bryant Washburn and Bessie Love, reason being that it pays better to do serials than exploit single stars. Keenan and Washburn refused to release on their contracts and have signified their intention of appearing at any studio designated by Pathé to finish their contract. Washburn goes to Paramount. Bessie Love is eager to begin her own "big doin's," and, after much legal advice and quibbling, she has released Pathé for forty thousand dollars *cash!* Imagine it, three years ago, a little schoolgirl who was really hard up, and now with a neat lump sum in the bank to incorporate her own company. She might have gained more by litigation, as the men stars hope to do, but Bessie is shrewd and doesn't want to fade out of sight by prolonged waits, such as Anita Stewart experienced with Vitagraph, and took the bird in the hand and is going to try building a *nest* in the bush with it. Everybody is eager to see what kind of a hatch will come off. Good luck, Bessie!

WALTER LONG, THE CRUEL GERMAN OFFICER IN "THE LITTLE AMERICAN," IS NOW AN AMERICAN ARTILLERY OFFICER IN FRANCE

Memorial Day saw Edith Storey's latest photoplay finished, and Miss Storey left for the East, to remain in New York until

(*Continued on page* 123)

LITTLE NANCY, "THE KID," HAS BEEN THE GUILELESS BUTT OF ALL THE BACK-STAGE JOKES

The Vamp

By WILLIAM SEYMOUR

"BELIEVE me, a vamp has everything her own way," remarked Mazie Evans, chorister of "A Night in Paris" company and leader of the pony ballet.

"You said it," responded Hortense Vanderbilt, who graphically depicted a merry modiste's model in the same production. "Lureful eyes are as good as a bank-book."

"Some better," continued Mazie, "because they never overdraw their account. If I wasn't just five feet nothing, I'd get a tiger-skin rug, a clingin' black gown, some Russian cigarets and start right in bein' a Theda Bara. I cant never be nothin' but a baby vamp."

Mrs. Hattie Rankin, the wardrobe mistress of "A Night in Paris," looked sadly at her flock of chorisisters. "I dont know what girls are coming to today," she sighed. "In my time we never as much as thought of looking at a man, let alone ogling him."

"Well, times have changed," snapped Mazie; "we're all new women. No more smelling salts and knitting and crocheting."

"It's cigarets and powder and paint," said the wardrobe mistress, primly, "until I'm half ashamed of my own sex."

"Why not?" demanded Miss Evans, rising in indignation to her full five feet. "Why not? You dont see the men looking twice at any one without 'em. The vampirish baby-dolls are the girls who catch the late birds."

"Do you really think so?" At the sound of the question, spoken timidly and wistfully, the "Night in Paris" choristers turned. The speaker was little Nancy Lyons, the quiet assistant to the wardrobe mistress. The girls began to giggle at the unsophisticated question.

"Dont you go putting no foolish notions in little Nancy's head," protested Mrs. Rankin.

But Mazie had winked to the other girls. Here was a chance to get some fun out of "the kid," as they called the guileless butt of their many back-stage jokes.

"With some powder and paint you could do anything, Nancy," began Mazie. "You've got to vamp these days if you want to get anywhere."

"But I could never do it," feebly protested "the kid."

"Sure you could," said

Cast of characters of "The Vamp," as produced by Thomas H. Ince for Paramount, from the scenario of C. Gardner Sullivan:

Nancy Lyons	Enid Bennett
Robert Walsham	Douglas MacLean
James Walsham	Charles French
Phil Weil	Robert McKim
Mr. Fleming	Melbourne MacDowell
Manus Mulligan	John P. Lockney

the chorister as she looked over the girl with mock consideration. "You need to paint out those freckles, and blacken up your eyes so they'll look soulful, and get a gown cut low enough to make you sneeze; then the world is yours."

Nancy's open-eyed consideration of the advice caused the chorus-girls to hide their amused laughter. Plain little Nancy Lyons a vampire! The mere thought convulsed the décolleté crowd.

But Nancy never heard. What if she could vamp—vamp a certain chap she had loved for years and years . . . since she went to school with him . . . Robert Walsham . . . Robert who had just finished a course of practical instruction at an East Side settlement house and who was going to a little Pennsylvania mining town to take charge of the miners' community house . . . would paint and powder win Robert? . . . No, the thought was too vulgar. . . . She could never bring herself to do it. . . . And yet she wanted to start life with Bob . . . to work and succeed with him . . . perhaps it *was* the only way to make Bob understand the love in her heart.

"BUT I COULD NEVER DO IT!" FEEBLY PROTESTED "THE KID"

"Gee, I believe 'the kid' has some one under cover," said Hortense, "some one she'd like to vamp!"

"Girls, girls!" reminded Mrs. Rankin, now thoroly scandalized.

"You've said it, Tensey! I'll bet my rouge-jar that she's been putting something over on us!" exclaimed Mazie.

"It just shows you never can tell," continued Hortense. "Slip us something about the villain, 'kid.'"

Nancy blushed. "He'd never believe in me if he saw me painted up," she murmured. "It would never work on him."

"Cut that," snapped Mazie; "I *know!* Show me the man that hasn't a weak spot the rouge-stick wont reach. I'd stake my eighteen per on Theda Bara considerably perturbin' the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Sacrilegious!" protested the wardrobe mistress, fleeing from the dressing-room.

"Do you think I might get him to propose?" innocently asked Nancy.

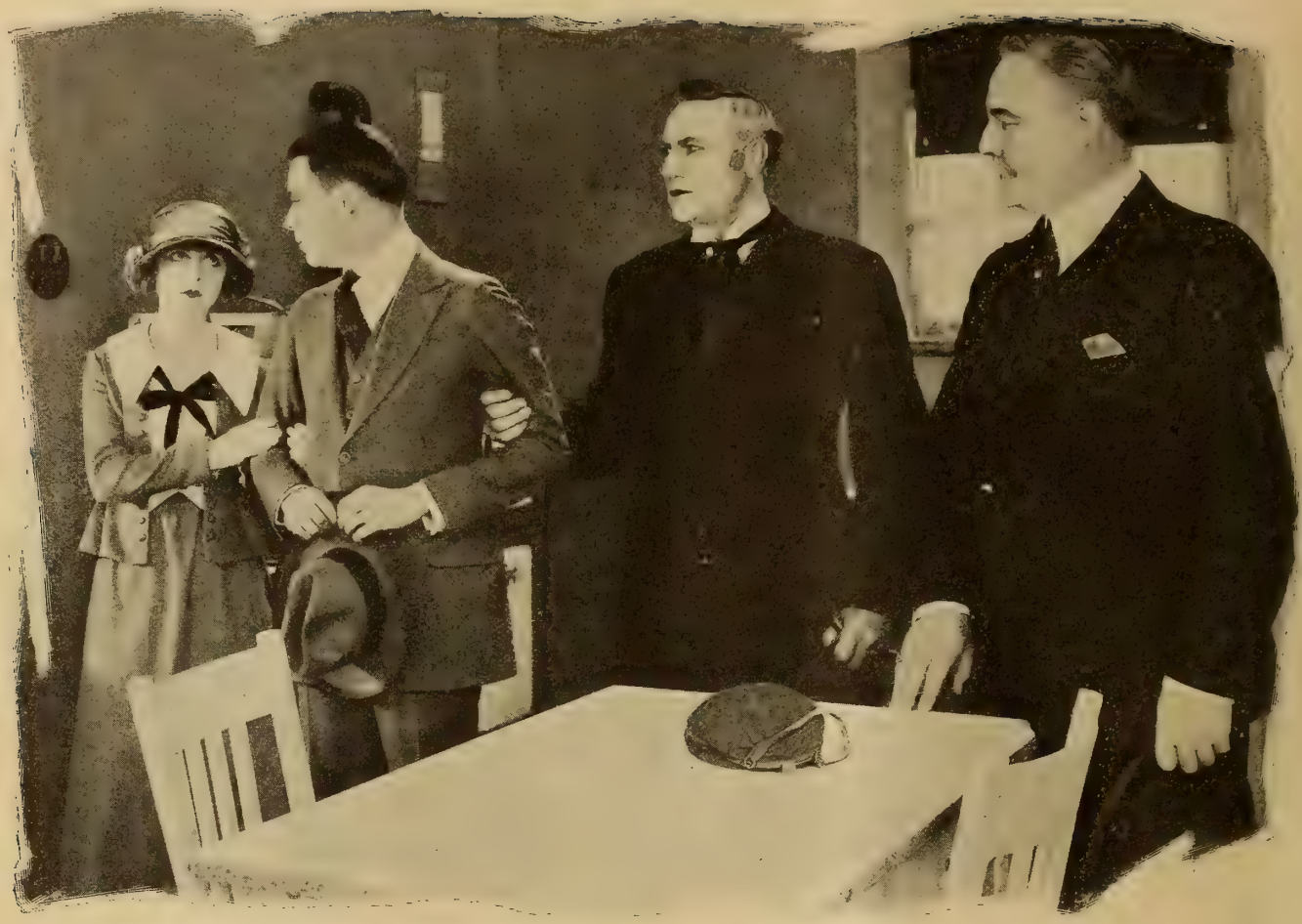
"Propose?" repeated Mazie. "You'll have him wakin' up a parson at one A. M. to tie the knot."

"I tell you what, girls," said Hortense, falling into the spirit of Mazie's joke, "we'll all help Nancy land this saintly sweetheart."

"He's coming to see me here after tomorrow's night show—before he goes to Pennsylvania," confessed Nancy. "If I do it, it'll be because—well, you wouldn't understand."

"Keep your reasons to yourself, dearie," responded Mazie, "but get him. And, with our scheme, we'll have him roped, tied and branded by midnight."

"I'D LIKE TO SEE ANY ONE STOP ME FROM MARRYING YOU!"



THE TOWNSPEOPLE WERE INTRODUCED TO BOB AND HIS WIFE BY UNCLE JAMES

The whole chorus talked of nothing but Nancy's début as a vamp as the performance of "A Night in Paris" wound its way along the next night.

Back at the hotel they had fixed up a room for the vamping adventure. Red roses decked a table vase, a property tiger-skin rug covered the floor, incense stood ready to burn in a small container in the corner. Mazie looked over the staging with the pride of a stage manager. "It looks O. K.," she said, with critical consideration. Then she discovered a book on the table. "What's this . . . 'Tales from the Scriptures'? . . . Get out of my theater!" and she hurled it under a couch.

Hortense had loaned Nancy a gown of startling lines. The little wardrobe girl blushed as she looked at herself in a mirror. But rouge, liberally and spectacularly applied, soon hid any natural glow in a permanently artificial one. Lastly, Mazie slipped a red rose into Nancy's hair, just over one ear.

Finally, the chorister surveyed her work. "Darned if 'the kid' doesn't look like the real thing!" she exclaimed. "I wouldn't want to let any John I cared about see her."

Nancy laughed nervously. Secretly, she was glad that the mirror reflected so much real beauty when she looked into it. What woman isn't?

"If that lad doesn't hit the cement hard in the first round he's got astigmatism," remarked Hortense.

"Remember, 'kid,'" reminded Mazie, "look luxurious all the time. Think of Monte Carlo and the Latin Quarter and . . . gracious . . . loll over everything. Roll your eyes. Droop soulfully. That's all there is to it."

"Pin one of the roses in his coat," suggested Hortense, "and look up into his eyes. That always gets 'em."

"He'll come any moment now," said Nancy. "I wish I hadn't started to try this—I'm afraid."

"Buck up!" counseled Mazie. "If he doesn't 'phone for a minister by twelve P. M. you call up and get an optician. The lad may need glasses."

Then they left her. Minutes passed. A half hour went by. Finally the hotel 'phone jingled. Nancy nervously lifted the receiver.

"Mr. Robert Walsham," announced the clerk.

"Se-send him up," answered the girl.

A moment later Walsham's knock sounded at the door—a hearty, healthy knock, for the young settlement worker was a clean-cut, likeable chap.

Nancy opened the door. "Hello, Nan!" began Robert, just as he noted the vampire make-up. "What on earth——?" he inquired.

"Come in, Bob," began Nancy, doing her best to remember Mazie's instructions regarding a soulful droop. Bob seated himself on the lounge, after pushing Mazie's ornate and carefully arranged cushions out of the way. Then he noticed the incense burning.

"What's that punk smouldering for?" he demanded. "It smells like a Japanese junk-shop around here."

"It's incense," answered Nancy. "Incense is good for the soul." This, of course, was a repetition of some of Mazie's ready-made repartee.

But Bob seemed oblivious to all of Mazie's carefully laid stage details in telling Nan of his experiences in New York settlement work and of his high plans for the future. And even Nan forgot her vampire ambitions in Bob's straightforward tale.

"Do you know, you're beautiful tonight," suddenly remarked Bob, noting the sympathy in Nan's glowing eyes. "I've never realized how wonderful you are. You've been a sort of little bud before. Now you've blossomed out."

"Do you think I'm terrible to dress like this?" Nancy asked.

"A PRETTY GIRL LIKE YOU SHOULDN'T BE LONELY," RESPONDED WEIL

"No-no," protested Nancy, and she burst into tears. "I've de-deceived you!"

"Deceived me? You mean you dont love me?"

"N-no! But I've been vamping you!"

"Vamping me — what do you mean?"

"Just that—vamping—luring you," Nancy sobbed. "You mustn't marry me."

Then, between tears, she related the whole story of Mazie's plan, whereat Bob burst into laughter.

"It was a good lesson to me. I never realized how beautiful you are. Now I know. And I'd like to see any one stop me from marrying you!"

"I dont want to stop you," admitted Nancy.

"I'll go downstairs and wait while you change into something else. We dont want to worry a minister too much. Then, dear, we'll be on our honeymoon in a few hours."

Two days later Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walsham arrived at Ore Junction, Penn. They were met at the station by Bob's uncle, James Walsham, who received the bride with ill-disguised displeasure.

"My dear Bob," he said severely, "you're too young to marry. You're just starting life."

"I believe in starting life right," responded Bob, laughingly. But Nan felt hurt, nevertheless.

Uncle James conducted the newlyweds to the Community House, where Ore Junction had arranged a welcome for its new settlement leader.

"You couldn't do anything terrible, Nan," Bob laughed for a moment. Then he grew serious. "You've made me think. But, perhaps, the stage and all this means a lot to you. I dont know just how to say it, Nan. I've wanted to ask you something. Now I want to ask it more than ever, and yet I know more than ever that I shouldn't. For you've come to love the stage, haven't you?"

"No," responded Nan, softly, "I dont love it. I've come to see how artificial it is. When I left home I thought it wonderful. Now I know differently. And I'm not a success, Bob. I'm just an assistant to the wardrobe mistress, that's all. I'm so tired of it all."

Bob took Nan's hands in his almost roughly. "You mean you might be willing to marry and chance life with me in my settlement work? Be sure before you answer, Nan, dear."

"Yes," whispered Nan, forgetting Mazie's instructions to loll luxuriously.

"Great!" exclaimed the future settlement worker. "I'm going to 'phone to a minister right now."

WEIL SEIZED UPON THE OCCASION TO HARANGUE THE MINERS

MRS. WEIL PULLED HERSELF AWAY FROM THE MINERS AND DASHED INTO COMMUNITY HOUSE

The townspeople were introduced to Bob and his wife. Bob shook hands with every one, from John Fleming, a distinguished looking writer and social investigator, to Manus Mulligan, a worn but kindly looking old miner.

"Sure I know you're going to love Ore Junction," said old Mulligan to the bride. "Wid all its smoke, it's a beautiful place."

Among the Community House guests was Phi Weil, who shook Bob's hand affably. "I'm glad to meet our new leader," he effused. Then, turning to Nan, he added, with a calculating smile, "And to know his beautiful wife."

"I dont like that Philip Weil," Nan told her husband afterwards. "His eyes look dishonest. And did you see how his wife watched me? Poor little woman! You can see that she loves and hates him.

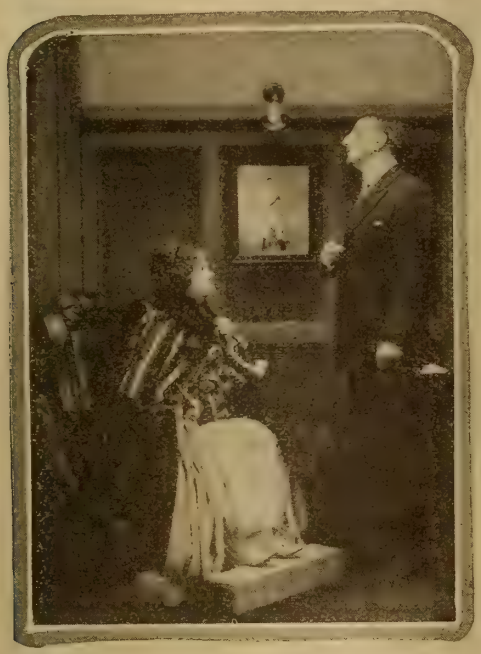
(*Continued on page* 130)

"WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY MAN YOU HUSSY?" SHE DEMANDED

Stylization in Motion Picture Direction

By MAURICE TOURNEUR

IT was Gordon Craig who developed the new impressionistic school of stage production. With him in the field of stylization, as the newer stage tendency is termed, appeared Max Reinhardt, Stanislavsky, Granville Barker, and others. I take pride in the fact that the opportunity was given me to bring stylization to the screen.



MR. TOURNEUR EXPLAINING "SPORTING LIFE," HIS FORTHCOMING PRODUCTION, TO WILLETTE KERSHAW

Stylization has been defined as the development of *style* in stage settings; style, in turn, being the manner of doing a thing. In stage settings or studio direction, style implies an expression of the individuality of the producer.

Before Craig, realism was the thing behind the footlights. A room must be perfect in every detail, from the real pictures on the wall to the real wooden door; from the real glass windows to the real books in the real bookcase. Then came Craig, who declared for style in place of realism. "Why copy nature," he demanded, "without adding something of our own? A mere copy is imitation, and not art."

Craig, for instance, has explained how he attained his results. "We take 'Macbeth,'" he has said. "How does it look, first of all, to our mind's eye; secondly, to our eye?

"I see two things. I see a lofty and steep rock, and I see the moist cloud which envelops the head of this rock; that is to say, a place for fierce and warlike men to inhabit; a place for phantoms to nest in. Ultimately, this moisture will destroy the rock; ultimately, these spirits will destroy the men. Now, then, you are quick in your question as to what actually is created for the eye. I answer as swiftly: Place there a rock! Let it mount up high. Swiftly, I tell you, convey the idea of a mist which hugs the head of this rock. Now, have I departed at all for one-eighth of an inch from the vision which I saw in the mind's eye?" Having fixed upon his exterior, Craig utilized a rearrangement of the same setting for his grim castle interiors, thus retaining a unity of staging.

Photo Arnold Genthe, N. Y.

MAURICE TOURNEUR

Volumes could, of course, be written upon stylization. I have here tried to condense into a few sentences something of a definition. In a phrase, it is an endeavor to express to others one's mental reactions upon studying a drama.

I endeavored to apply stylization, in the best of my ability, to my production of Maurice Maeterlinck's "The Blue Bird." Here I tried to sound the note of fragile, symbolical phantasy. Again, in Laurence Housman and Granville Barker's "Prunella," I tried to catch the gossamer of whimsical romance. Again, in Ibsen's "A Doll's House," my purpose was to utilize simplicity of setting to accentuate the drama of the grim Norseman.

MR. TOURNEUR CATCHES THE GOSSAMER OF WHIMSICAL ROMANCE IN "PRUNELLA"

Whatever my own personal failure or success with stylization, I am confident of the value of impressionistic methods on the screen. The artistic effects alone are

invaluable. It affords better opportunities for lighting, better balance of scene, opens up unlimited effects of blacks and whites.

The time has come when we can no longer merely *photograph* moving and inanimate objects and call it art. We are not photographers, but artists—at least, I hope so. We must present the effect such a scene has upon the artist-director's mind, so that an audience will catch the mental reaction.

It was obvious that early directors would be impressed with the importance of photographing real scenery as a background for their actors. To the pioneer, this was the one instance where the movie topped the spoken drama. For the camera can catch the stretch of many miles where the stage presents but a series of canvas hangings.

That day is passing. The idea of sending a company to Central America to film a Central American story is, to my way of thinking, valueless from the standpoint of art. What we really need is an artist to produce the story so that we will get an artist's impression of tropical America. I have an instance in mind. I recall Raoul Walsh's production of "Carmen." Walsh had never been to Spain; but, being an artist, he gave an artist's impression of Spain that is still unforgettable to me.

ONE OF MR. TOURNEUR'S IMPRESSIONISTIC STUDIES IN "THE BLUE BIRD"

The appalling cost of constructing elaborate sets and of transporting large companies about the country in the making of photoplays has made the cost of a five-reel production run anywhere from $10,000, at the very lowest, to extreme instances of as much as $90,000. The average has been for some time in the neighborhood of $30,000.

Spend this money, if we must, on the scenario, and let us utilize the inexpensive but artistic impressionistic methods. And let us not forget that we have been foolish and extravagant—as well as inartistic—enough to spend small fortunes on real marble staircases, solid-wood interiors and even on reconstructing whole cities.

Now let me turn to another subject dear to my heart.

AN EXAMPLE OF STYLIZATION IN IBSEN'S "A DOLL'S HOUSE," IN WHICH ELSIE FERGUSON APPEARS

With all our spending of millions of dollars, we of the screen world have neglected to pay tribute to the pioneers who blazed the way to the Motion Picture drama—the men who made the photoplay possible. For instance, how many film fans realize that the photoplay is exactly forty years old? Back in 1878, out in California, one Edward Muybridge perfected his investigations which ultimately gave us the Motion Picture. In 1872 Muybridge started to study the movements of animals, particularly of race-horses, for the purposes of science and art. He placed a number of plate cameras side by side and had a horse galloped in front of the machines. Tiny threads, connecting with the shutters, stretched in front of each camera. They were pulled and broken by the horse as he passed, the jerk of the thread snapping the shutters. The result was a series of instantaneous pictures of a race-horse in motion—the forerunners of the photoplay of today.

I believe some distinct honor should be paid Muybridge, Edison, Eastman and the other pioneers. Let us, I suggest, build a movie hall of fame, where the representative pictures of each year may be preserved, where films of important men and events may be kept for posterity, and where the records of the development of pictures may be safely housed.

Such a hall of fame would be a mighty encouragement to artistic advance.

"One cannot know of Cutex and not love to use it. Cutex keeps my nails looking so beautiful, my friends often remark it"

Ethel Clayton

How to give your nails a perfect manicure –

without ruinous cutting of the cuticle

IT has long been known that cutting ruins the cuticle. Everywhere doctors and skin specialists tell us: "do not cut the cuticle"; "cutting is ruinous".

Some of us do not realize that the more we cut and clip, the more we have to—for every time we use scissors we are creating the very roughness and unevenness we are striving to overcome.

It was to do away with cutting that Cutex was formulated. Cutex is absolutely harmless. With it you yourself can *keep* your cuticle smooth and firm, your nails shapely and attractive.

Begin to have beautiful nails today

File the nails to the desired length and shape. Then wrap a little cotton around the end of the orange stick (both come with Cutex), dip into the bottle and work around the base of the nails, gently pushing back the cuticle. Carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

A little Cutex Nail White applied underneath the nails removes stains. Finish with Cutex Nail Polish.

Don't put it off. See how quickly even an abused nail can be made really lovely.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This cream will help to *keep* your cuticle always soft and pliant.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 30c, 60c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 30c. Cutex Nail Polish in any form is only 30c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 30c. If you do not find what you want in your favorite store, we shall be glad to supply you direct.

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Send 15c now (10c for the set and 5c for packing and postage) and we will send you the complete Manicure Set shown below. Send for it now—don't let another day go by until you see how lovely your nails can look. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 809, 114 West 17th St., New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 15c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 809, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

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Give your nails the most delightful polish they have ever had, with Cutex Nail Polish

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10928. HEADQUARTERS FIELD BATTALION SIGNAL CORPS IN FRANCE

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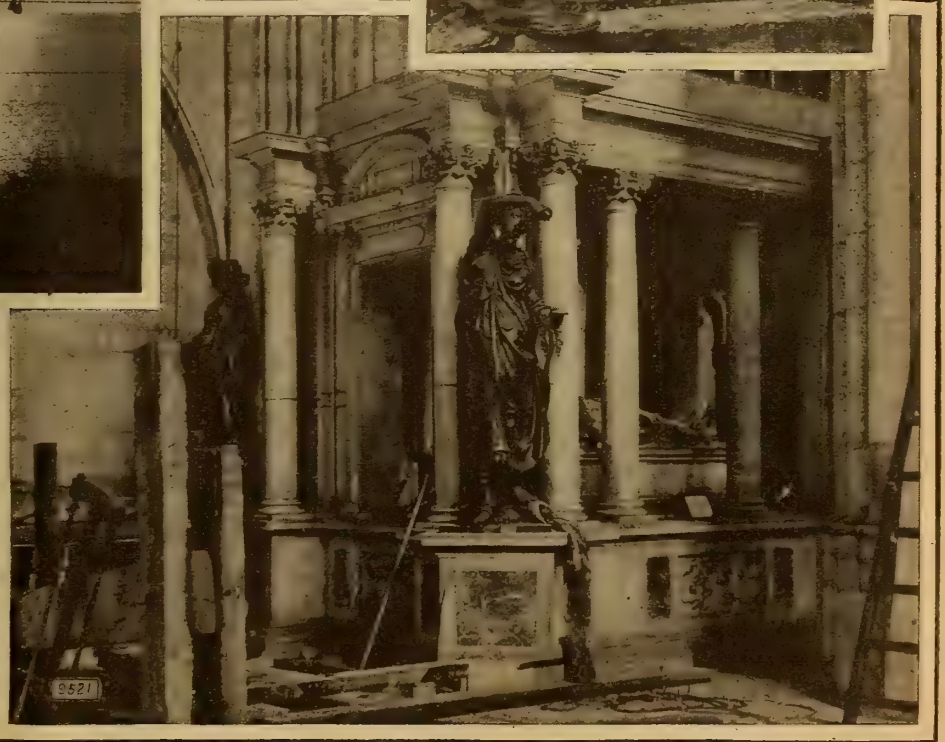

9521. ST. DENIS, THE TOMB OF HENRY II, BEING PROTECTED FROM AIR RAIDS, PARIS

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By H. A. McBRIDE

AND UPON ARRIVAL HE WILL REPORT TO THE POST COMMANDER FOR DUTY.

THE QUARTERMASTER WILL FURNISH THE NECESSARY TRANSPORTATION.

THIS JOURNEY IS FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE SERVICE.

BY ORDER OF

NOTE—THIS LETTER HOLDS GOOD ALL THE WAY THRU

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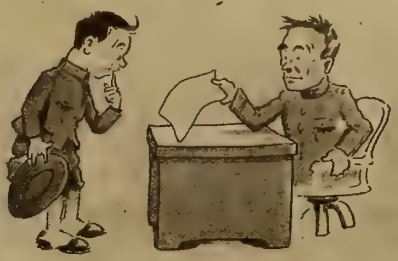


AT CAMP UPTON, L.I., N.Y.

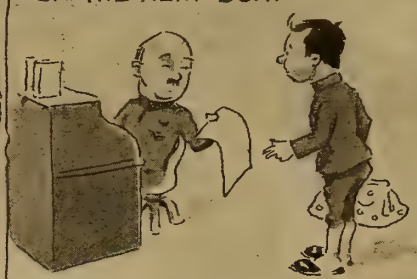
"THE 70TH HAS SAILED. THIS LETTER WILL CONNECT YOU WITH THE 71ST IN CAMP McCLELLAN"

AT CAMP BOWIE, FT. WORTH, TEX.

"YER CAN'T SIT ON A —— CHAIR. HERE'S YER TRANSFER TO THE —— COAST ARTILLERY IN SEATTLE."

AT CAMP McCLELLAN, ANNISTON, ALABAMA.

"YOUR BATTERY HAS JUST LEFT FOR PANAMA — THIS LETTER WILL GET YOU A PASS ON THE NEXT BOAT"



IN SEATTLE, WASH.

"YOUR DESIRED TRANSFER TO THE CAMOUFLAGE HAS JUST COME — CONGRATULATIONS. THIS LETTER — ETC.

AT ANCON, CANAL ZONE

"SO YOU WANT A CHANCE TO KILL HUNS, WHICH OF COURSE THE CAMOUFLAGE CAN NOT GUARANTEE — HERE'S YOUR TRANSFER TO THE AVIATION"

AT CAMP AMERICAN UNIV., D.C.

"YE FLUNKED IN ENGINES, KID. YER FIRED! I'LL SEND YOU TO A CONCENTRATION CAMP. THIS LETTER —— "

UNIV. OF CAL., BERKLEY, CAL.

"THERE WAS A MISTAKE IN GRADING YOUR PAPERS; YOU HAVE BEEN REINSTATED. THIS LETTER — ETC.

AT FIELD 2, GARDEN CITY, N.Y.

"THE SCHOOL IS QUARANTINED INDEFINITELY. YOU MAY PROCEED BY THIS LETTER TO THE ATLANTA SCHOOL"

IN BERKLEY, CAL. AGAIN.

"YOUR SPELLING IS ROTTEN — YOU'LL NEVER MAKE AN AVIATOR. THIS LETTER WILL — ETC."

UNIV. OF GEORGIA, ATLANTA

"I WONDER WHETHER THERE REALLY IS A WAR GOING ON?"

EDITORIAL NOTE—These cartoons are the work of H. A. McBride, well-known artist, now serving Uncle Sam at the front. From time to time he will sketch other interesting little studies for you and us—from Over There.

The Secrets of Distinctive Dress

WHAT is the secret of Petrova's charm? Have you ever tried to analyze it? The other evening I overheard two charmingly gowned women discussing this very question, as they came out of the theatre. One of them is the proprietor of an exclusive Fifth Avenue dressmaking establishment and for that reason her opinion was especially interesting to me.

"Petrova's charm," she was saying, "lies first of all, of course, in her art as a great actress. But blended with that is the charm of her fascinating personality. And she gives expression to that personality not only through the mediums of facial expression and a superlative degree of grace, but also through dress. Her gowns are invariably distinctive. They are the last word in their expression of prevailing fashions, and yet there is an individuality about them that makes them also an expression of Petrova herself. This is the secret of their distinctive character. They express Petrova's individuality because she herself understands dress as few women understand it. She knows just the little touch, the change in line that makes a gown distinctively becoming to her."

And now that you think about it, don't you see that that clever modiste was absolutely right? Did you ever notice the difference in the appearance of women you meet on the street, in the stores and shops, at church, in the theatre or wherever you go? Always there are a few dressed so attractively, so faultlessly in taste that you cannot help admiring them.

These women often have no advantage in *beauty* over other women. Their advantage lies solely in the fact that they know and apply the principles of artistic design, color harmony, becoming style and countless other secrets of personal attractiveness to express their individuality and make them always appear at their very best.

What would it mean to *you* to be able to express your own individuality in dress? Wouldn't you appreciate the satisfaction of knowing that every article of your attire is always becoming as well as stylish—an expression of yourself? I know you would and that is why I am sure you will welcome this news I have for you.

After long and painstaking study, with the help, advice and endorsement of creators and leaders of fashion, Mary Brooks Picken, herself one of America's greatest authorities on dress, has written a wonderful book. It is called "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress," and it is brimful from cover to cover with intimate facts about the style, design and harmony of fashionable dress—little knacks of faultless taste—guarded secrets of fascinating women—and the principles underlying the development of social ease, grace, beauty and personal charm!

With the knowledge this book imparts so clearly, concisely and completely, *any* woman or girl, no matter where she lives, can become familiar with the beauty secrets of the world's best-dressed and cleverest women, and learn the fundamental principles of compelling admiration, attracting friends and developing a charming personality. For in this remarkable book all these things have been reduced to simple, practical rules that any woman can understand and apply.

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" holds a message for you. If you have been specially favored with natural grace and beauty of feature, this book will show you how to enhance your attractiveness. Or if you feel that you are "plain looking," if you have some little defects of figure, feature or complexion, if you realize that you do not make friends as rapidly as you should, if you are inclined to be backward, ill at ease in company and less popular than you would like to be, you can learn from "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" just how to overcome these handicaps.

This book is so important, it can mean so much in helping every woman and girl to always appear charming and attractive, that the publishers want *every* woman to see and examine it for herself—without obligation or expense—in her own home. I have been authorized by them to tell readers of this magazine that by merely filling out and mailing the coupon below, you can examine this new book in your own home for three days without sending a single penny in advance. If at the end of that time you feel that you can afford to be without its constant help and aid, return it and you will be under no obligation whatever. If you want to retain it for your own, send only $2 and the book is yours.

Madame Olga Petrova

Would *You* Like to Know—

How to acquire a winning personality?
How to express your individuality in dress?
How to always appear at your best?
How to win admiration?
What colors bring out your best features?
Whether you should dress your hair high or low?
How to make your hands add to your attractiveness?
How to make yourself appear taller or shorter?
What kind of dress will give you a fashionable figure?
How to attract friends?
How to be sure your attire is faultlessly correct?
How to make yourself appear more slender?
How to acquire a graceful carriage?
What is the first essential of faultless dress?
What kind of clothes make you seem younger?
How to become graceful and always at ease?
How to dress appropriately for all occasions?
What colors harmonize perfectly in a costume?
How the most refined women use perfume?
How to develop poise?
What you should do to counteract defects in your personal appearance?
What kind of corset will give you graceful lines and yet be entirely comfortable?
How to observe the fundamental laws of beauty and good health?
How to bring out the beauty of your eyes, hair, etc.?
How you may have a beautiful complexion?
How you can dress to give your cheeks more color?
How to know your own good and bad features?
How to master the principles of style and dress harmony?
How to select the models best suited to your personality?
How to add just the needed touch to an ordinary, plain dress?
What dress accessories mean to the woman of refinement?
How the best dressed women wear jewelry?
What errors to avoid in choosing waists—skirts?
How to dress most appropriately for your work?

These and hundreds of other questions associated with the cultivation of personal charm and attractiveness are answered by this wonderful book which you can examine—without obligation or expense—by merely filling out and mailing the coupon!

"The Secrets of Distinctive Dress" is a handsome volume of generous size, 250 pages beautifully printed and bound in cloth with gold stamped covers, a book you will be proud to have in your library or for daily reference and use in your boudoir. It is safe to say that never before was a book so vitally important and so beautifully published, offered to women through such a liberal offer. Remember that it does not cost you a penny to see it with your own eyes, to keep it for three full days and learn at first hand just what it can mean to you before you have to decide whether you will own it.

You do not even need to write a letter. Just fill out and mail the convenient coupon below and this handsomely bound, beautifully illustrated, wonderfully instructive and helpful book will come to you, postpaid, by return mail.

When the secrets of attractive distinctive dress and charming personality are so easily within your reach, why go another day without them? Write your name and address on the coupon *now*.

WOMAN'S INSTITUTE
Dept. 219 J, Scranton, Penna.

Please send me, all charges prepaid, a copy of "The Secrets of Distinctive Dress." I promise to send you two dollars ($2.00) or return the book within three days.

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Civil War
1861-1865

From Gettysburg

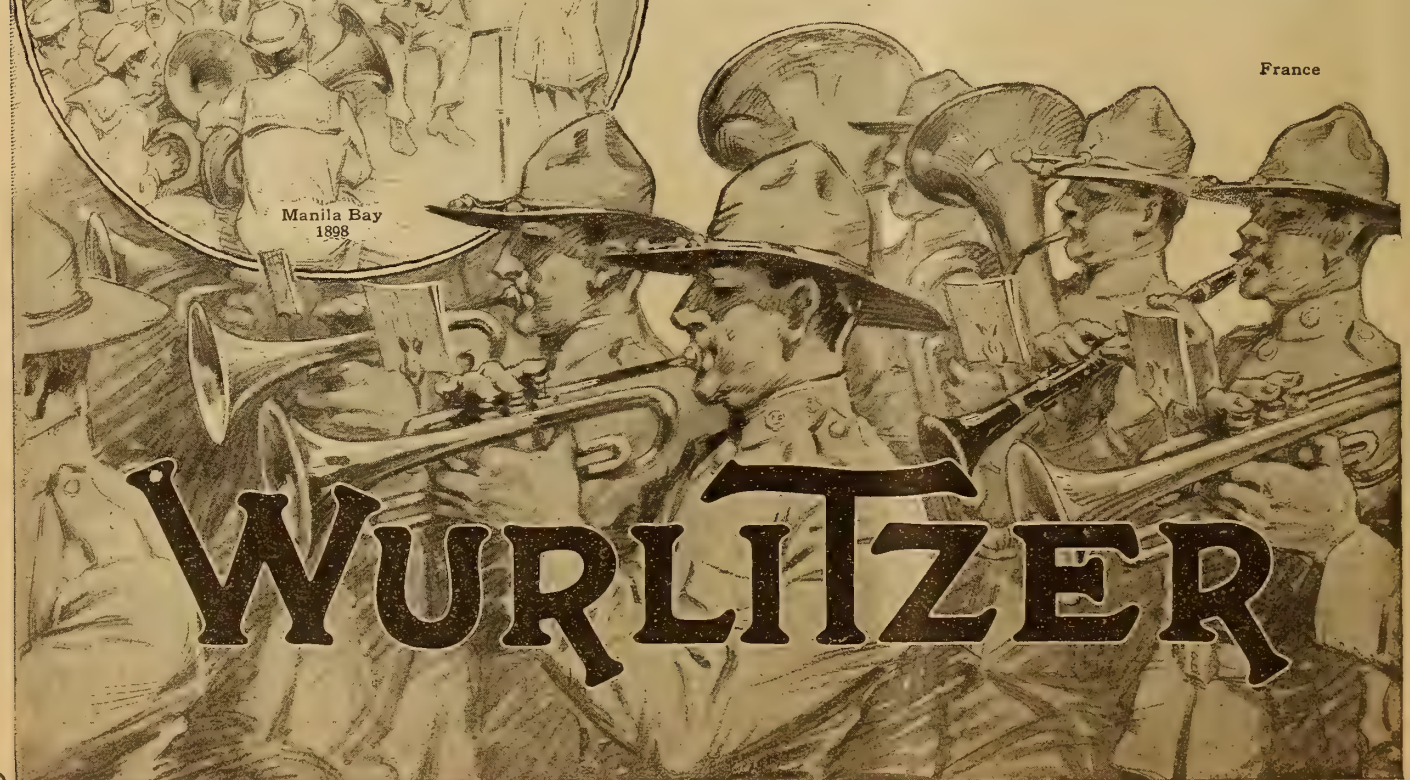
THE House of Wurlitzer has supplied the United States Government with trumpets for more than sixty years.

During the stormy days of the Civil War Wurlitzer instruments were first put to the exacting tests prescribed by the government. They made good. Since then, Wurlitzer instruments have accompanied American troops on every march to victory. Right at this hour they are with American troops on the battle lines.

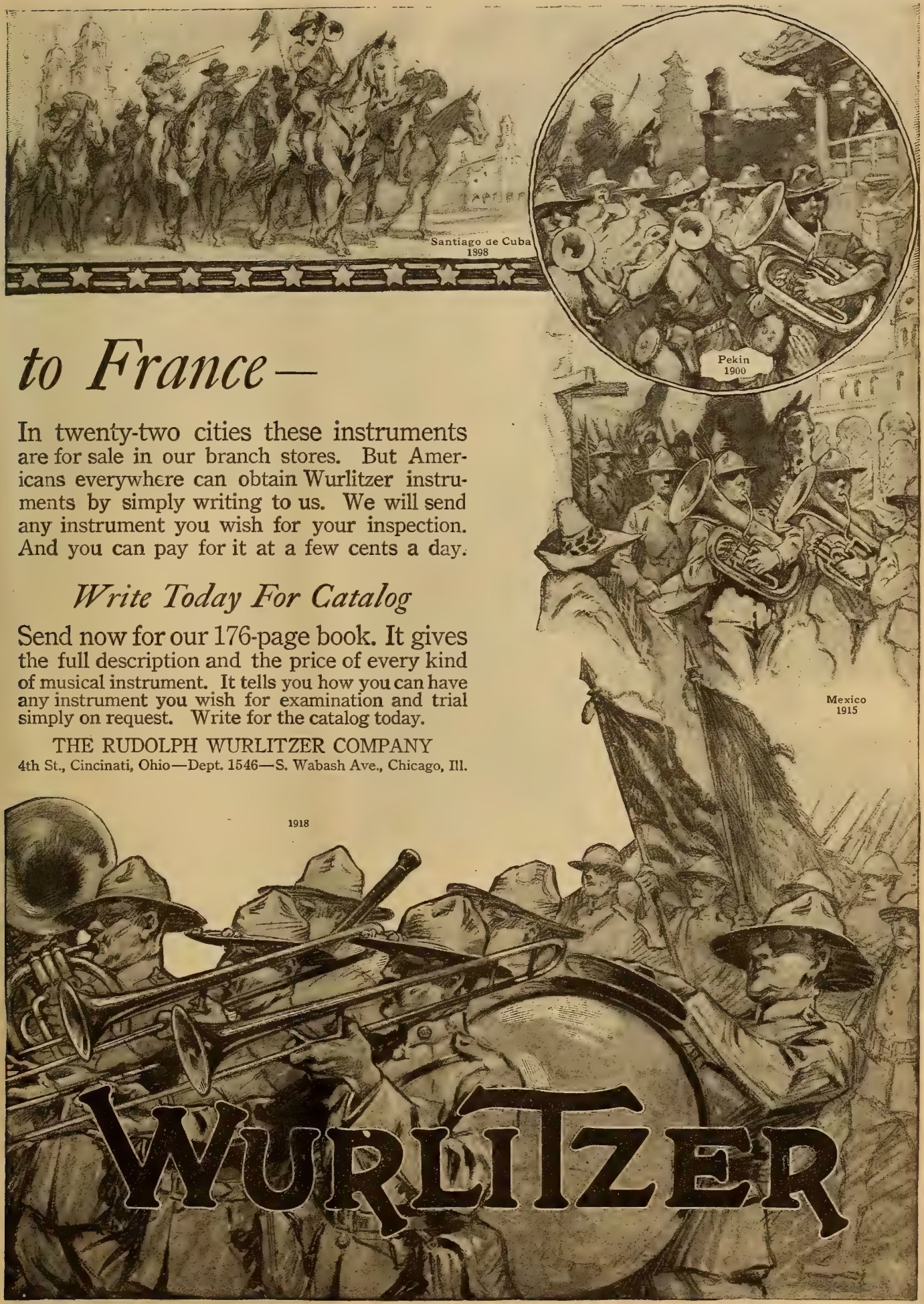
This sixty year record of service is our pride. It has been a privilege to serve—and the success of our service is eloquent testimony to the high quality of Wurlitzer instruments.

Manila Bay
1898

France



WURLITZER



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WURLITZER

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Vola Vale (Russell) is the proud mother of a baby boy who has been given the name of Bill, after his distinguished uncle, William Russell.

At last **Guy Coombs** is again on the active list. He has just recovered from pleuro-pneumonia, and has been engaged to appear as Viola Dana's leading man in "Flower of the Dusk," than which we can imagine no pleasanter come-back.

There is only one thing rarer than a day in June, and that is an actress who will tell her right age. **Baby Marie Osborne** insists that she isn't a baby any longer. She's six years old.

Luke, the famous bull terrier comedian, pride of **Fatty Arbuckle's** heart, returned to his master recently, and will appear in Fatty's travesties for fifty bones a week.

Bluebird announces "After the War" Feature. Decidedly a pre-release.

A scenario called "Heart of the Soul," written in the trenches in France on such scraps of paper as the writer could secure, has just been purchased by **World** Pictures. The spirit of the story gripped and held despite its bad physical condition. The author is Lieutenant Howard Irving Young. Evidently World intends to play doctor, or doctor the play—as you will.

Montagu Love has been sentenced to Sing Sing. But 'tis only a short sentence—long enough to take scenes for his new picture, "To Him That Hath."

Lila Lee, the new star of Paramount Pictures, has arrived in California, and is at work upon her first picture under her five-year contract. It is called "The Cruise of the Make-Believe."

The Harold Bell Wright Story Picture Corporation has been incorporated. "The Shepherd of the Hills" will be filmed among the Ozark Mountains and released on the state rights market.

There is no busier bee than **Francis Ford,** who is producing "The Isle of Intrigue" at the Christie studios in California. Edna Emerson in his leading-lady, and he is his own leading-man.

GLADYS LESLIE

J. Stuart Blackton has acquired the screen rights to "Getting Together," a thrilling war play recently produced in New York City. Commodore Blackton has been commissioned to translate it to celluloid under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

Victor Moore has returned to the stage. He will appear under the management of Harrison Grey Fiske in "Patsy on the Wing," which is the work of Edward Peple.

It was hotter than the future abiding place of the kaiser while Metro was filming "Judgment," with **Anna Nilsson.** Miss Nilsson sought a shady place to rest, but what she thought was nice soft grass was in reality creeping cactus. No wonder Anna felt hurt.

Edith Storey has returned from California, and is at her country home at Northport, Long Island.

Wallace McDonald visited us the other day on his way to Halifax, N. S., where he will enlist in the Tenth Siege Battery of the Royal Canadian Artillery, Fort Cambridge, N. S. C. E. F.

Randolph Bartlett has resigned from *Photoplay Magazine,* and will seek larger fields for his talents. One of his chats will appear among these pages in the near future.

A news note reaches us from the Coast that **Fred Stone,** the well-known stage comedian, is half-way thru his first film, "Under the Top," for Famous Players-Lasky. We hope the ventilation is safe, Fred.

Bryant Washburn's name has been signed to a nice new three-year Paramount contract. Both **Vivian Martin** and **Wallace Reid** have renewed their contracts.

"Leah Kleschna" is the name of the picture **Ethel Clayton** is working in at the Lasky Coast studios.

At a recent Lasky studio benefit **Clara Kimball Young** quite outdid every one there in doing her bit. In fact, she outdid herself from her clothes—behind a screen, of course—and had them auctioned off. One begins to see why censors are needed.

News Note: **Theda Bara** has fine support in "Salome." We noticed that in "Cleopatra."

Constance and **Natalie Talmadge** are spending the summer with their sister **Norma** at her home at Bayside, New York

The first **Blanche Sweet** production has been finished. It is called "The Hushed Hour," and is said to be so good that Harry Garson has signed Blanche Sweet for a long-term contract. Her second picture will be "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes. This will be made in New York.

Valda Valkeyra'n, the young Danish actress and dancer, will be seen with **Louise Huff** in her forthcoming World feature, "T'other Dear Charmer."

Beautiful **May Allison** has left New York and New York weeps! Miss Allison will reach California just in time to start work without even a breathing spell on her next Metro Picture, called "The Finding of Mary."

Bill Parsons, the millionaire, who has made himself into a film star for the Capitol Comedies released by Goldwyn, protests that tho he IS fat and he IS bald, he is **not** forty. He says he's a romantic feller, and who ever heard of romance at forty—who?

Agnes Ayers plays "Enchanted Profile." Is it possible that Petrova is going to have opposition in the "one cheek" line?

Tom Moore makes his debut as a Goldwyn star in "Just for Tonight."

It is said that **Charlie Chaplin's** next picture under the million-dollar contract with the First National Exhibitors' Circuit will be a comedy.

In order to keep their new star, **Geraldine Farrar,** cool during the long summer months, Goldwyn has had a very expensive air-cooling plant installed, thus making it harder for the publicity department

Norman Kerry is not only the leading-man in **Olive Thomas'** company, but is playing the rôle of the leading-man's father as well Norman claims that such duplicity is foreign to his frank nature.

W. S. Hart takes the rôle of a "sea dog" in his new Artcraft picture, "Shark Monroe." During two days at sea a squall struck them; also sea-sickness; whereat Hart exclaimed, "Oh, death, where is thy sting!" But he got the scenes.

A recently noted headline read, "**Miss Fisher** will wear clothes," thus leaving Annette Kellermann alone in her class.

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Dorothy Dalton has just returned to the Coast after a visit to New York City for gowns, etc. As she left she declared: "I've had a great time seeing the sights, the library and the Woolworth building, and all those other big things are wonderful, but—well, really, New York is a nine o'clock town compared to Los Angeles." Our lights were all out on account of the submarine scare at that time, so maybe you didn't see **all**, Dorothy.

The latest patriotic act of the Lasky studio at Hollywood is to furnish sets of scenery for the use of the soldiers' theater at the Y. M C. A. clubhouse at Fort Rosencrantz, Cal.

Thomas Meighan is **Marguerite Clark's** leading-man in her new picture, "Out of a Clear Sky." The settings are to range from an ancient palace in Belgium to a humble cabin in the mountains of Tennessee.

The little darky who plays with Marie Osborne is now being called "Sunny Sammy" in preference to "Sambo" and "Snowball." He is just convalescing from an attack of measles. When told about his illness Baby Marie asked, "How can they tell when he breaks out?"

John Emerson and **Anita Loos**, who are to produce a series of Paramount Pictures of their own authorship, with Ernest Truex and Shirley Mason as the feature players, have been invited by Columbia University to give a series of lectures on photoplay writing.

A most unusual event has occurred! Famous Players-Lasky have just phoned us to be sure and change the announcement of **Lila Lee's** age from fourteen to sixteen. This is the first time such an unaccountable exactness as to age has been enforced. But then Lila Lee, the newest screen star, is quite an unusual person.

Broadway seems extremely dark of late. The only way we can account for this is that that radiant star, **Antonio Moreno**, having completed his work in "The House of Hate," has abandoned New York for California to begin work in a new serial for Vitagraph.

Richard Barthelmess is now leading-man for **Gladys Leslie** in "Wild Primrose," which is rapidly nearing completion under the direction of Frederic Thomson.

Nell Shipman and **Alfred Whitman** have finished "A Gentleman's Agreement."

ELAINE HAMMERSTEIN

Jean Page, who recently graduated from O. Henry short reel subjects into Vitagraph features, has been placed under contract by Albert E. Smith, president of Vitagraph.

William Duncan was asked where he intended taking his vacation. "I thought of going to New York," was the reply, "but another serial has been sent to me from New York, so I guess my vacation will be by way of a long swim at Santa Monica." Duncan is just finishing the fifteenth episode of his serial, "A Fight for Millions."

William Farnum was presented with a silver cup by Jack Root, of the Strand Theater, Pasadena, California. Mr. Root says that Farnum's films have broken all records at the Strand.

They claim that **Jewel Carmen** wears $10,000 worth of gowns in her new Fox picture, "The Fallen Angel." Evidently the censor will not be necessary—or was it qualivty, not quantity, that cost Miss Carmen so dear.

Winifred Kingston has been cut in two five times this week, and still lives to tell the tale. This is not due to Miss Kingston's tremendous vitality, but because 'twas merely the work of the Sherman Co. film editor on some celluloid.

The family of **Peggy Hyland**, who is working at present on "Bonnie Annie Laurie," is very active in war work. Her sister is employed in the British Admiralty office, another sister is an inspector in an English munitions factory, and her father, Dr. Cyril Hyland, has volunteered to serve on transports conveying American troops to France.

The working title of **Pearl White's** new serial, to follow "The House of Hate," is "The Lightning Raider." Evidently Pearl is to have **no** peace.

Ethel Clayton toured to California in her Pierce-Arrow limousine, and has bought the former home of **Mae Murray**, one of the most attractive places in the Los Angeles environs.

Elsie Ferguson has completed her first Western rôle in the picture called "Heart of the Wilds."

George Larkin, leading man in "The Wolf-faced Man" serial, is in the hospital recovering from a broken artery in his left leg, just above the knee. For one week he limped around the Yosemite Mountains, where the company was taking scenes, thinking his injury nothing more serious than a sprained ligament.

Irene Castle will soon start for France to help entertain the soldiers; indeed, she is more than likely already on her way "over there."

Charlie Murray says that home wreckers dont always use an ax.

Anna Case is the latest prima donna to seek fame in the films. She will make her picture debut in "The Golden Hope," under the International Company and the direction of Julius Steger.

Rhea Mitchell will play opposite **Bert Lytell** in the young Metro star's next picture, "Boston Blackie's Little Pal."

Ethel Barrymore has seen fit to return to the screen work now that the stage season has ended. She is at work at the Metro studio on "Our Mrs. McChesney." Lucille Lee Stewart will play the part of the "chorus lady" in that production.

Theda Bara is taking a vacation, having completed "The Message of the Lilies."

Little **June Caprice** has left the William Fox constellation, and her future plans are as yet uncertain.

George Walsh is suffering from a severe cold. "As much as I chase around in pictures," says George, "the only thing I succeed in catching is a cold."

Norma Talmadge has completed work on "The Safety Curtain" and has commenced her new picture at her own studio in East 48th Street, New York City. Every one will be glad to hear that handsome **Eugene O'Brien** will again be her leading-man.

Harry Carson, manager of **Clara Kimball Young**, has rented the Griffith studio, in Hollywood. Upon completing her next picture, "Cheating Cheaters," in New York, Miss Young will thereafter make her pictures in the West.

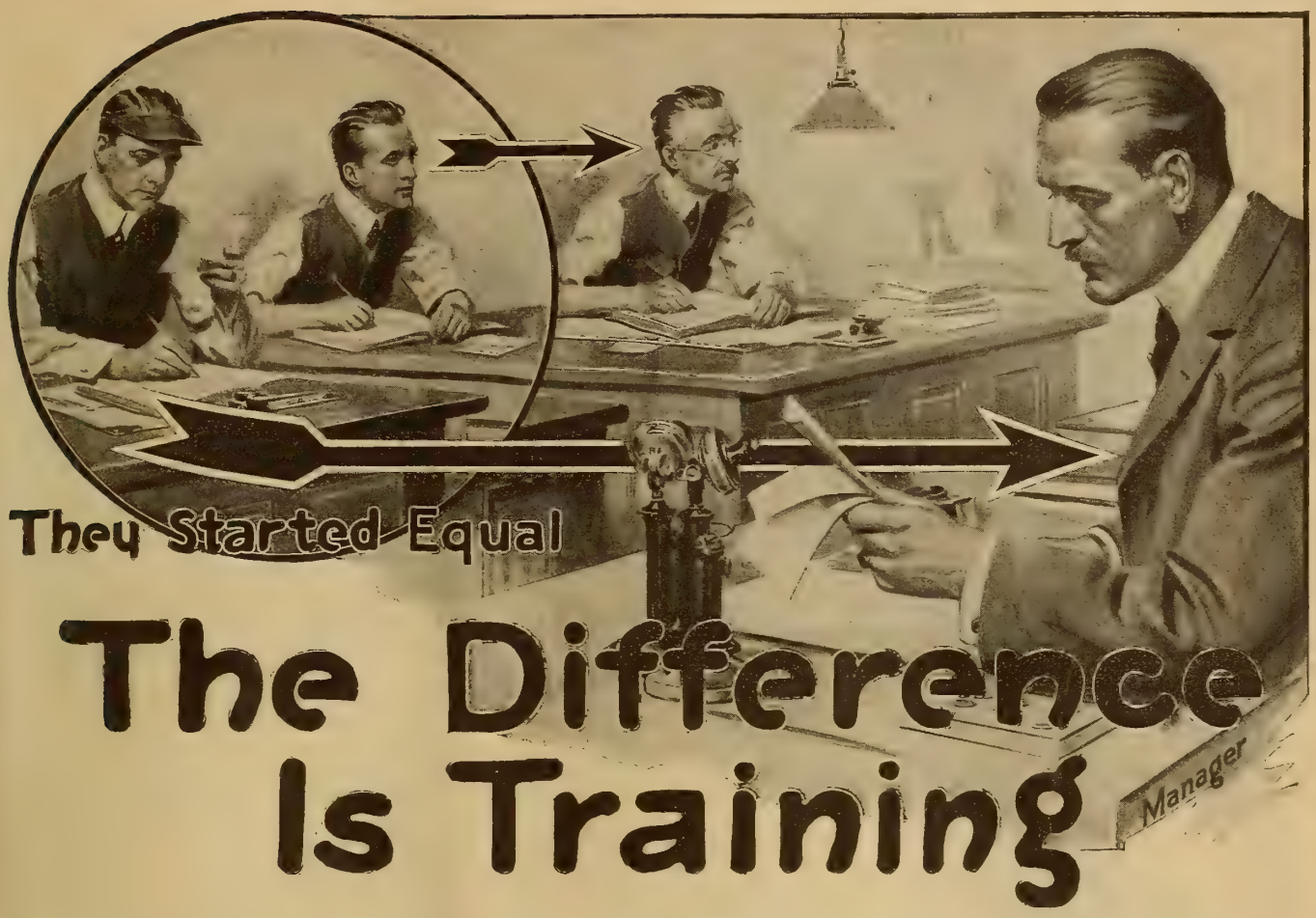
Edith Johnson is **William Duncan's** leading-lady in his serial, "A Fight for Millions."

Here is the Eastman Drive against the Hun: "Me und Gott" (Romayne), "The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin" (Jewel), "To Hell with the Kaiser" (Metro), "Over the Top" (Vitagraph), "My Four Years in Germany" (First National).

"What," asks **Tom Moore**, "did moths live on before Adam and Eve wore clothes?" Why, cotton and fir—of course.

After being divorced for the sixth time, **Nat Goodwin** is to make another try at the screen—and what a suggestive title—"Married Again."

June Caprice numbers among her favorite outdoor sports "spinning a top."



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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 91)

VERONICA.—Yes, write to Dorothy Dalton. I'm sure she will answer you. Anna Lehr, Charlotte Walker and Gertrude McCoy all played in "Men." Doughnut menshun it.

HILDA B. M.—You can get back numbers direct from us. Pauline Stark in "The Man Who Woke Up." Ethel Clayton was Betty in "The Man Hunt."

J. M. D., CAMBRIDGE.—I would suggest that you read "The History of Arthur Pendennis," and "The Newcomers," by Thackeray. Florence Turner isn't playing in pictures now. Likewise Mary Fuller. Some of Broncho Billy's pictures have been reissued. You say Bryant Washburn is your choice of an ideal man, and apparently some one else thought so.

KIRKLAND P.—You say you want to be a real live friend of mine. You may, for I dont associate with dead ones, my dear man. Remember that which we acquire with most difficulty we retain the longest.

MISS TERIOUS.—You ask, "How old is Bill Bailey?" Alas! he is dead. Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien in "By Right of Purchase." Vivian Martin and Harrison Ford in "The Petticoat Pilot."

FREDDIE.—It has ever been so. Unhappy he who lets a tender heart, bound to him by the ties of love, fall from him, by his own neglect, and die, because it met no kindness. Is it your fault? Alma Rubens and Wallace MacDonald in "Madame Sphinx."

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Have I neglected you? I'm so sorry. Your letter was a sparkler. The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint.

ELLEN B.—Robert Gaillord is still with Vitagraph, also Nell Shipman. Courtenay Foote was Almerio in "Love's Conquest." Yes, there is more or less danger in taking pictures in Arizona on account of the sandstorms, in which people are sometimes lost. There is an Edith Roberts with Universal, and she may be the one.

FLODELL ROBERTS.—Your letter is clever and interesting, but I am not yet convinced. More light!

1-2-3.—You didn't ask many questions. Always glad to hear from newcomers. I must constantly add new friends to my circle, because I am constantly losing old ones. Harry Carey was born in New York in 1880, is 6 feet high and weighs 180 pounds. He has blond hair. Yes, Dick Rosson is still with Triangle.

RITA H.—You ask the highest record for altitude ever made by an English sparrow. Wait, all things come to the patient waiter. Address Raymond McKee in care of the Friars Club, N. Y. Thanks. I haven't read about that hospital yet. No nurses that I know of.

LORLEEN.—No divorce, just a separation. You say you dont believe I am 76 years old, because no one ever boasts of his age when he gets that far. Wrong, pardner; that's just the time to begin boasting. I haven't the name of my Mt. Morgan friend now.

ME.—Hello, Me! Thanks for the smokes. Why dont you get after your theater manager for that? Monroe Salisbury wears brown eyes. Where do you hail from, and what's your name?

KATHLYN'S FRIEND.—Well, your flatterer may love you some, but he most likely loves himself more. Kathlyn Williams was born in Butte, Mont. She was interviewed in April, 1915. Yes, it's about time again. You must write to me again.

LOYOLA, VICTORIA.—H. B. Warner is not playing now. Madge Evans was born in New York City. Yes, I like Sundays, but I like Mondays just as well. What's the difference between one day and another?

J. G. MONTAGUE, MILWAUKEE.—Your profound answer, with numerous Bible references, to the prize-winning most profound question is most deeply appreciated. I shall think it over carefully.

ELSIE H.—Yes, Grace Valentine is playing in the stage play, "Lombardi, Ltd." She played in "A Social Climber" (Selig). Yes, the same Dorothy Bernard. So you liked her on the cover. She's always been one of my favorites, even from the old Biograph days.

BUD & PATTY.—You're right; give people proper books, and teach them how to read them, and they will educate themselves. No, no; Evelyn Greeley is no relation to Madge Evans. Pauline Frederick and John Miltern in "Her Final Reckoning."

ANXIOUS, OKLAHOMA.—Sorry, but I cant give you any information about Al Jennings. Yes, it often happens that a fellow's usefulness ends when his salary is raised. (I wish the Editor would take a chance and raise mine!)

ENGLISH BOBBY.—I think your English is delicious. So you liked Rupert Julian in "The Beast of Berlin." So did I—a dandy piece of work. All right, I will give you a soldier-boy to write to, by mail.

SILVER SPURS.—'Tis true. Most of the players supply the soldier-boys with pictures and their wants first, and that is perhaps why you haven't received the picture. Yes, Leon Trotzky has been in New York since the war, and he once appeared as an extra in a Vitagraph film.

I. M. CURIOUS.—Very well, fire away. Of course Roland West is a director. He directed "De Luxe Annie." No, Virginia Chester is with Metro. On the Coast. You're very sympathetic, but dont you think the human heart wants something to be kind to? (A little slow music here, professor.)

LAURA R.—Jack Holt and Enid Bennett had the leads in "A Desert Wooing." The word "almanac" is of Saxon origin, and probably the first almanac was published in 1470, and the first in English in 1673. Yes, I like to look up the horoscopes.

JUSTINE D.—Tom Ince releases his pictures thru Paramount.

FRANK DILL, SALT CREEK.—You're certainly a wonder, Frank. I am actually drunk after reading your ingenious and clever questions, which I admit I cannot answer. As long as you just look at each other, it's all right, but glances are the first *billets-doux* of love.

HAROLD C.—So you are studying for the ministry. Success to you. Some ministers have a cinch, but conscientious ones are about the poorest paid and hardest-worked men in the world. Vera Michelena isn't playing just now.

LLOYD, FUDGE & LENGTHYNESS.—Hello, you three! No, I dont wear my hair in a pompadour, nor do I wear pinch-back suits. My suits never pinch my back. As I have said before, age is a matter of feeling, not of years. Yes, William S. Hart.

AUGUSTA WIND.—Oh, Allah, be it so! You may join the throne, but there are none who are sitting at my feet—they're not large enough. Robert Gordon will be interviewed shortly. Conway Tearle to your second. That was Camille Aukewich. Why, it costs $5.00 to become a naturalized citizen. Isn't that cheap, considering the high prices of everything else?

VIRGIL.—Brown hair and blue eyes.

MARY MARIS.—No to your first. So you really met Charlie Chaplin? Wonderful! Jack Richardson and Irene Hunt in "His Enemy, the Law."

B. B.—That's all very well, but wit should flow spontaneously; it cannot be produced by study. I prefer Bangs to Twain, but I fear I am almost alone in this. Just read "The Houseboat on the Styx." Well, the Holy Grail was one of the leading themes of medieval romance. It centers around the cup which was used by Christ at the last supper.

I. N. A.—Stuart Holmes has light hair and dark eyes. Yes, I am the old man you have heard about, but I'm not the only one, for there's Santa Claus, Father Time, Rip Van Winkle, etc. I hope you all have a pleasant vacation.

ZOE.—You ask, "If the guy that put 'ma' in married, had just put the 'di' in divorce, what would we do for news for the newspapers?" I surrender! Dont shoot! I'll come down. Charles Ray was interviewed in September, 1917.

E. M. H.—Yours is the cleverest and most intelligent solution I have received, and I am deeply indebted to you.

SHIRLEY MASON ADMIRER.—You're right there; if women taught the philosophy of love, who would not learn? So you liked Harry Carey in "The Scarlet Drop." And now you want the Magazine twice a month and the Classic once a month. You know the Classic was gotten out to satisfy the desire for the Magazine coming out twice a month.

BETTY OF MELROSE.—You neglected to send the snap. Thanks for the description of yourself, but send along the picture. Woodrow Wilson says that friendship is the only cement that will bind the world together, so let's be friendly; but, of course, with no thought of being bound together.

ADA R. G.; PEGGY F.; ZOE; FISH FLAKES; HAZEL D.; LITTLE EVA; BONNIE M. F.; HENRY J.—See your answers elsewhere, please.

ARPIEM, MONTREAL.—Your most profound letter is highly appreciated, and you may be right, but you forget the word "loving."

DESPERATE DESMOND.—And where have you been? In a friendly boxing party, whom would I bet on, William S. Hart or William Russell? Well, after feeling the latter's muscle, I'm for Russell—strong. Jane Novak in "Selfish Yates." William Farnum in "Rough and Ready." Bill Russell has dark hair and dark eyes, and he went to Fordham University. He has been on the stage since he was eight years old.

THEDA I.—Walt Whitman was Ebenezer in "Captain of His Soul." Rear-Admiral Sims commands the American destroyers hunting submarines in European waters. No, I didn't care so much for "The Doll's House," either.

PEACH FLUFF.—Sure, I'm always good, for I dont know how to be wicked. Thomas Meighan in that Pickford picture. Crane Wilbur isn't playing in pictures now. Remember, if money is your god, it will plague you like the devil. Money is the root of all evil, but everybody prays, "Oh, Lord, give us plenty of the root."

DELLA M. CURRENS.—Your letter is very enlightening!

IRENE W.—I am very much obliged to you for your letter, which seems almost inspired!

PAULINE FREDERICK ADMIRER.—Jane Cowl and William Russell in "The Garden of Lies"; Sam B. Hardy and Belle Daube in "Judy Forgot"; Edith Storey and Earle Williams in "The Christian." Jack Holt in the last. So you like the Keystone comedies? Well, well!

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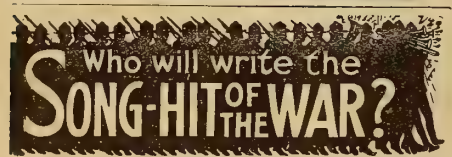

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's A Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

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KEITH K.—You apparently are well informed on current events. Your letter was mighty interesting. Altho it is dangerous to have too much knowledge of certain subjects, it is still more dangerous to be totally ignorant of them. Bernard Thornton in "A Camouflage Kiss." Commodore Blackton is back in Brooklyn and is doing big things. We all love him here. You know he is the grandfather of this Magazine.

DOROTHY.—But the really great men do as much good as they can, and make but little noise about it. (That's why I keep so silent!) Fritz Leiber was Cæsar in "Cleopatra." Robert Warwick in "Friday the 13th." Marc MacDermott has been quite ill. Lillian Walker is in New York now.

MELBA G.—Theda Bara and H. Cooper Cliffe in "Gold and the Woman." Francis Ford and Grace Cunard in "Lady Raffles Returns." Herbert Kelsey and his wife, Effie Shannon, in "The Sphinx." Mary Fuller and Matt Moore in "Circus Mary." That's mighty old, tho.

MRS. E. E. STEWART.—I started the contest to suit myself, conducted it to suit myself, awarded the prizes to suit myself, and paid out 100 of my perfectly good dollars to suit myself. I did not hope to suit everybody—especially those who did not win prizes. I can think of nothing funnier than the awarding of a prize in good, cold cash to the man who wrote that phunny question. And here you are treating it as a tragedy!

J. E. M., WORTHAM.—Your letter gives me cause for serious thought. I thank you, and that right warmly.

LEROY C. B.—Yes, I believe in having a hobby; it keeps one from getting in a rut. Many people have worn a rut so deep they cant see over the sides. Whittier advised young men to join some unpopular movement. Wise of Whittier, because the heresy of today is the orthodoxy of tomorrow. No doubt there were about 25 prints of that picture. Yes, Irving Cummings is coming along fast.

MARJORIE, 20.—You dont like to hear people say that Francis Bushman is egotistical, Charles Chaplin is vulgar and Fannie Ward too kittenish. We must have some cranks in this world, you know. Candid people always seem to feel bad when they cant think of something disagreeable to say. Harold Lockwood and Kathlyn Williams in "Two Men and a Woman," an old Selig. Juanita Hansen was Lois in "The Mating of Marcella."

URIEL.—Yes, I have been there. Your verse is very clever. Mary Anderson writes me that she was in her first earthquake, and she hopes it will be her last. Her new address is 1532 Third St., Santa Monica, Cal. When you write to her or to any of the players, be sure to enclose stamped, addressed envelope for return answer. Stars are busy, and you must save them all the time possible.

CICERO.—I have handed yours to the Editor. Thanks for the suggestions. Tom Forman, Richard Travers, Robert Warwick, Jay Belasco, Ernie Shields, Lester Cuneo and Edward Langford are in the service now.

CARL C. K.—I'm sorry I cant give you the name of the camera in the picture you enclose. It looks like a foreign make. You like the "Ideal Man" series. I agree with you when you say cheerfulness should be encouraged. The world is full of people who volunteer to look sad and melancholy. Eugene O'Brien is playing with Norma Talmadge now.

EVER LITTLE MARY.—I believe the fastest time made by any railroad was 120 miles an hour for a run of five miles, by the Plant system, in 1901. Among the fastest regular trains in the United States is the run between Albany and New York by the Empire State Express, a distance of 143 miles, in 175 minutes. Martha Mansfield played opposite Harold Lockwood in "Broadway Bill." Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris."

MISS MONTANA.—It's good to hear from you. Your little clipping was very appropriate. We all need some one to pray for us. Irene Castle is considered to be the best-dressed woman in America.

GIRLS.—Here's a lonely soldier-boy who only wants to receive letters—why dont you girls all make him happy? Sergeant-Major Eugene Greenhut, Cantonment Headquarters, Camp Upton, N. Y.

NOBODY.—Thomas Holding opposite Kathlyn Williams in "Redeeming Love." Bertram Grassby was Chester in "Cheating the Public." The little girl was Clara Horton. Hamilton Revelle was Harry in "Lest We Forget."

RUTH, CANADA.—Here are your military figures: An army corps is 60,000 men; an infantry division 19,000 men; a brigade 7,000 men; a regiment 3,600 men; a battalion 1,000 men; a company 250; a platoon 60 men; and a corporal's guard is 11 men. After seeing "Grell Mystery," you think Earle Williams is the best-dressed man on the screen. You must write often.

WEARY WILLY.—Glad to hear from you. You Australians all write interesting letters. E. K. Lincoln is in New York now.

MERLE ANSEL.—Last reports show that there are about 600,000 Italians in New York City. Regular Little Italy. Write to me again, but you must ask questions about the pictures.

AUSTIN GRANVILLE.—Your "most foolish" question came too late for the contest, but I am publishing it here for the edification of my readers: "What would be a fair salary to pay the German Kaiser, if, when captured, he, like the present head of the Romanoffs, finds himself penniless, should he accept a proposition to come to the U. S. A. and appear in the movies? It would be the only feasible way for the people to obtain a correct idea of this person, and if any one could be found willing to play with him, I would suggest starting the performance with a cartoon by Sir John Teniel, entitled 'Dropping the Pilot,' and have him go thru the whole career of a madman, who, like Ghengis Khan, Attila, Alexander the Great and the Little Corsican, imagined it was their destiny to be the arbiter of all mankind. Of course no one whose near relatives had been scalped, impaled, starved, flogged or crucified, or perhaps boiled in oil, would care to play with him, but perhaps some pro-Germans might be found who would esteem it a high honor. He would require some training, as we all know that Kaiser Bill is a bad actor. P. S.—I shall be very glad to write the scenario, provided my friend 'Fatty' Arbuckle will take the part of Hindenburg. There is a second cook at the Hotel Stratfield here who would make an excellent Ludendorff. He is pudding-faced."

CECILLE.—Bessie Love did play in "Intolerance." Your letter was interesting, but—well, what should I say?—just a wee bit long. It is true that the sins of the fathers are visited on the children, but I wonder if it is not equally true that the virtues of the mother are also.

SAMMYETTE.—Ethel Tearle is with Sennett. Earle Foxe with Metro. Well, I am glad you believe all I say. I know, but some of the worthiest people are the most injured by scandal, as we usually find that to be the best fruit which the birds have been pecking at.

MILLTOWN.—Yes, that was Roland Lee and Enid Bennett in "Mother's Instinct." Mae Gaston opposite Crane Wilbur in "The Painted Lie." *Ante bellum* means before the war. John McCormack was born in Ireland in 1885.

M. T. HEAD.—Chawmed! Your letter was very bright, sonny. We couldn't very well have that department. Cant you suggest something new? You have the right idea. The Chinese invented paper in 70 B. C.

JOVIALIS, THE JOVIAL.—Splendid letter-writer you are. Let me hear from you again. It is provided by treaties that the Panama Canal, like the Suez Canal, shall remain absolutely neutral. It "shall be free and open to the vessels of commerce and war of all nations and shall never be blockaded, nor shall any right of war be exercised nor any act of hostility be committed within it."

MEPHISTOPHELES.—Oh, the devil! Richard Barthelmess in "Bab's Diary." Harry Morey's wife is not in pictures. If a man is going to commit suicide, the chances are that he will do it at the age of twenty-nine. Statistics show that a man is more dangerous at this age of his life than at any other. Conserve your potatoes and become a potatriot.

VERGUS, ONTARIO.—How do you expect me to answer you when you dont give your name and address?

MABEL M.—That's right, Mabel; many a woman wouldn't recognize her husband if she saw him in congenial society. Thomas Meighan was born in Pittsburg, Pa., and has brown hair and blue eyes. Where do I expect to go when I die? Ah! that undiscovered country!

CECIL S.—That was taken in New York. Wallace MacDonald played in "Next Door to Nancy." I guess it's a reliable school.

FROU-FROU.—Irene Howley in "His Father's Son." Write me a letter and I will give it to the proper authorities. You will find the course you refer to in the school of journalism in Columbia University, New York City.

NAOMI H.—Carmel Myers is in "The Marriage Life." Theda Bara's last picture was "Under the Yoke." Too bad you are not happy. To be happy at home is the ultimate result of all ambition, the end to which every enterprise and labor tends, and of which every desire prompts to prosecution. Try to make the best of it.

VELMA C.—Dont fear. Marguerite Clayton is playing in "Hit the Trail Holliday" with George M. Cohan. The only yellow peril I know of is the fellow who wont fight for America.

HERBERT D. H.—Marie Walcamp is right. Yes, a girl is safe on the stage if she stays on.

JACK B.—I dont know the make of Douglas Fairbanks' car. He is in Hollywood, Cal. Yes, his birthday was in May. Our Western movie cowboys tell us that it is just their luck to have coming the biggest rye crop ever heard of just as the whole country is going prohibition. Sylvia Breamer in "The Narrow Trail."

CY CLONE.—A. D. Sears is with Triangle. Cecil Retcher was Stephen in "The Song of Songs." Eileen Percy in "Wild and Woolly." Nat Goodwin is a New Englander, born in Boston, 1859.

SUBMARINE; M. S., TEXAS; GERTRUDE M. W.; BRONI B.; RUTH M.; HAYAKAWA ADMIRER; IRMA C.; ELIZABETH B.; KULLY; KATE D.; ALEX M. A.; THORWALD Q.; RUTH N., NEW LONDON; CATHERINE C.; VICTOR H.; PAULINE C.; CY CLONE; P. DI M.; IRENE H.; MISS CONSTANCE R.; MARJORIE M.; H. C., PORTSMOUTH; WILLIAM L.—Sorry, but it cant be helped.

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The September Classic

The Six Big Directors

Who are the six biggest directors in Filmland? Every one concedes that David Wark Griffith is the Master Director, but opinions differ when it comes to naming the other five. The man who writes this article argues very strongly for the men he considers the biggest, and his thoughts are presented so clearly and concisely that you will undoubtedly be won over to his viewpoint before you finish reading the discussion.

O-o-o-o-h, Theda!

Theda Bara has had the distinction of playing about all the wicked sirens of history. Theda became a person to be feared by loving wives overnight when she played "A Fool There Was." She looked so charming in her wicked rôle that she's been doing the luring parts ever since. Carmen, Cleopatra, Camille, Du Barry and now Salome. We are all wondering what notorious celebrity she will attempt next. O-o-o-o-h, Theda!

Big-as-a-Minute Shirley Mason

In spite of her size, this tiny star has been doing big and wonderful things; even her sister, Viola Dana, predicts an unusual career for little Shirley. Shirley became well known to fans when she starred in "The Seven Sins" serial for Edison, and now she has been signed up by Paramount to play in the Anita Loos-John Emerson pictures. Anita Loos used to write Doug Fairbanks stories. Shirley will certainly have to go in for intensive training if Anita continues to write the Fairbanks type of plays.

A Microscopic View

Mary Pickford's newest picture, "Captain Kidd, Jr.," has been storyized by Gladys Hall for the September Classic, as has been "A Pair of Silk Stockings," Constance Talmadge's forthcoming production. Frederick James Smith will tell you about Petrova and her philosophy of life, the Classic Extra Girl reveals the workings of the Fox studio, the Celluloid Critic will review the screen year, and Hazel Simpson Naylor has written a very true-to-life little article appropriately titled "Every Little Studio Has a Temper of Its Own."

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHARLOTTE A.—Kenneth Harlan in "The Flame of the Yukon." Allen Edwards and Cecil Owen in "The Girl of the Roadside." Monroe Salisbury and William Sorelle in "The Fortunes of Fifi." You find very few publicity men asleep at the switch nowadays. Times have changed.

JOHN LE DUC.—Dont quite remember your writing, but I'm glad you are one of us again. The Pansy Club is run by Queena Kaliba now, Box 227, Corning, N. Y. Why dont you write to her? Lottie Briscoe is with Metro.

F. FAN.—I really thought that you were a bright, intelligent gentlemanly young man, and now you say I am a "conceited old reprobate." Is it possible that we are both in error?

LILY ANN.—Sure thing, all luxuries are taxed, bachelors included. How long are my whiskers? Wait a minute—just fourteen inches, and they dont split at the ends, either. Ruby de Remer was Miss Ashton in "We Should Worry" (Fox).

SOUTHERN CROSS.—So you are from Tasmania. Yes, I remember it in the geographies, but that's some time ago. Send for a list of manufacturers. Gladden James was born in Jamesville, O. He has been acting since he was six.

HERBERT D.—No, the Germans wont give in, but they'll give out. Why is a slacker like a custard-pie? Well, because he is yellow inside and has no crust to go over the top. Hurray! We'll all sing "The Star Spangled Banner." Charles Fang was the valet in "The Great Secret." Mrs. B. B. Flint was Josephine in "Alimony."

M. A., MT. MORGAN.—Thanks a lot for the booklet. Your letter was very chatty, but mighty interesting.

FLORENCE, 15.—I agree, but you should always be as solicitous to shun applause as assiduous to deserve it. You refer to Robert Gordon. You say you would like to be a gypsy. From whence cometh this wild desire? Paul Hurst with Paramount.

LYLA O.—So you are glad we have taken the picture of Henry Albert Phillips out of the Magazine. It was the only photo he ever had taken, and it was taken out. Send International Coupons, and they are worth 5c over here. Vivian Martin and Eugene Pallette in "Viviette" (Paramount). Kate Toncray, of Biograph fame, was in it.

WM. C. OLAA.—The Statue of Liberty in New York harbor became 33 years old last June 19. It was conceived by Auguste Bartholdi, the French sculptor. Yes, S. Rankin Drew died May 25, 1918, while in the service. Olive Thomas played in "An Heiress for a Day."

HARVEY F.—I dont see it that way. The fact that one is ill-tempered does not justify the infliction of that grievous condition on every one in the neighborhood, nor does the fact that one is depressed justify the universal shrouding of the sky in gloom. It shouldn't be. Robert Elliott was Bob.

GEORGE W. J.—Harry Morey and Alice Joyce at Vitagraph, E. 15th St. & Locust Ave., Brooklyn, and Mrs. Vernon Castle, Pathé, 25 W. 42d St., N. Y. C.; Henry Walthall, Paramount Co., Los Angeles, Cal.; and Mae Marsh with Goldwyn, Fort Lee, N. J.

SYBIL.—Your ideas are good, but the stars change companies too much to adopt your suggestions. Sorry, but I cant send you a photo of myself. Oh, I drink lemonade, too, eat candy, chew gum, and—well, I'm a regular feller.

B. C. GIRL, 16.—I do not know what "Fatty" Arbuckle eats, nor how much. The best way I know of to get thin is to go to Austria.

RICHARD B.—Your letter was a crackerjack. Good for you! A man may be made more happy by committing a breach of etiquet than by falling into sin. Wanda Hawley is going with Famous Players. Yes, she was very pretty in "Mr. Fix-It."

HERBERT C.—Maurice Costello and Florence Turner, also Helen Gardner, are not playing. I believe in letting the mother train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it. Conway Tearle was born in New York in 1880.

BETTY WHITE.—Dont see how I could publish that picture, but send it along. Why, it was the *Tuckahoe* that was built and launched in twenty-seven days. Yes, indeed, jealousy is a magnifier of trifles.

MAXINE.—Creighton Hale has blue eyes—like the sky, I believe. You refer to the Cathedral of St. Basil, Moscow, one of the strangest buildings in the world. It has twenty gilded towers and domes, all of different shapes and sizes, and has been called a "nightmare in stone"—a curious style of architecture distinctly Russian, and there are many similar churches all over the Czar's empire.

INQUISITIVE JANE.—Yes, that was Marie Doro. You think Alice Joyce resembles her. I do, too—at least, I think I think so. You're right on that. Once kick the world, and the world and you live together at a reasonably good understanding. I've had my kick, so I have no kick coming.

RUTH R.—Art Acord is not playing now. Men of action always love the movies. Of course I'm dignified. Some people imagine that to be insolent is to impress the world with their dignity. The world is not to be deceived in such matters. True dignity sits like a coronet of jewels on the brow of politeness.

MOVIE FAN.—Lewis Cody was John in "A Branded Soul" (Fox). Ruby de Remer in "Sold at Auction." Thomas Holding in "Sold." You're right when you say Germany is bounded by war on one side and by anarchy on the other, but, you might have added, by hatred on all sides.

MABEL MCM.—It's a lie. All of us lie occasionally, except my friend George Washington and me. You ask who is going to bury the last man when the last man dies? You have a marvelous foresight to plan things so far ahead. Anna Nilsson and Robert Taber.

MONA; VERONA; LOLA; BO-BO; ROSE G.; E. W. WOOD; SABINA S. M.; JOSEPH C.; CONCHITA; M. P.; 18-14; RUTH D.; NORMA; EDNA; ADMIRAL QUESTION-MARK; CHARLOTTE J.; PEARL C.; LILLIAN S.; A CUTE KID.—Better luck next time.

MISS CALIFORNIA.—What is the best illustrated magazine in the world? You dont need to consult the Answer Man on such a matter, do you? Glad you like our covers. Look up July, 1918. Last Sunday in October ends the daylight saving.

EDWARD G.—*Avec plaisir.* Yes, Charlotte Burton in "Hearts and Diamonds." Vola Vale in "Wolves of the Rail." Niles Welch in "Little Miss George Washington." But Adam had less—he had a spare-rib with apple sauce.

JIMMIE K.—William Hinckley was John in "Martha's Vindication." Cello is pronounced chel-o, not sel-o. Didn't you know that the scenario writer is absolutely prohibited from representing on the screen man as superior to woman? Sweet creatures, how could they?

BOB R.—Hey, put on your brakes, there, you're violating the speed limit law. You say when a clock is wound up it goes, but when a business is wound up it stops. Well, what of it? Would you have the clock stop and the business keep on going? Some people are never satisfied.

Blue Bell.—Denmark's capital is one of the finest seaports of the Baltic Sea, and its name of Copenhagen means "The haven of merchants." It is the only first-class fortress in Denmark. Yes, write to Pearl White. Be sure to send the necessary postage. Mabel Normand was Kitty, Alec B. Francis was John and Alfred Hickman was Nathan in "The Venus Model."

Molly O'B.—Bert Lytell in "The Lone Wolf." You know Aunt Eliza says, "To be inaccessible is the fault of those who distrust themselves, whose honors change their manners."

Maude O.—Better come to America; there's lots to see. Yellowstone National Park is in Wyoming, Montana and Idaho, and has an area of 2,142,720 acres. Yosemite National Park is in California and has an area of 719,622 acres. William Roselle and Jule Power in "Gloria's Romance."

Vagabond.—You know I'm always glad to hear from you. You say you love Sessue Hayakawa's Oriental repression. You have my applause. All great men are simple—I'm simple. You know conceit defeated even Rome. Sum qweschuns you axe me.

Jean, Australia.—Jack Mower was born in Honolulu, 1890, and went to college in Pennsylvania. He has been in musical-comedy and stock, 6 feet 10 and weighs 180. His eyes—oh, yes, brown hair and gray eyes. And so he has an admirer underneath the world.

Courtney Cameron.—Contracts make cowards of us all. Bessie Barriscale in "Wooden Shoes." Clara Horton in "Tom Sawyer." You ask where I bought my whiskers. I consider that out of order, not according to Hoyle, unparliamentary, and besides, against the Answer Man's rules.

Phillipa B.—Who'd 'a' thunk it? Not I, not I. They can conquer who believe they can. Enid Bennett was Nancy and Charles French was James in "The Vamp." Charles Chaplin is 29. William Duncan you refer to. Yes, Edna Purviance. You say you dont think I'm as sarcastic as I used to be. Isn't that nice of you! So glad I'm improving.

Iona Ford.—Good for you, old top! Some verse you sent me. Hot stuff! Yes, heatless clothes are quite the thing these days. Marc MacDermott and Mildred Manning in "Mary Jane's Pa." Your letter was a home-run hit, with three on bases.

Barton Terrace.—Yes, indeed, I wake up every morning by the tune of Big Ben. Either way suits me. Allan Holubar and Jane Gail. Yes, I notice the girls with so many sailors these days—alongside of them or as headgear.

Vagabond.—Thanks for the picture. You look just as I thought you did. I put it among the odds and ends that I have been receiving for the last eight years. I'm proud of them and as happy as a clam at high tide.

Peggy, 20.—You say, "Pardon the brevity." Granted with pleasure. Barney Sherry is with Triangle. Richard Barthelmess with Vitagraph and William Stowell with Universal. Robert Walsh was Jack in "Woman Between Friends."

Mary P.—No, we have never published a picture of Diana Allen. You have been deceived—you're all wrong—I'm a man and an old one. Constance Talmadge was Sallie Waters in "Up the Road with Sallie." Henry King directing for Mutual.

Jiji.—I dont know what has become of Olga. You want more Letters to the Editor. So ordered! Theda Bara and C. Raymond Nye in "Under the Yoke."

Iris F.—By all means, send me a photo of your cat and dog. I will put them in my menagerie collection. Your joke is good, but I cant print it here—it would not pass the Board of Censors.

Mrs. J. H. J.—Hands up, there! Pretty old, but you refer to Charles Bartlett as the lieutenant in "The Song of the Telegraph." Stop in again, mother, when you are out shopping.

Carl C. D.—Wallace MacDonald was in to see us the other day on his way to camp. Be of good cheer, girls; they'll all come back to us safe, for even a German wouldn't kill a picture star. Your letter was a gem. Safety first.

Weary Willy, New Zealand.—Friendly old man. Thanks for the compliment. Zena Keefe in that play. The American Truth Society was organized in 1912, with the notorious Jeremiah O'Leary (now in prison) as president, headquarters 210 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Rachael V.—Hello, there! So you are very happy. Ah! but for everything we gain, we lose something. Betty Blythe has been on the stage. Glad to hear of your success. You refer to Ethel Grandin.

U-53.—The office cat is sleeping just now. Of course I chew gum. All respectable people with teeth indulge. Polly Moran and Ben Turpin in "Two Tough Tenderfeet."

Anita G., Christchurch.—Send along the photo. I'm not troubled with heart disease. Well, beauty is only skin deep, but it is a valuable asset when you are poor or haven't any sense. Alice Joyce and Walter McGrail in "The Triumph of the Weak."

An Admirer.—You say you want to hear more about Pauline Stark. Yes, she does resemble Mae Marsh and also Bessie Love—I should say Bessie Love more.

Eileen P.—Yes, Seena Owen is the wife of George Walsh. Of course all players read the letters they receive. Most of them have secretaries to do the addressing and answering. Yes, a picture of Robert Gordon in last month's Magazine.

Tar Heel.—I dont know where you got your information, but William Hart was born in Newburgh, N. Y. You dont know how your letter touched me, and I appreciate your sentiments. Do write again.

Diddunt.—"Funny department"?—just what do you mean by that? John Bowers in "Easy Money." Yes, Geraldine Farrar is now with Goldwyn. That's right, but much humility wears a gauze robe, covering but not concealing its deformity.

Adanac.—Thanks for all you say. Jack Pickford is in the navy. Nazimova's last picture was "Toys of Fate." Right, but knowledge is treasure and memory is the treasury. Dont you remember, Billie Burke's first picture was "Peggy."

Tiger Lily.—That's one thing I cant do—recommend a cure for a fiery temper. Your letter was brilliant, newsy and mighty interesting. Mme. Nazimova was Zorah and Hagar; Charles Bryant, her real husband, was Henry, and Irving Cummings was Greggo in "Toys of Fate."

Billie, Gloversville.—Famous Players-Lasky intend to reissue 52 of their features next year. They will also release 156 new productions. The pictures you speak of are done by using a magnifying glass. Thanks for the invitation, but I couldn't come now. Oh, so you are a girl and not a boy. Congratulations!

I. U. R. T.—No, we have never published a picture of Julian Estrange. Louise Glaum played in "Shackled" and now in "Marriage." Some would think they both had the same meaning. You bet, buttermilk every time.

(*Continued on page* 132)

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Prevent loss at the laundry. They are neat and durable. Made in many styles in fast colors of Red, Blue, Black, Navy, Yellow or Green.
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"I Defy Wrinkles"
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To dispel the tell-tale lines of age, illness or worry—to overcome flabbiness and improve facial contour—there is nothing quite so good as plain
Powdered SAXOLITE
Effective for wrinkles, crowsfeet, enlarged pores, etc., because it "tightens" and tones the skin and underlying tissue. No harm to tenderest skin. Get an ounce package, follow the simple directions—see what just one application will do. Sold at all drug stores.

Can You Spare ONE Cent?

If you can, you can make ONE soldier happy

Our American boys are OVER THERE fighting to keep us in safety OVER HERE, and while the Red Cross and other organizations are sending them many things to make them happy and keep them fit, such as candy, tobacco and chewing-gum, yet one of their greatest needs is the one that will help them to keep up their *morale* and hence make them better soldiers, and that is the need of good literature. Several hours daily they have for resting, and what could be better suited for their hours of relaxation than the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE and the CLASSIC? They can furnish the bare walls of their barracks with the charming Art Pictures of the Gallery of Players to remind them of home and the many nights at the movies with mother, sister, sweetheart, or wife. You can give them this happiness by simply putting a one-cent stamp on this magazine and handing it to any letter-carrier or by putting it in any letter-box.

HELP WIN THE WAR!
Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps

Bits of My Life's History

(*Continued from page 67*)

folks. Many military men in uniform lent a martial air to the scene, and the gorgeous gowns of the women blended with the lovely floral decorations. Perhaps I was particularly susceptible to impressions just then; perhaps my imagination had been allowed free play at last, after years of bondage under the weight of cold, hard facts. At any rate, I felt great tugs at my heart-strings on that memorable wedding-day.

When I had lived abroad before, I traveled second-class and stayed in the smaller towns and inns, in order to study the people from a psychological standpoint. I feel that is the only method by which one can reach the heart of the nations. On this trip I lived in luxury, as becomes a newly hatched Benedict, and I am afraid I forgot all about the heart of the people in adoration of my own sweetheart.

When we returned to America I joined Blanche Bates for a season, and did several plays with Brady. During the time which followed I was cast in "Diplomacy," "The Rack," "Boots and Saddles," "The Governor's Lady" (with Belasco), "The Man Inside," which was a prison reform play and which aided me later in putting good work into "The Honor System" in Motion Pictures.

Later I was in "Panthea," with a fine cast including Olga Petrova and George Nash. The following season, George Broadhurst's "The Law of the Land" gave me a good opportunity. That was done in pictures later on, but I never played it again.

Then I was featured in a play by William Elliott, and William Brady approached me on the subject of doing three or four pictures besides. That was hard work—rehearsals, playing nightly, with matinées in addition, and working every spare moment in pictures. But it was very fine experience, and I found inspiration under the wonderful direction of Maurice Tourneur in "The Pit," and James Young, then the husband of Clara Kimball Young, with whom I appeared in "The Deep Purple."

A rest seemed needed, and we spent a summer in Maine, having a delightful vacation, and the fall saw me picturizing "The Rack." This was directed by Mons. Chautard, a most charming French gentleman, I believe the finest director under whom I have worked and one who taught me much technique. He spoke not a word of English, but as I spoke French we became fast friends.

"Under Southern Skies" preceded "The Woman Who Lied," in which Mary Fuller starred. I then came West to do "The Honor System," which required four months to produce. Walsh and I wrote it together, but that is not generally known. I was responsible for most of the story, but it is the policy of the company to give credit elsewhere, it seems.

Then, for my many sins, I did penance for nine months of my life in "Patria." Thankful I am that it is over. Mrs. Vernon Castle is delightful, droll, original, a splendid vis-à-vis on the screen. But the play itself! Brr! To me it was most uncongenial.

Later Ethel Clayton engaged me to play opposite her in "Souls Adrift" and "Married in Name Only," which sounds like the old-time novels. I was cast in "The Fringe of Society," "The Struggle Everlasting," "The Other Woman," and a mystery play with Mrs. Castle. The next move was with "The Yellow Ticket," featuring Fannie Ward. That brings me up to date, and I have just finished playing with Clara Kimball Young in "The Reason Why." After that there will be a four-star play, so-called, for it will feature Blanche Sweet, Miss Theby, Wilfred Lucas and myself. It is entitled "The Hushed Hour," but that may be changed to another name later.

So now you have all the spots of my checkered career. I find pictures extremely diverting and wonderful for mental development. As to directors, as a usual thing they are badgered by business men who do not allow them sufficient latitude. Naturally, such directors as De Mille and Griffith enjoy complete freedom, but they belong to the happy minority. I have found that the best directors suggest, but allow the details to be worked out by the actor, provided he is at all intelligent. I'm told that Mr. Griffith will take suggestions kindly from any one on the lot, and this is why Belasco was both famous and beloved by his company. Mr. Belasco always carried a lot of silver quarters in his pocket, and when any one made a suggestion which pleased him, he promptly gave a quarter as a bonus. It was really very funny and we all enjoyed the little tip, which was carefully preserved as a souvenir of the great master of stagecraft.

Belasco and Griffith are true psychologists, and indeed, unless a director be intuitive and a character reader, he can never hope to reach the pinnacle of fame. I believe that a hundred years from now people will point out a Shakespeare of the silent drama. Why not? The Motion Picture has endless possibilities. It is a liberal education, it removes the stiffness from actors long accustomed to doing one part for perhaps two years. In pictures we are doing a different scene daily; there is practically no repetition. It makes alert minds, obedient muscles, fills one with lively impressions. I *know* that screen acting develops the man who formerly thought the stage his only outlet for emotionality. A good screen actor might not become a stage success, but a stage success inevitably becomes a good screen actor when he devotes his entire energy to his director's requirements.

I played in a benefit performance in New York with Grace George, at the Metropolitan Opera House. We put on "The School for Scandal," and I had not been on the stage for two years, so felt a little doubtful as to the outcome. To my surprise, I found that I was a better actor than before I entered pictures, that my work had mellowed, and I had acquired authority and gained 100 per cent. I moved more deliberately, thus bringing out strength of lines, a bit of technique which only the screen confers on the actor.

Yes, the Motion Picture makes for flexibility, facility and versatility. I am enthusiastic over its possibilities, and have no desire to return to the speaking stage. Just imagine essaying the rôles of roughneck, gentleman, soldier, sailor, lover or tyrant on the screen, with their opportunities for make-up, change of physiognomy and mental conception, and compare such work to studying and playing one part for perhaps a two-year metropolitan run. One becomes, at least to a degree, mechanical in the latter event, one acquires unconscious mannerisms which the camera will reveal later, yet in the difficult task set one in overcoming faults an actor learns to forget self and to train the mind for any kind of service.

If the director be an exponent of what I might [illegible]sianism," wielding an inflexible influence over his players, he cannot expect spontaneity or magnetism to radiate from the screened production. On the other hand, if he be wise enough to establish a sort of *bon camaraderie* between himself and his company, he may exercise authority even while allowing a manifestation of the player's individuality.

Some day, when I have learnt much more about this fascinating profession, I hope to direct at least one play. Before that day arrives intensive study must be given to the psychology of the Motion Picture art. An art it is, without doubt. Each day the releases show more beautiful conceptions, since all knowledge springs from unfoldment and the director is bringing revelation to bear on his work. Meantime, I am quite content to remain a screen philosopher, to accept everything as it comes with as optimistic an outlook on the future as the gods vouchsafe to me.

Real Folk

(*Continued from page 37*)

There are no ranting, no yelling, no noise.

Miss Ferguson turns and says, with a delicious wink, as she brandishes a gun, "I expect it will be time for me to kill another man soon. This script is making such a wild woman of me; you cant even tell what I might do to unsuspecting interviewers."

And not wishing this to be my obituary, I exit gracefully. And the final curtain falls, leaving a great actress and a real business director finishing their daily assignment of work to the best of their ability, even as you and I.

The Perfect Man

By MARIE WARDALL

The Perfect Man has come to stay.
"The *Perfect* Man! Who's that?" you say.
Ah, yes, 'tis absolutely true
The Perfect Man has come to you,
And he is just as much a saint
As others seem to be—and aint.
He never does what he should not,
He never lets his ire grow hot,
He never speaks—except when wife
Permits his jaw a sign of life.
He rises early in the morn
And always puts the right tie on,
And never swears—so one could hear—
And never calls the maid "a dear,"
But always greets his other half
With tender smile or else a laugh.
Then off to work the Perfect Man
Hies forth to do but not to damn.
His office is efficient quite,
In every detail 'tis just right—
His Sweet Stenog ne'er sets his nerves
To writing round in fancy curves,
Nor does she chew a wad of gum,
Nor smear her pad with dirty thumb,
Nor wear long ear-rings in her ears,
Nor end each Saturday in tears.
The Perfect Man would none of this—
And never are they known to kiss.
The Perfect Man takes ample time
To squander on his lunch—a dime;
And oft a pal or two he takes—
And then, forsooth, he dines at Drake's.
And after lunch, refreshed, he
Returns with Joy to Misery.
At evenfall he homeward wends
And five cents more the hero spends.
His evenings all are spent at home,
And ne'er seeks he a Danger Zone;
His life is open as a book,
And any one may have a look,
And many do—for he, I ween,
Is only Perfect on the Screen.

THE OCTOBER MAGAZINE

THE first American magazine made its appearance just 176 years ago—and it failed. Benjamin Franklin is credited with having published this first magazine, but in reality, Bradford, a Philadelphia printer, got out a magazine three days before Franklin's. However, these two learned men did not take public taste into consideration—and they failed.

Today we have so many magazines that the blaze of color displayed on the newsstands dazzles the eye and baffles the mind. MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is distinctive—it looks you straight in the eye and whispers insistently, "Buy me!" You wont be able to resist the appeal of the October number—perhaps because of the popular player tantalizing you from the cover. But——

We have profited by Franklin's failure. We know the public taste—the love of fun and humor, with choice bits of wisdom and information mixed in. We have combined the two effectively—in pictures and reading matter.

Does Geraldine Farrar Dread Old Age?

Most emphatically, Geraldine does not! In an article written especially for us, she records her ideas of growing old in age, but not in mind nor heart, so strongly—yet simply—that all will profit by it.

Catching Up With George

Suppose that you had to interview a man who never *had* been interviewed, and, what was more, never *would* be interviewed. Suppose that you had been chasing that man for five whole months—by letter, by 'phone, by telegram. And suppose that when you at last discovered him, he was hanging over a cliff on the Palisades just out of your reach. Now what would you have done if you simply *had* to talk to him? Hazel Simpson Naylor just climbed right down the cliff after him and got the best little interview you've read in a long while. Yes, she actually started that interview hanging over the Palisades. George Walsh has at last been interviewed—and when you read the story in the October number, and see the funny little pictures they took, you'll realize that Hazel Simpson Naylor, as usual, has scooped all the other magazine writers.

Analyzing Ann

For the October issue we have captured the best story that Kenneth McGaffey, that well-known writer on Moving Picture subjects, ever typed. Few writers can put such quaint bits of humor into an interview and yet get the real personality of the screen subject as he. In "Analyzing Ann" he has drawn us a wonderfully life-like study of Ann Little. It is a funny little tale, with such a wealth of humanness in it that you will know Ann better when you see her on the screen hereafter, and when you run thru the pages of the future MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINES you will unconsciously watch for the name of Kenneth McGaffey.

In a Nutshell

We will not go into detail about the other articles. There are so many competitors that we have to meet, all looking for up-to-the-minute news, that we have to guard our ideas very carefully or they will be seized and used as original stuff. However, for the benefit of our readers, we will just hint at a few other things. We caught Dorothy Dalton at the Ritz-Carlton, when she was on her trip East, and gathered some fine news about her career. Our own Western writer has sent us a story of Vivian Martin as bubbling and dainty as the tiny star herself. Crawford Kent, the popular English actor, wants to be a soldier, but he cant get in the army—so he laments to one of our Eastern interviewers, and Conway Tearle has written for us, exclusively, a short history of his life.

Franklin may have failed in his magazine venture because he did not know what the public wanted, but as you scan thru the articles promised for October you will realize intuitively why MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE spells success.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Boston Garter

Velvet Grip

Buy It By Name

Though the cost of garters is small, it is greatly to your advantage to buy them by name.

You will be well repaid in personal comfort and satisfaction if you make sure that you get the Boston Garter.

For real economy pay at least 35 cents. The higher grades give far greater service for the slight additional cost.

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Bring Out the Hidden Beauty

Beneath the soiled, discolored, faded or aged complexion is one fair to look upon. Mercolized Wax gradually, gently absorbs the devitalized surface skin, revealing the young, fresh, beautiful skin underneath. Used by refined women who prefer complexions of true naturalness. Have you tried it?

Mercolized Wax In one ounce package, with directions for use, sold by all druggists.

Freckles

are "as a cloud before the sun" hiding your brightness, your beauty. Why not remove them? Don't delay. Use

STILLMAN'S Freckle Cream

Made especially to remove freckles Leaves the skin clear, smooth and without a blemish. Prepared by specialists with years of experience. Money refunded if not satisfactory. 50c per jar. Write today for particulars and free booklet,

"Wouldst Thou Be Fair"

Contains many beauty hints, and describes a number of elegant preparations indispensable to the toilet. *Sold by all druggists.*

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Print Your Cards Circulars Handbills Book, Labels, Programs, Tickets

With an Excelsior Press. Increases receipts, cuts expenses. Easy to use, printed rules sent. Boy does good work. Small outlay, pays for itself in short time. Will last for years. Write factory for catalog of presses, type, outfit, samples. It will pay you.

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I know because I was Deaf and had **Head Noises** for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and **my sworn statement** of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 314, 150 5th Ave. N. Y. City

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

(*Continued from page 92*)

"Dont shoot at him any more. The poor rabbit's sorry for you and it's coming right into the car to give itself up."

Whether it was because the incident of the rabbit I have just related, unnerved him, or whether it was an accident with no connection to previous events, I cannot say, but an hour later this same director was concerned in another happening which, tho developing dramatically, really gave us our second turn on him that day.

We reached our location site, a river filled with logs, half an hour after the rabbit episode, set up our camera and prepared for work. I was to cross the river half-way on great big logs about fifteen feet in diameter—jumping from one footing to another. I had never done anything like this before, so I asked the director if he knew anything about the way in which it had to be done to prevent the traveler from sliding into the water. I wanted to be sure I didn't glide, because I wasn't scheduled to bathe in these scenes. Besides, it was a dangerous place because of the logs in which to swim, and what is more, the water was icy cold.

"It's easy, Harold," the director said. "All you have to do is jump from one log to another. Look! Watch me!" And he proceeded to demonstrate how it ought to be done.

He went along nicely for the first three or four steps, and then, in making a rather long jump, he landed on the side of the log, which promptly began to revolve slowly. Instantly the director realized what had befallen him and he began to clutch wildly at space to balance himself. His eyes seemed to pop out of his head and his face turned a collar-white. But it was too late. His one foot slid slowly into the water and an instant later there was a groan, a splash, and our director was under the cold, black water. Of course, several of us rushed to him and helped him out, and when we got him ashore his limbs were trembling and his teeth were chattering from the effects of the icy water. Somebody ran for the first-aid and brought it to him, but he waved it aside laughingly.

"That bath was nothing," he remarked, "Why, I take a cold plunge every morning."

When the sun is obscured by clouds and no work can be accomplished, one of the means of passing the time when a company is on location is to swap experiences. It was at one of such sessions that Sally Crute, who played with me in "The Avenging Trail," told this story on herself, and as it appeals to me as having its humorous point, I am going to repeat it.

Miss Crute said she was on the so-called legitimate stage when pictures were first coming into their own as a popular form of amusement, and at the suggestion of a co-worker, she decided to try for an engagement in the youthful but more promising field of endeavor. Armed with a letter of introduction she presented herself to a director at the Essanay studios in Chicago and was engaged for only a small part, because of her lack of Motion Picture experience.

One is always on the look-out for letters from home, but Miss Crute says she never waited for a letter with such eagerness as she did the announcement of the release of her first picture, and when she found a theater where it was being shown she collected all her friends in the neighborhood—a young army, she says—and marched them to the theater as her guests.

A comedy—one of the series of pictures very popular at that time—was being run off when the party entered the theater, and Miss Crute says a reel never seemed so long as a reel in that comedy. Finally the main title of the picture in which she appeared was flashed on the screen and with suppressed excitement she relaxed in her chair. Her hour of triumph had come.

The picture was a three-reeler. The first reel was projected, but it showed no sign of Sally Crute. A trifle disappointed, Miss Crute consoled herself by the thought that she would make her appearance in the second reel. But the second reel had threaded its way before the lens, and the third reel was started, and Sally Crute had never been in pictures as far as the unenlightened spectator knew. Her disappointment gave way to dismay, Miss Crute said. What if she wasn't in the last reel either—what *would* her friends say? But, no, she told herself; the picture still had one thousand feet to run. All her scenes had evidently been for the last reel.

Foot by foot the last reel unraveled and finally the familiar "The End" trailer appeared. Three reels of pictures but no Sally Crute. Half angered in her disappointment and half bewildered in an effort to find a suitable explanation to make to her friends, she led the way out of the theater. Until she reached home every word she heard from her friends was a jest.

The next morning she sought enlightenment from a confirmed film player and then she learnt that her scenes weren't cut out because her work wasn't up to standard, as her friends had hinted, but because pictures were made to conform with certain requirements, which meant that many of the scenes made were often not used at all.

The ruthless film cutter has caused many a heart-break among screen extras.

To my mind, one of the most humorous stories of the studio I have yet heard at a location session, is that wherein the principal figure is an ex-pugilist now playing bits around different studios. This ex-pugilist is one of the most likeable chaps on the floor, as stages in Motion Picture studios are frequently called, and not very long ago a number of the boys from the company with which he had been working with a fair degree of regularity decided to give expression of the esteem in which they held him by having him as the guest of honor at a big and sumptuous dinner to be held in a fashionable restaurant.

The ex-pugilist basked in full glory at the dinner. There were stories, speeches and music, wining, dining and fun. The chef seemed to have tried to outdo himself with each succeeding course. Finally the dessert course was reached and the waiter deferentially asked the ex-pugilist which of the fancy combinations he preferred. Whether it was due to the excitement of the occasion or whether it was because the guest had been too much intent upon listening to eulogies, is a matter I cannot explain, but here was the ex-pugilist's reply, delivered in all seriousness:

"Oh, if it's all the same to you, I think I'll have a beef stew."

Our Animated Mor

(*Continued from page* 95)

the winter months, accompanied by her mother, maid, chauffeur and bow-wow.

Bert Lytell shot a small shark in the Pacific—if you know which part of his anatomy that is! Anyway, a lot of grateful little sand-dabs swim around Mr. Lytell every time he goes in bathing, and if you call this a fish story—well, it's about fish, why shouldn't you?

Lasky is beginning to brag about Wanda Hawley, but one can hardly blame the studio, for she's the prettiest little blonde you ever saw. Some one has said that in order to be popular with men a brunette must be either brilliant, interesting, rich or beautiful nowadays, but a blonde doesn't have to be anything but a blonde. Well, Wanda began to steal hearts from the first time she appeared timidly before the lens, and if you note the way in which even a bunch of jaded studio workers gaze upon her, you'll believe the altruism quoted.

Charles Ray has been in pictures long enough to be tired of daily details, one would think, but say not so! Every night he runs enthusiastically to the projection-room to see the "rushes" of his previous day's work. He says he never fails to see the "run" and would rather miss his dinner than leave the lot before he criticises his work.

They had a little party at Paralta for E. Richard Schayer, who was one of their scenario staff until called to the colors. The players and editorial and business offices took up a collection and bought Mr. Schayer a trench-coat costing $45, which was given the new Sammy by Mr. Keenan, who made a bright little farewell speech. Everybody says some officer is going to make love to that coat in France and Richard wont be able to enjoy wearing it, but meantime he is carefully hanging on to it. Please notice the farewell clasp pretty Clara Williams is giving the departing hero.

During the readjustment period at Brunton studio, formerly Paralta, they didn't undertake building of sets. It was necessary to resort to realism, so a lot of scenes were shot in the East Side Los Angeles jail while filming Thomas Dixon's "The One Woman." W. Lawson Butt, famous English actor, was put behind real bars for the first time in his career, and said, "Gaols are such nawsty things, dont ye know."

Anna Nilsson is supporting Bert Lytell, and a peep into her dressing-room disclosed Anna with the prettiest hand-embroidered smock of forget-me-not blue, a white wash-satin skirt, white silk sox and bronze Oxfords, as she reclined on a cretonned chaise-longue reading a choice collection of letters from fans. Miss Nilsson shows her Viking forbears and is proud to say she's a "Swede." She loves her new "yob" and says it is an inspiration to act with Mr. Lytell—but that when it comes to listening to him beg for subscribers to the Liberty Bond issue, she'd like to be excused. Miss Nilsson had subscribed all she thought she could afford, but when the Brunton band-buggy went out barking downtown and Bert began to emote, she felt so tender-hearted that she started the subscription list for that evening by shouting, "Put me down for another five hundred. I suppose I can do without a few clothes for once!"

Hunting for George Beban is like trying to be a tailor to a flea. You never saw anybody who had conquered perpetual motion like the "San Francisco Mick with the Italian temperament," as they describe the star in Arizona. On the lot they say Mr. Beban's in the office, at the office they shunt you out on the glass stage to find him, and on the stage you'll be told he's either on the lot or between there and Arizona. Not even his publicity man can ever tell you just where Bob White's "poppa" has gone.

Walter Long, who played the horrid German officer in "The Little American," has decided to atone for his misdeeds in screendom by fighting with the artillery in France. Mr. Long has been gone some months now, and everybody on the lot is hoping for a letter. The Lasky service flag is peppered with many stars and floats joyously over the huge sign, "Positively No Admittance at This Studio, by Order of the Director-General, Cecil B. DeMille."

Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary!

(*Continued from page* 78)

few suitable duds, put on her first make-up, and had her on the lot in short order. Miss Thurman went right thru the rôle like a veteran, and had the unusual distinction of seeing herself in a pre-view the very next afternoon.

Having tested the delights of movie-making, Mary stayed right at the Sennett studio and was cast for another comedy by the second director, who said she might as well be working while her discoverer was absent. She fitted well into the stunt work required of girls at this studio, for she was a strong swimmer and gymnast, and not afraid of anything.

One doesn't expect the curtain to be rung on a tragedy with a comedy climax, but it's woman's privilege to change her mind, and so Mary Thurman has a right to be contrary if she wants to.

Many changes have come over Miss Thurman. In the first place, her mother left Salt Lake to live in Los Angeles with her now famous daughter. Mary is so busy that she hasn't had one free day from the sixteenth of July, 1917, to the present time. That includes Sundays, too.

Like everybody else, Mary Thurman has ambitions. Altho her fame has been attained in comedy, she loves straight drama.

Mary has been working steadily ever since that fateful meeting at the Alexandria dinner, and has not had a single sick day in two years.

Red-haired girls are very clever, and there's nothing contrary about Mary in this connection. She is one of those sensible, wholesome girls, entirely free from affectation, is a great favorite at the studio, mingles freely and in most kindly fashion with the extras, and has a smile and some funny greeting for every worker on the lot, be it only the scene-shifter.

They're building a new dressing-room for her, and this looks quite inviting—has buff walls, plenty of windows, good lighting system, a built-in dressing-table with plenty of mirror space, and two big closets for private wardrobe. Asked how many costumes she required for a new comedy, Mary Thurman replied, "I have had seven in a picture, but often I need only two. Clothes are really the *least* of my troubles."

"Especially bathing-suits?"

Whereupon Mary became once more quite contrary, and wrote finis to her story by hurrying to work on the stage.

NONSPI

A Pure Antiseptic Liquid Which Ends

Excessive UNDERARM PERSPIRATION

EVERY woman knows that personal daintiness is impossible so long as she suffers from excessive perspiration under the arms. The price of this disordered condition is ruined gowns, and humiliation.

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Keeps the Armpits Normally Dry and Absolutely Odorless

NONSPI is a time tried proven remedy, used by millions of women and recommended by physicians and chemists everywhere.

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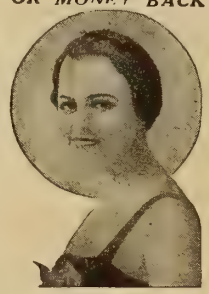

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What the Educational Films Are Accomplishing

(*Continued from page 76*)

expert on all such matters; standard, because out of many thousand feet of film, the best have been saved as a permanent record; entertaining, because the human side of the navy rather than the mechanical has been stressed, and the amusing sides of the bluejacket's life are fully shown. It is evident that such work will not only interest the audiences of today, but it will form a splendid record of the U. S. Navy of 1918 for the edification of posterity.

I used the term, "so-called educational," at the beginning of this article, and some of my readers may be puzzled over that designation. My meaning is that the educationals of today belong to the same order of informing classics as the standard books in the printed libraries. They are not textbooks, but they may be used as corollaries of textbooks, or as courses of reading in connection with a school education.

The strictly educational film textbook is as yet a problem of the future. It requires the laying out of definite courses of instruction graded year by year, and affording definite amounts of knowledge within definite periods. It is evident that the educators of the country must get together to solve this problem, and that the school boards which provide the funds must arrange to pay for equipment where such strictly educational films can be shown. All that may rest until after the close of the present war. But in the meantime the commercial educational firms are building up a vast amount of standard film literature (if I may be allowed to use the expression), which will come in handy in all future schemes for school and college film courses. We can enjoy that real film literature at many of our neighborhood picture theaters now, with the added and comfortable realization that our children and children's children will have the benefit of it also.

Miss Billie Rhodes, camera comédienne and holder of the Motion Picture knitting record for spinsters, having completed eleven sweaters and twenty-seven pairs of socks for soldiers, goes in for clay modeling in some of her more reposeful moments.

Miss Rhodes' most recent achievement in that line was a clay model of herself in the act of knitting a sweater, and, as several of her friends complimented her on the statuette, she had it mounted on a pedestal, just to prove that she could "sculp" if she happened to feel like it.

One day recently the Mutual-Strand star was called on by a priest of her acquaintance, who desired her to assist in the production of a Motion Picture for charitable purposes, and while Miss Billie was upstairs hustling into a formal morning gown, that she might receive her visitor with due ceremony, the reverend gentleman, who is very short-sighted, busied himself in an examination of the star's art bric-à-brac.

Entering the apartment thru portière curtains, Miss Rhodes found her visitor so engrossed in this occupation that he had not observed her coming.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, smiling and indicating the statuette with his specs—"ah, yes—holy St. Joseph."

"And I dont know to this minute," laughed the young woman, "whether he meant that as an ejaculation or an identification."

Niles Welch As We Saw Him

(*Continued from page 83*)

absence of spectacular thrills and mock heroics. Mr. Welch is seen in the rôle of a young American who falls in love with a Mexican girl (Mabel Julienne Scott). The manly and wholesome personality of the youthful star is all-pervading, as under his influence the little Mexican waif develops into a beautiful character and is "reclaimed." Henry McRae Webster produced the feature.

"Before long," Mr. Welch said, "I hope to be able to branch out in my work, because, above everything else, I dont want to be known as a one-part man. It's all very well to be known along one particular line if one is a very great artist, but even then the time comes when it is said of one that he has had his day, meaning that the public have tired of the sameness. Some of the greatest actors of the legitimate stage have been identified with one line, but were, nevertheless, capable of playing anything from Hamlet to Jingles. That's why they kept their popularity for so many years.

"Almost anybody," he continued whimsically, "can play a sweet, pretty-boy part, or be one of the corners in the eternal triangle I have done the lover parts, the serious dramatic rôles, and I have played a bit of comedy and put it over. So, having done that, I feel sure I can do more. My greatest aim is to be successfully versatile. Versatility is the keynote of success, because it opens up an enormous field. I want to do some real character studies—to portray life as it is in all its phases. (I wondered why one so extremely good-looking should want to make up in ugly character parts, but he was so much in earnest I refrained from saying so.) I think the Motion Picture of the future will deal more with character studies. It is going to reveal real personalities as a great novel does. And we are going to have more real drama."

It's safe to say that anything Niles Welch undertakes he will accomplish. He is one of the few young actors who has the natural grace, intelligence and ability to express emotion without leaving the impression that he is acting before the camera. *Another* "keynote" to success!

"What about 'fads and fancies,' Mr. Welch?" I wanted to know.

"No time for them," he said, promptly (and that's one of the likable things about this popular young star—he takes himself and his work so very, very seriously). "I'm very fond of reading, and I like riding better than any form of outdoor sport, but most of the time I have to be content with driving my car. I expect to go to the Coast before long, and that will be an entirely new experience. I've been nearly every place else, but not to California. I shall be glad to get away from New York and its wild life for a while, altho I dont mix up in it and shall not out there. I have found," he added, "that the 'wild life' and the kind of people who live it are to be found everywhere. No matter where we are, we will find, if we care to, our own little niche, our own kind of people and our own kind of pleasures."

It is easy to apprehend that if he were not so busy being a public character he would be a good deal of a student and somewhat of a recluse—"with his book, his dog and his ain fireside" (he's married, too, and frankly owns up to it). As it is, he goes his own way with characteristic independence, seeking no cheap popularity and asking only what's coming to him. That's Niles Welch.

And, as Zit said once upon a time, "We certainly do like that boy's acting."

At the American Studios

(*Continued from page* 59)

metal butterfly and the whole car spells classiness. Mary has a chauffeur, but she can shofe mighty well herself.

Margaret Shelby still rushes about in her "bucking broncho," as she calls the little Scripps-Booth. She fairly lives in that car and is a dandy one-hand twirler. She often drives it to Los Angeles, but is learning to handle Mary's big Packard, which is a bit awkward to drive in the downtown section of Santa Barbara. Margaret's wrist-watch is gold, with a very odd face, mounted on a gold bracelet. Mary manages to rise at 6:30 by referring to a platinum and diamond oblong watch, mounted on a gray silk ribbon, which bears a slide to match the timepiece.

Lloyd Ingraham, Miss Minter's director, lives near the studio in a very quaint bungalow, which his oldest daughter thinks resembles a dungeon. His two little girls have traveled so much that they are mighty interesting conversationalists. The Ingraham family has produced many musicians, Herbert Ingraham, a brother, being the composer of numerous popular song hits and settings for musical-comedies. Zella Ingraham, the twelve-year-old girl, has already composed several pretty songs, and is destined to be a singer and pianiste. The younger girl is a born comédienne, and is looking forward to the time when her doting daddy will allow her to exchange the schoolbench for the still stage.

Ted Sloman's bungalow is blessed with flowers galore, and tea-time on the front porch is like imbibing nectar in paradise. The Sloman baby is a year old and named after Eva Tanguay, her mother's intimate chum. Mr. Sloman told me a funny incident connected with the youthful boss of his home. The baby has a quantity of curly locks and is a born vampire, who flirts outrageously with strangers. One day she was coquettishly casting her dark orbs in the direction of a street-cleaner, who paused long enough to wink back at Eva, junior, while her sire perambulated her along the sidewalk. Suddenly the old "white wings" turned to Mr. Sloman with an admiring, "Golly, aint she got a fine *set* of hair, tho?" Mrs. Sloman will be remembered in a great number of American successes under her stage name of Hilda Hollis.

Henry King's daughter is a tiny French bisque doll, just the daintiest bit of humanity that ever set a small town agog. If she shows histrionic ability a few years hence, her pater intends making a second Baby Marie Osborne of the kiddie. At present she is directing her "old man" from a baby-buggy throne, and believe me, Director King has learnt to "stand by" and be ready for "action" as her numerous toys land on the floor.

I've always longed to see a studio rainmaker, the kind which drenches Constance Talmadge in "Up the Road with Sallie." No, I dont mean Hatfield, the professional who drenches Ventura and Santa Barbara County ranches for so much a shower, but the sort of machine which inexpensively furnishes film thrills. Here's a picture showing the real thing, the rainmakers being placed in close proximity, fashioned somewhat after the manner of fire-towers, the artificial downpour being realistically blown about by wind machines resembling propellers.

Everything used in the American products is fashioned right at the lot. There's a wonderful modeling room, a splendid conservatory which nurses every known variety of bloom, carpenter and cabinet-maker shops which turn out beautiful furniture, and pottery works which produce anything from the huge columns for Aztec ruins to pillars, statuary and marbles for up-to-date American ballrooms.

Members of the company just gave a fine performance of "The Wolf" at Potter Theater, Santa Barbara. Carl Stockdale, formerly of Lasky, played William MacDonald, Margarita Fisher was Hilda MacTavish and received so many lovely flowers that several autoloads were taken to local hospitals. One beautiful floral gift consisted of two dozen American Beauties standing over six feet high, which had to be brought thru the door horizontally and held by two of the actors, since their weight was too much for Miss Fisher.

George Periolat's make-up was fine, as usual. This was his first stage appearance in ten years, and he said that when he noticed how Lloyd Ingraham's pipe shook nervously, as he portrayed Andrew MacTavish, George decided not to smoke at all. None of the players had spoken lines publicly for years, so they felt a bit worried over the outcome. They had rehearsed all night Sunday, and had dress rehearsal Monday, Ted Sloman directing and playing Jules Beaubien besides. Jack Mower was handsome as ever in the rôle of George Huntley. You know he supports Margarita now, and is *some* leading-man.

The American donated stage settings and brought in huge trees, ferns and real flowers to offset the scenery. A very realistic picture of Canada was presented, and all the trees had been sprinkled with cedar-oil, so that the audience was fairly transported into the setting of the story. There was a clear gain of $1,500 for the Red Cross, and it's planned to repeat the performance in one-night stands in other towns, since the players cannot remain absent from the studio longer than Saturday or Sunday evening. Lots of people traveled up from Los Angeles, for not often do we get a first-class stage production on this West Coast.

Unfortunately, Margarita Fisher took a heavy cold, for she wore furs on the stage and then rushed out to cool off. Next day she motored to Los Angeles to shoot some scenes, much against her physician's advice. Within twenty-four hours she was confined to the Van Nuys Hotel with pneumonia and has been in a critical condition. Miss Fisher is such a favorite out here that the wires were kept "het up" between the two burgs with anxious inquiries as to her illness.

Miss Minter's contract calls for ten pictures a year, and as she rests and buys new duds three days or so after each picture, one may imagine how she has to work during actual time of production. This means having about thirty-five days during which the picture is shot, assembled, cut and finished. Mr. Russell and the other stars are kept quite as busy. This studio is run like a button-factory, and in case of illness it is necessary to work at night or Sunday to make up for lost time, since the American prides itself on never falling down on a release date. Perhaps that is one reason why there has never been any financial shortage, and while it is hard on the players, it is a plan which means prompt salary payment—quite a consideration in these days when so many companies have had to stop work or lay off temporarily that screening is a precarious business, indeed.

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Taking an Ex-Ray of Charles

(*Continued from page* 56)

the stars, and the public sat with the vault of the brilliant sky overhead, and the men smoked so much that you'd see bits of fire here and there in the audience, just like fireflies darting about. I will never forget the beauty of it all.

"The worst of it was that all my engagements came to a sudden end. That is the way with theatrical engagements—one is engaged for ten weeks and given notice at the end of the fifth or sixth week. Out of the second and fourth weeks' pay the carfare is deducted, and we had to pay our own traveling expenses for short jumps, buy wardrobe and pay board. I never had a cent left—the salary never ran more than thirty to forty dollars. My folks had become reconciled to it by that time and would send me money to return to Los Angeles. They had given me a splendid wardrobe besides, for while not wealthy people, they were comfortably fixed and did not want me to make a poor appearance, as long as I was set on being an actor.

"I used to prepare them for the worst. I would write, 'Things are looking a little slow this week,' and then the next week I'd wire, 'Company busted up; think I can get home on about ten.' My parents had a lot of patience, and my father used to say, 'If you'd only surprise us just once by coming back with a little check—just something to put in the bank for a change.' They knew I got money, but they never saw it, and it always wound up the same way—I needed a remittance.

"After the last fatality I stayed around Los Angeles for a couple of months. It was summer and nothing turned up. I met a couple of people who wanted to put on a three-person act at the small towns near Los Angeles, something that would blend in well with pictures at small theaters. I had not seen any of the big shows they had back East, but one of the men was quite a clever writer, good at dialog stuff. He boldly snitched plays like 'Girl of the Golden West,' 'Lotteryman,' 'The Wolf,' 'The Dollar Man,' and took the best of the plot, used different titles and names for the characters, put in dialog of his own, for we never saw the original plays, and we would have a twenty-minute act like a short synopsis of a play. He used to take *The Green Book,* which then printed whole plays, and, of course, he'd get the punch, for the best scenes would stand out and we just copped those bodily. We made quite a hit playing around Whittier, Covina and such places. We even did Henry Miller's 'Havoc' under a different name. We were *some* pirates!

"We got eighty dollars a week and split it three ways. Each of us got twenty dollars, and the other twenty we pooled for expenses, scenery, carfares and things like that. We all worked at the scenery. Used to paint lots of stuff—it was real fun. I had great experience in make-up, anyway.

"But really, I had studied make-up long before I went into this. At home, when I had seen a show, I would go to my room and pull crêpe hair apart and put on the funniest beards, wigs and mustaches. I had a complete outfit of grease-paints, and it was a far larger collection than I possess now, when I'm a professional. I would get home from a theater about eleven-thirty and stay up until four A. M. trying out poses and make-up. I had one of those little two-dollar Brownie cameras and set it on a table for proper focus. Then I put a handkerchief on the floor where I was to stand after I had it focused. I had a long fuse on the flash-light back of the camera, touched that with the match, rushed back to the handkerchief and struck a pose, and thought the light *never* would go off, I was so excited! You ought to see the collection of old snapshots I have taken in all sorts of make-up of myself by myself.

"Yet even that little tour came to an end. They got tired of vaudeville in the movie houses. One evening the other fellow in this trio and I were sitting in my room at home, kicking our heels against the trunk and wishing we could go somewhere, when in walked Harry Spear, of the Belasco Stock Company here. He began to talk Motion Pictures to us; said, 'Why dont you fellows go to it?' That listened good to me. I was hoping my pal would not want to go into it, for fear if both of us went only one would be taken. Wasn't that selfish? But you see I was so crazy about acting that I thought I just *must* push in regardless of anybody else. Anyway, my pal made light of it—said he'd hate to go into anything like pictures, he wanted to make a stage success.

"I thought this was a fine move, because I would have no board to pay. My folks always *entertained* me gratis. Spear told me to go to the Ince studio, near Santa Monica, and I set my alarm-clock for six A. M. When it scared me out of sleep next day I was mad, and didn't think that movies would be very attractive after all, for I'd been accustomed to long morning naps. However, I got out, changed cars three times, walked a lot and suddenly landed on what I have ever since thought the most inspiring sight I ever beheld. There were about ninety cowboys riding wildly on their ponies, forty to fifty Indians, sixty tepees, a most beautiful California morning to brighten the scene, the shimmer of the Pacific Ocean, the liveliness and busyness of the entire place—it all thrilled and charmed me. I never wanted to do anything so badly in all my life as to go into the movies right then and there.

"I had been told to see Charlie Giblyn, so when we met I told him I'd suped at Morosco and Burbank, played juveniles in road companies and been in my own act for quite a while. I remember the date so well—December 12, 1912. It will always stand out in my memory. They were doing Civil War photoplays then. Not many women were used. Cannon were booming, hand-to-hand battles being fought, and over on the other side they were putting on a Western play of the usual sort, stage-coach hold-ups, and so on.

"They took me right on for an extra, told me to put on a beard. I found right then that my training in making up during the lonely night hours was going to stand me in good stead. I really attribute my entrance into pictures to this, for, you see, juveniles are not accustomed to make up as a usual thing, and if I'd not been able to do what was wanted right then and there I probably never would have had a show.

"I was put to work, and after the day was over, Mr. Ince happened along and talked to me for a moment. He praised my beard and characterization, and I said, 'Well, this is a little out of my line, but I've done the best I knew how.' He said, 'What is your line?' I answered, 'Juvenile.' He told me to report the next day again. I had been accustomed to making up for Lincoln, Grant and other big men,

even if the facial contour was not just right. I made a good bluff at it with appurtenances. The next time I saw Mr. Ince he said that if a juvenile could put on a beard as I could, he should really be valuable to the company. Why, we used to wear Northern and Southern uniforms alternately, charge upon ourselves and change uniform and charge back. It was so funny! Lots of experience for a beginner. Mr. Ince gave me a part as a juvenile right in the beginning. It was a bit heavy, the title rôle in 'The Favorite Son,' which was directed by Francis Ford, with Grace Cunard as the girl and Joseph King the other brother. I was so enthused and inspired and worked so hard that I really dont think it would have been possible for me to fail utterly. Some time, when I get wealthy, I'm going to rent that old picture and have it run for myself. I want to see how I acted in those days. They tell me now it is running in China and doing good business.

"One day, right at the end of the picture, I was told to go to Mr. Ince. I thought he was going to give me the gate. He said the picture was cut and he had examined it very carefully. I thought this was my finish. I thought, 'Oh, if only I could get six or eight weeks more of this I could save enough to go to New York and work into a real show there.' It did seem like a hard knock of fate to do me out of a job right then, when I was getting on my feet. Besides, I was simply wild over pictures by that time. However, Mr. Ince said, 'I see very good possibilities in you, and I hope that you will want to stay with me.'

"Say, was I knocked flat? Nobody had ever wanted me to stay with him before. They all wanted to get rid of me because the show didn't pay or couldn't get bookings. That just knocked me off my feet, metaphorically speaking. We were walking upstairs, and I was so wonderfully happy that the tears filled my eyes, and I had such a lump in my throat I could hardly say a word of thanks. I fell up the stairs, because the tears had blinded me, and Mr. Ince must have noticed it all, but he was so kind and just patted my shoulder and said, 'That is good luck, to fall upstairs!'

"After that, I used to study all the time in the cars. I didn't have one of my own then, you see, and I would forget all about the people and just think out rôles and how to improve them. Suddenly I'd come to myself and look about anxiously, wondering if I had made a fool of myself or caused anybody to think I was a *Knutt!*"

"Mr. Ray, by that time your parents must have been very proud and quite ready to allow you to follow your ambition, weren't they?"

Charles Ray chuckled. "It was such a relief to them to have me stop asking for money. They never begrudged it, but they did think it ought to bring about some result. I never had appeared to get ahead. Father began to feel proud from the time I started a bank account. That was his idea of something to be really proud of."

"Do you rehearse much?"

"Very little indeed. I read a play once—that is the river; the episodes are the tributaries, so to speak. Just before doing a certain episode I may reread it and talk it over with Vic. You know my director, Victor Schertzinger, is a marvel—a wonderful musician, speaks several languages, has written beautiful plays, the incidental music to 'Civilization,' and has just finished writing a drama for me. We have been doing one of his plays. The working title is 'A Nine-o'Clock Town,' but probably that will be changed. I cant just explain how it is between Vic and me; we so thoroly understand each other we dont have to talk when he directs. He looks at me, I look at him. It must be thought-transference or something, but I feel so harmonious just when he is around, and if he plays sometimes the music is soothing as well as spurring one on to enthusiastic effort. Sometimes I run into his room and say, 'What is it when I go upstairs? Do I open the closet?' And he says, 'Oh, no; dont you remember you are thinking and looking out of the window before you go out?' I say, 'Oh, yes.' That would about cover an average rehearsal.

"Of course, if we have ten people working in ensemble, there must be a little rehearsal, or somebody might interfere with another's work. But so far as I'm concerned, I generally just act on the spur of the moment, spontaneously, without special direction. But, as I say, it is because Vic and I get on so well together and feel things without talking about them."

"Do you feel that you can actually lose yourself in a part, live in it and think it all the time you work?"

"I know I can. I'm thankful I never lost my illusions. I can see a show and it seems just as real to me, and so does a character impress me. I had one part in which I had to wear a monocle, and the grease-paint and warm weather made it difficult to keep the thing in place. To overcome this I wore it always at home, especially when dining. I knew I had to eat without having it wiggle, and thought how horrible it would be if in a scene that bull's-eye would suddenly drop and slide down my greasy cheek. I used to think and live like that Englishman at home, and got so accustomed to having him around that I missed him when the feature was finished."

There's a quiet concentrativeness about Charlie Ray which mingles well with that boyish twinkle of fun in his hazel eyes. He is like a big, generous, frank boy, can look you straight in the eye and yet convince you of his modesty. He's just so anxious to succeed and to please Mr. Ince that past successes fade away in his mind. Haven't you always hated people who put a cold, clammy fish-tail handshake over on you? You needn't fear one from Mr. Ray. He gives you a strong, warm clasp, which seems to say, "I'm certainly glad to know you," and which takes the sting out of the inevitable good-by.

And out of his wide experience, tho the years have been but five since he entered this field, Charlie Ray says that there is a splendid opening for leading-women of real talent. He likes to change leads in every picture, but says it is almost impossible to do so owing to the dearth of attractive and talented girls. There are the famous women stars, but they wont support a male star, and so there are mighty few really brilliant supporting women.

"I believe that if girls who are eager to succeed in pictures would stop dreaming and get right down to hard work at home, studying, watching their gestures in the mirror, reading the photoplay magazines and seeing the best plays, they would have just as good a chance as I did. I didn't get my opportunity thru good-looks or pull, but simply by being ready when a door finally opened after the usual disappointments," said "his mother's boy," in conclusion.

"Go to it—and stick to it, that is the secret of screen success."

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PERFECT YOUR BEAUTY EARN BIG MONEY

With the Newest "Uncle Tom's Cabin" Company

(*Continued from page* 46)

had not been able to get off my make-up. It's quite a process, you know.

"I saw the guests looking at me askance, and this old lady in particular drew aside her skirts very haughtily when I got into the car. Noticing this, several of the gentlemen were about to put me forcibly out before the elevator-boy, who knew me, could prevent. Needless to say, after that, in spite of the jibes of the company, I used the freight elevator! Had I been the villainous old Simon Legree, I might have ridden all day in their elevators!"

Discoursing thus mournfully upon the advantages of reform, Mr. Losee came naturally to the "good old days," which everybody remembers, but which never seem to be "among those present." He says he believes "Uncle Tom's Cabin" will be new to the present generation, and declares that when he attempted to buy his copy before rehearsals began, for he makes it a practice to read every play in which he appears, he actually experienced considerable difficulty in securing a copy.

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' used to be a life-saver for the road companies," he began, "and every 'turkey actor' that ever toured the country has at one time in his career been an Uncle Tom. There were several reasons for this, but the principal one, I should say, is that almost every part in the play can be doubled; indeed, the whole thing can be done by a half-dozen players. Even in our film version Miss Clark doubles as Topsy and Little Eva.

"Of course, this business of 'doubling' *has* been overdone, as, for instance, one time when I was asked to play three parts. All went well until I discovered at first rehearsal that the third was to meet the first at center stage during a late scene. This was the straw that broke the camel's back—and I rebelled.

"But at that, I *did* play three parts—indeed, even more, for between my scenes it was my duty and pleasure to stand in the wings and portray the bloodhounds, several of them, by baying and barking in different tones. In those days every actor engaged in a stock company knew that sooner or later he would be asked to 'bark.'

"Sometimes in those days Simon Legree, the cruel, was given far more prominence than Uncle Tom himself, and often a negro was hired to play the rôle of Uncle Tom. On one such occasion I remember when it came to the line, 'Whar is the New Jerusalem, Uncle Tom?' the negro replied feelingly, 'Up thar, up thar in the flies, Miss Eva,' bringing the house down in roars of laughter during what should have been a very solemn moment of the play.

"I could go on indefinitely with tales of the old days. There were often as many as a dozen or twenty companies on the road at once, ranging in size from ten to fifty players. Every actor has at one time done 'Uncle Tom' and many celebrities owe much of their popularity to that play. At one time I played in Minneapolis and St. Paul with a company including Louis James, the famous tragedian, Julia Arthur and others as well known at that time, in 'Uncle Tom's Cabin.'"

"It is quite a change from the part of Scarpia in Pauline Frederick's 'La Tosca' to kindly old Uncle Tom, isn't it?" we hazarded.

"Yes, indeed," was Mr. Losee's smiling reply, "but nothing to the contrast between Legree and Tom. Scarpia was a *gentleman* compared to Simon Legree as I used to play him!"

Thinking of the wily, treacherous, coldly cruel Scarpia that Mr. Losee had created, we decided then and there that probably the "Beast of Berlin" has nothing on the Simon Legree of Mr. Losee's stage creation.

Just then Mr. Dawley signaled for the beginning of a new scene, and, excusing himself, Mr. Losee entered the scene again. In the meantime a tour of inspection about the studio brought us upon many an unexpected set of exquisite beauty. For instance, a typical Southern veranda, with its inviting wicker chairs, its high, white pillars adorned with vines, and a tiny parasol belonging to Little Eva lying where she had left it on returning from church.

Other sets were quaint interiors of the old Southern mansion, bedrooms with spindle-leg furniture that many a collector would have envied; living-rooms with wide fireplaces and inviting chairs built for comfort; and away in one corner a church doorway. Returning to the scene upon which the picture was being filmed, we were surprised to hear a burst of laughter from Miss Clark and Director Dawley himself, both usually determined sticklers for silence during the taking of their scenes.

Upon inquiring the cause of the unseemly mirth, Miss Clark assured us that "Mr. Losee is the funniest man in the world." It seems Legree had just been bullying Uncle Tom and had told him that he "owned him body and soul," as per the lines in the book.

To the unalloyed delight of everybody, Mr. Losee had replied solemnly: "No, massa, my soul belongs to God, but my body belongs to—Adolph Zukor."

The Kaiser—In Fort Lee

(*Continued from page* 54)

soldier-man, who hustled here and bustled there and seemed to be 'most everywhere. The name's as Irish as can be—that's why they put him in, you see.)

Von Hindenburg was played by Jim, or Mr. Marcus, I called him. 'Twas, "Now, Jim, this," and "Now, Jim, that." He was as popular as Pat.

When we were thru the outdoor scene (I know 'twill look well on the screen) the soldiers in their suits of gray climbed in a truck and whirled away, as they had indoor work to do—'twould take another day or two. And, as they rode back to New York, some men grew pale and didn't talk, for all the youngsters they passed by began to jeer and raise a cry, and if a bottle was at hand they tried their best to make it land upon a German's head or side. It was a most exciting ride!

I would that R. A. Walsh might say, in his most taking Irish way, to Kaiser Bill across the sea:

"Come over here and pose for me. I find you're just the type I need to make my picture take the lead of photoplays we now let loose. 'Twill make the rest look like the deuce. The salary? Why, man, name your pay. Work by the week or by the day. If I just had you, Kaiser Bill, I'd make a picture fit to kill. A secret!—promise not to tell. The scenes would all be laid in hell!"

Oh wake up, folk! That cannot be till our boys, hustling o'er the sea on *Victory*, our fastest boat, sail homeward with the Kaiser's goat.

The Man Behind the Film

(*Continued from page* 81)

other factories situated nearer the heart of Rochester.

These factories—the Camera Works, Century Works, Premo Works and Hawkeye Works—employ 8,500 workers, giving the Eastman staff a total of 13,000, a long stride from the single assistant of the 80's.

Eastman makes a tremendous portion of the world's film. Back in 1914 he was manufacturing 95 per cent of the world's film. The present percentage is a secret, but it can safely be said to practically mean almost all the film used in the world.

This gives some idea of the great resources necessary to the Eastman plant. The output is said to be considerably more than 300 miles of film per day. An outline of the making of film is interesting. The transparent film base upon which the photographic emulsion is spread is a pyroxylin compound, obtained by treating a form of cellulose, usually cotton from which the oils have been extracted, with a mixture of nitric and sulphuric acids. This reduces it to what is technically termed cellulose-nitrate.

After a thoro washing, requiring about two weeks, the cellulose-nitrate is put into large revolving drums and solvents added. The drums, with a capacity of some 4,000 pounds, are sealed up and revolved for a period of several days. The resulting solution, which has the consistency of syrup or extracted honey, is pumped thru filter presses.

This solution, called "dope," is poured upon forming and drying rollers, with highly polished surfaces. This forms a continuously flexible sheet of glass like transparency. The film must necessarily be of absolutely uniform thickness. The standard thickness of film base is from 5/1000ths to 5 1-4/1000ths of an inch. The sheets, over 2,000 feet in length, and 3½ feet in width, are placed on cores in large rolls, much the same size and form as rolls of printing paper, and are thus sent to the sensitizing rooms. Thus far the operation has taken place in daylight. but, as the photographic solution is highly sensitive to light, the coating and remaining processes take place under ruby lights. When the coating is completed, the film is allowed to dry, after which it is split into strips of the width necessary for Motion Picture cameras, 1 3-8 inches. These strips are wound upon wooden spools, usually in 400-ft. lengths, wrapped in paraffin paper and tinfoil and packed in sealed light-proof boxes. Thus the film goes to the picture producers.

An interesting feature of Kodak Park is the research laboratory.

Kodak Park maintains its own silver nitrating plant. Next to the United States Mint, Eastman is said to be the largest user of silver bullion in the world, two tons of pure, specially refined bullion being used each week of the year. The silver is treated with nitric acid and the resulting solution is then evaporated until white crystals are formed. The silver nitrate in solution is mixed with a solution of potassium bromide and gelatine, and dissolved in hot water to form insoluble silver bromide, which is the light sensitive compound used to coat the film backing and to catch the photographic image.

Thus Eastman's original investment of five dollars to learn "wet plate" photography, has developed into the vast film industry. Probably no investment in the world's history has paid such dividends—in money, entertainment, education and art.

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Conserving Salt

(*Continued from page* 62)

camera-man and in this case had taken just the favorite along. They had no one to take his place. Everybody waited for Salisbury to decide what to do. It didn't take him long. It was just a question of values. Was the camera-man more valuable in the Motion Picture field just now than he was in the home field? Salisbury decided, pronto, that *she* needed and was entitled to her man, and the picture game, "Silent Smith" included, could wait. So they equipped the camera-grinder with their best dog team and headed him for home.

I hope the little new life will know some day that he was responsible for the holding up of "Silent Smith." He kept his daddy at home for ten days, while Salisbury and his company played snowball on icebergs and waited.

They came back to Universal City to make the "interiors," and there I found Silent Smith, looking a very real and worth-while person in his famous fur costume. This costume, by the way, is a remarkable one.

The moccasins are equally fine and interesting, and the heavy mittens are of deer-skin. For some reason the hair on these deer-skin garments did not break. The Alaskans must have a method of tanning that prevents it. Our own deer, those found in the States, have hair that is very brittle. Each hair is hollow, and when the hides are used for rugs or clothes of any kind the hair breaks off quickly.

Salisbury was intensely proud of the costume and was explaining its design and handiwork to me when a heartless man appeared, saying, "Ready, Salisbury?" and began to dust the beautiful garments with artificial snow.

"Go slow on the salt, old fellow," laughed Salisbury. "What's the use of freezing to death to conserve salt in the exteriors if we're going to waste it on the interiors?"

Mr. Salisbury soon looked as tho he had just come in out of a lovely blizzard and, with a merry smile and a "Here goes Silent Smith," he left me.

And the thermometer registered ninety!

"Good luck to him!" I called, in parting.

"SOONER," EDITH STOREY'S PET DOG, UPSETS STAR'S WAR WORK

For the first time since the war began Edith Storey stopped knitting this week, but only to do her patriotic "bit" in another way. The versatile star started to crochet a woolen helmet for some fortunate army aviator in France, when her pet dog, "Sooner," slid into the spotlight as the villain of the piece.

The helmet was almost completed when "Sooner" took the notion to make trouble. Miss Storey had left the fluffy pet—also her crocheting—in her dressing-room in charge of her maid and was working on the stage at Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood, when suddenly she was amazed to see "Sooner" romping near her.

Finishing the scene, Miss Storey took doggie in her arms, only to find the end of a skein of yarn in his mouth. Following the trail of the woolen string, which zigzagged all over the stage, around sets and thru the property-room, she at length came to the other end in her dressing-room. That's all it was—an end—for her precious helmet had ceased to be.

Now "Sooner" wears a tiny muzzle whenever he is brought to the studio, and Miss Storey has started all over again on the helmet. Only this time she's knitting it.

The Vamp

(*Continued from page* 100)

Already she mistrusts me. Am I such a vampire, Bob?"

But Bob only kist away the question.

The weeks passed uneventfully, except that Weil had gradually started to show his true colors. He was undoubtedly an evil influence among the men as a labor agitator. Under the guidance of Bob, a benefit had been arranged at the Community House for the suffering Belgians. At the same time Bob hoped to turn the men's minds away from a strike.

Weil seized upon the occasion to harangue the miners in the town saloon, inciting them to strike. "Every business is paying more for labor," he told them. "If you were in munition making you would be making twice as much as you do down in the eternal night of those mines. Are you going to stand for it?"

After the benefit Nan whispered to Bob, "Come up to our apartment in ten minutes. I've a little surprise."

When Bob reached the room Nancy was again in the vampire gown given her by the chorus-girls. Again rouge and powder had transformed her slender, fragile prettiness into a blooming beauty.

"Why, Nan," exclaimed Bob, as he took her in his arms, "you surely dont think you need to vamp me all over again?"

"Of course not, Bob, dear. This is a celebration. It's our second wedding anniversary. We've been married *two whole weeks.*"

Unknown to Bob, at that moment a number of miners, led by Weil, were passing Community House. The brightly lighted room caught Weil's eye. Nan's décolleté gown, the rose in her hair, the flower-decked supper-table, all painted a picture utterly at variance with the real love in the hearts of the youthful newlyweds.

"Look there, men!" pointed out Weil. "That's why your lives are ground out at a wretched wage. That's how the money is wasted that should go to buy bread for your children and clothing for your wives."

Happening to pass and hearing the harangue, Bob's uncle neared the window. Just at that moment Nan, in her rakish vampire gown, climbed upon the edge of the table and began singing a popular song to her laughing husband.

But the little anniversary party quickly ended. Uncle James burst into the room.

"What on earth are you trying to do? I'm ashamed of both of you," he began, angrily. "And you, Nancy, trying to act to your husband like a common girl of the streets! That's what comes of marrying an actress girl, Bob!"

Nan burst into tears. "No more of that, uncle," Bob protested firmly. "We were just celebrating our wedding anniversary."

"Then celebrate it in a godlike way," growled Uncle James. "The miners have been watching you two, and they're embittered. I wouldn't be at all surprised if your wife's goings-on have caused a strike."

"I'm so sorry," wept Nan. "I didn't mean anything but to surprise and please Bob. Wont they understand if I tell them?"

"You've done enough," snapped the elder Walsham. "Try to be a circumspect wife—if you can."

The next few days meant a brief separation for the newlyweds. Bob was called to a training camp of the Boy Scouts in the hills near Ore Junction. While he was absent Weil called several times to see Nan. Altho she disliked the man's personality tremendously, she intuitively felt that Weil had some plan on foot which menaced her husband. And she resolved to find out its meaning.

Then an inspiration came to her. "I'll vamp him — with paint and powder you can do anything," she told herself, unconsciously repeating Mazie's philosophy.

That afternoon she met Weil. Masking her dislike, she smiled in response to his greeting. "I've been lonely for days, Mr. Weil," she said, putting a subtle suggestion into her words. "My husband has been away."

"A pretty girl like you shouldn't be lonely," responded Weil. "You've only to say the word and you wont be."

"Suppose I say the word," whispered Nan.

Weil flushed with surprise at his easy conquest. Never for a moment did he doubt that he had completely captivated the girl's fancy. He remembered her vampirish gown and the anniversary supper observed thru the windows of the Community House. The young woman was an actress, and the morals of an actress——

Weil hurried to press his advantage. "Let me come to see you — tonight," he begged, taking Nan's hand.

She drew it away coquettishly. "Tonight, at eight," she whispered and was gone.

The next night Weil and three leaders of the miners' organization met in the back room of Joe La Barge's saloon.

"It's up to you to do something," argued Weil. "Now is your time to strike. The Government *has* to have coal. You'll get your raise quick enough."

"What's going to happen to our women while the Government is settlin' the strike?" demanded one of the miners.

"I'll take care of you," responded Weil. "I'm interested in social conditions, and I represent a millionaire who is studying the problems of the coal miner. I'll pay your organization enough to maintain your families, and I'll pay you three enough for your trouble in organizing the strike—for making the miners see that a strike is the only way to better their conditions. My employer is altruistic enough to do this for you—in return for one thing."

The miners leaned forward eagerly. Weil had already slipped a large sum of money into their hands. "My employer does not believe in settlement and community houses, and he is right," continued Weil. "You know the type of man this Walsham is — spending money intended for your betterment on an actress. There's just one way to get rid of Walsham and his crowd." Weil's voice slipped to a whisper. "It's easy enough for you to finish Community House. Stir up the miners a little. They're bitter now. When they strike tomorrow start them towards the place. Pick out a reliable man to lead them. It wont take them long to wreck the building."

Ten minutes later Weil slipped out of the place. A calculating smile twisted his hard mouth. Yet his thoughts were not about the coming strike or Community House in wreckage. They swirled around a girl in black décolleté. Within twenty-four hours he'd get possession of Nancy Walsham!

(*Continued on page* 132)

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.....

(*Continued from age* 130)

Nan had the stage set for Weil's reception. She remembered Mazie's roses, tiger-skin rug and incense. She garbed herself in her most dashing gown, applied rouge with elaborate care, and then set the trap for Weil.

Calling the Community House's caretaker, Manus Mulligan, to her, she told him her plans. Manus readily consented "to do anything to help Mr. Walsham."

"That Weil will be a surprised gentleman when I step out, that he will," grinned Manus.

Nancy placed Mulligan in a closet of her room. Then she waited. A stealthy knock sounded at the door, and Nan, radiant in décolleté, smiled Weil into the room. "I was afraid you wouldn't come," she said.

"I'd dare anything for you," he said, as he seated himself on the lounge.

Nan thoughtfully recalled Mazie's instructions as to lolling soulfully. "I'm becoming a graduate vamp," she said to herself. Weil soon began to follow up his imaginary advantage.

"We're both unhappily married," he declared. "Let's slip away from Ore Junction. Your husband will be out of a job after tonight, for the miners are going to strike and demand their rights. They're in an ugly mood and may even wreck Community House. They hate your husband because they believe he is wasting their money on an actress, even if you are his wife."

"A strike?" questioned Nan. "I cant believe that the men will strike"

"I know," repeated Weil, vaingloriously. "I know because *I called the strike.*"

"You have a wonderful power over the men," continued Nan, trying to draw out Weil further. She paused thoughtfully. "How do they have such faith in you?"

"Money does it," sneered Weil. "Money—well placed, as I know how to do it—does anything. I have plenty of it. That's why we can go away together. My work is finished here."

"Suppose I should go away with you, what assurances have I that you will be faithful? Besides, I'm an extravagant little person."

"Never fear," protested Weil. "I'll tell you a secret: I'm in the employ of John Fleming. He has unlimited resources. Some day I'll tell you the source of his money. One thing I can tell you—it is without limit."

The noise of a passing crowd of miners came from the street. A sudden idea came to Nan. Going to the window, she cautiously raised the shade without attracting Weil's attention. Then she took her place by his side.

Weil put his arms about her, and she permitted herself to slip close beside him. Remembering that she must save Bob at any cost, she even permitted the labor leader to kiss her. At the same time she listened to the gathering, muttering crowd of miners outside of Community House.

The brightly lighted room had caught their eye, as she guessed it would, and the miners were fast growing infuriated with the perfidy of their leader.

Altho Nan did not realize it, things were fast reaching a climax in the street outside.

"He's a helluva a fine leader, he is!" angrily exclaimed "Big Jaw" Smead, a leader of the miners' labor union. "Only a day or two back he was guffing about Walsham wasting our money on that woman. Now he's doing the same thing."

"Lemme tell you somethin', 'Big Jaw,'" growled another miner, "let's get Weil's woman. She'll fix him up good and proper."

The miners dispatched one of their number for Mrs. Weil, who speedily arrived on the scene. A scrawny, jealous little woman, Mrs. Weil fairly sobbed with anger at the sight within Community House. She pulled herself away from the miners and dashed into the place. The miners crowded after her.

The woman hurled herself into Nan's room. "What're you doing with my man, you hussy?" she demanded.

Nan jumped to her feet in amazement. She had not considered Weil's wife in her plans to trap the man.

"You're a fine one to be married to a settlement leader, a fine one, you——" But before she finished her denunciation Bob, accompanied by his uncle, pushed his way thru the miners.

"What's all this, Nan?" Bob asked.

"What's this?" repeated Mrs. Weil. "I'll tell you what it is. Your wife has my man with her."

Bob turned in amazement to his bride.

"It was all a plan to trap Weil, Bob, dear," began Nan. "He is getting the miners to strike tonight and trying to incite them to wreck Community House. I was suspicious and wanted to find out. I invited him here and—and——"

"A pretty story!" sneered Mrs. Weil. "Planned to trap Phil, eh? Any one's a fool to believe that story."

Nan went to the closet door. "Come out, Manus," she said, and Mulligan stepped into the room.

"Isn't what I say true, Manus?" she asked.

"It is, ma'am. I've been there every minute, and I heard every word. Weil said he was calling a strike and that he was in the pay of that Mr. Fleming. Sure he wanted the missus to run away with him."

Bob tried to reach Weil, but the surprised miners held him back.

Just then two men—strangers—pushed their way thru the crowd into the room.

"Philip Weil," said one of them, advancing to the labor agitator's side.

Weil paled. The stranger took a pair of handcuffs from his pocket. "Mr. Weil, you're wanted by Uncle Sam."

"We're Secret Service men," explained the stranger. "We have been watching Weil for some time. He's a paid tool of Fleming, who is a German spy. It's going to go hard with them both."

The news spread thru the crowd of miners, out into the throng in the hall, and finally into the street. German spies! They had almost been tricked by Hun agents!

"We'll lynch him, boys!" shouted one of the miners.

"No, men, let the law take its course," said Bob, firmly. "You can depend upon Uncle Sam meting out justice."

So the two Secret Service men pushed their way thru the throngs with the trembling Weil.

"Three cheers for Mrs. Walsham!" shouted "Big Jaw" Smead, and the miners took up the cheer with a vim. Then they pushed their way from the room. Bob, Nan and their uncle finally were alone.

"How did you get him to confess, Nan?" asked Uncle James.

"I vamped him!" laughed the bride.

"You're a brainy little siren, thank the Lord!" admitted uncle. And he turned his back as Nan threw herself into Bob's outstretched arms.

But uncle winced palpably as he heard Nan's resonant and hearty kisses—far too hearty for even a siren. But Bob whispered, "You're the dearest little vamp in all the world!"

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 119)

G. R. F. D.—To select well among old things is almost equal to inventing new ones. Private George F. Pollock, 366210, 1st Prov. Co., C. A. C., Camp Joseph, Johnston, Fla., would like to hear from some of the girls. William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Miss U. S. A." Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Drew in "Pay Day." Gladys Leslie in "The Soap Girl."

Sweet Pickles.—Grief counts the seconds; happiness forgets the hours. You refer to Benjamin Chapin, the Lincoln impersonator, who died recently. No, that isn't the way to look at it. You must stand on your head, because you appear to see everything upside down.

The Masked Marvel.—What makes the water wet? Splash! Yes, that was Louise Glaum in "The Wolf Woman." "Up Romance Road" is William Russell's latest. It deals with love, adventure and all that sort of stuff, so it ought to be good.

Gladys L.—But isn't every form of human life romantic? Youth indulges in hope and old age in remembrance. Very little is known of the interior of the earth, except that it is supposed to be a molten mass. The aggregate thickness of the strata rock layers, as far as known, is less than thirty miles. You want a picture of William Hart's wife-to-be. Not sure that she will play. Harold Goodwin in "The Sawdust Ring."

Marion Mac.—Dont be like the man who married in haste and repented in Nevada. Your letter was very interesting. We learn wisdom by the follies of others. Commander Ferdinand Foch is commander-in-chief of the Allied forces on the western front.

Do Tell.—That's what I'm here for. Your letter was interesting. James Cruze with Paramount, Henry Gsell with World. I know that, too, but he who deals with a blockhead has need of much brains. Please dont think I mean you. Do Tell me some more.

Yutzo.—Elliott Dexter is back with Lasky for another year. Leah Baird is being featured in a serial. Dont be so suspicious; suspicion is always worse than fact. So you are placing your hopes in a Ouija-board. Well, there are worse follies than that. Rest is for the head—you need rest.

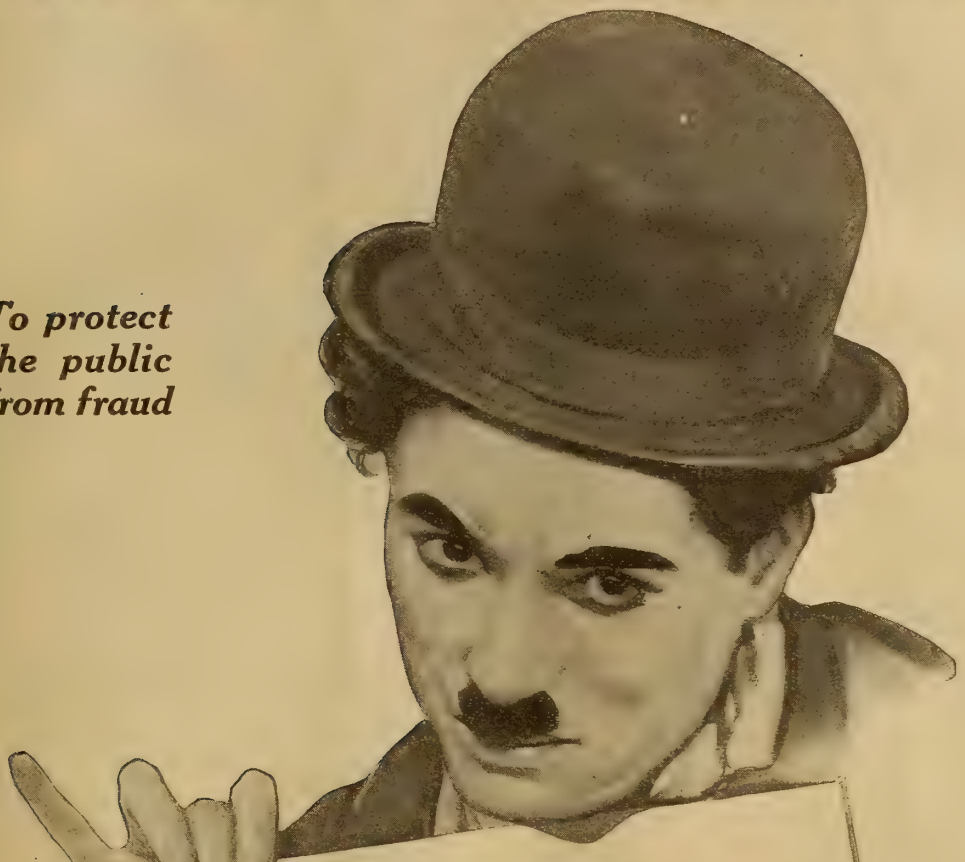
Lord Helpus.—Why, yes, there is a John Harwood with Mutual. Alan Forrest in "A Bit of Jude." Yes, send the picture on, but I wont be able to use it. You may admire me, but dont adore. Curses! Blanche Sweet will play in "The Hushed Hour" for Harry Garson. Milton Sills, Mary Anderson, Rosemary Theby, Harry Northrup and Wilfred Lucas make up the cast. It will be taken in the Fine Arts studio at Hollywood. There is a time when patience becomes a virtue. Take heed.

Iona Ford.—Have you still got it? B. S. Moss is a Motion Picture and vaudeville manager. You say it is nonpatriotic to be fat, but it is tragic to be as thin as Norma Talmadge. Tut, tut! Not so strong! No, indeed, I do not think it is ladylike and becoming to see a woman smoke. I am not a prude, but I cant see any grace in a woman smoking. Dr. Johnson says that the worst way of being intimate is by scribbling. Sobeit.

Mischief E.—Crane Wilbur's latest is "The Finger of Justice," released thru Arrow Film Co. I had a heated argument today about the same subject, but to discuss an opinion with a fool is like carrying a lantern before a blind man. Oh, say not so!

A letter from Charlie Chaplin

To protect the public from fraud



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Charles Chaplin

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OCTOBER MAGAZINE

SEP -6 1918

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SEP -6 1918

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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

Vol. XVI OCTOBER, 1918 No. 9

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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PAGE 4

"WIN THE WAR"

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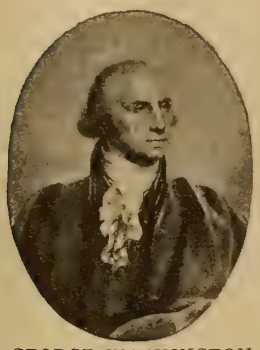

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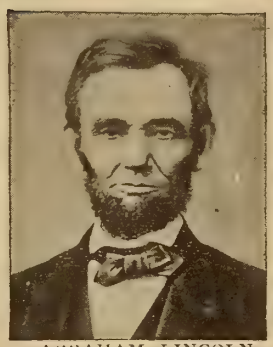
THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC



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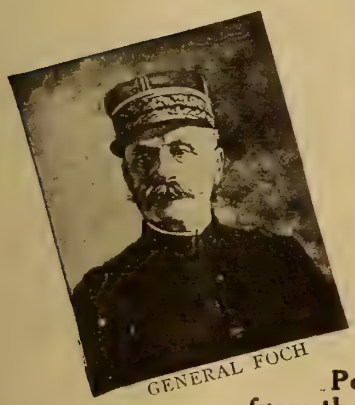

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PRESIDENT WILSON

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Portraits from the pages of our glorious past:

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Art Gravure print of the famous painting:
"THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC"
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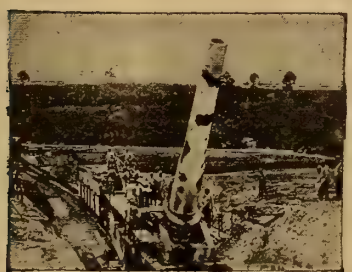

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The November Magazine

Brilliant Personality Stories on Two Brilliant Stars

After we made our announcements for the October Magazine, so many good articles came in at the last minute which were especially timely that we decided to hold over the Eugene O'Brien and Mabel Normand chats for the November Magazine, knowing that these promised stories would keep.

The Girl from Wyoming

Undoubtedly there is only one film star from this Western State, and she's a star any State in the Union might well be proud of. Mildred Harris, Lois Weber's dainty heroine, is the representative. Is it any wonder Wyoming is proud? Tho only seventeen, Mildred is a film veteran. She has played before the camera since she was seven—in the days when the bad Indians captured the golden-haired little daughter of the rich rancher and forced her to be rescued in the last few feet of film by the ever-present cowboys. Follow the career of Mildred Harris in the November Magazine. Brush up your memory and learn what she has accomplished.

Theodore Roberts—The Dear Old Man of the Films

When you see Theodore Roberts in films, you wonder about him; he is the sort of person you just cant help wondering about. Our Western correspondent caught him at home one afternoon—at home with his menagerie—for be it known that this dear old gentleman of the films is an ardent admirer of animals. He brought out his beautiful cats, his pedigreed dogs and his dear little birds for our interviewer's benefit—and he even gave her pictures of most of them. Theodore Roberts is young—his undying youth sparkles in his boyish eyes and plays about the corners of his smiling lips. Get acquainted—intimately acquainted—with him.

A Five-Pointed Star

Almost every person has one or two things that he can do well, but Bert Lytell is afflicted with an overdose; he is an actor, writer, rancher, designer and athlete. Being a star is in itself a huge undertaking, but Bert was not always one and he is democratic enough to admit it. He goes so far as to tell about the time he was stranded without a cent in his pocket, and again, how he and his pal sold patent medicine in between talks, jokes and solos. This is a typical story of Bert Lytell—just the kind of tale you'd imagine he'd tell. Dont miss it.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. - Brooklyn, N.Y.

"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

On to the End, with the Best of Luck---and Wish 'Em Well!

THE fans have at last cast a really telling vote—one of the first twelve players has fallen behind, and Bill Farnum—big and worthy Bill—steps up to take her place. Perhaps Bill should not take the step which ousts little Mary Miles Minter, but this is no photoplay, where the hero plays the gallant. All's fair—especially in war—and this is war, tho a friendly one. Because little Mary Miles Minter has dropped behind this month doesn't mean that she loses her chance to be seen by all visitors of the National Museum at Washington. It merely means that the Minter supporters will have to get together and put her back, safe and sound, well up on the coveted list, out of harm's way.

Bill Farnum's voters seem to have come to the front simultaneously. Not only does he force out Mary Miles Minter, but he comes within twenty-five votes of tying Earle Williams. It is interesting to note that last month Earle Williams exceeded him by 1,410 votes. This shows what a truly loyal following can do!

Many people are pooh-poohing serials, but a recent proof of their popularity is that Ben Wilson rose six places during the past month in this contest, while Neva Gerber was brought within notice. Perhaps their serial is particularly appealing—or perhaps their admirers just like them. At any rate, their boost showed sincere admiration for serial work and will most certainly be appreciated by the popular team.

Mabel Normand has risen perceptibly; so have Eugene O'Brien, Edith Storey, Constance Talmadge, Chester Barnett, Ann Little and Marguerite Snow. These are nearly all pioneer players; it is satisfying to see how their faithful fans are helping them and standing by them in the only material way they know how.

As the contest nears its end, it gains more and more headway. In some contests the interest of the participants and the voters wanes after the first three or four months of enthusiasm. The Motion Picture Hall of Fame has grown stronger with each month; every day brings some message of loyalty from an ardent admirer—oftentimes the ballots have a phrase penned beneath the votes—just a message of good luck that the voter couldn't refrain from voicing.

Cut out your coupon and vote today! For this is your last opportunity. The Hall of Fame contest will close on the twenty-fifth of September. After that date no votes will be accepted. Each person is permitted to vote for twelve different players; no player's name may appear twice on one ballot.

We give you below the standing of the contestants up to July 20th:

Mary Pickford	127,832
Marguerite Clark	107,563
Douglas Fairbanks	101,068
Harold Lockwood	99,049
William S. Hart	98,653
Wallace Reid	88,338
Pearl White	83,423
Anita Stewart	72,175
Francis X. Bushman	63,140
Theda Bara	63,138
Earle Williams	62,627
William Farnum	62,602
Mary Miles Minter	62,590
Clara K. Young	58,713
Pauline Frederick	56,489
Norma Talmadge	56,258
Charlie Chaplin	55,577
Vivian Martin	55,169
Billie Burke	49,496
Ethel Clayton	48,516
Beverly Bayne	48,257
Warren Kerrigan	46,759
Jack Pickford	46,350
Alice Joyce	46,271
Henry B. Walthall	45,239
Geraldine Farrar	44,877
Alice Brady	44,402
George Walsh	40,000
Dustin Farnum	37,899
May Allison	37,874
Mae Marsh	37,614
Violet Mersereau	37,458
Bessie Love	37,383
Charles Ray	37,312
Mae Murray	37,121
June Caprice	35,971
Carlyle Blackwell	35,555
Bryant Washburn	35,357
Olga Petrova	35,210
Louise Huff	29,905
Antonio Moreno	29,367
Dorothy Dalton	29,216
Mollie King	28,972
Olive Thomas	27,971
Owen Moore	27,927
Sessue Hayakawa	27,778
Viola Dana	27,256
Bessie Barriscale	27,073
Creighton Hale	27,025
House Peters	26,707
William Desmond	26,326
Crane Wilbur	26,304

Edith Storey	23,221
Tom Forman	23,035
Robert Warwick	23,029
Blanche Sweet	22,728
Earle Foxe	22,642
William Russell	22,573
Fannie Ward	22,428
Harry Morey	22,421
Jackie Saunders	22,378
Thomas Meighan	22,295
Ruth Roland	22,269
George Beban	22,164
Ethel Barrymore	22,108
Helen Holmes	22,073
Mary Anderson	22,073
Stuart Holmes	22,007
Lillian Gish	22,006
Tom Moore	21,763
Madge Evans	21,735
Irene Castle	21,697
Grace Cunard	21,582
Gladys Brockwell	20,562
Ann Pennington	20,543
William Duncan	20,458
Montagu Love	20,427
Ben Wilson	20,386
Peggy Hyland	20,350
Eugene O'Brien	20,195
Kathlyn Williams	20,142
Marie Osborne	20,060
Virginia Pearson	20,011
June Elvidge	16,832
Louise Glaum	16,832
Dorothy Gish	16,624
Ralph Kellard	16,560
Irving Cummings	16,512
Ann Little	16,501
Harry Hilliard	16,492
Mary Fuller	16,478
Mahlon Hamilton	16,457
Conway Tearle	16,444
Niles Welch	16,440
Theodore Roberts	16,336
Shirley Mason	16,261
Jewel Carmen	16,257
Vola Vale	16,253
Frank Keenan	16,243
Edward Langford	16,206
Dorothy Phillips	16,186
Maxine Elliott	16,183
Marie Walcamp	16,175
Mary Maurice	16,163
Herbert Rawlinson	15,041
Doris Kenyon	14,733
Elsie Ferguson	12,818
Julian Eltinge	12,638
Lillian Walker	12,509
Virginia Lee Corbin	12,482
Henry Gsell	12,462
Mabel Normand	12,459
Marie Doro	12,456
Florence LaBadie	12,447
Eileen Percy	12,401
Roy Stewart	12,375
Jack Holt	12,300
Carol Holloway	12,286
Edward Earle	12,279
Billie Rhodes	12,275
Enid Bennett	12,273
Carmel Myers	12,241
Monroe Salisbury	12,228
Elliott Dexter	12,135
Hazel Dawn	12,127
Neva Gerber	12,117
Constance Talmadge	12,112
Marguerite Courtot	12,109
Francis MacDonald	12,107
Francis Ford	12,092
Corinne Griffith	12,066
Milton Sills	12,058
Emmy Wehlen	12,050
John Bunny	12,046
Margery Wilson	12,035
Chester Barnett	12,024
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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of the *Exhibitors' Herald and Motography,* a trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

A Doll's House, with Elsie Ferguson—Fan business fair. Some do not like this type of story. It does not please the masses.—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison Street, Chicago.

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks—A Fairbanks picture that is different and one of his best. Pleased fair-sized audience.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

The Judgment House (Blackton-Artcraft)—Recommend this picture to high-class audiences only. Title did not draw.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

How Could You, Jean? with Mary Pickford—Drew capacity business in face of fact that Evanston has given a great many men to the army and navy. Proof that Miss Pickford has not lost any of her drawing power.—Star Theater, Evanston, Ill.

The Narrow Trail, with William S. Hart—Exceptionally good. Played it on Monday to big business—Lyric Theater, State Street, Chicago.

The Little Princess, with Mary Pickford—This production did not draw, but picture was good. Probably too old a subject.—Lyric Theater, State Street, Chicago.

Shark Monroe, with William S. Hart—Picture enjoyed a week's run to satisfactory business. First time in long time that Hart has pleased public. Advertised heavily in all six papers. Charged 22 cents daytime and 25 at night and Sunday.—Castle Theater, State Street, near Madison, Chicago.—Pre-release house.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT

My Four Years in Germany (First National)—Played to biggest business ever known here. Every one pleased. Feature well advertised. No competition. Charged 40 cents.—Electric Theater, Arenzville, Ill.

FOX

When a Man Sees Red, with William Farnum—Drew well on a hot night. Farnum always gets those who want to see a good fight. Book it.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

Jack and the Beanstalk, with Francis Carpenter—The best kid picture ever made. Medium sized towns can pull a big matinée if worked right.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

Brave and Bold, with George Walsh—Very good feature. Star draws well.—Lyric Theater, State Street, Chicago.

GOLDWYN

Joan of Plattsburg, with Mabel Normand—Very good.—Gifts Theater, Cincinnati.

Blue Blood, with Howard Hickman (Selexart)—Very good. Great story.—Gifts Theater, Cincinnati.

The Venus Model, with Mabel Normand—In your program mention the fact that the star appears in a nifty bathing-suit. Business good. Satisfied patrons. Title good. Star popular.—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison Street, Chicago.

The Glorious Adventure, with Mae Marsh—This picture is characterized by very good support. Star good. Good business.—Pastime Theater, Chicago.

KLEINE

Men Who Have Made Love to Me, with Mary MacLane (Essanay)—Mary MacLane has the goods and knows how to deliver them. Direction excellent.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

METRO

Lest We Forget, with Rita Jolivet (Screen Classics)—I have been an exhibitor for nine years and have had some big days, but "Lest We Forget" broke my house records by over $30, and everybody was well pleased.—Mystic Theater, Stafford, Kan.

Social Quicksands, with Bushman and Bayne—Business good. Had no complaints on the picture. Did not view it myself, but from what I know about it, it is an average attraction. Much better than this team's previous vehicle, "Cyclone Higgins, D.D."—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison Street, Chicago.

The Million-Dollar Dollies, with the Dolly sisters (Screen Classics)—A novelty, that's all.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

The Only Road, with Viola Dana—Very good picture. Drew good business.—Lyric Theater, State Street, Chicago.

Lest We Forget, with Rita Jolivet (Screen Classics)—Truly a wonderful and timely picture. Great story. Wonderful action and photography.—Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati.

PARAMOUNT

Believe Me, Xantippe, with Wallace Reid—Great! Pleased all. Drew good house. Comedy-drama you can safely recommend.—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison Street, Chicago.

Huck and Tom, with Jack Pickford—I advertised the author and it drew big Sunday. Pickford well fitted for this work.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

PATHÉ

Moral Suicide, with John Mason and Leah Baird—Wonderful production and, considering the weather, nothing else could have got more money.—Star Theater, Madison Street, Chicago.

The Yellow Ticket, with Fannie Ward—Just a fair story. Appeals to Jewish class.—Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati.

SELECT

The Secret of the Storm Country, with Norma Talmadge—This picture more than pleased. Star splendid.—Beckwith Memorial Theater, Dowagiac, Mich.

The Safety Curtain, with Norma Talmadge—Good box-office attraction. Big business all week. Miss Talmadge will bring them in every time. Many compliments on picture. Great preponderance of women in audiences.—Bijou Dream Theater, State Street, Chicago.

The Whirlpool, with Alice Brady—Good society drama. Star good as usual. Fair business.—Pastime Theater, Madison Street, Chicago.—(Transient).

SHERRY

A Romance of the Underworld, with Catherine Calvert (Frank A. Keeney)—Very good picture. Drew better than any picture at this house in four months. Star is a wonder. Patrons talk about her when they leave.—Bandbox Theater, Madison, near LaSalle Street, Chicago.

VITAGRAPH

Over the Top, with Arthur Guy Empey—Put special effort on this picture and did well with it. Had a prolog with trench scene on stage. Used illustrated song, had patriotic slides and some good punches taken from two news weeklies. Used a bugler and drummer to good advantage. Show ran one hour and fifty minutes. Ran five shows, starting at 2 P. M.—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison Street, Chicago.

Love Watches, with Corinne Griffith—Star is good. Good photography. Fair business.—Pastime Theater, Madison Street, near Clark, Chicago.

W. H. PRODUCTIONS

The Hell Hound of Alaska, with William S. Hart—A good heart-interest story. Not up to Hart's standard.—Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati.

WORLD

The Heart of a Girl, with Barbara Castleton—Weak in drawing power, but picture is O. K. Star is new to our patrons and may draw better when better known if her work attracts.—Garfield Theater, 2844 West Madison St., Chicago.

STATE RIGHTS AND SPECIALS

The Submarine Eye (Williamson Brothers)—Very good. Well acted. Well produced.—Gifts Theater, Cincinnati.

Mothers of Liberty (Monopole)—A wonderful production in six parts. Everybody well pleased. You can play this picture very strong from its patriotic standpoint. Should go big in any locality.—Schindler Theater, 1009 West Huron Street, Chicago.

The Garden of Allah, with Helen Ware (Selig)—A great picture. Well acted. Appeals, however, to highest class audiences.—Alhambra Theater, Cincinnati.

REPORTS OF THE NATIONAL BOARD OF REVIEW

Patriotism, with Bessie Barriscale and Charles Gunn (Paralta)—Entertainment value, good; dramatic interest of story, fair; coherence of narrative, good; acting, good; photography, good; scenic setting, good; moral effect, wholesome.

The Eagle, with Monroe Salisbury and Edna Earle (Universal)—Entertainment value, good; dramatic interest of story, good; coherence of narrative, clear; acting, good; photography, excellent; technical handling, good; scenic setting, good; moral effect, good.

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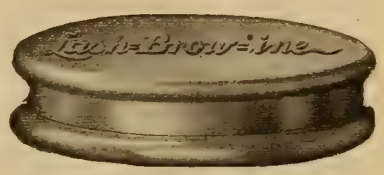

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Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By ANTRIM ARNOLD

Fred Stone seems to be very enthusiastic over his film work at the Lasky studios. Fred has just completed his second feature for the Artcraft program, "Johnny, Get Your Gun," from the stage play by the same name. Mary Anderson, the former Vitagraph star, played opposite him in this feature.

Tom Kennedy, the Mack Sennett comedian, is now the proud papa of an eleven-and-a-half-pound baby daughter which he has christened Madaline.

Charles Ray is playing the part of his own father in the first part of his latest Paramount feature, "The Sheriff's Son." There doesn't seem to be anything that Charlie cant do.

The Hollywood photoplay colony are very much distressed over the death of Mrs. Charles Christie, wife of the business manager of Christie Comedies. Mrs. Christie was a prime favorite with them all, and her loss is keenly felt.

Ora Carew, who used to star in Mack Sennett's comedy productions and who just finished being a bold, bad adventuress in the Diando serial, "The Wolf-Faced Man," has been engaged as Wally Reid's leading-lady at the Lasky studios.

Jacques Jaccard, who used to direct serials for the Universal in which Marie Walcamp was featured, is now directing a squad at Camp Kearney, where Jacques is a corporal. Just wait until he directs them "over there"!

David Kirkland Swim, for several years a director for "Pathé" Lehrman, is now a captain in Uncle Sam's forces. Dave left the Sunshine Comedies to go to the Officers' Training School, and when he finished his course was made a first lieutenant. Just two weeks ago he was promoted again. More power to you, Dave!

Warren Kerrigan has taken a lease on the Willis and Inglis studios, in Hollywood, California, where he will make his future productions.

Harry Edwards, of the Christie Comedies, has joined the Navy; so has W. A. S. Douglas, president of the Diando Company, and Jack Holloway, one of the directors of that concern.

The Army life seems to agree with all the boys who have joined the colors from the various studios. They all say that it's a great life and are anxious to get "over there."

In a shop window in Los Angeles there are two photographs. Under one it says: "Bessie Barriscale, one dollar, worth two-fifty," while the card under the other announces: "Charles Chaplin given away with every dollar purchase." How do you figure this out?

Two well-known Vitagraphers have left that concern. Alfred Whitman, who has been starred by the Vitagraph for some time, has left to go with the Triangle. George Holt, one of the best-known heavy men on the screen today, who has been with the Vitagraph for several years, has changed his dressing-room to the Universal studios, where he is plotting against Monroe Salisbury in his Bluebird productions.

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The October Classic

Memories

Recollections and memories are the subtle somethings that make one sad and gay involuntarily, but Motion Picture memories can bring naught but happiness. Frederick James Smith carries you back five—six—seven—even ten years ago—to the time when Mary Pickford was an unknown quantity for the public to conjure with; when Anita Stewart was an extra in the Vitagraph Company; when Marshall Neilan, that prominent director, was an actor in the Kalem Company; and Edith Storey and Earle Williams were Vitagraph's popular team. Four pages are devoted to rouse your dormant memory—four pages covered with old pictures. You will marvel at the way you'll pick them out and say, "Oh, I remember that—that's a scene from ————!" Just try it. The Classic's Motion Picture memories will help you, if your brain turns traitor to the task.

Mrs. Castle Will "Carry On"

At the height of her career, Irene Castle is giving it all up—giving it up to "carry on" the work of Vernon Castle—to keep his name alive and loved. For this she is dedicating herself to the work of "carrying on." Tho she cannot fly, her war work will be equally as important in its way as Vernon's. In his place, this frail-looking girl has enlisted for France as a dug-out entertainer—to complete her husband's service—for the duration of the war.

Tony Moreno

Hazel Simpson Naylor has caught the popular Spanish actor in a peculiar mood—she has thrown a different colored light on the gay Tony we all know. Tony has met a lot of people in his life—all kinds of women, gay, sad, intellectual—and each one, unconsciously, has had some sort of an influence on his life. Miss Naylor has told a different story—this is a bit of Tony Moreno's very self.

Where Does Mack Sennett Get 'Em?

H. C. Carr has sent us this lively bit of information about the Mack Sennett girls. Every time a new Sennett beauty is flashed on the screen, one wonders how she got there—and where she came from. Mack Sennett has the happy faculty of picking 'em right—and from all ranks and all sorts of places. Mary Thurman was a prim country school-teacher before her film advent. When we learnt that, we laughed. It is hard to conceive of a country schoolma'am and a comedy actress closely allied. But here's one better than that! Marie Prevost wanted to be a nun! Mack doesn't care where he gets 'em—as long as he gets 'em!

THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N.Y.

Letters to the Editor

Ellen MacDougal sends in a letter as sweet as her own Scotch heather. We are glad to be able to tell her that her Daphne Wayne is our own Blanche Sweet:

DEAR EDITOR—I have read your wonderful magazine for about one year, and am very pleased with it, and enjoy it very much.

I am a Scotch girl, having come from Scotland about eighteen months ago. Such a magazine as yours could never be found in Glascow. There are none. Our "movies" (as they are called over here) are so different. We very seldom have comedy, mostly legends and Sir Walter Scott's stories. They are all about the same, only different names and different clothes. Really, after seeing American pictures, I think the Scotch films very bad.

Some of our players do not act very well, and act too nervous and too emotional, in their movements, while their faces are perfectly blank.

We seldom hear about the players, and their names are never published. When I read in your magazine about the players' private life I was amazed.

There are about a dozen picture houses in all of Glasgow, but there are any number of play houses. Pictures do not "take" so well there as drama does. People there dont know what to think of some kinds of plays. For instance the Western, William Hart kind, they have never heard or seen such and so do not care for it.

About five or six years ago I spent a summer with an aunt and uncle in London and there were some picture houses there. One player, a certain Daphne Wayne, I think, played there often and was a great favorite. She was a tall, blonde girl with rare beauty. I saw her often and she soon became my idol. I have never seen her since that time, and when I came to America, my one dream was to see her again, but I have never seen or heard of her since I have been here. I am sure you must know whom I mean, for she was an American girl and I would like to hear of her again.

I live way out here in Los Angeles, where I came from New York, about a year ago. Aside from my lost favorite, I have come to love Lillian Gish. She is my screen idol and is really the most beautiful woman I have ever seen. I saw her in "Hearts of the World" and she was most wonderful in her acting and beauty.

My Scotch blood just boiled with hatred of those horrible Huns, after seeing that play, and my heart cried out to those poor French women who have borne so much, and I am glad that I have three brothers who are fighting those horrible monsters now, in France. My oldest brother, Malcolm, was killed in 1916 in France, and my only sister, Margaret, who was a nurse, was also killed when her hospital was bombed.

The Scotch people have given their sons and daughters for this cause. Some have six and seven in France. The Scotch always have large families, and they are so brave and strong, and willing to fight for our protection and for right, that I am proud that I am of Scotch birth, but as I am in America, I am even more proud to become an American as my father has done. I am the only one left at home now, but I would go too only I cant. I am too young. I am only fifteen years old.

I know that all the brave men who have gone will come back victorious, and I think President Wilson, my President and yours, is the most wonderful and greatest man who has ever lived in the world.

Annalee Hagerman of St. Louis, Missouri, writes to us—all for the sake of Wallace Reid:

Ahem! With that as a preliminary, I shall proceed to unburden myself. I have always read the letters in the magazine with the greatest interest, and have often laughed in a very superior manner at the fights the fans put up in support of their favorites. But they've got me going now! I've been seeing red all day.

To begin with, I'm a Wallace Reid fan. He was, is and ever shall be my favoritest favorite, and any one who dares to dispute my word when I say he's got 'em all beat—well—anyhow, I'm not going to run down any other star. I'm for 'em all, and believe me, they deserve every ounce of praise they get. How about it? I can fall off my seat at Charlie Chaplin—he's got the goods, all right, and as for Mary and Doug—! But you all better leave Wallie alone!

He may not be the best actor on the screen (tho I've seen many worse). But it's a cinch that when such a well-known company as the Lasky thinks fit to star an actor that he is far from being a "ham." And look at him! All ye jealous males, look at him and dare to live.

Besides, any actor that can make even me see "Rimrock Jones" six times, paying twenty cents a throw, "Nan of Music Mountain" five times, "The Woman God Forgot" four times, "The Thing We Love" and "Joan the Woman" three times and "The House of Silence" twice, has—well I know you think I'm a nut, but I'm really not so worse.

Wallie's lips may be "kissable," but that's more than you can say of Francis X. Probably it only comes from playing the cornet or something, anyhow. It's his personality that's got me. You couldn't say he looked particularly "handsome" in "Rimrock Jones," and yet that is my favorite play. If you saw "The Birth of a Nation" you know how he can fight. If you saw "The Hostage" you know how he can act. I hate to talk about myself, of course, but, having read this over, it seems to be a pretty good, stiff argument—and when I started out I didn't have a thing to say. Really! I have no high-brow reason for liking Wallace Reid, I only know I do like him intensely, and it makes me pretty darn sore to hear mean things about him. So let's all forgive and forget, and resign from the Knockers' Club.

Grace Saphire, of Brooklyn, N. Y., dips her oar into the sea of criticism:

Just another tale of woe to add to your list.

As long as I have taken the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE I have never put my foot or even my voice into it. I read the "Letters to the Editor" every month and enjoy them, altho it seems all wrong that the players should be criticized and pulled to pieces the way that they are—especially those who are A No. 1.

Some of the critics, or "would-be's,"

(*Continued on page 14*)

"Holler 'nuff!"

They hadn't a thing in the world against each other—unless it was that Tom Sawyer thought the other boy altogether too well dressed. They had never even seen each other until a few minutes before—and here they were tied in a knot.

Do you remember the time when the mere sight of another boy made you mad—and what mighty good friends you might be with that boy a few minutes later?

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While he lived, we loved him. He made us laugh, so that we had not time to see that his style was sublime, that he was biblical in simplicity, that he was to America another Lincoln in spirit.

We watched for his great white head in the crowds—we hung on his every word—we smiled, ready to laugh at his least word. But now he is gone—we love him—yes—he's still the familiar friend—but he has joined the immortals. More than Whitman—than Longfellow—than Poe or Hawthorne or Irving—he stands for America—with the great of the earth—the Homer of this new land—a king among dreamers—a child among children.

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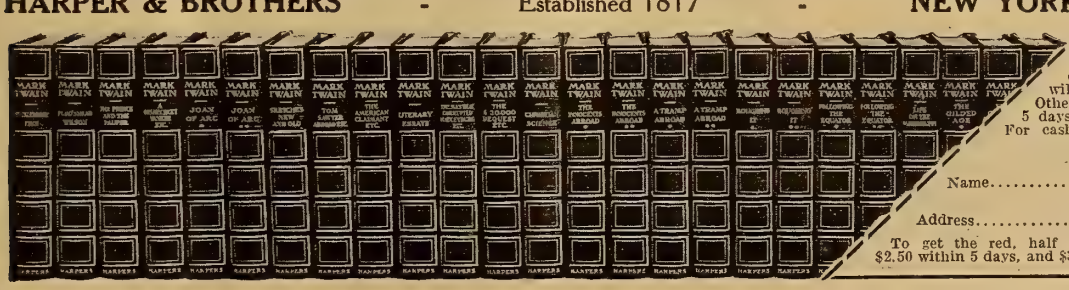

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2..... 8.....
3..... 9.....
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5..... 11.....
6..... 12.....

Name of Voter.....

Address.....

Mail to "Hall of Fame Contest," 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn, N. Y., or enclose with other communications to that address.

(Continued from page 12)

utter the truth in many cases, and I'd like to shake hands with them; but in some of their remarks I should say, "Oh, Death, where is thy sting?"

Now, of course, I'll have to admit, when it comes to knocking, my little hammer is always ready, and that there is no velvet on it, either.

Knocks—

1. Vola Vale makes me utterly despondent. She's all eyes and no sense, puts on a baby-gaze and manages to keep her head above water.
2. I was once a William S. Hart fan, but all his pictures are the same—bandit, pretty girl, minister and reformed good-bad-man. The public gets tired of too much of that.
3. Another one of my kicks is about the Vitagraph Company. They are trying to make "stars" out of people that were never heard of and who dont know any more about emotional acting than I do. Of course there are exceptions to all rules. For instance, Edward Earle, Gladys Leslie and Agnes Ayres are all worth seeing. But Miriam Miles, Carol Holloway, Nell Shipman—how on earth they ever got in, is beyond me! They lost one of their best players when Mary Anderson left. Of course Vitagraph have some good or, rather, excellent players, too. Look at Earle Williams, Anita Stewart, Harry Morey, Alice Joyce and Grace Darmond. Who wouldn't walk miles in the rain to see any one of them?
4. Any one who says anything about Vivian Martin is all wrong. She's a cute little thing and has charm all of her own. Harrison Ford is a fine co-star, too.
5. Louise Huff and Jack Pickford were a fine team. If Jack is half as good in Uncle Sam's service as he was in Paramount's it wont take him long to capture the hearts of the Huns.

Tom Ishida writes to us from Sendai, Japan:

I have never written you before, as it takes several hours for me to write an English letter.

I am a Japanese boy and always take a great interest in your Magazine. I am now in Sendai, a northern city of Japan, tho am a Tokyo boy and see movies every week.

I want to inform you what kind of pictures are brought and what sort of stars are loved in my country.

Motion Pictures brought to Japan are those of Pathé, American, Vitagraph, Paramount, Universal, Keystone, Signal, Kalem, Edison and Gaumont.

Especially those of Universal are very often seen. We are acquainted with such stars as Ruth Stonehouse, Pearl White, Mabel Normand, Roscoe Arbuckle, Marguerite Courtot, Helen Holmes, Anita Stewart, Warren Kerrigan, Arnold Daly, Ella Hall, Robert Leonard, Grace Cunard, Edna Purviance, Charlie Chaplin, Francis Ford, Herbert Rawlinson, Clara Kimball Young, Grace Darmond, Ben Wilson and Violet Mersereau.

It was some years ago that serial pictures were enjoyed, and now Pearl White is as unpopular as Cunard and Ford, but not Grace Darmond, for she is too sweet to be disliked.

President Wilson Voices His Approval of Our Editorial "When the War Will End"

THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

1 July, 1918

My dear Mr. Brewster:

Thank you for your letter of June twenty-eighth with its enclosure. Your editorial was certainly vigorous and to the point, and you may be sure that such stimulation of effort is of genuine value.

Cordially and faithfully yours,

Woodrow Wilson

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, Managing Editor,
Motion Picture Magazine,
Brooklyn, New York.

I'M GOIN' JOURNEYIN'

By Anna Hamilton Wood

I'm goin' journeyin' tonight to distant lands and fair,
Goin' to forget I'm old and poor while travelin' over there;
I uster think some day I'd sail the great wide foamin' sea,
But no! I guess I never will—those lands must come to me!

Yet I'm a-goin' far tonight without a boat or train;
What's more, before the sun comes up I shall be back again!
O' course it's only pictures; still, I guess they'll do for me—
There aint no danger of a wreck or bein' drowned at sea!

I'm goin' journeyin' tonight back to the "has been" years,
And I'll be young and straight of limb, without a poor fool's fears.
The heroeene? Well, she'll be Meg, a-lovin' me like sin,
And I'll be hero for three hours, a-playin' hands that win!

I'm goin' journeyin' tonight. God! how I wish I'd stay,
And never, never wake again to my poor faded day!
If there's a place in all the world that makes a man forget
Like the magic of the movies do—well, I aint found it yet!

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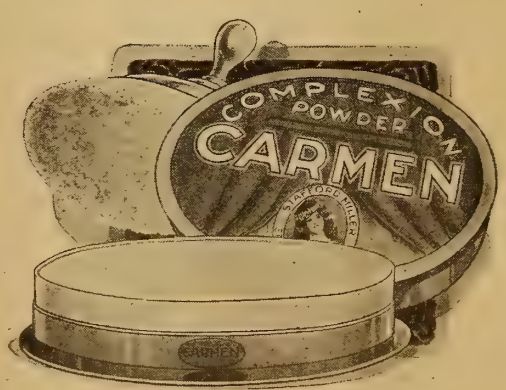

SEP -3 1918

CONTENTS

OCTOBER, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

When a girl has blue eyes, auburn hair, and the fair complexion that goes with it, you may be sure you'll find some Irishman among her ancestors. Ruth Roland admits this—and is proud of it. Tho only twenty-three, this popular player has given seventeen years of her life to the stage and screen. She came to the screen on Decoration Day, 1911, when she did a few scenes for the Kalem Company in "The Chance Shot." They liked her—the public liked her—so she stayed. She is a charming vocalist and takes her vacations by little flings in vaudeville.

		PAGE
Motion Picture Hall of Fame This popular contest rapidly draws to a close		6
Exhibitors' Verdict What the theater managers say about the pictures		8
"By General Order"	*Corporal W. E Mair*	18
Gallery of Popular Players Rotogravure photographs of screen favorites.		21-29
Geraldine Farrar on "Does Old Age Hold Terrors for Me?"		31
Catching Up with George Walsh o' Fox makes this an interesting feat	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	32
The Woman of Impulse Fictionized from the Paramount photoplay	*Gladys Hall*	35
Flower of the Dusk Photographs.		41
Irving Cummings, Every Inch an Actor The story of his romance.	*Sue Roberts*	42
Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location The popular star recounts amusing inside stories.	*Harold Lockwood*	44
"Hands Up!" Another big installment of this thrilling serial.	*Gilson Willets*	46
Versatile Vivian Is little Miss Martin.	*Fritzi Remont*	51
A Jest in Time Saves—— Amusing pictures.		53
Taking Motion Pictures in Mexico	*Wallace Thompson*	54
Dorothy Dalton A personality story snapped during her recent New York trip.	*Gladys Hall*	57
Just Jane Nevertheless, Miss Novak is a clever little leading-lady	*Martha Groves McKelvie*	59
Women Fill the Breaches		60
Analyzing Ann Ann Little, of course.	*Kenneth McGaffey*	62
The Actor's Job Isn't always a sinecure.	*L. E. Eubanks*	64
The Race-Horse Rose One of the sweetest short stories ever told.	*Chester G. Wallis*	67
Some New Beach Attractions		70
Crawford Kent Accounts for Himself	*Lillian Montanye*	71
The Cross of Shame The second installment of this vivid war story	*H. H. Van Loan*	73
What They See Over There Official U. S. War Pictures.		77
Across the Silversheet The screen in review.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	78
That's Out A new department dealing with eccentricities of the screen	*Tamar Lane*	82
The Man of the Hour—Caruso	*Dorothy Nutting*	86
The Answer Man A fine blending of wit, wisdom and information for the fans.	*By Himself*	89
Who's Who in Starland		93
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views	*Ducted by Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts*	97
That Tantalizing Talmadge Norma's elusive personality plus.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	100
Greenroom Jottings		106

WATCH FOR

"Putting It Up to Props," by Stanley Todd, in the November Magazine.

DONT MISS

"Mabel in a Hurry," in the November Magazine, the first real personality story ever written about Mabel Normand.

"By General Order——"

By Corporal WALTER EDMAND MAIR, Office Post Signal Officer, G. H. Q., Amer. Ex. F.

Old campaign hat, good-by! Together we
Have seen and braved some mighty stormy days.
Yet, it cant be so very long since She
Waved us farewell—the Indian summer haze
Hung thick upon the cottonwoods; the river
Smiled in the sun. They didn't think forever
We might be gone.

Somehow it does just take a soldier down
To lose you now. How well you've done your bit
With real men! In timber, quarry, town,
In sizzling deserts where the hot sky slit
Blue shade with fire, until, where water bubbled,
We drank from you! Old pal, it's me that's troubled
To fight alone.

Why, all the men that built that land of ours—
The railroad scouts, the sky-line engineers,
Those brawny lads whose feet first crushed the flowers
Toward the sunset—damn these baby tears!—
They liked your style! Maybe it doesn't matter
That you're to go; but just show me the hatter
Who'll better you.

So be it, you old wreck! But, if I lie
Gasping for breath some day, clutching the sod,
Trying to say a prayer, and trying hard to die,
Come back, old pal. I'll need you then, for God
Might, chancewise, find a place where Dan O'Malley
Could wait for Her if I passed thru the Valley
Hangin' to you. . . .
Meanwhile, good-by.

IF

By DOROTHY DEJAGERS

If you can crowd into a "movie palace,"
Ill-ventilated, peanut-strewn, and smile,
Without the slightest evidence of malice,
At falling over feet out in the aisle;

If you can listen kindly to some Tilly
Read all the titles flashed upon the screen,
And to a guy who saw the film in Philly
Forecast the punch of each succeeding scene;

And overlook the cooing one supposes
Exclusively designed for solitude,
And disregard the odor that discloses
The gentleman in front of you is stewed;

If you can crane your neck above a hair-dress,
That sports a leaning-tower-of-Pisa knot,
To watch a vampire in an I-dont-care dress
Kill her lover to thicken up the plot;

If you can laugh with accents fairly cheerful,
Without the slightest tendency to wince,
To see some poor comique receive an earful
Of lemon custard-pie, or maybe mince;

And if, just when suspense could be no greater,
The picture fades and flickers from the screen,
And you're quite patient while the operator
Consumes an hour in fixing his machine;

And if you can enjoy with zest unbounding
The pianist's wide versatility,
That Lohengrins when wedding-bells are sounding
And Hearts and Flowers when life has ceased to be;

Nor wonder when the villain missed the hero
A dozen times with one six-shooter how 'twas done,
Nor rate it all as entertainment ZERO—
Then you're a movie fan for true, my son.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Booth.—"Seventeen." A clever, entertaining and well-played comedy by Booth Tarkington which gives a remarkable revelation of the youthful mind.

Liberty.—"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

Cohan & Harris—"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

39th Street.—"The Eyes of Youth." An interesting series of dramatic events that transpire thru crystal-gazing. Well worth seeing. Alma Tell now has Marjorie Rambeau's rôle.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Casino.—"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

48th Street.—"The Man Who Stayed Home." A tense, thrilling war drama with a little comedy thrown in. Albert Brown is the whole show and makes a big hit.

Belasco.—"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Leonore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

Gaiety.—"The Rainbow Girl." A lively and amusing musical show. Cast headed by Billy B. Van, who is highly entertaining. Plenty of pretty girls. A typical Klaw and Erlanger summer show.

ON THE ROAD

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter. Very pretty chorus.

"Parlor, Bedroom and Bath." A roaring farce of the class of "Fair and Warmer," "Twin Beds" and "Up Stairs and Down," and about as funny and racy as any of them.

"Flo-Flo." Glorified burlesque has at last come to Broadway. Sprinkle some catchy music between the gags, add a flashing chorus, season well with bold if not risqué situations, and flavor with dazzling costumes and you have "Flo-Flo" ready to serve. The stars and support display well-modulated voices and some real honeymoon lingerie.

LEADING PICTURE THEATERS

Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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Strand—Select first-run photoplays. Program changes every week.

Rivoli—De luxe photoplays, with full symphony orchestra. Weekly program.

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New York City, N. Y., May 2, 1918.

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Ruth Roland

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three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

GALLERY OF PHOTOPLAYERS

DORIS KENYON

Doris is versatile and then some. She studied illustrating and then gave it up for vocalism, becoming a protégée of Andreas Dippel. Next she decided to invade grand opera—when the movies came along and won her away from the operatic stage. Doris did so well on the screen that she now heads her own producing organization.

ADELE DE GARDE

Adele has been ten years a Vitagrapher. Quite a record, when you consider that she is just eighteen. Adele started out as a child player and just naturally grew up with the movies. She will be remembered as the Aggie Lynch of Vitagraph's "Within the Law."

SHIRLEY MASON

Something like seventeen is Shirley—and a Paramount star. Shirley is a sister of Viola Dana and of Edna Flugrath, now playing on the screen in South Africa. Shirley was known as Leonie Flugrath during her playing with the Edison forces and until she appeared in McClure Pictures' "Seven Deadly Sins." Now she's a star all on her own.

MARJORIE DAW

Marjorie started her screen career under notable auspices, being Gerry Farrar's protégée. Gerry noticed her promising work around the Lasky studios and did everything she could to help. Now Marjorie has reached the supreme height of playing opposite Doug Fairbanks and being the most envied young woman in America.

AL ST. JOHN

Al St. John became a "native son" just twenty-two years ago when he was born in California. After a few impromptu fights with school-marms he joined a medicine show. From thence to Moving Pictures via musical-comedy wherein Roscoe Arbuckle was starring. He was an original Keystoner, and is "Fatty's" right-hand man.

© Campbell Studio

CARLYLE BLACKWELL

Carlyle was born in Syracuse, N. Y. He first invaded the stage, but in 1909 cast his future with the screen. Like many others, Carlyle started with Vitagraph. He became a Kalemite—and fame came to him. Famous Players, Favorite Players Film Company and World Film were subsequent steps.

ANITA STEWART

Every fan will welcome the return of Anita Stewart. Since she scored her first hit in a little Vitagraph drama, "The Wood Violet," Anita has held a place all her own in the affections of screen fans. Anita was a Brooklyn schoolgirl and was graduated from Erasmus Hall High School. Her whole career has been linked with the Vitagraph Company.

JACK WARREN KERRIGAN

Kerrigan of the wavy hair started to attract attention as a choir-boy down in Louisville, Ky. He drifted to the stage at 18 in "Sam Houston," with Clay Clement, and the screen finally captured him. Essanay, American, Universal and Paralta are the milestones in the Kerrigan career.

CARMEL MYERS

Chance brought Carmel to the films. Her father is Rabbi Isadore Myers, who was consulted by D. W. Griffith for details of the Chaldean and Babylonian parts of "Intolerance." Of course D. W. saw Carmel, and her beauty impressed him. Later on, she joined the Universal forces, and she's been there ever since.

The charm of a Skin you Love to Touch

YOU, TOO, CAN HAVE THE CHARM of a skin that is soft, clear, radiant—"a skin you love to touch." No matter how much you may have neglected your skin, you can begin at once to take care of the new skin that is forming every day.

Such things as blackheads, blemishes, conspicuous nose pores, you can, with the proper treatment, correct. You will find the famous treatments for them in the booklet wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

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If you live in Canada, address: The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1310 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Geraldine Farrar on "Does Old Age hold Terrors for Me?"

FROM a professional woman's standpoint and from known experience, the superwoman should feel no terror at any of time's encroachments upon her youth or the powers sustained by a brilliant prime.

I do not say that all actresses and prima donnas are superwomen, but those of them who *are* superwomen are the ones who triumphantly withstand the inevitable ravages of age.

Charles L. Wagner, in a recent newspaper article, graciously explains: "The true artist is the superwoman. She is one with goddesses. The superwoman has broader vision than is vouchsafed to the ordinary mortal. She has greater force. She is gifted with terrifying candor. She is individualized to the *nth* degree."

© Townsend-Savoy Studio

Geraldine Farrar, prima donna and movie star

Age holds no terror for Geraldine Farrar

Today we find—on the screen, on the speaking stage, upon the operatic boards—certain wonder-women who do, at the ages of forty, fifty and even sixty, give the aureate illusion of youth.

Sarah Bernhardt is perhaps the most brilliant example of the superwoman who can never be connected with the gray passing of time. She has found some philosophy with the passing years wherewith to temper the griefs accident and nature have called upon her to bear . . . some gracious theory to make imperceptible

(*Continued on page* 125)

Catching Up

The Speediest Boy and the

By HAZEL SIMP

"What! An interviewer!" said George, hanging over the Palisades. "A fellow hasn't any privacy these days!"

IF there be a more sincere, more genuine, more likable young man in pictures than George Walsh, let him now stand forward or forever after hold his peace.

Being the baptismal dash of George Walsh into publication, this is of special interest to ye, O fans! For never before have the pursuing bards who draw their bank checks for bread and water—and mayhap cake—by describing the little curl and the eyes and the speech of celebrities, caught up with George.

And to catch up with George is *some feat*—literally!

Five months, ten days and four hours were required to accomplish the deed.

And, for once, anticipation was not the better part.

For when one spends five months, ten days and—see above paragraph—in chasing a young man who doesn't want to be chased, who baffles one at every close-up of the telephone wire, one is liable to draw a mind picture of a handsome actor who is very up-stage.

Which only goes to prove that one should not give her imagination free rein.

Lunchless, breathless, brainless, yeh "powderless," after wandering all over the New Jersey shores for the last four hours of my George Walsh diary, I finally cornered him—on the Palisades of the Hudson.

Standing at the summit of a cliff two hundred feet high, I commanded the entrance to the only path thereon. About fifty feet below stood George, on a rocky ledge. He was engaged in such "feats of the feet" as would have made Hermes, Achilles, Ulysses and all those other old fellows look to their laurels.

With the strength of a gladiator and the grace of a Greek god (never saw one, but G. W. is my idea of what one ought to look like), he leaped from crag to crag.

When he first glimpsed yours truly, he seriously contemplated slipping quietly off of the ledge he was hanging on into the Hudson, 150 feet below. I am sure he thought, "O death, where is thy sting?" as compared to an interview. Had he done so, truly my rosy triumph would have turned into dust and ashes, for this was not a case for a dead-or-alive hero. And so I dashed down the cliff and knelt on the edge—and I've been on my knees to George Walsh ever since, figuratively speaking, you understand

For George decided not to place the guilt of his death on my shoulders and, after securing a two-foot ledge of rock to

With George

Slowest — Walsh o' Fox

SON NAYLOR

stand on, consented to tell me the story of his life. For once I blessed the gods that be that I was feminine, for George Walsh is primarily chivalrous and cannot bear to see a maiden in distress, and one cannot be breathless, lunchless, nay powderless, and not be in distress—in fact, I defy you to discover a more distressful state of affairs.

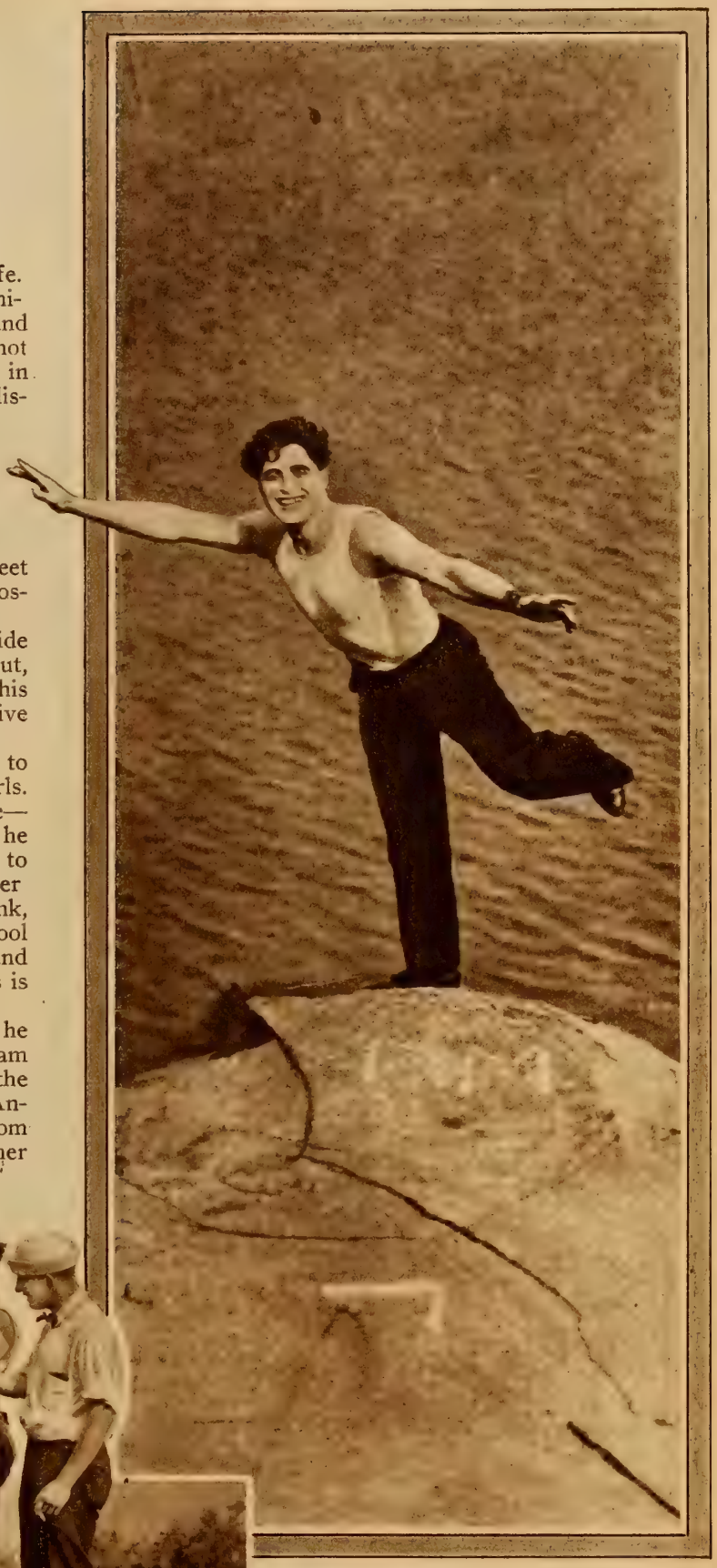
And now to my story.

Impressionistically, George Walsh is a big boy, inclined to make fun of everything. His hair is wavy and wiry and black, his eyes are nice and friendly and brown. And, while he is the speediest person that moves across our silversheet today, in real life he is the slowest boy you could possibly know.

When he is stepping thru the maze of life outside the studio his motto seems to be "Slow, but sure;" but, in front of the camera, he never hesitates to hazard his life or limbs for the sake of getting over that elusive picture-thrill.

You see, when George was a young fellow going to school, he was very bashful and terribly afraid of girls. Somehow, the strongest, bravest and biggest men are—bashful. George himself cannot remember when he overcame this diffidence. He grew from boyhood to stalwart manhood in New York City. He never looked at girls, and he thought — and does still think, for that matter—that grammar school and high school should devote fifty-six hours a week to gymnastics and athletics and two to studies, instead of vice versa, as is now the custom.

George hated books, but, in spite of that fact, he graduated from high school and attended Fordham University and Georgetown College. At that time the ambition of George's boy-heart was to get into Annapolis or West Point, and he worked like a dog from early morning to late at night to be accepted in either training school for Uncle Sam's service. His father had prominent senators working in his behalf; but, as George says, "One might just



"This is easy," chuckled George, "compared to being chatted."

The capture of George. Note the tickled expression of the camera-man.

Seena Owen—Mrs. George Walsh

as well have tried to get thru the Golden Gate."

I think for a long time the boy was quite heartbroken over his failure to register in either of the nation's greatest training schools for sailors or soldiers. Determined to be a soldier of some kind, he joined the New York militia and served a term in that organization. Later, an offer came from a military school on the Hudson to coach the boys at football and be physical instructor, and so George forgot his disappointment in surroundings he loved and with boys who were little younger than he.

Next, George became a member of the Brooklyn baseball team and thoroly enjoyed the good, clean sport.

But the turning point of his career came when he went to St. Louis and caught typhoid fever. When he recovered, his brother, R. A. Walsh, who had been on the stage and was then directing pictures on the California coast, telegraphed for him to come out and pay him a visit and convalesce in the sunny clime. This George did, and one day his brother had him take a part in a picture. Before this time, George had never had the slightest idea of becoming an actor, for a life of physical activity was the only one that appealed to him. Give George plenty of space to exercise his muscles, a wealth of air to breathe into his great lungs and the canopy of God's great sky above him, and he is happy. Shut him in a restaurant or drag him to a dance where the air is heavy with perfume and the ladies and wines are numerous—well, then, just count George "out." He cant stand that sort of stuff.

Moving Pictures fascinated him from the beginning, for they were taken out in the open. He had a chance to continue his athletic activities, and he became more and more interested in his new profession. He made good from the very beginning and very soon thereafter was made an individual star by William Fox. George says he will always be grateful to Mr. Fox for giving him the opportunity.

Out on the Coast, the girls he met in the picture business used to call George the woman-hater. He, himself, smiles heartily at the idea. "I didn't hate them," he says. "Why should I? I just didn't understand them and had no desire or wish to be chasing around with them, that's all, and so the poor dears thought I was a woman-hater."

"There isn't another like her in the whole wide world"—Patricia Walsh

No wonder he smiled up his sleeve, for all the time he was doggedly devoted to Seena Owen, who used to be such a popular star in the screenic heavens.

Seena Owen lived in a little bungalow with her mother in Hollywood, and whenever George was lonely or discouraged he always turned to her for encouragement.

She took a deep interest in all his work and helped him in every way possible. George says he owes everything he is today to his wife.

For, a little over two years ago, Seena and George were married; and now there's little Patricia Walsh—of whom George says: "You could look the world over and you wouldn't find another like her."

Seena hasn't been so very well—she is a very delicate girl — and George worries a good deal.

(*Continued on page* 126)

She had song to give and she poured it forth to the world

The Woman of Impulse

Storyized from the Paramount Picture---By GLADYS HALL

THERE are a great many places where Leonora, afterwards called "La Vecci," will never be forgotten . . . Valenciennes, where she wove gossamer dreams into faery lace with her old father . . . Paris, which she brought, brilliant head to the dust, with the magic of her voice . . . New Orleans, where . . . but we anticipate.

There are a great many men who bear, and will ever bear, within their memories scars livid or scarlet, according to their natures. There are women for whom her face has shut out forever the light of happiness. All of which she was totally unaware of.

For she was one of those who bear with her a vase of glowing color—a vase spilling over with a swooning fragrance. Wherever she passed, strange flowers bloomed, vivid and vari-hued. Whenever she left, strange flowers died . . . . but ever their perfume clung like ghosts in perfumed shrouds.

She had song to give, and she poured it forth over the world in waves of quivering light, purple and blue and gold. She had beauty to give, and the world saw it and stretched forth greedy hands, parched as long desert men. She had *love* to give, and men knew it, and hungered for it, and could not be appeased. She had loyalty to give, but this not all men saw. They were blinded by her beauty and deafened by her song.

"I shall never sing again," declared Leonora

She was living in Valenciennes with her sister and her widowed mother when the millionaire American Stuarts toured thru the town and stopped to inspect the fabled lace her mother had woven with the stuff of her years. Delighting over the thread-imprisoned dreams, Mrs. Stuart stopped with a gasp . . . the Soul of Music was beating against the battlements of heaven. . . .

Leonora and her sister are legally adopted in the Stuart apartment

The Stuarts had given little of themselves to the world, largely because they had little to give. But they saw to it that they gave of other people in the best way possible—by enabling other people to give of themselves. And they knew that they had stumbled upon a miracle prisoned in this fragile, white tower of flesh.

"People will forget when she sings," mused Mrs. Stuart, "forget the unforgettable . . ."

"The world will make a beaten track to her door," agreed Mr. Stuart; "we must blaze the trail . . ."

"It is wonderful," said Mrs. Stuart, softly, "just to be *able* . . ."

"It . . . compensates . . ." said Mr. Stuart; "let us go for her."

They found, as others have found before them and will find after them, that Death had preceded them. Leonora and her sister, Nina, were kneeling by the mother, whose stilly fingers would build no longer romances in gossamer thread.

"I shall never sing again!" Leonora was passionately declaring. "My silent voice shall be her mausoleum."

Mrs. Stuart looked at her husband and kept silence. She saw, being wise, that Tragedy had done what years and teachers could never do. It had broken her heart, without which no Art may be eternal.

Youth is resilient, else it is not youth, and the Stuarts were infinitely tactful. The result was that Leonora permitted herself and her sister, Nina, without whom she would not have stepped out of Valenciennes, to be legally adopted in the Stuart apartment in Paris.

And then, because she was essentially music, she plunged into the study of it and drowned in it her grief and her passion, her youth and her dreams. There emerged, transmuted, the prima donna over whom Paris went mad.

Especially there went mad Nerval, Count of Arejjio, sojourning in Paris for the sake of his health. Heretofore, Nerval had been singularly free from the madnesses of love. A maid of Castile, a chic coquet, a cold Elaine from England . . . but they had passed . . . leaving Nerval waiting . . . for Leonora. . . .

He heard her first singing "Carmen"—and she woke in him a desire of which he had not dreamed himself capable. She made him know that the hot suns of Spain were in his blood . . . and the power . . . strange power . . . of loving. . . .

He haunted her at the

"THE WOMAN OF IMPULSE"

The Cast:

"La Vecci," a prima donna	Lina Cavalieri
Nina, her sister	Gertrude Robinson
Count Nerval, a Spanish nobleman	Raymond Bloomer
Phillip	Robert Cain
Mme. Gaudineer	Ida Waterman
Dr. Paul Spencer	Leslie Austern
Mr. Stuart	J. Clarence Handysides
Mrs. Stuart	Mrs. Matilda Brundage
Cleo	Corinne Uzzell

Leonora was dreaming on the river bank

opera . . . staring at her from his box with eyes that drank her in as tho they could never have their fill. He besieged her in her dressing-room at the Opera House with roses . . . roses . . . red roses . . . no redder than the red blood that throbbed within him, every drop for her. He pervaded the Stuart apartment, pouring out his troubled soul to Mrs. Stuart when Leonora was not there.

"He will cause you pain," Mr. Stuart advised her; "his is a jealous nature . . . trebly jealous when concerned about you. Your slightest motive will be wrongly imputed. You will not dare to so much as rest your eyes on the face of another man. It is Spain in him . . . it is *love* in him . . . the combination is bad . . ."

"Still," mused Mrs. Stuart, calling to mind the dark, perfervid face, the emotional, sun-hot voice, the hungry, darkling eyes; "still . . . one does not always . . . find a love . . . like that . . . not even the Leonoras . . ."

"I love him," then confided Leonora to her sister; "I love him . . . too much . . . you *can*, you know . . ."

"If I loved a man . . ." said Nina, rather scornfully and very youthfully, "it could not be too much . . ."

"It might destroy us . . ." brooded Leonora.

"Then *let* it!" urged Nina, fiercely, for whom contact with the world had brought no tempered knowledge.

Leonora sat upright. Her glorious eyes dilated and shone into the dark of the bedchamber like fired diamonds. "Yes . . ." she breathed, and her breath battled with the air like the heavy breath of the poppies, "let it . . . destroy us . . . divinely . . ."

The next evening when Nerval came with his perpetual question in his questing eyes Leonora shut them with her lips. "But you must believe in me, mon cheri," she told him; "there must be no doubt of me to trouble our blue skies like scudding, ugly clouds. There must be between us not only the love which may be felt by the cocotte of the streets, but the peace which passeth understanding . . . the panned gold . . ."

"I believe in you," groaned the Spanish lover, "utterly, my beloved! But in your magic . . . in the magical you . . . I am afraid . . . afraid . . ."

Nerval's fear and his American, and very finished, cousin, Phillip, came to light simultaneously. Phillip became instantly and ferociously infatuated with La Vecci. He had the American adulation for prima donnas and the American lack of regard for the sacred rights of the fiancé. "If I can *get* her," he declared, independently, "if I can *make* her care—she's *mine!*"

"I have hope," Nerval made answer, his blood boiling and turbulent within him, fear staring stark from his eyes, "that you respect the marriage sacrament if not the betrothal one . . ."

"Oh, that," agreed Phillip, easily, "is another matter. One doesn't actually pursue a married woman . . . that is . . . *I* dont . . . unless . . ."

"Unless?"

"Unless she is confessedly unhappy with her husband —or——"

"Or?"

"Unless . . . one cannot help it . . ."

"*Help* it? I fail . . ."

"There are limits," Phillip chewed at his blond, tip-tilted mustache; "there are—limits——" he repeated again.

And staring into each other's eyes the cousins read there the desire of the same woman — stark — lean — solitary.

The next day Leonora, swept off her feet by her lover's frenzied ardor, married him.

"It is for better or for worse," she reminded him, as they stood together on the steps of the little chapel and watched the sun of France drop down over what were soon to be bleeding hills and valleys. And a sense of omen came over her — of foreboding and omen — a sense that other, hotter suns had warmed her lover's blood, warmer breasts had cradled him, redder legends colored his imagining.

"For better or for worse . . ." she repeated after a while.

But he did not hear her, for his lips had taken hers.

Two weeks later La Vecci fared forth on her American tour, which was to end in New Orleans. As an entourage, she took with her, or was accompanied by, the Stuarts, Nina, her husband and the brooding Phillip.

"You have killed me," he told her, gloomily, when the news of her hasty marriage came to him.

"Ah, but you will recover!" she reassured him, gaily; "one inevitably does!"

"I shall *never* recover!" he blazed forth; but even as he spoke his eyes traveled past the vivid prima donna to where Nina stood, pale among pink roses.

America was a tour of triumph for La Vecci . . . cities white and cities fair . . . waiting her with outstretched hands and laurel wreaths and *bravas* and acclaim, ladening her with flowers, proud roses and chaste lilies, stamping her as one of the great gift-bearers of the world. And thru it all Nerval was with her . . . counseling, waiting, trusting and loving. "You are so good to me," she would tell him, gratefully.

"I love you," he would make answer—and something of her old fear would return, for there would be that in his eyes which was the tragedy of love . . . the aloes . . . bitter as gall . . .

In New Orleans the triumphal procession ended, with two exhausted travelers and press notices enough to encircle the globe with a vari-plaited girdle.

"She has left a pathway behind her," wrote one critic, "broad as the heavens and white as the Milky Way . . . a pathway of perfect song."

"We have found," quoth another Man Who Knows, "the *supervoice!*"

Said Nerval, Count of Arejjio, to La Vecci one evening, after her engagements were all filled and they lolled in a boudoir in the old quarter of old New Orleans, drinking black, dripping coffee: "Phillip Garrett has a home just outside of the city—a veritable old-time, pickaninny plantation. He—wants us to visit him. The Stuarts and Nina are there. What do you say?"

Leonora pondered. Some time or other it had to come to them—to Nerval and her—a test. Some day his faith would have to be tested. Love was theirs now—the mad

Nerval's eyes were bloodshot and tormented, and there was no faith in them

love of June, but June would die into other months and so into the autumn—and what if there should remain no fragrant, cherished thing, but only a doubt, crawling and unappeased? What if a furtive thing should creep forth from the flaming thing warming their bosoms now — if Memory were not shot with mother-o'-pearl and breathed thru with pot-pourri?

"We had better go," she said, softly, "much better." And then she whispered, swiftly, softly, "Beloved!"

She had come to love him—since that day on the chapel steps under the low sun of France.

In Nina's boudoir, the evening of their arrival, Leonora learnt a great deal of the way of the place. "I," Nina began, with a charming importance, "am definitely in love, Norrie, with Dr. Spencer—you remember him on shipboard, of course. He is in love with me, too. Cherie, cherie, I am happy—utterly! Guardian approves. He says Paul is eminently suitable, and so everything is comfy—everything but——"

"But what, dear?" Leonora stroked the dark, soft face and thought smilingly of the life coming to this dearly beloved sister—the adored wife of the young physician who looked out upon life with an entirely uncomplicated vision and to whom everything, save only the safe, sane and obvious, was generally "piffle."

"Phillip!" declared Nina, petulantly, "he knows that I—well, *like* Paul, at *least*, and that Paul likes me, and still he persists in his horrid, stuffy, *nasty* little attentions and innuendoes. We're stopping here, and I *have* to be civil, but being civil seems to mean going out on the lake with him and sitting in summer-houses with him, and all those moony sort of things. And I want Paul in — in *moony* places — and he — that Phillip — is an — an — *malaise!*"

"Cherie! Petite sœur!" Leonora rebuked, laughingly. "But America is making you—martial!"

On the next morning Leonora was dreaming on the river bank and completely bewitching three semi-clad, protruding-eyed, small pickaninnies. Overhead, the green lacery of the trees met and sent sifted sunlight delicately over her. From everywhere came hints of flower-birth. Omen seemed very far away. And yet, as she sat there, Leonora shivered.

Returning to the plantation house, she encountered a very much perturbed Nina.

"Norrie," she burst forth, "I've just had a wire from Paul—and he's coming—almost at once—and of course, of *course* I have a date to go punting with that—Phillip—and, Norrie, would you, cherie, would you go and tell him for me? Please!"

"Where is he, dear?"

"In the boat-house—waiting. He's perpetually in the boat-house — waiting. If it isn't *me*, he's waiting for some lemon-tinted person with scarlet lips and sort of nightish hair. That man is a—a—what was it Nerval called him, a *carnivore?*"

At the boat-house Phillip was waiting, and when he saw Leonora advancing to meet him, something like flame swept up and mantled his face.

"So you have come!" he called, and his voice sounded thick and unreal; "after all . . . ."

Leonora inclined her regal head. "I've come," she

"You have forsaken me—in my most steep Gethsemane. I shall never explain"

s said, and one would have marveled that so rich a voice could be so colorless, "to convey to you my sister's—ah—regrets. Another appointment has—perhaps permanently—delayed her."

Phillip laughed—recklessly. "You know I do not care!" he said. "You have seen enough, lived enough—to know that! You know that, to me, she is merely the pale, pink shadow of the crimson rose—yourself; sweet, fragile, the pansy, if one may not have the . . . passion-flower . . . but the shade . . . just the shade . . . . of . . . desire. . . ."

Leonora remembered, with a stab of scarlet in the black night that weighed down upon her afterward, that she had screamed just as Phillip's mouth closed down upon hers — that the scream had died away into a sick and guttural thing . . . that she had reached for the Castilian stiletto she wore as an ornament in her hair, and that he had laughed at her.

After that, she knew nothing till she woke to find Phillip, his face crunched into the sand, and, near-by, a weird, fantastic tracery of blood. She remembered then that she screamed — screamed piercingly and despairingly — and that Nerval came plunging thru the thicket, and Nina and Mr. Stuart and Dr. Spencer.

"I——" she began, then, and found the rich mine of her voice rough gravel; "I——" she essayed again, and her eyes sought Nerval's, sought them as a vowed nun seeks the crucifix that faith may be made sure, then turned them as the nun might turn who found a satyr nailed to the most sacred cross. For Nerval's eyes were bloodshot and tormented, and there was no faith in them.

When every one had scattered on the grim missions of the dead, Leonora turned to the tortured man. "You have betrayed me!" she said to him, fiercely. "You have done *more*, you have forsaken me — in my most steep Gethsemane. I shall *never* explain . . . tho I die;" . . . then she swayed, and her lips framed stiffly, "tho it destroy us . . . divinely. . . ."

When the coroner arrived Leonora was formally accused of the murder of Phillip Garrett.

The following week Dr. Spencer gave as his affidavit that it would have been an impossibility for Leonora Nerval to have killed Phillip Garrett. "The wound reached his heart," he said, simply, "and the stiletto, which is the circumstantial evidence on which the countess is held, being only a toy, is totally inadequate. *The wound penetrates six inches. The stiletto measures three.*"

"Greater than I have forgiven far greater sins"

A silence followed the clear-cut statement, then a hysterical sob wrung the tense air of the court-room and the girl whom Nina had described as "lemon-tinted" rose up and laughed out wildly. "I might as well," she said, " I might *better*. I killed him—*I!* I killed him when I saw him take her and kiss her as he never—oh, my God!—as he never kist me! It was the one thing too much. So I knifed him as he stood there. I killed him—but he did not die—of the tortures I—have died of—he——"

Late that night Nerval came to her, pleadingly, humbly, as a child comes who has done wrong.

"Can you forgive this—this—*thing* in me?" he pleaded. "Can you possibly see it as a horrible offshoot of the powerful glory which is my love for you? Can you? Leonora—*can* you?"

Leonora bent over and took the shamed head to her breast. "To know all is to forgive all," she said, softly, "and greater than I have forgiven far greater sins."

BILL JENNINGS' "BONER"

By Walter Edmand Mair
Private, 1st Class, Signal Corps

Bill Jennings pulled a bonehead play today—
  Yes, Big Bill Jennings, him we used to know
When thirty bones a week was heavy pay
  Down in the town where Chaplin mines the dough.

Bill spoiled six takes—all A-1 action-stuff,
  Shot from atop the lines, a half-a-mile—
Red Jacobs piloting. Bill yelled, "E-enough!
  Now for some dizzy close-up—coast awhile."

Now, sabe—Bill was panning the barrage,
  When, all at once, his blasted telephote
Picks up the Boche behind some camouflage
  Laying a mine to get the Yankee goat!

The spotter-plane had missed 'em! Jennings yells,
  "Push on her, Jacobs! Let her down and dive,
You copper-dome! Then hold her where it swells
  Back of that steeple while I count you five."

Red rushed her; guess he never blinked an eye.
  Their plane shot—zing!—and something yellow-white
Streaked thru the air and fogged across the sky,
  Dropped on the hard-boiled Huns, and then—*good-night!*

Fresh celluloid, you know, will burn a bit,
  And if you use a detonating cap,
Or, maybe, six—well, amigo, she hit
  Square on those kaiser-monkeys in the sap!

Some anti-aircraft tried to break the spell
  For Bill and Red. No use! They slid away
In double loops, hilarious, and—aw, hell!
  Bill Jennings spoiled a reel of film today.

Flower of the Dusk

Photographs from the Metro Adaptation of Myrtle Reed's Novel

Guy Coombs and Viola Dana find love too late

The old love is realized in the daughter and son's marriage

DUSK and dawn, sunshine and shadow, youth and age—these are the things that will never come together—never can come together—in perfect harmony.

In a little rustic town lived a dainty child-wife named Constance. Young she was—just twenty—effervescent, joyous, irresponsible—and confident—confident with all the self-assurance of youth.

Ambrose North, forty-five, matured, a man of affairs, to whom she was the essence of happiness, had married her. Child-like, she clung to Ambrose. Vague, unsatisfied longings she felt, but couldn't quite understand.

And across the flower-bordered way lived Lawrence Austin and his wife. Lawrence, young and lovable—with a wife crude and exasperating. Ambrose seemed to forget Constance's flower-like beauty just as Lawrence Austin became aware of it. (*Continued on page* 116)

Irving Cummings, Every Inch an Actor

By
SUE ROBERTS

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BREATHES there a man with soul so dead, who never yet has had it said, "He's some actor!"

If such there be, his name is not Irving Cummings, for Irving Cummings is *some* actor.

He looks like the son of Cleopatra might have looked.

Within close range of the handsome Cummings, whose stately and histrionic pose

Irving Cummings, Mrs. Irving Cummings and Irving Cummings, Jr.

makes one think of purple-and-gold bordered togas and the grandeur that was Rome's, it occurred to us for perhaps the hundredth time in the last twenty-

Irving Cummings makes one think of purple-and-gold togas and the grandeur that was Rome's

four hours that there are few occupations more interesting than ours.

Suppose, instead of reporting such interesting facts as that Mr. Cummings' hair is wavy and blue-black, that his eyes are deep brown and veil with subtle shades of mystery the messages they flash; suppose, we repeat, instead of such a fascinating task, we had chosen to write on the dissection of beetles or how a valley flower protects itself from the vagrant breeze.

Kind fate!

Irving Cummings' lips hastened to assure us that he would have met us much sooner had he not broken down.

Perfect seemed his health and physique; in fact, we had been on the verge of asking him how he kept in such fine trim, for he radiated vitality and vim and—you know, sort of a Roman-gladiator effect, in spite of the prosaic wearing of a fastidiously tailored gray tweed suit.

(*Continued on page* 118)

Funny Happenings in the

By HAROLD

MOST all of you remember, I daresay, the day when almost anything "got by" in Motion Pictures. Films were released with sins of commission due to sheer negligence and with sins of omission due to any cause at all. The errors were tolerantly and charitably overlooked, like the refractory ways of a precocious, exuberant youngster. But as time went on the lusty youth grew into manhood, and as wisdom came with maturity he made fewer mistakes. Yet the fan, educated to expect only the best, refused to condone even these lapses. If an error crept into it, the picture was panned, even if the good qualities of the production did greatly outbalance its defects.

I am telling all of this to explain why a mistake is so religiously guarded against in picture making. Errors must not creep in. For the simple purpose of establishing whether a character made his exit from the left in one scene and must, therefore, make his entrance into the co-relating scenes from the right, I have heard heated debates lasting for an hour or more.

Being human, picture people make mistakes in spite of the closely webbed guard against them. Usually, however, they are detected before prints are made from the negative for distribution among the exchanges and no damage is done. Just the same, the error maker does not escape his punishment, which comes in the form of a gentle, tho constant, reminder that he has erred and that he mustn't do it again. And you can wager that he doesn't.

In one of our late pictures we had a scene showing a character making a dive from a rocky point eighty feet or more high into the ocean. At the time of the year when the scene was made the water was anything but tepid, and as we felt for the chap engaged to do the stunt, we set up two cameras, to be sure that at least one of them got a good "shot." The machines were placed at right angles to the rock from which the dive was to be made—one of them on the beach and the other on another point about fifty feet overhead. At a given signal from the director, who was stationed at the camera on the point, the camera-men were to begin grinding, and on a second prearranged signal the diver was to do his stunt. Every one nodded understanding of the signal system, but one of the camera-men suffered a lapse, which accounts for this story.

The director gave his signal to start the cameras grinding and an instant later waved for the dive. The diver replied by hurtling thru space and landing with much gusto into the water.

With the splash, the camera-man on

Studio and on Location

LOCKWOOD

the beach emitted a startled cry. "What's that?" he yelled to the director above him. He knew what had happened, but he was too startled to make an intelligent inquiry.

The director, looking over the cliff, was amazed when he saw the inquirer just rising from his seat on a convenient rock ten feet away from his camera. "That was the dive," came the answer. "Did you get it?"

"No," the camera-man answered. "I didn't catch your signal."

"What! You weren't grinding?" the director inquired, excitedly. "I gave you the best shot—and you didn't get it? Now what are we going to do? The film in the other camera buckled, and we didn't get the scene, either."

There were dismal groans, and a hurried conference was called. Meanwhile the diver, helped by other hands, had reached shore and had made his way to the rear of a clump of bushes, where he was divesting himself of his dripping garments. The director called him.

"We'll have to do the scene all over again," he said.

The diver gasped. "No, siree!" he exclaimed vehemently, shaking his head.

"But we didn't photograph it," the director explained.

The diver had the upper hand, and he knew it. "All right," he said finally. "I'll do it over again, but you'll have to give me twenty-five dollars more."

Under his breath the director called him a robber, but finally agreed to pay the added stipend, and the diver did the stunt over again, this time with both cameras going.

Pay-day rolled around, and the camera-man, getting his check, found it twenty-five dollars short of the customary figure. He complained to the office, where it was explained that the amount was deducted to pay the extra fee demanded by the diver. For an hour he protested against the "fine," but in vain.

Of course the money will have been returned to him by the time this appears in print, but meanwhile you can start something with a certain individual by asking innocently:

"Did you get your twenty-five dollars?"

If this camera-man is being chided for an error that cost twenty-five dollars, imagine what happened to the one in this story:

A scene depicting a ship being blown up in mid-ocean was to be part of a big feature picture, and careful preparations had been made to insure the scene against failure, as a large sum of money had been paid for the vessel, which was the only available one.

Passing over the details of preparation, the boat was finally made ready

(*Continued on page* 124)

"Hands Up"

By GILSON WILLETS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS:

The story opens with evil brewing—first in a regular Ali Baba sort of a cave, barbarically luxurious and mystically beautiful. In the cave sits a man, clad all in black, a man of heroic proportions. He is gazing, gazing at a golden diadem set with jewels, the front being the reproduction of the rising sun, made entirely of diamonds and rubies. He is called the Phantom Rider.

In the big living-room of the Strange ranch-house sits the young foreman, Robert Rushe, known as "Hands Up." Coincidentally, he, too, is gazing at a jewelled bandeau, bearing the rising sun. Gazing, he swears under his breath that he will find the Princess Divina, long lost daughter of Colonel Strange and his Inca wife, the Princess Serena. The mysterious disappearance of the little princess fifteen years ago, and the despair of ever finding her finally caused the colonel's death.

Late that night the Inca envoys appear to "Hands Up" and tell him that unless he return to them the sun princess, Divina, within fifteen weeks, he will suffer the supreme penalty.

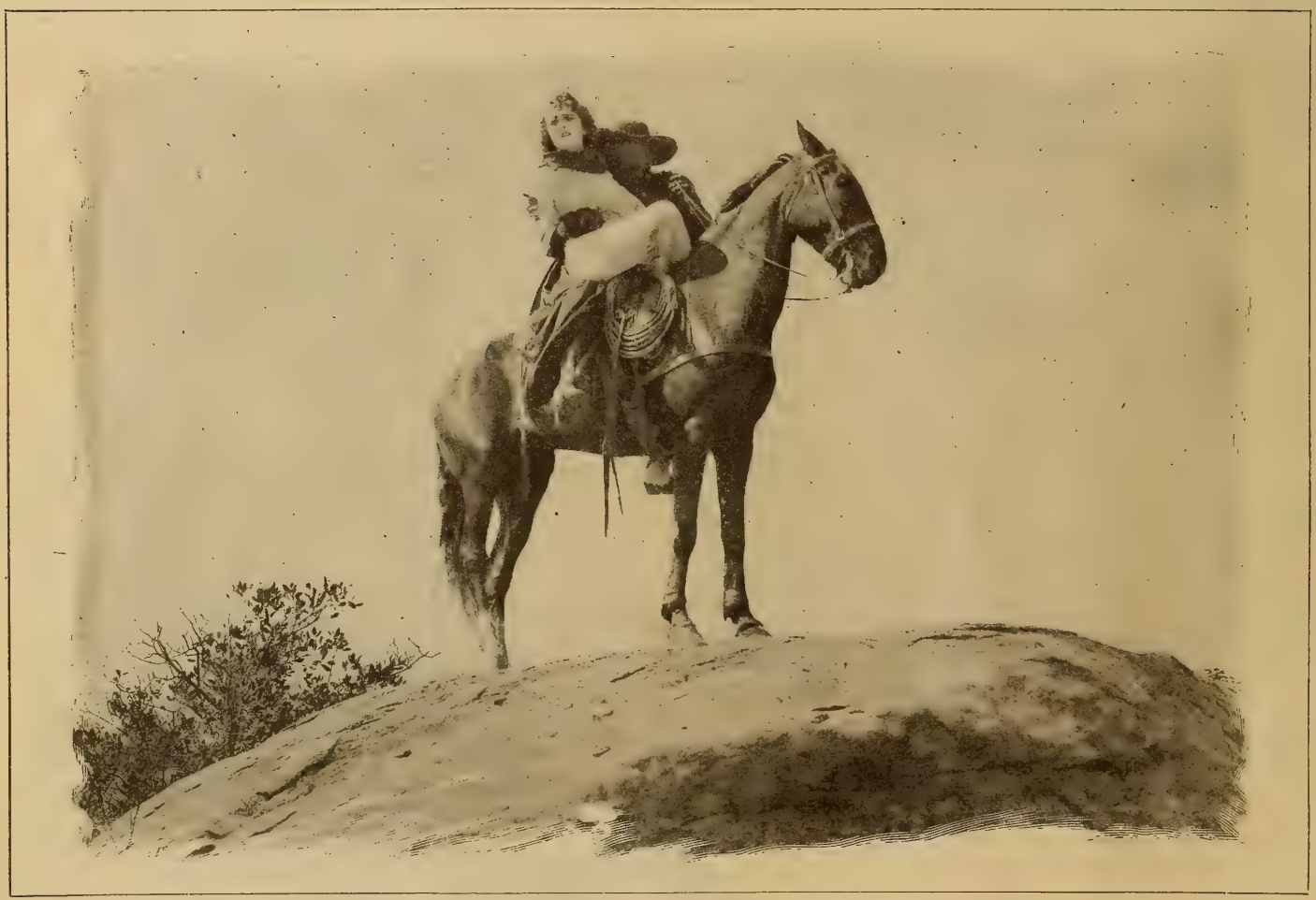
Before they go, they succeed in stealing from him the jewelled bandeau bearing the rising sun.

In the city, Echo Delane, a young reporter, is assigned by her paper to the Inca house, where no American woman has ever been, for the purpose of ferreting out a tremendous secret About her head Echo Delane wears a bandeau *emblazoned with a rising sun!*

On her journey to the Inca house she encounters "Hands Up," and they have an adventurous ride, culminating in so impassioned a kiss that both realize they are indissolubly a part of each other's life.

In the Inca house Echo is believed to be the lost princess and is informed that when Prince Pampas, son of the Great Inca, is found, she will be wed to him She dreads this, and sends a surreptitious message to "Hands Up," who makes a daring but an unsuccessful effort to rescue her.

That same night she finds a silken cord attached to the tower where she is imprisoned, and, believing it to be another attempt on the part of "Hands Up," slides perilously to the ground and onto the black horse of—the Phantom Rider!



The muffled stranger had borne away the beautiful girl

CHAPTER VII

AS the Phantom Rider, mounted on his swift horse, bore away the girl, Echo Delane, from the Inca castle where she had been held as captive, doomed to become the unwilling bride of the Inca prince of the blood, a great shout went up from the band of cowboys.

"Hands Up," his back to the wall, leveled a brace of guns at the enraged Incas.

"Listen, boys!" his voice sounded above the din. "Get away from here quick. Go after that man. We've got to get the girl."

"Hands Up's" pals followed his lead.

Their smoking guns spat again and again till the Incas

fled to the secret recesses of their castle. The cowboys backed their way out and leaped upon their waiting horses and dashed down the valley in mad pursuit of the muffled stranger who had borne away the beautiful girl.

But swift as they rode, the Phantom Rider proved even swifter. He rode straight for the old ranch-house from which Echo had been lured to the castle of the Inca zealots.

He clattered into the court-yard, and, bending over the prostrate form of the girl, he set her down carefully upon the ground.

Then, without a word, he turned his big black charger and rode away. As "Hands Up" and his friends dashed madly up from the valley they were just in time to see the mysterious stranger disappear over the hill.

"Are you hurt?" cried "Hands Up," as he threw himself on the ground before Echo.

"No, no, no!" she cried. "Ride after that man. The Incas would have killed me if it had not been for him. That stranger, whoever he is, saved my life. He is surely a friend. After him—quick!"

But the Phantom Rider had disappeared as if the very earth had swallowed him.

Echo entered the living room of the ranch-house, and there she confronted Judith Strange.

The girl started, alarmed at first by the unheralded appearance of the other, for, in the strange Inca bridal garb in which she was arrayed, she presented a startling appearance.

Echo explained her narrow escape from a fate worse than death.

"It might not have been so bad," murmured Judith Strange, with an odd expression in her eyes. "Just think, to be a princess!"

"But she would die—living that sort of a life," said a voice.

The girls turned toward the doorway.

"Hands Up" stood there, smiling grimly.

"But you have wonderful pluck, miss," he said, bowing awkwardly toward Echo.

The girl smiled warmly.

The presence of Echo in the house meant that Judith could never win the love of "Hands Up"

Cast of characters of "Hands Up!" the Pathé serial of romance in the West, produced by the Astra Company:

Echo Delane.....Ruth Roland
"Hands Up".....George Chesebro
Judith Strange.....Easter Walters
Sam Killman } .....Wm. A. Carroll
Oman, the High Priest }
The Grand Envoy.....George Gebhardt

"I am afraid I haven't any pluck at all," she said. "I must confess I was terribly frightened."

Judith Strange was a silent listener. She saw the tender light in "Hands Up's" eyes as he talked with Echo Delane, and her womanly intuition warned her.

"Hands Up" had fallen in love with this strange girl from the East. And a red-hot rage swept her heart, for she loved the handsome cowboy herself.

Upon the wall of the living room there hung a big portrait, done in oils. In its heavy frame it seemed the most conspicuous object in the room.

"Who is that?" demanded Echo, suddenly.

"Why, that's a picture of Colonel Strange," said "Hands Up." He was the owner of this ranch, you know. But — poor old man—he was killed in this very room. His death has never been accounted for; his assassin was never discovered."

A brooding silence fell upon the three persons who stood gazing at the portrait.

Then Echo spoke slowly.

"Why—it seems to me as if I had known him all my life," she said. "Colonel Strange!" She repeated the name in an odd way. "The very name seems familiar, too. Why, I seem to have known it before. Where can I have heard it?"

She lifted her hand wearily to her head and for the first time since her adventures of the day seemed aware of the strange costume she wore. She took the golden bandeau from her head and threw it upon a table.

"Hands Up" picked up the bandeau and examined it. His eyes rested upon the great jewel in amazement, and then, as he looked backed at Echo, he discovered, for the first time, the mark upon her white forehead—the traced object—the rising sun.

He drew back in astonishment.

"Great heavens!" he cried. "There can be but one girl in the world with that mark!" He drew out a letter from the cabinet by which he stood and handed it silently to Echo.

"Read it," he said; "read it aloud."

Would she never be free from the Incas?

Echo glanced swiftly over the page, and her face paled. "What does it mean?" she asked, turning in her bewilderment to "Hands Up."

"It means that you are the long-lost daughter of Colonel Strange!" cried "Hands Up." "That strange mark on your forehead is the certain identification. And you are the heir to this fortune and the mistress of this house."

"Hands Up" drew another paper from the cabinet drawer. It proved to be a copy of Colonel Strange's will, wherein the Colonel's entire fortune was bequeathed to his lost daughter if she was ever found. It was in this will that Judith Strange was most concerned. For if the missing daughter was not found the fortune was bequeathed to Judith. When Judith Strange sensed the import of the presence of Echo Delane in the house her heart chilled with fear, for it meant the end of her dreams, and, more than that, it meant that she could never hope to win the love of "Hands Up."

"But how do we know that this girl, this strange girl, is the missing heiress?" demanded Judith, her face blanched with rage.

At this moment an Indian woman, one Starlight, who was employed as a general servant about the Strange ranch, crept into the room. Her eyes were fastened with amazement upon the face of Echo Delane. Again the mystic mark on the girl's forehead spread fresh amazement, for the Indian woman uttered a low cry, and there was a note of joy in it. "She is the lost princess!" cried the Indian woman.

"Lost princess?" "Hands Up" and Echo Delane chorused the question.

So then Starlight, in short, swift sentences, told the story of the strange mark on Echo's forehead. She declared that when Echo was a child of five she was left at an Indian camp in which Starlight lived. Echo had been captured by the Incas, and they feared punishment, so gave the child over to the American tribe, promising to return later on to claim the white captive. But the years passed, and the Incas, still fearful of detection and vengeance for having kidnapped the baby from the Strange home, never claimed her. Eventually, the little pale-faced captive escaped.

"And I have never seen her from that day until now!" cried the Indian woman, with tears of happiness in her eyes. Judith Strange listened with a sneer upon her beautiful face. "Oh, this all very well," she said, coldly, "but it does not satisfy me."

CHAPTER VIII

It is the day on which Echo and "Hands Up" are to be married.

Echo has proof of the heirship, which has proved sufficient, and Colonel Strange's fortune has been paid to her.

All the cowboys of the ranch are assembled and are holding an improvised rodeo, preceding the wedding.

The hour of the wedding comes.

Carlos, a Mexican servant at the Strange ranch, acting as a spy for the Incas, reported to Oman that Echo was about to be married to the cowboy.

Fury entered the evil face of Oman, and he rode away like the wind. Arriving at the Inca's house, he notified the Grand Envoy that the betrothed of the missing prince, the son of the Great Inca—the woman who was destined

to restore the Incas to power in Peru thru giving to the Sun Gods as a human sacrifice — was about to be married to a cowboy.

The Incas were horrified and rode forth to prevent the wedding.

In the Strange ranch-house Echo, on her way to the room where "Hands Up" was awaiting her with a minister, descended the stairway in bridal array.

The Phantom Rider dismounted, suddenly appeared, threw a cloak over her head and carried her away on his horse.

At the same time the Incas dashed up to the ranch-house. In the attempt to force their way into the house to get possession of the woman they regarded as sacred there was a terrific fight between the Incas and the cowboys — a tense pitched battle—for no one was yet aware that Echo had been spirited away

But suddenly the Grand Envoy cried to them to cease fighting and pointed toward a hill in the distance. The Phantom Rider was seen galloping over the brow of the hill with the bride in his saddle.

Both cowboys and the Incas rode in pursuit, but the Phantom Rider vanished as before, and no one saw how or when or where. Having lost the trail of the Phantom Rider, both "Hands Up" and the Grand Envoy were in despair.

The Grand Envoy gave the cowboy this warning: "If you marry the Princess Divina—who is one of the Sacred Rising Suns of my people — now or ever, during the life of *the other Sacred Rising Sun,* you will *both* be killed."

This rich treasure was loaded into the canoes

For reply, "Hands Up" swore that he would find Echo and marry her "if hell freezes over!" The Incas loftily ignored his defiance and rode away.

Echo Delane sat in the secret cave of the Phantom Rider. She was blindfolded A few feet away a mysterious man, who had twice kidnapped her when danger menaced, regarded her with somber eyes. The Phantom Rider spoke:

"You cannot marry this man, 'Hands Up,' until you are free from the thrall of the Incas. When you have given me your word of honor to heed my warning, a warning which I will give you to save your own life and the life of the man you love, you will be free to leave this place; otherwise, you must remain here."

"Remain here?"

"Yes For here in my cave, alone of all the places in the world, you are safe from the Incas."

The vibrant note in his voice reassured Echo.

She pledged her word and, still blindfolded, the Phantom Rider led her to the outside air and bade her farewell.

The girl whipped off the bandage from her eyes and, apparently stunned by the bright glare of the sunlight, stared about her. There was no indication of whence she had so recently come. There was no opening in the side of the mountain, nothing but rocks piled in ranks one upon the other. Nor was there any sign of the mysterious stranger in the black cloak and sombrero to whom she owed her life. Echo's horse grazed a few yards away. The girl leaped into the saddle and returned to

the ranch. As she clattered into the big courtyard, "Hands Up" ran to greet her.

She stayed him with an uplifted hand.

"We can never marry!" she cried. "At least, not now. Our marriage would mean not only death for me, but for you."

"What is the matter?" demanded "Hands Up."

"It is the Incas," said Echo. "When I am free from the Incas, then——"

"Hands Up" clinched his fists and gritted his strong, white teeth as his eyes followed her as she disappeared into the ranch-house.

Then he plunged off down the road to think it out for himself As he stood upon a high eminence that commanded a view of the whole valley, he saw canoes bearing many Incas rapidly negotiating a stream at the bottom of a dark canyon where the walls rose precipitously on either side. In the forward craft sat an oracle of the Incas. At a point still within the vision of the lone beholder on the top of the hill the Incas left their canoes and gathered at the base of a mighty cliff. They busied themselves with some task. Suddenly there was a terrific explosion, splitting the rock wall asunder, and a great cavity yawned at the feet of the Incas. The Incas swarmed about this cavity, and suddenly there came into the vision of "Hands Up" an astounding mass of treasure. Gold ingots, cups, shields, statues and armor, all apparently solid gold and set with diamonds, rubies and other precious jewels. This rich treasure was loaded into the canoes.

"Hands Up" knew the Incas well enough to understand that it would not be safe for him to let them know that he had seen their treasure. As he looked at their glimmering jewels, he found himself visualizing what would occur if the Incas knew he had discovered their secret. Already he seemed to feel brown hands at his throat and threatening daggers. So he hurried back to the Strange ranch and there told Echo of the treasure he had seen in the canyon. Echo told "Hands Up" what she learnt about the treasure of the Incas while she was a prisoner in the Inca castle.

She learnt that, years before, the only living man who knew where the treasure was hidden in Peru by the Incas at the time of the Spanish invasion was called the Inheritor of the Secret of the Treasure.

He was the only living person, in addition to the Great Inca, who knew this secret

The Incas would kill him if they knew he had discovered their secret

Then, suddenly, this Inheritor of the Secret fled from Peru, taking all the treasure with him. He was followed and traced to the canyon at Sirocco—but he was found dead.

Where had he hidden the stolen treasure?

The Oracle of the Incas divined that the treasure was hidden somewhere in this dark canyon. And that was why the Inca envoys had come to Sirocco and settled there, namely: to find the treasure which they had this day found.

To all this, Judith Strange listened stealthily.

The result was that Judith got on her horse and rode post-haste to the adjoining ranch where lived Sam Killman.

While posing as a respectable rancher, Killman was the head of the most daring band of outlaws in the Southwest. The outlaws worked on Killman's ranch ostensibly as cowpunchers, the better to disguise their nefarious calling. Killman was in love with Judith Strange and her willing tool in her evil schemes.

(*Continued on page 128*)

8:13 A. M. in the Martin boudoir

Versatile Vivian

By FRITZI REMONT

DO you remember long ago, when you had a parlor which you could not enter until you'd washed your hands? There was always a precious gold chair or some other bit of gold furniture in it, and if it happened to be adorned with garlands of pastel-colored flowers, you would be cautioned not to touch the Vernis Martin pieces which mother considered the best Christmas gifts she had ever received.

Of course, the Vernis Martin furniture was made in Grand Rapids, but that isn't the main reason the Michi*gander* stalks forth proudly! Oh, no! He's apt to brag far more about the cutest Michigosling that ever charmed audiences from the silversheet—Vivian Martin, of Grand Rapids, Michigan, so it please you.

Vivian went on the stage when she was a "teeny-weeny bits a girl," as she expressed it. She had her best training under the famous Richard Mansfield, playing in "Cyrano de Bergerac." She hardly remembers when she couldn't act and met no opposition to a stage career at any time of her life.

Later, she played in "Officer 666" and such comedies as "Stop Thief!" and "The Only Son." It was while playing in New York that she met the fate of most stage favorites and, being called to the telephone one evening, was asked if she would consider doing a special engagement in Motion Pictures under the direction of Maurice Tourneur.

Vivian Martin was intensely amused, and said,

Vivian scorns steps—at times

promptly, that she did not know a thing about the photodrama. But Mr. Tourneur's assistant had been deputed to bring back an affirmative, so he coaxed over the long-distance until the little lady consented to be at Fort Lee next morning. She was promised no "future" and was simply informed that her type was needed to create a little raggedy-girl part, so that if she screened well at the test, she would be engaged for one play.

"Oh, Mr. Tourneur is the most wonderful director in the world, to me. At the time I was asked to make the test, he could not speak any English save negatives or affirmatives. I was told that Mr. Tourneur would take me shopping for the sort of frocks he wanted—just two little bits of rags. I thought that the funniest idea! What on earth could there be about a ragged dress or two that needed a director's attention?

"Anyway, we started off to a costumer's, and oh, Mr. Tourneur was so particular! The tear had to be in the *left* sleeve, a hole in my stocking over the right knee, a slit in the skirt just above the left knee, and I thought, 'What difference can it make on which side the holes come?' Later, I learnt just how his attention to such details made for a perfect film, that so much had to be thought out with regard to action. Suppose my scenes had come with a man—I had to stand at his right, with my left side away from the camera. It would make all the difference in the world about those rips, wouldn't it?

"After the dress question was safely disposed of, I made up. I had no idea that there could be any difference in make-ups. When I got out on the set and looked at Mr. Tourneur, expecting to be praised, he shrieked and covered his eyes and said: 'Oh, non, non, non! C'est

And Maurice Tourneur once said "Pauvre enfant!" of Vivian

Vivian, curls and everything

impossible! Pauvre enfant!' I could not imagine why I was a poor child or what was impossible. I glanced down at the frock and torn stockings—what could be wrong? The director led me to a glass and pointed at my eyes and cheeks, then called a member of the company who could speak French fluently and interpret. I had a good laugh when I

(*Continued on page* 126)

A Jest in Time Saves—

Evidently the "lobster" doesn't know his place

Hand-some is as Hand-some does

Hoops, my dear!

Wool shrinks—and Bobbie Vernon takes no chances

——And meanwhile the Lasky studio burns

Taking Motion Pictures in Mexico

By WALLACE THOMPSON

Mexican woman making bead-work by primitive process

WHEN George D. Wright, producer of the series of Motion Pictures which are being released under the general title of "Mexico Today," started to Mexico a year ago to take his pictures, he also imported the second Motion Picture camera which had ever been taken to Mexico City. The first one had appeared only a year before and had been set up in the window of a photography shop in Mexico City, with a large sign which read: "This is a Motion Picture taking machine. It is going to take pictures of notable news events in the city."

Mr. Wright, who had been a resident of Mexico for twenty years, was able, thru his well-known friendliness to Mexico and his known integrity, to get permission to import cameras, stock and a developing plant and to take virtually any pictures which he chose to take. He therefore hired D. W. Gobbett, a prominent English cinematographer whose African jungle pictures have been seen by perhaps half the Motion Picture fans in the world, and started for Mexico in the summer of 1916. Little work was done until Mexico City was reached; but, with the capital city as a center, Mr. Wright as director and Mr. Gobbett as photographer covered a large portion of the territory of the highlands of Mexico. Most of the work shown in the twelve reels of "Mexico Today" was done on this tableland, a mile and a quarter above sea level, under absolutely novel light and atmospheric conditions, and much of it during the rainy reason.

The Mexicans, as a whole, took kindly enough to the new form of photography, especially when it was reinforced by a generous use of large copper pennies, and little difficulty was experienced with the natives. Now and then, however, as in the reel which showed the life of an Indian village of thatched huts, some difficulty was experienced in explaining to the Indians that they were not to stand stock still, as for the photographs the tourists usually took of them, but were to move about in the usual way. And the difficulty was not because the Indians were stupid, but because they spoke only their native tongues and no Spanish at all! With the help of an interpreter, Mr. Wright, who speaks Spanish like a native, was able to get excellent results and often found old men and women, as well as younger folks, who were perhaps the best impromptu Motion Picture actors a

Scooping up water-flies. The eggs of the Texacoco flies are eaten by the Mexicans

director ever worked with. The chief difficulty, in fact, was usually with keeping the natives out of the pictures rather than getting them in.

From the official class of Mexicans, beginning with the police, the Motion Picture pioneers had some opposition. Only Mr. Wright's ready Spanish and his knowledge of the native psychology, linked with the powerful support of his official friends, tided them over some serious places. At one time a reputedly anti-American newspaper "wrote up" the expedition, warning every one against the Motion Picture photographers who, it reported, were engaged in showing all the worst side of Mexico, and even staging some terrible scenes of filth and degradation with an idea of forcing American intervention! It was said that Mr. Wright was photographing "all the pulque shops," to show how bad they were. He did, in fact, photograph one, as part of his wonderful picture on the manufacture of that famous and much-abused beverage. This, a resort enjoying the name "The Library of Those Who Are Wise Without Studying," was one of the last low-class pulque shops to be closed under President Carranza's orders, lifting the sale of pulque to the plane of ordinary saloons.

George D. Wright adjusting his Motion Picture camera, to the opened-eyed astonishment of the "Mex"

Some of the queer kinks of Mexican psychology come out in the very reels which are shown in the series of twelve weekly issues of "Mexico Today." For instance, when a special trip was made to photograph the modern penitentiary of the republic, which is one of the model penal institutions of the world, he was not allowed to photograph the outside of the building, but was allowed to mount the tower and show its construction, including the cell houses.

In the highest official classes, however, Mr. Wright, thru his personal acquaintance, received most courteous treatment. There is distinct opposition to the prying of foreigners in Mexico, as many other Motion Picture producers who have attempted to visit Mexico can well testify; but when the Mexicans can be convinced of the good faith of the enterprise they are courtesy itself. It was thru Mr. Wright's acquaintance and reputation that he was able to go anywhere he chose in Mexico and to photograph what he chose, without censorship of any kind.

An article on the experiences of the Wright expedition in Mexico would not be complete without a note of

its experience in connection with the taking of a picture for circulation in Mexico — the story of the religious band of the "Virgin of Guadalupe." The legend, which was sanctioned by the pope nearly a century ago, has to do with the appearance of the Blessed Virgin to a simple Indian, thru whom she sent instruction to the

Scene on the grand canal from the so-called "Floating Gardens"

bishop of Mexico that he should build a church in her honor on the hill of Guadalupe, near the City of Mexico. The parts of the Indian and of the Virgin were taken by actors, but the other characters of the play were taken by natives of the very type of people who actually took part in the action of the original story. The father of the historic Indian, for instance, was a seventy-year-old Mexican Indian who, after brief rehearsals, carried his part so well that additional scenes were taken with him as a genuine addition to the picture.

Most significant and interesting, however, was the aid given Mr. Wright by the Catholic hierarchy of Mexico. Upon orders from the archbishop of Mexico City, the parts of the priests and of the bishop were taken by Catholic priests of splendid type, in church vestments and in settings in great churchly buildings. The exteriors of the bishop's palace and his garden, the bell in the tower, etc., were taken at the Convent of Churubusco, and the interiors were made in the wonderful old Colegio de las Vicaxinas, in Mexico City, one of the finest Spanish buildings in the capital, with furniture and settings dating back to the conquest.

Mr. Wright, on his return to Mexico this summer, took with him the full equipment of a modern laboratory and has gone into Motion Picture producing on a large scale. An additional series of travel pictures showing the life of the people in even more intimate detail is in course of preparation and will be edited, as was the present series, by Wallace Thompson, formerly editor-in-chief of the Paramount Pictograph and for seven years a resident of Mexico. Besides this, he will produce one-reel comedies and short dramas with Mexican settings for Latin American and European circulation.

These pictures, together with "Mexico Today," will form the real, first-hand and authentic glimpses of Mexico as it really is. Americans, thru border troubles of years' standing, have come to look upon Mexico as a place of deserts and bandits, poor natives and wretched huts. "Mexico Today" shows the modern and cosmopolitan nature of Mexico and its wealthier sections, where the ancient and the modern move side by side.

The Metropolitan Church of Mexico City, one of the finest examples of Spanish stone-carvings in America

Dorothy Dalton

Is the Sort of a Girl for Whom Knights of Eld Ha[ve] Broken Countless Lances, Great Poets Have Sung and Great Musicians Made Immortal in Their Symphonies

By GLADYS HALL

WHEN I arrived at the Ritz-Carlton and was directed to her suite she was just rising for one-o'clock breakfast. And immediately I saw her there came to my mind all the above-mentioned things . . . great loves, historied proofs thereof, Sapphos, the Félise of Swinburne, the Beatrices and Juliets, warmth and vitality and gardenia flowers. And withal, she is a girl, a *young* girl, with, admittedly, a "perfect passion for hats," a confessed fondness for her horses and her Airedales and a homesickness, even in "seething New York," for her Californian bungalow and her mother and "dad" who live there with her.

As I entered, she was seated on the edge of the French-gray period bed, attired in a black satin kimono, embroidered lavishly with scarlet flowers, probably poppies. Her attitude was unmistakably, and sort of guiltily, that of having come to a hasty sitting posture upon hearing my footfall in the corridor. Her very large, very blue full-lidded eyes said, undeniably, "I have *just* opened."

"These are my hours," she explained to me, when she had trailed her way across to the triple-mirrored, French-gray dressing-table, with its fascinating over-ladening of perfumes rare and strange, powders and ivory implements. "I keep them so that I may omit a meal, and I must omit a meal because, my dear, I take on more *fat* in less *time* than any other person in the world. I am sure," she went on in her perfectly-in-keeping, deep-toned voice, "I dont know *why* I should be so afflicted. Mother weighs about a hundred pounds or so, and dad is quite, quite slender."

"How about other brothers and sisters?"

"There are none—so I'll never know! I am the only, only and consequently thoroly spoiled. Also, I am the only member of the family so far as I know who ever attempted the stage. So, naturally, mother and dad are quite appallingly proud."

By this time the vampy negligée had been replaced by an exceedingly smart frock of navy-blue tricotine and satin, and at least three dashing blue hats had been experimented with, with a final result of a small toque with a daring, debonair plume at right angles over her left ear. Also there had been subtle touches of perfume, her own especial, triple-blent concoction, the recipe of which she may divulge "some day, but not now," a touch of lip-stick, and that's *all*.

Then, while she sedulously manicured, she talked. She has a most delightful, a most *vivid*, a most heart-to-heart manner of talking.

"Yes, I *did* like to vamp, rather," she admitted. "You know, *I* think it one of the

easiest things to do. One has mostly to look very wicked, very sinister and evil, which pleasing semblance one may achieve by wearing *unheard* of clothes, leering diabolically and never, no never, sitting erect! And presto, the trick is turned! But . . ." she shrugged her shoulders and threw back her head so that her full, white and very beautiful throat came into full evidence, which is a fascinating trick of manner she has, "the people didn't seem to care for me as a vamp. You see, somehow or other I have become best known for my dimples and my smile. Those two things are the things the people seem to comment on. Now, one cannot possibly display ingenuous dimples and gleeful laughter and still *vamp*.' So we decided, Mr. Ince and I, that it would be foolish for me to throw away my strongest playing cards.

"I believe that every one on the stage and the screen should at least *try* to do what most pleases the public—since, after all, that is what we are really working for, selfishly as well as altruistically. On the strength of this belief Mr. Ince put me in 'Love Me,' a dear little, quasi-humorous thing, with quite a bit of pathos at the end. It *went*—went just about a hundred per cent pure as compared to the preceding vamp subjects. Exhibitors from all over the country wrote us that 'Love Me' was the type of picture they wanted from me—the type that went best. The fans were likewise unanimous in their approval. So . . . for awhile at least I shall play the lighter stuff."

"And still under Mr. Ince?"

"For another year—I've a contract for that. After that . . . one dare not prophesy into the years. But—I am going right back to work when I am done vacationing. I had a wire from Mr. Ince this morning telling me that the sets for my new picture are in the course of construction, and asking me to hunt up a leading-man . . . such a task in khakied New York! . . . The picture is to be called 'The Cross of Shame' and will, I believe, be heavier than 'Love Me.'"

She broke off, ceased tinting her already crescent-mooned, perfect "finger jewels" and bent toward me, again with that characteristic uplift of face. "I

(*Continued on page* 127)

"Just Jane"

Nevertheless, Little Miss Novak Is Some Leading-Lady

By MARTHA GROVES McKELVIE

SHE didn't look like a leading-lady—no jools, no silks or satins, not a curl or a marcel, and no rouge. . . . Besides, her dress was ragged and dirty, and her hands looked like those of a scrub lady.

Nevertheless, altho she looked the part of Little Miss Nobody, she was in reality Jane Novak, Bill Hart's sweetheart on the screen.

A careful inventory of Jane results in the realization that she has unusually large blue eyes, with the expression of a fawn . . . clear, white skin, is blonde, very far from the peroxide type; her lips are full and well formed and sweet. She is tall and graceful and has very modest taste.

Her voice is low, and, altho she smiles always, you seldom hear her laugh out loud. Saint Louis, Mo., is her old home town.

She didn't have to hang around the studios waiting for work. She happens to be the niece of Ann Shaffer, and, when a big director wanted a girl of Jane's type, Aunt Ann sent for the little niece, and Jane proceeded to make good.

Before her work with Mr. Hart, Jane did many big things with Hobart Bosworth and was a Sybil to satisfy the author's heart in Harold Bell Wright's "Eyes of the World."

Miss Novak has done three pictures with William Hart, her last being "The Tiger Man." She has just finished "The Slacker," with Charles Ray, and is at work on a picture with Sessue Hayakawa. When this is done, she is under contract to do "The Rainbow Trail," with William Farnum. After that, altho her plans are not definite, she'll probably return to the Ince fold and work in another picture with Mr. Hart.

In speaking of "The Tiger Man," Jane says: "In that picture I had to play 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' on a quaint little organ in a church scene. I cant play, but I just made up my mind to learn that piece. I took lessons on it, worked awful hard, and kept thinking about the surprise I'd have for the company when I played the organ. The time came, I walked up the church aisle, sat down at the organ and started to play. Do you know, after all that work and anxiety, that organ wouldn't play one note! Not a single key sounded. It was just an old dummy."

Jane is not popular around the studio — she is just naturally loved. No one ever thinks of asking her to evening parties—she doesn't know or care for gay living. No one ever buys wine, furs or jewelry for Jane—she is not the gay and giddy star of our

(*Continued on page* 127)

Jane didn't look like a leading-lady

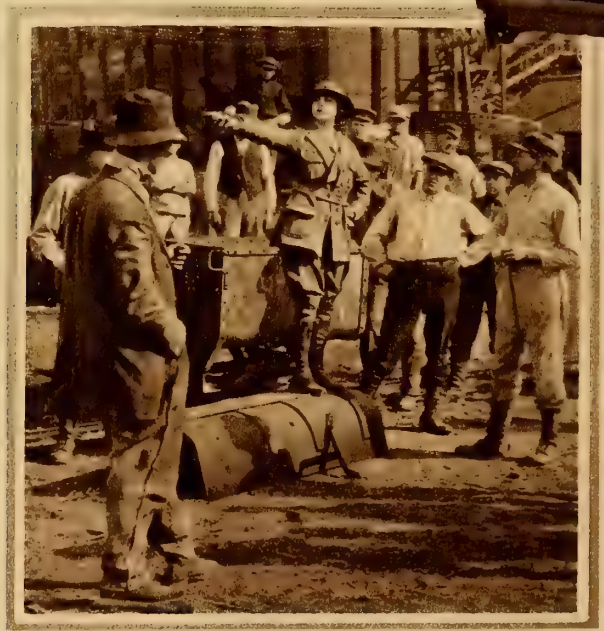
She is just naturally loved around the studio

Women Fill the

FAIR, ALSO FARMERETTE, IS AGNES AYRES

"ART MUST NOT LANGUISH DURING WAR-TIME," SAYS MARY

DRESS-SUITS ARE PASSED ALONG NOW THAT MEN WEAR UNI- LAWSON AND MAR-



DOROTHY DALTON'S ORDERS ARE COMMANDS EVEN WHEN SHE ISN'T GARBED AS A FOREMAN

War Breaches

EFFICIENCY ENID, 'STEAD OF EDGAR

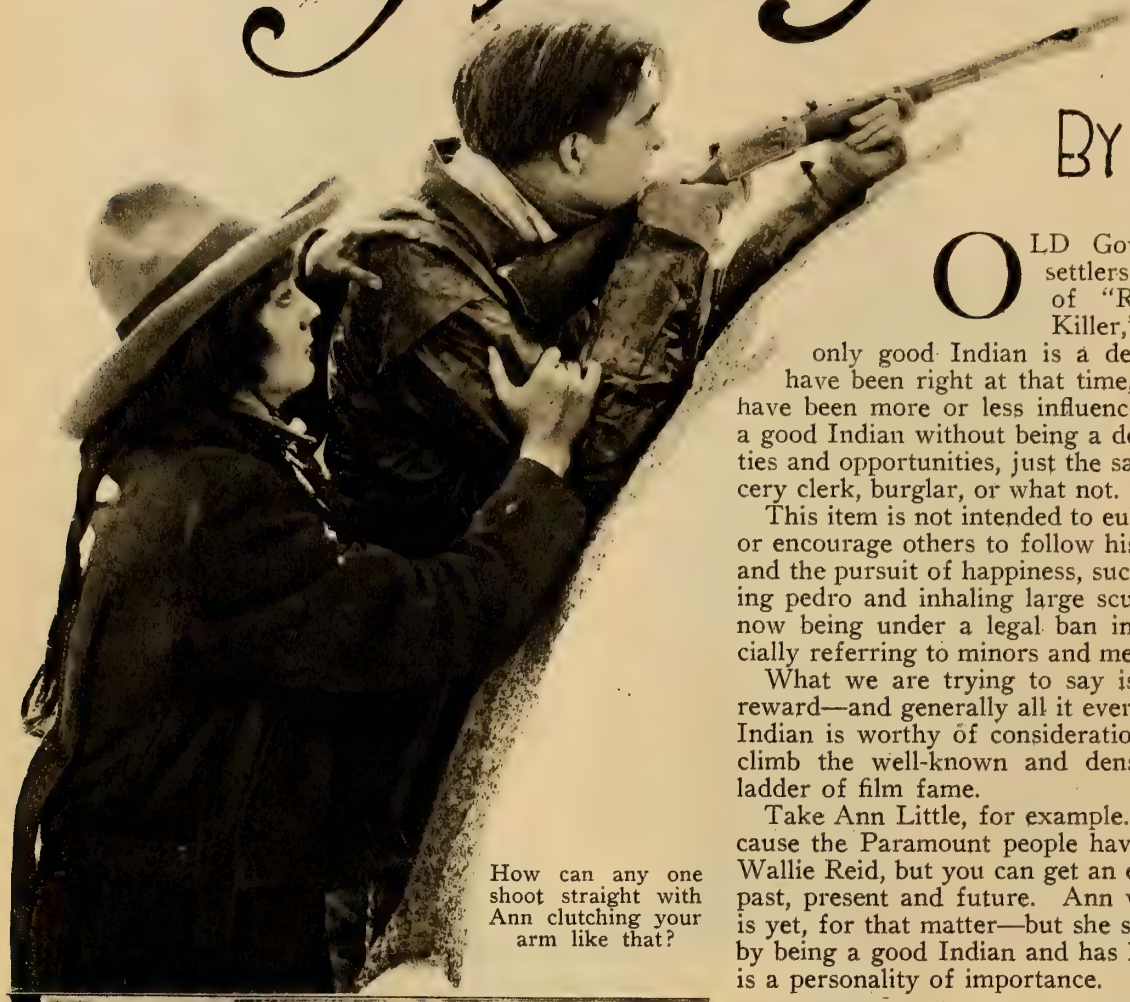
FISHING FOR COMPLIMENTS HAS LONG BEEN A WOMAN'S AVOCATION. GLADYS BROCKWELL MAKES FISHING A VOCATION

TO THE GIRLS — FORMS. ELSIE GUERITE CLARK.

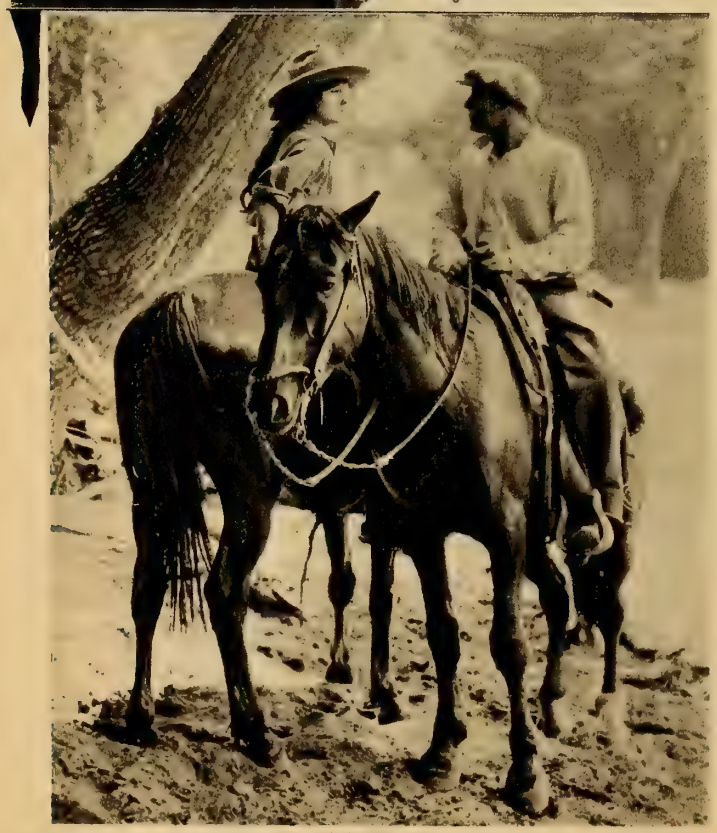
MARIE PREVOST DEMONSTRATES THE LATEST MODE IN EQUESTRIANISM

Analyzing

By Kenneth



How can any one shoot straight with Ann clutching your arm like that?



She used to play opposite Harold Lockwood. Life has been just one darned idol after another with Ann

OLD Government scouts, early settlers and every chapter of "Rob, the Boy Redskin Killer," stoutly assert that the only good Indian is a dead Indian. They may have been right at that time, but their opinions may have been more or less influenced or distorted. Being a good Indian without being a dead one has its possibilities and opportunities, just the same as being a good grocery clerk, burglar, or what not.

This item is not intended to eulogize the noble red man or encourage others to follow his example in life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness, such as sitting around playing pedro and inhaling large scuttles of fire-water, both now being under a legal ban in most States and especially referring to minors and men in uniform in others.

What we are trying to say is that virtue is its own reward—and generally all it ever gets—and being a good Indian is worthy of consideration by those who seek to climb the well-known and densely populated celluloid ladder of film fame.

Take Ann Little, for example. You cant take her because the Paramount people have already taken her for Wallie Reid, but you can get an example by scanning her past, present and future. Ann was a good Indian—she is yet, for that matter—but she started in her film career by being a good Indian and has kept it up until now she is a personality of importance.

Ann started in being an Indian—she admits herself that she wasn't so darn good—but that's the way she landed her first toil amid the capering chromos, when said chromos, to coin a new phrase, were "still in their infancy."

Before that, she had been in musical-comedy and had passed thru the "Cheer, girls, here comes muh lord duke" period and blossomed out as a musical-comedy queen, singing special solos and everything.

Then one summer, while vacationing in Southern California, she decided to take a try at the silent art. Ann presented herself at the office of a studio where they were doing Western pictures, and, having beautiful black hair and wonderful black eyes — you know what I mean, naturally black—she was promptly engaged to be the beautiful daughter of the old chief, in love with the handsome pale-face cow gentleman in spite of her father's wishes that she become the betrothed of the "cru-hell" chief of a rival tribe with whom her pa wished to work in cahoots. They braided her hair, hung a deer-skin dress and a lot of crockery beads around her neck, and then, by way of making conversation, asked her if she could ride horseback.

"Oh, yes, indeedy," remarked our heroine, nonchalantly, yet with unction enough that her questioner would infer by her inflection that she was the feminine Christopher Columbus of equestrianism. Now, between you and me and the girl that goes with you, Ann had only a bowing acquaintance with horses and had never met up with one personally, and her riding had been limited to "hoofbeats off-stage," dashing down center in a neat riding-habit between lines of cheering

Ann McGaffey.

villagers, pausing at the footlights and bursting forth into a rollicking hunting-song.

With these few words she was escorted out onto the lot and there confronted (we quote Miss Little, a young lady not given to exaggeration) by a horse as high as Pike's Peak and as wicked-looking as a flock of Huns. Also, on said equine there were no chandeliers, hat-racks, lamp-posts or handles or hooks on which to catch hold. A broad expanse of horse, and nothing more. Onto this desert waste of hide the child of the chief was supposed to leap and dash to safety. Altho the company had cast her for a squaw, Miss Little says that at that moment she could not have played the part of a squeak.

Fortunately for Ann, they did not do much rehearsing in those days, so at the cry of "Camera!" Ann shut her eyes and leaped into the general direction of the roof of the biped, who promptly threw a fit and dashed away. Several hours later, when the cow-hands had rounded up Ann and the horse, the director remarked that he knew she must be very fond of animals, for, as she went down the road, he noticed that she had her arms around the horse's neck, real friendly-like.

Here's Ann as a señorita, cigaret and everything

Dips and spirals on horseback are easy for Ann

From then on, Ann devoted every spare moment to learning how to ride. She learnt how to handle a horse without saddle or bridle, from the cowboy saddle she could pick things from the ground going full tilt, and she even spent several weeks under the instruction of a riding-master in Pasadena learning the correct English form. Also, and in the meantime, she was learning how to be a good Indian, and many a good old one- and two-reeler had Ann, in buckskin and bear-teeth, as the central figure. As the films developed, so

(*Continued on page* 127)

The Ac

By

"And they told me the movies were easy," said Olive Thomas

THE average person looks upon a Motion Picture actor's work as a snap. He figures that such salaries as the big stars receive are good pay for *any* work. An actor's salary is measured by his drawing power rather than by the severity or difficulty of his work. Admitting that no work, *per se,* is worth $10,000 a week, the real question is whether or not an actor comes as near earning it as some other worker. In other words, a person should know something about the actor's work before he calls that work easy. Many screen workers who

Doug Fairbanks takes all sorts of chances

Sessue Hayakawa in an "easy" rôle

have had varied experiences in other lines state that everything else was easy by comparison. Tyrone Power has had his ups and downs, has toured Australia as well as America, worked with Beerbohm Tree, Mrs. Fiske and Julia Marlowe; but he says decisively that his part in the picturization of "Lorelei of the Sea," under Director Henry Otto, was the

tor's Job

hardest work he ever did. Most actors who have tried both the spoken and shadow stage say that they work harder in the pictures. As James Morrison said, concentration on your rôle is a real task when you must obey a shouting director without letting your work seem mechanical. Morrison says that stage and screen work are alike in one thing—they are both hard work.

A good many girl typists, clerks, etc., who complain at working "hard" for $70 or $80 a month while Helen Holmes makes a fortune "so easily," ought to follow the railroad girl thru a day's work. Leaving out of consideration the perilous and athletic stunts that Miss Holmes does, few women have the nerve to spend hours in cold water up to the neck, then take indoor scenes with wet clothes clinging to the body, as Helen did in some of the last instalments of "The Railroad Raiders." Ask Pearl White, Kathlyn Williams, Grace Cunard or any of the other girls who have done hair-raising, nerve-breaking stunts if it is "easy money," and you will be disillusioned in a hurry—unless they belittle their risks thru modesty. It is significant that insurance companies exact a high rate from photoplayers and consider them among the poorest risks.

These folk that pronounce a stunt as it appears on the screen "easy" too often forget the thumps and bumps endured in practice. As Colin Chase said regarding his exceptionally good back-fall down-stairs in "A Strange Transgressor": "It isn't so much the final exit—it is the long rehearsals that bother me. I hope in the next story I will be assigned a thinking part."

Some comedy scenes that look simple on the screen have required a world of pains and perseverance. Universal City is but sixteen miles from the ocean, so the Pacific waters are considerably used by the movie people. Had Balboa seen a certain picture squad fighting those waters he never would have named the big pond "Pacific"! The play was "A Jungle Cruise," featuring

Carol Halloway and William Duncan in a dangerous serial scene

William Duncan and Edith Johnson taking a desperate chance for a serial

A serial man risking his life for a screen "punch"

William Franey with Lillian Peacock, under the direction of W. W. Beaudine. Time after time Franey and Miss Peacock tried to get the raft thru the breakers to the open sea. They worked till exhausted; daylight waned, and they were about to call it a day when Neptune, in a particularly violent fit, wrecked the craft and left the star and "star-ess" to swim or drown. Another day and another raft were required for the scene.

During the making of "Aladdin's Other Lamp" at the Metro studio, (starring Viola Dana), eighty people worked continuously for nineteen hours without leaving the studio or changing from costumes to street clothes. Three meals were brought in from a near-by restaurant. And then the uninformed talk of the movie man's delightfully short hours!

No, the actor's job is no sinecure. Katherine MacDonald, who played opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Headin' South," has seen enough of hairbreadth escapes to know whereof she speaks when she says of the nimble Doug: "His stunts are more thrilling than I have ever seen in the circus, and really the risks he takes are very great. While we were working down at Tucson, Arizona, on a train holdup, he leaped all over the locomotive with the agility of an animal. His jump from the speeding train into an opposite bank caused us all to shriek with horror. *He certainly earns his large salary.*" (The italics are mine.—L. E. E.)

This jumping from a rapidly moving object is never a safe pastime, but Jack Gardner seems to enjoy it in "The Gift of Gab." He leaps from the top of an automobile going fifty miles an hour to the top of a moving street-car and from that to another car going in the opposite direction. Some of Jack's stunts would make a professional brakesman shudder.

It is no snap to make a scene appear perilous, yet preserve the actor from injury. While some scenes readily lend themselves to fake, many have to be the real thing. A director has to be not only a quick thinker, but cool under fire. Such scenes as the wreck of the *Lusitania,* in "The Little American," have to be well handled to avoid serious accident and loss of life. When one end of the dining-room floor began to sink a good many things not foreseen happened; things began to fall in all directions, and panic threatened. Even the spectators, among whom was Fairbanks, were frightened, and Doug expressed the opinion of all when he said: "If that scene doesn't pull a fellow right out of his seat it will be because he is nailed down."

It wouldn't be safe in Olive Thomas' presence to doubt that actresses earn their money. Olive holds very decided views on this when she thinks of her struggles to ride a calf, in the making of "Madcap Madge." In discussing her novitiate, Miss Thomas said: "Three days in a gymnasium, a whole day in the rain, sitting in the mud under a dripping automobile, and nearly a week on roller skates marked my initiation into the duties of a Motion Picture actress."

The camera doesn't get it all. Being dragged across the desert by a horse is bad enough, but William Duncan found this less painful, in "Hearts of Flame," than the countless cactus pricks he receives. Bill Clifford, in one of the Lockwood plays, clung to a root on a steep slope for half an hour, then did a spectacular eighty-foot slide for life, bringing up in a patch of cactus. "The slide was bad enough," said Clifford, "but I think the finale was what you might call rubbing it in." Mildred Manning, too, knows that feelings sometimes belie appearances when the director says to "look pleasant." In "Mary Jane's Pa," poor Mildred had calmly to enjoy the fragrance of an apple blossom while a bumble bee was silently but fiendishly stinging her on the neck! Isn't this suffering for one's art?

The knowledge that substitutes, or "doubles," are sometimes used to shield the actor from possible injury has given rise to a popular belief that this is the regular practice. Not so—not by any means! Many of the players will not hear to the suggestion. Sometimes "dummies" must be used; no one—not even an actor—is going deliberately to do a thing that means certain death. Neither does the public want him to. But the public does expect him to do all he can do, and generally resents the studio practice of deceit regarding doubles. Many actors want the double credited with his or her part of the rôle, but screen tradition decrees against it. Geraldine Farrar is said to have begged her director and Lasky to show on the screen the name of her riding double (in "Joan of Arc"), but they refused to depart from the rule.

There are good psychological reasons why many photoplayers refuse help by a double. It is bound to detach a player temporarily from his rôle. He loses the "spirit"—at least, for a few minutes—and may not properly warm up again—at least, not soon enough. Some have conscientious scruples against what they regard as misrepresentation, and this feeling must certainly affect their work in those particular rôles. A desire to stick literally to the truth and earn her sixteen hundred

(*Continued on page* 128)

The Race-Horse Rose

By CHESTER G. WALLIS

THE first time I ever thought of such a thing was the day after me and pa and Tom went over to that Movin' Picture show that came to the burg 'long about last August.

Land! The things a body will think of! I dont suppose there's a soul livin' that aint had a wild spirit of adventure gnawin' at their vitals at some time or other, and it's just according to the life you've been used to as to how wild that spirit is. Now, I reckon Mr. Roosefelt had the same kind o' feelin's when he first thought of goin' to Africa to shoot lions; I dont suppose he was one bit more worked up over it than I was when I first thought of me and pa and Tom goin' to California.

It had been a real hot day, and me and pa was sittin' on the side porch along about sundown, and Tom was puttering around in the barn, beddin' down the stock.

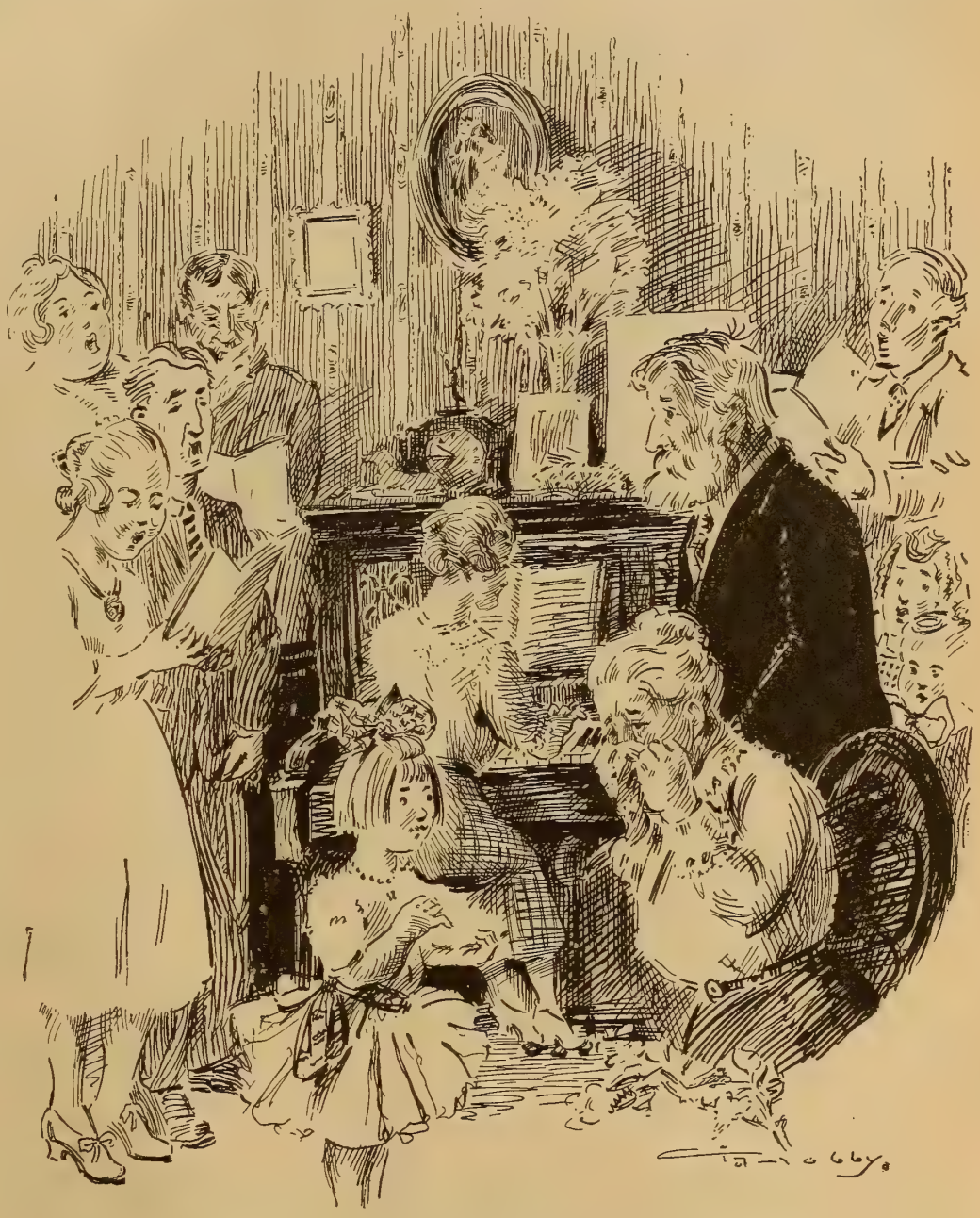
Somehow it's always been that way with me—I can do more fancy thinkin' to the minute along about sundown than I can in an hour any other time. There's a kind of mysterious, adventurous feelin' in the air then that makes a body feel as tho anything was possible—a big, swellin', pushin' feeling from the inside that makes you want to get out and see things and do things and know things.

Well, as I was sayin', we was sittin' on the side porch, and the afterglow was bein' slowly swallowed up by the shadows; and the flowers—land! if there's anything I *do* love, it's the flower-smells at sundown. If only Chopping or Irving Berlin or Victor Harris or some of those folks that write music could make a piece that *sounded* like the honeysuckle and lilacs *smell* at sundown—kind of wet-like and memory-stirrin'—I guess everybody'd take to it and never stop to ask whether it was high classic or just plain music.

Well, we'd set there quite a spell without sayin' a word—I was thinkin' about the flowers and about puttin' the bread to set pretty soon, and pa must have been thinkin' about the picture-show, for, on a sudden, he cleared his throat real hard and said:

"Well, I swan to goodness, I dont see how they do it!"

I knew right off he meant the Movin' Pictures, and they *are* wonderful, now aint they? The ones I'd been puzzlin' about all day was the ones that showed flowers a-growin'—roses bustin' right out of the buds before your eyes. Of course, I knew the fellow that worked the machine could have hurried the pictures up a good bit, but I couldn't help wonderin' if the flowers grew so fast in California that you could see them growin'. I asked pa what he thought about it and he laughed and said:



"JUST BEFORE WE WENT, MRS. HOOKER GAVE A PARTY FOR US"

"Why, Abby, you ought to know better. It's impossible."

"Impossible!" I ejaculated. "How can you say such a thing, pa? Nothin' aint impossible nowadays. Wasn't those pictures taken in California, and aint that where Burbank lives? Aint he the man that can make any kind of a flower, fruit or shrub that he's a min' to? How do you know that he aint made a special kind of a race-

horse rose that blooms while you wait? Impossible!" I says, scornful.

"Mebby so," says pa, ironic, "mebby so, but I rise to remark, Abby, that if there is such a rose, I'd like to see it."

And right here I was knocked all of a heap by the idea I spoke of in the beginning. Why shouldn't me and pa and Tom go to California, sightseein'?

I wouldn't say this to nobody else, and I dont want you to think that we're a mite purse-proud, because we aint; but it's the gospel truth that we've got more money than we know what to do with. It's been three year, come May, since we leased the river-bottom fields to Mr. Nicholson, and they struck oil there. Land o' Goshen! you wouldn't believe it if I told you how much we took in on those fields since. It dont hardly seem right.

Both the older boys is married and well fixed, and we aint had no occasion to spend anything. I dont darst to buy any new clothes nor anything like that for fear the neighbors would think I was feelin' high and mighty and stuck up if I began gettin' things I didn't really need.

We'd talked some of buildin' a house down in the burg, but when it come to the pinch we didn't feel like we could leave the place where pa had lived all his life and I'd come as a bride and the childern had been born. Well, you see, there was all that money a-layin' there, and here we was, not needin' it for nothin', you might say.

I turned it over and over in my mind, gettin' more wrought up at every turn, till pretty soon I got to the point where I began to wonder why I hadn't thought of it before.

"Pa," I says—"pa, supposin' we do go to California, me and you."

"Huh?" he says, kinda dazed-like. "Why, what's eatin' you, Abby?"

Well, we argued it pro and con for a spell, and it wasn't no time 'til pa was fair pawin' the air in his excitement, and wantin' to start the very next week.

"DOGGONE THE DERN GUMMED THING!"

Tom had went on to bed and we had to wait until next morning at breakfast to tell him. At first he didn't seem to pay much attention, but when I mentioned them roses in the pictures, he perked up right off.

"I remember," he says, excited; "wasn't she a little beauty, tho? Did you notice how big and sorry her eyes were?"

"She—who?" I asks.

"Oh, I thought you was talking about the rose-girl in them Exposition pictures—the one that was pickin' bouquets in the rose-garden."

Pa began teasin' him and I shut him right up. I dont believe in teasin' boys about the girls all the time, and besides, it was time Tom was gettin' married and settled down, anyhow. Pa has so little gumption.

My, the time we had gettin' ready to go! Pa and Tom went right off to the burg that day to order new suits sent for to Chicago.

As good luck would have it, Ned's wife's brother was plannin' to marry Barb Smith's oldest girl against Christmas time, and they said they'd just as leave get married sooner and live in our house while we was gone. So that was took care of. It made it nice for them, too. Lizzie Tyler come over and sewed for me by the day. She turned my gray alpaca and made me a elegant fawn-colored traveling-coat. It looked almost too good for train-wear, but Ned's wife just laid me out when I said that.

"Now, ma," she scolded, "you just stop skimpin', and do this thing right."

Charley's wife made me a collar-and-cuff set—crocheted in shell pattern that looked lovely on my alpaca. I wore grandma's cameo breastpin to my neck with them.

I planned to stop off in Columbus for a day and get me a tailor-suit and bonnet, so had Lizzie make me some shirt-waists. I told Charley's wife that I felt like a

young girl demi-monde, but she says: "Oh, ma, you mean débutante."

I guess I made a mistake, for she giggled and giggled. Charley's wife was raised in Columbus and is better educated than most.

We planned to start the first week in September and get back for Thanksgiving. I got real panicky to the last, and mistrusted that Barb's girl could make the apple-butter so it would keep. She looked shiftless, but I hadn't ought to judge. I cautioned her again and again not to let my big rubber-plant get frost-bit.

Just before we went, Mis' Hooker gave a party for us —yes, you do know her; they own that sixty-acre stretch down near Bethel—the white house with the big apple-tree that stands to the left of the road; she was a Nason—old Amos Nason that was gored to death—you remember.

All the church people was there and the pastor, and we had such a good time. Mis' Hooker's little girl spoke a piece and the pastor give a talk. It was such a good, heart-rendin' talk. Mis' Hooker served ice-cream and doughnuts and lemonade, and just before we all left the pastor's wife set down to the pianny and they all sang "God be with you 'til we meet again." I declare to goodness, I just had to have a good cry.

Say what you will and travel this wide world over, there aint no better-hearted community on the face of the earth.

We was on that train for five mortal days, and I got so, when I shut my eyes, I could see telegrapht-poles and fences flyin' past.

We took a big basket of lunch with us, and when that give out we stopped at the eating-houses at the stations. Some of the stations was real interestin', what with Indian baskets and rugs and beads. There was great, heathen Indians standin' around, dressed in bandanas, and fat squaws with beads and red strings braided in their hair, and the dirtiest little papooses—I'd have give anything for the chance to give one of them a good scrubbing.

I wanted to get some Indian things to take home to the girls, but Tom said we could get plenty more where we was going. I did buy a bow and arrow all painted up, with feathers on it, for Ned's boy. It wouldn't go in the suit-case, so I had to carry it. We bought a lot of post-cards and sent some back from every station we stopped at.

Tom read most of the time, and pa lumbered back and forth from the smoking-car to our seat—he cant abide to be idle and he looked like a lost soul. I just set and looked out of the window, but time and again I wished I'd brought some knitting or crochet.

We changed trains at Los Angeles and went down the coast to San Diego. Pa must have been pretty well wore out, for when we was movin' the luggage from the train to the platform and from the platform to the other train, he kept gettin' madder and madder about Ned's boy's bow and arrow I'd bought. At last, right before all the people on the platform, he threw it down and stamped on it, and said:

"Doggone the dern gummed thing!"

It wasn't broke, thank goodness, and I carried it myself after that. Pa had a regular tantrum.

The ride down to San Diego was mighty pleasant, and for the first time I see the ocean. I was real thrilled. The sun was shinin' down on the water, makin' a pathway of glory clear to the other side of the world, and the waves was curlin' over and splashing up on the sand just exactly like the pictures.

"PA TOOK OFF HIS SHOE TO EASE HIS FOOT"

A little boy in a white suit was sittin' in front of us with his ma, and I guess it was the first time he'd seen it, too, for he hollered out like he was surprised:

"Why, m a m ma, the ocean's mostly w a t e r, aint it?"

Everybody laughed and he got awful bashful.

There was some conventions or other going on when we got to San Diego, and we couldn't get in at any of the hotels or boarding-houses. Somebody told us to get an apartment, and that's what we did. I dont think I enjoyed anything on that whole trip as much as I did that apartment. It was the cutest thing and the most amazing. Just like magic in a fairy-tale, I told Tom.

At first it looked like two ordinary little rooms, but the first thing you know you pull out the sideboard and it's a bed; you open a closet-door and there's a kitchen hangin' on the inside of it, and in the closet is a stove the size of a blackin'-box and a sink no bigger than a bread-pan. I felt like a little girl playin' house again. What with the couch in one room and the disappearin' bed in the other, we was just fixed. The windows looked out over the bay, and that sight was worth the whole five days' of sufferin' on that shakin' old train—battle-ships and white yachts and ferry-boats, and land! the air-ships, and the water as blue, for all the world like a tub of rinse-water on wash-day. The Movin' Pictures we'd seen hadn't exaggerated things a bit, and I says to Tom:

"Land! I feel more like believin' in them race-horse roses than ever!"

We didn't do nothin' that night, for we was all train-tired. Tom went out and got some provisions, so as we could have breakfast in our apartment. I unpacked our things and got them put away nice, and we got ourselves

(*Continued on page* 120)

SOME NEW BEACH ATTRACTIONS

Marie Prevost and Phyllis Haver trying to register knowledge of how to run a motor-cycle.

Crawford Kent Accounts for Himself

By LILLIAN MONTANYE

YOU have the scene, Central Park; a smart, yellow car, and Crawford Kent, the able English actor of the stage and screen to steer the course of the car and me to steer the conversation to Mr. Kent.

All set—ready—go!

Mr. Kent speaks; he says he was born and educated in London. In his early manhood he went about the business of becoming an actor and played on the English stage in stock, drama and musical-comedy. He came to America eight years ago and, in addition to achieving many stage successes here, has occupied his spare moments with screen activities for a duration of four years. His best work has been in such productions as "Thais," with Mary Garden; "Song of Songs," with Elsie Ferguson; "Broadway Jones," with George Cohan; "Antics of Ann," with Ann Pennington; and "Double-Crossed," with Pauline Frederick.

Crawford Kent is just as good-looking by the light of day as he is on the silver-sheet. He has a face of unusual strength and a pair of blue-gray eyes that would lead one to believe he is Irish were it not known to be a fact that he is English. It would almost seem, too, that he has an Irish disposition—so keen is his sense of humor and his knowledge of human nature. He is candid and frank. Yet he's not all on the surface, nor does he tell all he knows. He has the sort of personality that gives one a

Crawford Kent with Alice Brady in "The Ordeal of Rosetta"

comfortable feeling because of his quiet understanding and poise.

The subject uppermost in his mind today is the world war.

"It is not my fault," he said, "that I am not fighting with the king's army. I tried my best to get by, but was rejected both here and in Canada. Awhile ago, I had an anonymous letter in which the writer said that I looked so perfectly well and able-bodied he could not understand why I shirked my duty and did not enlist and go back to fight with other Englishmen.

"The letter hurt me very much, because that person and many others do not understand. They think I am a slacker—that I care nothing for my mother country because I have not taken up arms for her.

"As a matter of fact, my mother is in London. In every aerial raid made upon England she is in great danger. I cannot even go across to be with her. Most of my near relatives and dearest friends are at the front. Some of them have been killed; others are missing. Mails are so uncertain one cannot be sure of what has happened. I am under great strain and stress—yet I must appear on the stage and do my work for the screen and give as good an account of myself as tho all were well. It is my job, and it's not easy.

"However, since General Pershing's message came to the actors of America I have been greatly heartened. 'If you cant come over and fight,' he said, 'your bit is to lighten the gloom of those who stay at home and send their best, and to cheer and encourage the soldier boys in training.'

"This did much for me, as did the advice given me in Canada when I was rejected for active service. I could have gotten into some kind of service there; there is always menial work to do, and I would gladly have done anything. 'Dont do it,' I was advised by those in authority. 'There are thousands who have not the training to do anything else. You have education and earning power. Why waste them? Go on with your own line of work. Earn money. Buy Liberty Bonds, War Savings Stamps. Give to the Red Cross, and give your spare time to the soldiers in training.'

"I have literally followed that advice. I am working now in two pictures, I am rehearsing every night for war benefits or some form of entertainment for the soldiers, I spend nearly every Sunday at one of the camps, and I give all I can spare.

"It is possible that I will be sent to France by the Y. M. C. A. as an entertainer. If I dont go I shall continue in pictures for the duration of the war, at least—not only because the pictures are needed for entertainment, but because the Motion Picture has labored faithfully and efficiently for Liberty Loan, Red Cross, Food Conservation, ship building and for war propaganda. It is one of the industries that will survive because it will have a definite part in winning the war.

"Do you mind if I smoke?" he asked, and both courses wobbled painfully while he lit a cigaret.

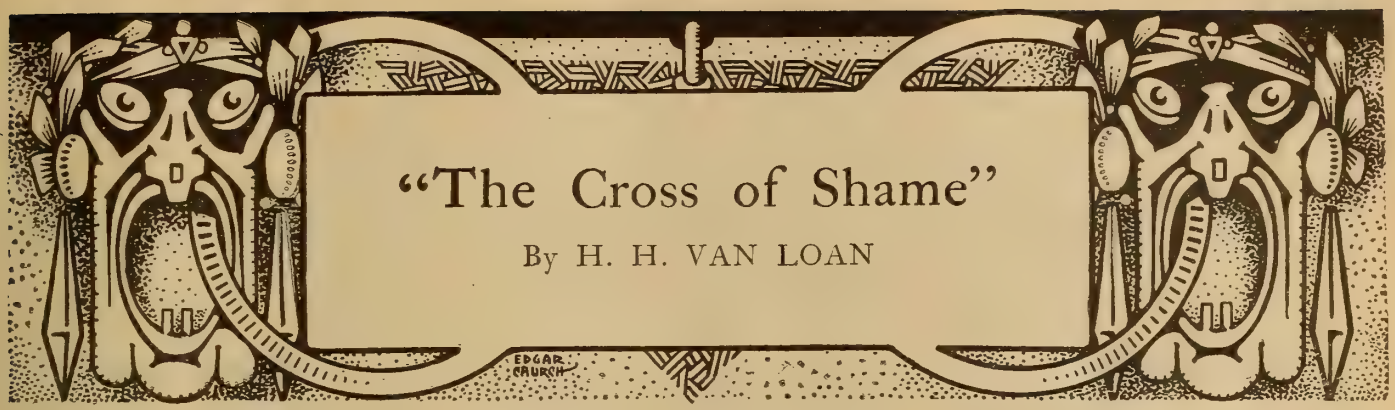
"That's one thing I like about pictures," he continued, as we got safely under way again—"I can smoke and not worry about my voice.

"I took care of my voice in the old days when I was playing in 'The Pink Lady' and 'Adele.' I went back to England with both those productions. My last work on the speaking stage was in 'The Woman Thou Gavest Me,' a Hall Caine story.

"My first picture was with Clara Kimball Young in 'Deep Purple.' My last finished work was with Alice Brady in 'The Ordeal of Rosetta' and "The Danger Mark' with Elsie Ferguson. The two pictures I am doing now are 'The Inn of the Blue Moon' with Doris Kenyon

(*Continued on page* 123)

Crawford Kent receives pay for such interesting moments as this with Elsie Ferguson



"The Cross of Shame"

By H. H. VAN LOAN

CHAPTER II

THE inhabitants of Deschon will always remember the day the Germans came surging into the little town, which, before the war, had been one of the most beautiful spots on the banks of the Meuse. For several months it had been held by Colonel Beschard's 136th Light Infantry, but, for strategic reasons, he had been ordered to evacuate and "dig in" at the foot of Hill 301.

Altho an order had been issued instructing the residents to take their belongings and escape to the rear of the French lines, there were many who refused to leave, vowing they would protect their small earthly possessions until the very last. Some of them took refuge in the cellars, with a scanty supply of food, but the majority re-enforced their doors and windows, and, after cleaning their guns, took up their positions as they waited for the approach of the enemy.

They had not long to wait, for the Germans came with the noon. With music, fife and drums, and the German standard, whipped by the gentle, cool breeze, a company of infantry marched down the little white road, which unrolled before them like ribbon. It was the main thorofare of the town, but today it was deserted, except for the occasional appearance of a dog, which had lost its way and ran yelping here and there in search of its home.

At the head of the column rode a squatty, thick-necked commander, whose surlish face bore an ugly duel scar. Behind him followed a long line of troops, in sinister, greenish field-gray, even to the helmet covers they wore. They swung along, somewhat wearily, and as they approached in columns of fours, in close marching order, the long, winding line, resembled a huge, ugly python crawling after its prey. Here and there an officer, with heavy, brutal face, smoking a cigaret, gazed about him with insolent and contemptuous glances. There were Germans of all types—thick necks, low foreheads and yellow, unkempt hair. Some had their heads shaved closely, like convicts, and their stolid, indifferent faces contained no ray of mirth or humor, but bore traces of the weariness and discouragement which was theirs, and which had come to them with the defeat at the Marne. How they differed from the thousands which had marched thru the streets of Brussels a few months before, with heavy, methodical German precision. All that organization of steel, resistless, disciplined and efficient, had been shattered, because it had been without a soul. Perhaps some of these men had belonged to that same army. If so, their present condition must have rebuked them strongly, for today their step was unsteady, their uniforms were dirty and tattered, and there was an evidence of carelessness about them which was noticeably absent only a few months before. They bore the look of men striving to escape an inevitable defeat.

Long lines of cannon, field-pieces and giant guns rumbled past with a creaking, thundering noise. Behind them came a stream of inverted steel pontoons with the soil of France still clinging to them. Then came the commissary department, with its cook-stoves, fires burning and smoke coming from the stacks.

Upon reaching the Place de la Loi, the columns were broken and the order was given to "fall out." Some of the soldiers, seeking to cheer their sickening spirits, began singing "Heil Dir im Siegeskranz." The artillery was parked; the cook-stoves began steaming in preparation for dinner and the soldiers began settling themselves.

To some of the villagers who peered nervously thru the shutters of their cottages, it seemed as tho the Germans were going to be satisfied with their possession of Deschon and would remain peaceful during their occupation of the town. But little did those war-ridden people realize that the German lust for destruction can never be subdued until militarism is completely crushed.

Hardly had the troops disbanded before little squads were formed, and, each in charge of an officer, started off in various directions, their iron-shod heels drumming heavily on the village pavement.

Armand Bouchette was among those who had remained to protect his neat little cottage, which was situated in the Rue Gudule, a small street which crossed the main thorofare near the center of the town. He was a grand old Frenchman, picturesque in stature and advanced with age, which had whitened his long, silken locks and formed a charming background to his kindly, withered countenance. War had beautified his face, even with its sorrow, which was stamped indelibly on his brow and in every feature. For had he not offered both his sons to his beloved country? They had been among the first to go, and since then his only comfort had been the devoted companionship of his wife, Jeannette, who had been his joy and inspiration for the past forty years.

When the Germans entered Deschon, Armand closed the wooden shutters, bolted his doors, and then sat down to wait, with his rifle across his knees. Jeannette sat close beside him in silence, with her hands clasped in his, and her eyes, filled with love and trust, gazed up at him with a look of faith that had endured and would last until the end.

Occasionally rifle-shots reached their ears. And as Jeannette heard them Armand saw her bosom heave with nervousness and apprehension, but as she felt his big, warm fingers grip her hands tighter, reassuringly, all her fears were quickly dispelled. Then she would see his hand grip the rifle, spread across his knees, with a firmness that whitened his bronzed skin.

As they listened, the shots increased. They were followed by cries, which developed into shrieks! They increased in number and in volume. Jeannette looked up at Armand, but his gaze was fixed on the front door of their cottage, while his features were set with a firmness as tho chiseled in marble. For they were the shrieks of women and children! The clatter of running feet could be heard distinctly, mingled with the low mutterings and rumbling of voices. Another shot rang thru the air! Then a piercing cry, followed by a terrible, sickening shriek, which made Jeannette's blood run cold. More shots followed, accompanied by cries and shrieks. And then followed foreign utterances and thick, hoarse laughter.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

[*Note—The picture, which Thomas Ince is producing from this great story, with Dorothy Dalton as his star, has not progressed sufficiently so that we can as yet illustrate this with stills—but watch for the next installment.*]

"Who is that young fellow in B Company taking such desperate chances with that picture machine lately?" inquires Colonel Bouchier, in the opening installment of "The Cross of Shame."

"You mean Lieutenant Jean Picard, sir," answers Captain Duval.

Colonel Bouchier, adorned with medals and called the French Kitchener, sends for Picard, and finds him to be a dark-haired, dark-eyed, trig young Frenchman, ready to die for France if need be, completely valorous. He gives him a commission to "shoot," as the men with the camera call it, a risky piece of ground, which commission is promptly and accurately executed. He then admonishes Picard to be a bit more careful and praises him as one of the war's unsung heroes.

Later on, when a message is to be carried to Colonel Beschard, some distance away, under practically uninterrupted fire, two captains, de Courtivron and Carpeau, volunteer. Both have home obligations; neither can well be spared by Colonel Bouchier. Picard volunteers his services, saying, upon protest, that he is a soldier before he is a camera-man.

We leave him with the colonel's parting words: "Captain Carpeau will accompany you by motor as far as Calleaux. From there you will go alone, and no one will be able to help you then—but God."

The Germans were coming! Their iron-shod heels came nearer and nearer, but Armand sat like steel, his gaze still fixed on the door of his home, his eyes filled with a terrible hatred. Now they were attacking the house across the street, and Armand and Jeannette plainly heard the cries of the Martin children and the heart-rending shrieks of old Pierre and Joan, who had been their neighbors for thirty years. Now they were pounding on the door of the Le Gai's, whose cottage was next to Armand's. As the old couple listened they heard commands, threats, mutterings, and then a terrible, agonizing cry, followed by a rifle-shot! Jeannette turned to Armand and spoke, for the first time.

"If they start to take me, dear, you know what to do," she said, calmly, and she placed her hand on the rifle as her eyes looked nobly up into his

The next instant the marauders were thundering on Armand's door. "Open! Open up, I say!" commanded a voice in thick, guttural accents. But Armand paid no heed. He arose and pulled Jeannette tenderly up into his arms. Then he pressed her to his bosom and kist her on her lips and brow. She said nothing, as she closed her eyes and rested her head on his shoulder. And as he looked down on her, lovingly, he saw her lips were moving in silent prayer.

Neither paid heed to the Germans, shouting and pounding outside their door, and when the soldiers had finally smashed thru the entrance and shattered the windows, they entered and found this old couple in each other's arms.

But it was only for an instant, for Armand quickly raised his rifle and fired at the officer as he crossed the threshold. The German dropped.

"You——!" shouted one of the squad, as he made a plunge at him with his bayonet. But Armand dropped him where he stood.

"Now then, you old witch!" exclaimed one of the soldiers, as he started toward Jeannette.

Her eyes turned towards Armand with a beseeching appeal. Armand remembered her request, and, with his soul burning with grief, he raised his rifle and pointed it at her heart. At that moment a shot rang out and Jeannette sank to the floor.

"You poor fool! Dont you know better than to trifle with us Germans?" sneered one of the group which rushed into the room. "Now then, pick her up!" he added, as he threatened Armand with his bayonet.

They compelled him to carry his wife to the little yard at the rear of the house, and there the crushed and heart-broken husband was made to dig a grave for her. And when he had finished he laid her tenderly and carefully in it, as great, bitter tears of anguish ran down his cheeks and fell around her. He kist her and fondled her as his poor, withered body shook with grief. As he bent over her, moaning like a little child, the Germans stood grinning and sneering. One of them lighted a cigaret and tossed the burnt match carelessly into her grave. After this, Armand was made to dig another grave, beside that of his wife's, and when he had done this he was forced to stand in it. Then a big, thick-necked German bully walked up to him and, placing a revolver against his temple, pulled the trigger. An instant later the soul of Armand had gone to join its mate.

With each new crime, the lust for blood increased, and the Germans left a terrible trail of waste and destruction in their madness. Babes were snatched from the arms of mothers and impaled on bayonets; women were stripped of their clothes and dragged thru the streets by their hair; men were shot before the eyes of their families Some were hung by their thumbs and others hamstrung and left to crawl, like worms, on their stomachs! The Germans took everything of value with them, including young girls, and left nothing but ruin and devastation in their path.

The story of the German occupation of Deschon, their miserable outrages and the cold-blooded murder of his parents, was told by Henri Bouchette in a letter to his sister, Jenevieve, who was in New York.

The death of her aged parents came as a severe blow to Jenevieve, who had not seen them since the night she made her début at The Odeon. That was four years before. It was a memorable occasion, in more ways than one. At last, after years of devoted study, her ambitions were to be realized—she was to appear in a drama which had been written especially for her by Louis Marcin, the noted French dramatist. She was to be a star! What a wonderful night it had been! Armand, with his flowing white locks, looked like some great master who had stepped out of the past as he descended the aisle of the theater with tender, timid Jeannette nervously clinging to his arm. Jenevieve had absented herself from the dress rehearsal that afternoon, a rather crucial thing for even a famous star to do, and had journeyed to Deschon by motor to get them. With them near her that night she felt confident of her success, while without them she would not care to predict the outcome. At first Armand objected. Not that he didn't want to be present; all of them had endured too many privations not to appreciate the goal when it had been attained. But it had been so many years since he had been to Paris! The crowds, the traffic, the buses and motor-cars were too reckless, thoughtless and speedy for one of his generation. He feared the excitement would result in a serious reaction. Then, too, Jeannette was not too strong. It might rain and she might catch cold and become ill. Then he would never forgive himself, for Jeannette was the dearest, sweetest thing in his life. However, Jenevieve finally prevailed upon them to come.

Her success was instantaneous, and all Paris became enthusiastic over the new star at The Odeon. Nature had been extremely generous to Jenevieve in having bestowed upon her exceptional beauty and talent. Her ambition and enthusiasm soon resulted in winning for her a coveted place in the hearts of the Parisians, and it was not long before she was one of the most popular actresses on the French stage.

While she was at the height of her success a famous Moving Picture magnate, who happened to be in Paris, witnessed one of her performances one evening, and was so impressed with her beauty and talent that he made her a tempting offer to go to America and join his organization. Altho she had never been outside of France, she had always vowed her first long journey would be to America. A few weeks later she sailed, little realizing when she kist Armand and fondled Jeannette, at parting, that she would never look into their loving faces again.

France had always been very kind to her during her stage career, but it seemed as tho America was even more so. She loved Americans because they were so impulsive, so ambitious and progressive. They accepted her at once, and her first picture, "Who Goes There?" was received with great enthusiasm by the Moving picture fans.

It was at the Beaux-Arts studio that she met Jean Picard. She will never forget the day he was introduced to her as her new camera-man. There was something about him that created a peculiar action in her soul. She was not certain whether it was the strong, manly face, whose every feature was stamped with determination, or the fine clear voice, which had a peculiar fascination about it and made her delight in listening to his every word. All she knew was that this handsome youth was destined to play an important part in her script of life. It had been destined to be so. One glance at him and she knew he differed from the ordinary camera-man. There was a certain distinguished air about him which informed her he was a young man of refinement. Then, too, she recalled the Picards of France represented some of the oldest and most aristocratic families in the republic.

On the other hand, Jenevieve was the most wonderful girl Jean had ever seen. The moment he looked at her he knew how it felt to love. How generous fate had been to him, for it brought to him the fairest, loveliest flower of France! His work at once became a pleasure, and it was interesting to note the extreme care and attention he gave to the photographing of every "set," especially to those in which Jenevieve appeared. The result was that he soon became the best camera-man on the Beaux-Arts lot.

The friendship which came with their first meeting developed rapidly, and before Jenevieve had completed her first picture with the Beaux-Arts Company, Jean was madly in love with her. He was more temperamental than his star or director, and some of the wonderful things he said to her would have made an excellent set of titles for a dramatic superproduction. Before Jean had known her a month he had proposed no less than a dozen times to her. And she had asked for an extension of time before she gave her answer. It was not that she didn't care for him. She did. She had told him so herself, and had sent him home one evening, without his feet touching the ground, after she had confided to him that he was just about the grandest, sweetest boy that had ever come into her life.

Then came the fatal day in midsummer, 1914. Dark days followed for Jean and Jenevieve, and their thoughts fled across the great ocean which separated them from those they loved in the land of their birth. All their idle moments were spent together, and most of their conversation was confined to discussing the great war which was threatening the very existence of France. It brought them nearer to each other, in a land which was yet strange to both of them, and whose people could not understand, at such a distance, what great things depended on the outcome of this terrible conflict. A terrible, ugly beast was clutching at the throat of their beloved country, seeking to destroy the fairest flower of Europe. Her very existence was threatened!

In the days that followed, the thoughts of Jean constantly turned towards his native land. He read the newspapers with deep interest and closely studied the war news which occupied most of their space. The men of France were rushing to protect her from the despicable thing which was tearing at her vitals. Some had already sailed from America in order to offer themselves to their country and flag. It was a time when every loyal French-

man felt the nervousness of patriotism in his veins as he realized the opportunity given him to manifest his devotion to France.

Jean had felt it. When the news arrived that German troops had succeeded in taking certain parts of France, he heard the voice of his country calling him. She needed him. He must go! It was hard on him; it was cruel and it hurt. Not that he didn't want to do his duty; his duty to his country always came first, above all things. But he failed to understand the peculiar workings of a fate which had been generous enough to bring the fairest creature in the world before him, and then, while he was worshiping at her shrine, tear him away. For he was familiar with the uncertainties of war, which is no respecter of persons and destroys all laws and systems of living. Once he sailed for France, he doubted whether he would ever gaze upon the fair face of Jenevieve again.

As the days passed, she noticed the serious look which had taken possession of his countenance. Jenevieve knew the man she admired was passing thru a serious stage of his existence, which he must face alone and decide for himself, without the aid of others, what he should do. Knowing the man, she had no misapprehension as to what the outcome would be. And so, when he came to her one evening and told her of his intention, it did not surprise her in the least. It saddened her at first, but she endeavored to conceal it as much as possible, for she realized no woman could permit her love, her selfishness, to come between the man she loved and the call of his country. Love demands great sacrifices at times, and Jenevieve knew she was only one of millions of women who, by giving up all that was dearest to them, were doing their duty in this great conflict. In her heart she was proud of Jean. She was doubly so as she realized he was not waiting to be asked, and she rewarded him by accepting the ring he brought her the night before he sailed. And when he left her the next day she promised she would wait for his return, that she would be his, in spirit, during the long months that would follow, and when he returned she would become his, in reality, until eternity. Then she kist him. And as Jean left her he would have challenged the world to produce a man who was happier than he was at that moment.

During the long, anxious months that followed Jenevieve had received but two messages concerning him. One came from the War Department. It was a cold, formal notice, informing her of his safe arrival in France. After long, tedious waiting, a second came, months afterwards. It came from a base hospital, "somewhere in France," and announced his recovery from shell wounds! The long silence which followed filled her with agonizing suspense, almost unbearable. But Jenevieve was brave, for she realized she was one of millions of wives, mothers and sweethearts who were playing similar rôles during these cruel times.

Then came the news from her brother Henri, describing the terrible outrages at Deschon. Her grief was intense, and her nerves so unstrung that she was advised by her physician to remain at home for several days. When she returned to the studio it was only to seek a three months' leave of absence in order that she might hurry to France and Deschon, which was immediately granted after she had explained the circumstances.

A few days later she sailed, and upon her arrival in France she proceeded to Paris and from there to Deschon. Here she found Henri, who was on a brief furlo from the front, and from him she learnt the horrible details relating to the death of her parents. Then he showed her the two graves at the rear of the house, which were a part of the grim evidence of the slaughter committed by the Germans since the war began.

The town was almost deserted, for the Germans had moved on and were now occupying Callaite, a few leagues away. But the day Jenevieve arrived word came that the Germans were being forced back again by the French and would pass thru Deschon in their retreat. Jenevieve didn't know what to do or where to go at first, but finally she decided, despite her brother's pleadings, she would remain.

Long before the day had half gone the sound of the approaching Germans reached the ears of Henri and Jenevieve. They came by the main thorofare, and before Jenevieve could reach the shelter of what had formerly been her home, she was overtaken by a gruff lieutenant of the Landwehrmen, who had seen her and checked her progress by a short-cut thru the side streets.

Impressed by her remarkable beauty, the lieutenant, Heinrich May, grabbed her in his arms. With a scream Jenevieve managed to break away from the German and rushed into the house.

Henri, who had witnessed this, hurried into the house and grabbed his rifle. But the lieutenant had seen him enter, and he moved cautiously to the window and placing the point of his revolver thru one of the broken panes, he fired. Henri dropped to the floor, dead, at the feet of Jenevieve, who stood in horror as she gazed at the motionless form of her brother. She was now at the mercy of the beast who stood grinning fiendishly before her. Her expression changed from one of fear and woe to absolute terror. She was pitiful to see. But there was no compassion in the heart of the wretch who had committed this crime.

"You see, mademoiselle," he remarked, indifferently, as he pointed to the cold form of Henri, "we Germans permit nothing to come between us and that which we desire."

But Jenevieve remained silent. Her deep, penetrating grief had rendered her speechless, and all she could do was stare with terror-stricken eyes at the prostrate body, as she knelt beside it and endeavored to check with her handkerchief the blood which was flowing from an ugly wound in his forehead.

"Now then," continued Lieutenant May, "if you are ready, you can come along with me." And he laid one hand on her shoulder as he spoke.

"You—y-you beast!" she shrieked, as she drew herself away from him and glared into his face.

"If you dont come I will——"

"You will kill me!" exclaimed Jenevieve, as she rose to her feet and leaned wearily against the wall.

"Mademoiselle is very wrong," he corrected her, as he took a step towards the beautiful creature. "We do not kill such wonderful things as you." Then, as he turned his head towards the door and noted that the main army was now passing, he nodded approvingly.

Jenevieve wondered what his next move would be as she stood there, hysterical with fear. She was absolutely powerless to defend herself, for the only weapon had been in the hands of Henri, and when he fell his body had dropped on the rifle he had been holding. There was no possible way of getting this now without attracting the attention of the lieutenant.

"Come; I will show you what will happen to you unless you agree to come with me peaceably," remarked the lieutenant, as he grabbed her by the arm and led her to the window, despite her efforts to free herself.

Column after column of mud-covered, slovenly, dirty, unshaven soldiers were wearily plodding along, with their guns resting carelessly on their shoulders. Some of them were naturally stout and well proportioned, but the majority were thin and bore every evidence of having been ill-fed. Many of them appeared too weak to continue and dropped out of line and sank down beside the road, where they rested until an officer came along and gruffly ordered them back into the lines. One or two fainted from lack of nourishment or weariness in front of her window and had to be aided by their comrades. Some of the men who were passing had been injured and had their legs, arms and heads bandaged. As she gazed at them her heart went out in sympathy towards some of them, for she realized these poor devils probably didn't know what they were fighting for, and the little they had learnt had come to them in such distorted manner that they doubtless believed, even at this moment, they were victorious. She pitied many of them, for they were hardly more than boys, and the guns they carried seemed too weighty and cumbersome for their frail and delicate shoulders.

Then came batteries of light, field and heavy artillery, machine-gun batteries, a couple of troops of cavalry and after this the commissariat.

Jenevieve turned her head wearily from the miserable scene and gazed at the German lieutenant who was closely watching every movement. At that moment, a peculiar shuffling of feet sounded on the pavement, and as the girl looked out on the street again she beheld a scene so tragic and shocking that it would remain stamped indelibly on her memory. She questioned whether such a strange procession had ever been witnessed before in the history of the world. It consisted of a host of French women, shackled in twos and fours and closely guarded by German soldiers, who marched on either side of them. The shoulders and chest of each was bared, and in the center of each breast was painted a large red cross! None of them were old and the majority were young girls between the ages of fifteen and twenty, and others thirty or thirty-five. With but one or two exceptions, all were about to become mothers. Each face was frozen with a look of indescribable misery. All of them were silent as they stumbled along, and they seemed to Jenevieve like a group of women who had suffered more than death.

Lieutenant May studied the effect of this picture on the countenance of Jenevieve and noted the terror which came over her.

"They are all French," he sneered. "They wear the cross of shame!"

His words were too despicably true to receive any reply from her. She was too horrified to pay any attention to him. Her thoughts were of those poor, unfortunate souls who were passing her window, and for the first time the real truth of what this war was exacting from the women of France dawned upon her.

As she leaned against the frame and gazed with soul-sickening pain at her sisters, Lieutenant May approached her, and, shoving his ugly face close to hers, he added: "Unless you come with me you will join that procession of unvirtuous women! Now then, take your choice!" And he glared at her with a fiendishness that caused her soul to revolt.

"You—you contemptible thing!" she shouted as she drew back.

"Come now," he continued, as his tones softened. "You dont look half as sweet when you frown like that." And he moved towards her again.

"And suppose I refuse?" she remarked, all the hatred her soul could muster reflected in her beautiful countenance.

"Then I will make you!" vowed the lieutenant. As he said this his face bore a look which was a mixture of sensuousness and anger.

"Dont touch me, you miserable cur!" she exclaimed, as she sought to elude his hands, which were reaching out towards her. "Before you do that to me"—and she pointed to the silent procession which was still marching sadly past her window—"I will make you kill me!"

"We dont kill pretty things like you, mademoiselle!" he sneered, as he stepped in front of her.

"What you have done to them is worse than death!" she shrieked at him. "You cowardly Germans dont fight a man's war. You're not content to wage your destruction out there on the battlefield, but demand an additional toll from the women of the men you are fighting. You have stirred up a hatred against the word German which shall last forever with civilization!"

The lieutenant, stung by her scathing words, cowered for an instant, and Jenevieve seemed to discover a look of shame creep slowly over his repulsive face as she finished. But it was soon overshadowed by a look of rage, which flushed his features crimson red.

"You have insulted a German officer," he said savagely, "and you shall pay dearly for it! You wench!" And with this he rushed at Jenevieve and seized her about the waist. She fought desperately to free herself, but his arms, like steel, held her in a firm grip.

"Those crosses you have just seen were painted. You shall be branded with shame!" he hissed, as he glared at her. He looked like a demon who had just come from hell!

As Jenevieve heard these words her face suddenly turned deathly white, and, with a faint cry, almost a moan, her eyes closed and she fell limp and helpless into the arms of the German lieutenant.

CHAPTER III

It was raining when Lieutenant Picard slipped quietly and cautiously out of Deschon and under the cover of darkness made his way toward the Beaumont Road, which, provided he was successful, would bring him to the headquarters of Colonel Beschard about midnight.

Captain Carpeau had brought him as far as Calleaux by motor and had turned back, after bidding him a hearty Godspeed. He had left the town of Douaumont a league behind, and, with the utmost precaution, had wormed his way past the German outposts and reached the outskirts of Deschon in safety. Then he was compelled to get under cover, as the Germans were encamped over a considerable area of territory outside the town. For several hours he lay under the shelter of the heavy thickets which skirted the road leading to Deschon. Then it started to rain. It came down in torrents, and all the while he lay there, with his face close to the earth, the storm beating upon his back. He was drenched to the skin, and his clothes—even his face and hands—were covered with slimy, slippery mud. His hair was caked with it. At times it seemed as if this constant tapping of the rain on his body would drive him mad. He grew hungry and reached into his pocket for the crust of bread he had brought with him. It had been soaked by the rain which had penetrated his clothes and flattened into soggy dough by the weight of his body. But he welcomed it and ate it with wonderful satisfaction. Never in his life had anything tasted so good to him! He nibbled a morsel at a time, so that it would last longer.

Never in his life had he welcomed evening as he did on this day. As night approached he raised himself slowly and looked about him. His neck was stiff; his bones ached; his heavy, soggy boots pained his feet and his clothes were plastered to his skin. For an instant the roar of the distant guns frightened him and he dropped back into the mud. He crawled up again and half dragged himself to the edge of the road leading to Deschon. A report of a rifle a few yards behind him caused him to quicken his step, and, half running, half walking, he made the turn in the road. Directly in front of him was the ruined town. He paused a moment and looked about him. All was silent. To his amazement, the Germans had rolled up their tents and slipped quietly away. Not a light could be seen twinkling in the darkness and there was no sign of a living thing. For the moment the grim solitude of his surroundings gave him a feeling of uncanniness, and even his light footsteps seemed as thunderous as the guns which rolled in the distance.

He entered the town with extreme caution and darted from one shadow to another, his eyes ever alert to note whether he was being seen. With each step he gained confidence, as he realized the town was absolutely deserted.

Upon leaving Deschon he left the Beaumont Road and made his way across fields and open lots. He was growing weak and tired, and his cold, wet clothes caused him to shake and his teeth chattered with the chill.

As he stumbled along he sudden discovered a flickering light in a house which stood on the brow of a hill just ahead of him. He remembered it. It was the Chateau de Geantit. The Germans had shattered portions of it in their retreat from Beaumont, but the main structure had been preserved. If he could reach the place in safety he felt certain food and warm clothing awaited him. With renewed energy he began climbing the hill.

Presently he heard voices behind him. He paused a moment and listened. There was no mistaking them—they were Germans! Could they have seen him? He quickened his pace. Silence followed. The lights of the chateau were drawing nearer and nearer. With nervous apprehension he plodded on.

The grim silence was followed by the report of a rifle. He felt its effect as it pierced his left shoulder and caused him to wince with pain. Then he heard more voices. A second report pierced the night air. It shattered his left arm, which dropped helplessly at his side. To cry out meant certain death. Perhaps they had not identified him, but had taken his bended form for that of a prowling dog. For the Germans shoot at anything within their lines.

The pain doubled him, but he hurried on. He grew dazed. As he stumbled along he was not certain whether he had been hit, for every bone in his body ached from the exposure he had undergone during the past few hours. But he was soon convinced, for he felt something warm trickling down his breast. It seemed to take the chill away and he almost welcomed it. He placed his hand under his shirt, and then withdrawing it, gazed at it under the rays of a star-shell which lighted the sky. It was blood.

As he approached the chateau he turned around and looked behind him. At that instant he saw the flash of a rifle, but this time the bullet missed its mark. Then he heard German voices again. There was no doubt in his mind now. They were following him!

Plunging into the thicket, he made a slight detour and presently found himself in the gardens at the rear of the chateau. Once he stumbled and fell, but he managed to drag himself to his feet again, for he believed if he could reach the inside he would be able to hold his pursuers off, at least for a time.

He made his way slowly up the path and dragged himself up the steps. Then he sagged down, weak from the loss of blood. He reached for the big, heavy knocker which hung in the center of the door, but was too weak to lift it, and his body fell with a thud against the big panel.

Jenevieve, who at that moment was nervously pacing the floor of a room which had formerly been used as a drawing-room before the Germans had destroyed its contents and defaced its walls, had heard the peculiar noise at the door. It sounded like a thump. Fear filled her breast, as she believed it signaled the return of Lieutenant May, who, with his men, had taken possession of the chateau a few hours before and was holding her as his prisoner. He had left her about an hour previous, to visit the troops which were then occupying Beaumont, and had told her he would return shortly after dark. He had left one of his men to guard her, but that man was now lying in the center of the room with a bullet in his head.

The girl had coquettishly inveigled the stupid soldier into making love to her, and as he put his arms around her she tated a moment. Looking at her revolver, which hung in its holster at his side. Then, with a quick movement, she had jumped from his lap. Pushing his chair over backward, she had sent him sprawling, and as he rose and made a rush towards her she had sent a bullet into his brain.

With the smoking revolver in her hands, she was pacing the floor as she contemplated her next move, when she heard the noise at the door. She hesitated a moment. Looking at her revolver, she discovered she had five loaded chambers left. Then with a firm hand she held it in front of her and cautiously made her way to the door. She pulled it open with a quick, sudden jerk, her movements challenging whoever might be on the outside. As she did so the unconscious form of Lieutenant Picard fell across the threshold in a huddled mass.

In the rays of the dimly lighted room she noticed the man wore the uniform of an officer of the French Guard. She quickly lowered her revolver, and, putting it in her bosom, she dragged the wounded man into the room and shut the door.

Leaving him there for a moment, she hurried into another room to get some water and clothes to bathe his wounds. After getting this she returned, and, taking one of the candlesticks from the table in the center of the room, she placed it on the floor beside the unconscious man. As she did this the light fell full on his countenance and she recognized him.

"Jean!" she cried. Overcome with emotion, her head fell on his breast, as grief, intermingled with joy and pain, shook her body. For a moment she sobbed over the silent form, as big, bitter tears dimmed her eyes and flowed down her cheeks.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

What They See Over There

Official U. S. Government Pictures

12147—With the U. S. marines in France. A view of Verdun from the Meuse

10441—A U. S. soldier stationed at the entrance to a dug-out in the front-line trenches —France

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"The Danger Mark" (Artcraft) does not quite come up to other Ferguson films

Corinne Griffith is the pleasing heroine of Vitagraph's "Love Watches"

Enid Bennett is the best part of "The Vamp" (Paramount)

"We Cant Have Everything," with Kathlyn Williams and Elliott Dexter, has everything

Across the

Leading Screen-plays of the Month

THE past month has seen a decided slump in celluloid production. Not but what there has been as much film manufactured, but the quality thereof has been somewhat strained. Did we not know that these pantomimic efforts, viewed during the heat of summer, were the product of the studios' springtime activities, we would say that the languor of the warm weather had modified the artistic endeavors of even our most dependable luminaries into mediocre movie melodrama. However, there is always a bright spot somewhere. We found it in

"WE CANT HAVE EVERYTHING" (ARTCRAFT)

Cecil B. De Mille has turned out some daring productions which have the value of originality of treatment. "We Cant Have Everything" is a distinctive thriller. The story is the age-old one of domestic infelicity, only the triangles are a little more complicated than usual. The angles are all interesting in themselves. Wanda Hawley as Kedzie Throop, a little movie actress, who wants everything, displays not only a hitherto unsuspected talent, but an equally unsuspected beauty. Sylvia Breamer is also not only a delight to the eye, but to the intelligence as well—she can act. Theodore Roberts contributes a touch of comedy which should make Mack Sennett sit up and take notice. And then there is Raymond Hatton, for once a dashing young hero-lover; Kathlyn Williams, beautiful and tragic; and Elliott Dexter, as usual the perfect gentleman. In point of production, "We Cant Have Everything" has nearly everything that the movies should have—humor, punch, pep, pathos, perfectly picked personalities and picturesque photography.

"THE DANGER MARK" (ARTCRAFT)

Anticipation is sometimes better than realization. That is the case with "The Danger Mark." The combination of Elsie Ferguson and the popular Robert W. Chambers story sounded very alluring, but it fails to quite come up to expectations. In the first place, Miss Ferguson is poorly lighted; secondly, the direction lacks imagination. Miss Ferguson has led us to expect such very great things of her that when she gives a performance which would be lauded were it the work of any other artiste, but does not come up to her own

Out"

Up a Few Film Idiosyncrasies

LANE

Curls on the old girls.
Tutti-frutti fade-outs.
Silk stockings in Hogan's Alley.
Cuckoo-clocks.
Moles on vampires' necks.
Vampires' necks.
Vampires.

Six good reasons why women should have the vote: 1. Mabel Normand. 2. Eileen Percy. 3. Ruth Roland. 4. Constance Talmadge. 5. Olive Thomas. 6. Doris Kenyon.

There is much in common between serials and cereals. In fact about the only difference is in the spelling. They are both insipid food, each leaves a bad taste in the mouth, and, there being no real demand for either product, they are promptly forced down the public throat with the aid of America's most compelling institution, an extensive advertising campaign.

It's about time that the boasted realism of the Motion Picture asserted itself and presented the screen with a vampire groomed up-to-date. The home-breaker of today is not at all like the siren of olden times. Your modern man is not falling for the old line of stuff. He wants something new. The dog-gone-dangerous girl of the twentieth century is just the reverse of the Cleopatra type. She is slight of build, light of head, apt to be quite kittenish, but the men are toys in her hands. Call her a "chicken," a "little fool" or what you will, she is the vampire of today.

The Associated Film Producers of America, Inc., recently held a special meeting, it is said, to discuss the important question "Do actresses make the best stars?" According to report the producers came to the conclusion that it all depends on how big a future the star has behind her.

INGRATITUDE NOTE

After blowing the Motion Picture critics in New York to a swell feed, including California wine and Cremos from a Romeo and Juliet box, R. A. Bluffer, prominent independent producer, was rightfully indignant at the way in which they reviewed his new film production, "William, the Pig of Potsdam." Not one of the critics who partook of his banquet was grateful enough to label the production "The supreme triumph of the year." Only four termed it a "masterpiece," while six said it was "Sensational, a sure box-office winner." Seeing as how no one cares what they say the New York reviewers might as well have gone the limit. In future Mr. Bluffer says he will depend upon substantial ads in trade papers.

Owen Allover, the popular movie hero, will soon complete the last reel of his special national feature, "My Four Years in Toxicated." It is expected to end with a strong punch.

When is a crime not a crime? When it's committed by the hero or heroine, of course. Only a villain can be a thief, a crook or a traitor—that is, in the movies. On the screen a wrong is only a wrong when committed by the villain. The hero or heroine can break any law, yet the

There is no truth in the report that Irene Castle has gone on an eat-and-grow-thin diet

ethics of photodrama will hold them entirely innocent. As far as films go, it isn't a matter of what is done that constitutes a wrong; it is simply a matter of who does it.

After much supplication on the part of film producers Caruso has condescendingly consented to enter the silent drama. With enough close-ups of Caruso's voice hitting high C, the noted tenor should duplicate the sensational success of Mary Garden and Lina Cavalieri.

Why is it that the producer who yelps the loudest about the play being the thing is usually among those most unwilling to pay well for a good story? The average producer doesn't hesitate a minute at paying several hundred dollars for a spectacular setting or big "mob" scene, much of which is seen in only a few brief flashes. Instead of wasting money on these effects, why not offer the money saved as a special bonus to writers of good plays?

POPULAR SONGS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS

"If He Can Fight Like He Can Love, Then It's Good-bye, Germany." — Robert Warwick.

"It's a Great Life If You Dont Weaken." — Douglas Fairbanks.

"I'm Sorry I Made You Cry."—Billie West.

"Pretty Baby."—Marvel Rea.

"I Know I Got More Than My Share."—Fatty Arbuckle.

"I'll Come Back to You When It's All Over."—Tom Forman.

Chorus by has-been heroes: "There'll Be a Hot Time for Us Old Men While the Young Men Are Away."

"The Venus Model" showed Mabel Normand as the most perfectly supported star of the month

Lord knows, the censors are an asinine lot; but if we must have 'em, why not censor the *punk* plays and save movie audiences the inconvenience of being bored to death? There might be some sense to that, at least.

After following the movies for a number of years a person can only come to the conclusion that film heroes are monstrosities. They are composed mostly of arms, with some legs and a thick skull that apparently has nothing in it. Villains, on the other hand, are perfectly human. The conclusion is arrived at thusly: Out of an actual count of 2000 pictures it was found that in 1999 the hero had been shot or otherwise maltreated — a dog was the hero of the odd picture. According to the figures, which were compiled with the greatest care, the hero had been injured in the arms 1178 times, head 532 times, legs 288 times and once the villain bit his ear. But never once was the hero mortally injured. The villain, however, has his vital spots like any human being and "takes the count" regularly.

"The Venus Model" showed Mabel Normand as the most perfectly supported of the month. Mabel's support has always been rated among the best, but never were they seen to better advantage.

WANTED

By Mae Marsh, D. W. Griffith.

By Sessue Hayakawa, a story featuring a good Jap that doesn't have to die in the last reel.

By Marie Doro, another chance to make good.

By Mme. Petrova, li'l pep.

By every moviegoer, just a good play.

By Doug Fairbanks, a gang of pugs to take regular beatings.

By every scenario dep't, a masterpiece—at ten per reel.

By every star, a one-character story lending itself to copious close-ups.

THE WAY TO WIN

By John Baer

If Congress really wants to show the German army up,
And put the Kaiser's neck into a yoke,
They ought to place the management of things into the hands
Of our energetic Moving Picture folk.

Our high-priced stars, for instance, would compel the wicked Boches
To indulge their every temperamental caper,
Or else, à la the Kaiser, they would tear their contracts up
And laugh, "Pooh, pooh! it's but a scrap of paper."

And why not send our studio directors to the front?
No better warriors could be desired;
They'd give the German troops a proper bawling out, and then
They'd yell, "Get out of here, you Huns; you're fired!"

And last, but gosh! not least, let's send our "extras" over there,
And put them in the foremost battle-line;
Their hard-luck stories soon would bore some German troops to death
And make the rest retreat across the Rhine!

COMMODORE J. STUART BLACKTON

Commodore Blackton is not only the founder of this Magazine and one of the founders of the Greater Vitagraph organization, but he is recognized as one of the world's leading directors. He has just produced, under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission, another great war drama, entitled "The Common Cause." It will be released as a Greater Vitagraph special super-feature in eight reels.

The "Man of the Hour"

Movie Fans Who Once "Heard But Not Saw" Him on Their Victrolas Will Now "See But Not Hear" Him in Their Theaters

By DOROTHY BARRETT NUTTING

Enrico Caruso

© Mishkin

BLASÉ filmdom, which had believed itself sensation-immune, was stirred and shaken to its depths recently. And with good cause, for Caruso, Enrico Caruso of the golden voice, had at last consented to enter the films and was to make two Paramount pictures for the season of 1918-19—probably adaptations from his best known operas. No wonder the screen world rocked.

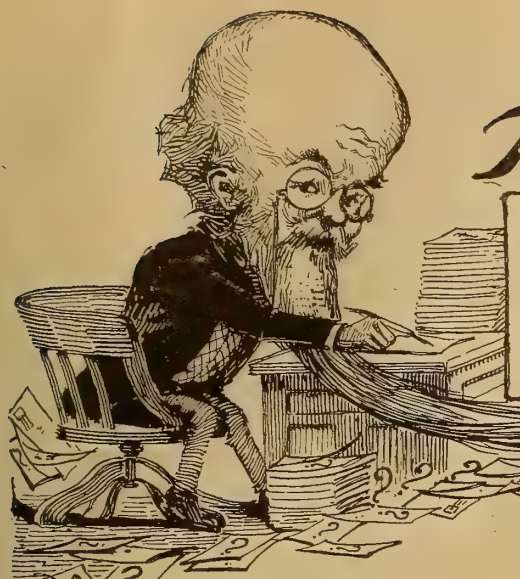
And the ripples of the rocking will spread to the veriest ends of the civilized world—to the remote places where the records have penetrated and where people have longed for years to actually see the man who has charmed them with his voice. Miners in the depths of the earth will read the news and, on emerging from their dusky lairs, will seek a movie house for news of his coming, and silent desert men will take a new interest in his records after having seen him on a rare visit to civilization.

A native of picturesque Naples, Caruso was born in the shadow of Vesuvius and has been singing almost since infancy—for in Naples everybody sings, and even the children carol at their play. Serenades, street singing and music everywhere—Naples is famed for it. At eleven, Caruso had been placed in one of the many boy-choirs of the city and shortly after that began his years of study under the maestro, Guglielmo Vergine.

Those first years were lean ones, indeed, for the boy—for his father, while not poor with the bitter, grinding poverty Italy used to know so well at that time, was still not wealthy. He was a mechanic, and his boy was educated at the same trade. Often Enrico's artistic soul used to rebel hotly against the drudgery and sootiness of it all, but he kept doggedly on, for only so could he obtain the needed lessons in singing.

After a while he earned as much as two lire a day—or about forty cents—a good wage in those days. In his spare time—

(*Continued on page* 114)



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GOOD-MORNING! One of my greatest joys is to get letters from fans or readers who have been helped to success by the messages of advanced thought, sense and nonsense I am sending out every month. So let joy be unbounded and an ever-ready flow of wit and humor sparkle thru these pages down the star-lit path of Motion Picture items. With that out of my system—here goes!

Miss L. W.—Yes, Virginia Corbin. She was born in Prescott, Ariz. Robert Gordon did play in "Captain Kidd, Jr." You cant understand why S—— married L——? Dont you know that love looks not with the eyes, but with the mind, and that is why winged Cupid is painted blind? Think it over.

U-54.—You're some torpedo. Yes, Miss Naylor is the Stroller. You're right about the Nemerov drawings—they all have their mouths open. George Melford directed "The City of Dim Faces." It is more blessed to give than to receive. I thank you.

C. D. S.—By state rights we mean selling the rights of a film to a certain section of the country, and not thru the different distributing offices, as other films are rented. Well, a good heart is better than all the heads in the world.

Anthony D. V.—May Allison with Metro. You will see Marguerite Clark in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Mrs. Cordelia Howard MacDonald played the original Eva in "Uncle Tom's Cabin" on the stage at Troy, N. Y. You say I'm so very pleasant. It's easy enough to be pleasant when you're leading a bachelor's life.

Alias Billie.—No, I dont think I have a double chin, and if I did have, it couldn't be seen. I always brush my whiskers upon retiring, but have never noticed more than one shelf for them to hang on. "Closin' In" was a Triangle play. There is no greater optimist than the revolutionist. Yes, I sympathize with poor Russia, but I think we shall hear from her soon.

Anna B., Brooklyn.—Thanks for the pretty verse. I appreciate it so much that I am going to quote it here: "To know that I've a friend like you, puts in each rose a bit more dew, more high delight in each bird's trill, more red above the sunset hill. It tints the bluest sky more blue to know that I've a friend like you." You may stop in any time.

Mrs. N. W.—Yes, Culver City and Hollywood are very near Los Angeles. Yes, I will be glad to send a list of soldier boys to any of the girls who write for it.

W. E. B., Chicago.—Your comedy is good stuff, but a little too raw. Bessie Love was Celeste in "A Little Sister of Everybody." Emily Stevens with World. So you liked Bert Lytell in "No-Man's Land" and think he is all to the merry. Same here.

Rachel V.—Thanks for sending me the copy of "The Great Stone Face." I read it some years ago—yes, some—and shall enjoy reading it again. It is a really great story.

Coragated Dolly B.—Serious matters before the house, please. Yours was more of a letter to the Editor than a questionnaire. Both Doug Fairbanks and George Walsh are athletes, but they have never met in the prize ring.

Rita Hewes.—Address Raymond McKee at the Friars' Club, N. Y. Send an addressed envelope and I will send you a list.

Ruth A.—Wallace Reid was recently buying a new automobile and, after inspecting some fifty or more cars, remarked to his wife, "I am drunk with the sight of so many cars;" whereupon she replied, "You have a bad case of auto-intoxication." Now, wasn't that bright? I think they will both write to you if you will send them as nice a letter as you sent me. Write to Pearl White at the Jersey City studio and Earle Williams at Los Angeles.

Anna Whitelaw, Douglaston, L. I.—You have added largely to my storehouse of knowledge by your intelligent thesis. I thank you.

U-53.—Praise from another is far better than self-praise, so I thank you. I agree with you about John Barrymore. Yes, Germany is giving her crippled ally, Austria, all the aid and affection that is the traditional lot of a poor relation.

Jo.—I give up—what is it?

Black Moon.—Not Tom Moore. Good! Yes, to your second. Gadzooks! Write to Mabel Normand. Dont give up. The great are great only because we are on our knees Let us rise!

Movie Imp.—Warren Kerrigan was Toby and Lois Wilson was Virginia in "One Dollar Bid." Paralta. No, in California. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

Albert M.—No, Albert, my life isn't insured; honesty is the best policy, and I am not one of those who are worth more dead than alive. Be patient, and the picture will be forthcoming. Solitude causes us to write because it causes us to think, and that is one of the reasons I live in single blessedness.

Miss Otis.—Please let me answer your question by mail, for it would take too much space here, and the Editor is cutting me down.

Ladybug.—Hello! Thanks for the picture of the bughouse. Better hurry and send in those votes. Harrison Ford, Henry Barrows and Charles Ogle in "The Sunset Trail." I print praise, but not mush.

U-53.—So soon? Stage plays in New York run to 300 and 400 performances and more, and more often for one or two weeks, when they expire. Yes, Robert Gordon is scheduled to be interviewed. You must hide nothing from thy physician, minister, lawyer and Answer Man.

Bunker Bean.—Just a little tip—a woman loves most to be loved, a man to be admired. Richard Barthelmess was born in 1895. You ask why. Leo Sielke doesn't paint my picture and use it on the cover. Perish the thought! Do you want to ruin us?

Miss J. L. Schmidt, Omaha.—You are very kind, and your wonderful letter has been a great help to me. I am forwarding it as suggested, and I will read again the book you mention in my search for light.

The Answer Man

INQUISITIVE C.—How do you get that way? There are many men who kill themselves for love, but many more women who die of it. Best thing is to follow in my footsteps. Yes, there was a Fred Stone in "Destiny," but he isn't the other, the great Fred Stone. "Face Value" was the play in which Mae Murray appeared as Joan Darby.

EMIL E.—I dont quite get you; once more, please.

BILLIE.—That's all right, but when you are resting your body, dont overwork your stomach. Yes, Mary Miles Minter played in "The Ghost of Rose Taylor." But an officers' training camp does not apply to policemen. Billie, where do you come from?

MUTT & JEFF.—Can you beat it? A photoplay sure can be buried in oblivion without the aid of an undertaker. Watch for Earle Williams with "The Girl in His House." It's good. Stop in again some time and keep me company.

S. K. C.—Glad you wrote. Write again. Yes, Betty Nansen in "A Woman's Resurrection." Last I heard of Art Ortega, he was with Metro. No, Milton Sills is married. Kate Lester is with World.

BRENT.—You seem to know all about it, Brent. You say in courtship he swears to her, in honeymoon he swears by her, and in marriage he swears at her. That's why I remain a bachelor. So it's Marie Walcamp you're after, is it?

VICTORY LAND.—And why? You say it requires a great deal of courage to write to me. Anything you are afraid of is going to get you. Oh, I like to see a brave, heroic, handsome man. That is why I look in the mirror so often. Keep your foot on the soft pedal and write pianissimo.

GURP.—Hello, Gurp! Thou comest in such a questionable shape that I must answer thee. You've got the right idea. But submarine mines first got an international standing in warfare during the Civil War, and while the hand grenade dates back to the sixteenth century, it was not much used after 1800 until 1904, when the Japanese revived it at the siege of Port Arthur. My, but you are long-winded! After that I'll have a buttermilk.

WOULD BE LIKE KITTY GORDON.—Good for you, but if you must take things easy, be sure the things belong to you. Yes, I saw "Good-night, Nurse!" Nothing funny about it at all and much that was repulsive. I also saw "Good-night, Paul!" Of the two, I liked Paul better. Unusual, isn't it? And you didn't care for Kitty Gordon in "The Purple Lily." Catherine Young in "Torpedo Pirates."

R. S. V. P.—Well, I'm here. You've been fortunate. Dont mention it, because I am glad to answer your questions when I hear that still small voice of gratitude. So you liked Rosemary Theby in "The Great Love." I imagine she would be good in that.

ANSWER MAN ADMIRER.—*Bienvenu.* You sign, "Your loving son, John." Johnnie, have you been hiding from me? Yes, Virginia Pearson was Marcia and Victor Sutherland was John in "Her Price." She is still with Fox. The reason that hair grows on my chin and not on my head is because I have worked my brain more than I have worked my jaw.

E. O., N. J.—William Park, Jr., was Jack in that picture. Marguerite Clark is still 31; born in Cincinnati, O.

HENRY T. F.—Glad to know you. Tell your father that a man of business makes his business known, and advertising is the only way; hence, get in touch with Duncan Dobie, Jr., Advertising Manager. Yes, Helen Lindroth, who was Mrs. Stanley Cartwright in "The House of Gold," is the same one who played with Kalem. She is a very charming person indeed.

LEO J. H.; GEM; SUE G.; PRINCESS N.; FRANCIS MAE ADMIRER; W. F.; JANET B.; HAROLD H.; BILL W.; ROSE H.—See elsewhere for answers to yours.

SENSIBLE.—I dont mind questions in pencil, but please leave a little space. Mrs. Lena Guilbert Ford was the author of "Keep the Home Fires Burning." She was killed by a bomb dropped from an enemy aeroplane flying over London. Dolores Cassinelli and E. K. Lincoln in "Lafayette, We Come." It is the same Dolores who won a prize in one of our popularity contests years ago.

GIRLS.—Here is a lonely Belgium soldier, 19 years old, who loves us Americans. Wont you please write to him? Private T. Dasserille, L. 106, 100 Batt., Belgium Army, en Campagne.

M. M. M.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs. Yes, I heard Mischa Elman play. No, I've never been to Georgia. Do me the favor of writing to me again.

TICKLE TOE.—Did you see "Going Up"? Music very catchy. Mary Thurman has gray eyes. Corinne Griffith, blue with light hair. Perhaps too old to fight, but not too old to give. But some men are born with black eyes and others acquire them.

CHARLOTTE.—So you really think I am mean? Why, of course I like you! Open the flood-gates; yours was a sad ending.

BEATRICE F.—The Caproni airplanes are very large; some types can carry sixteen passengers. Not co-respondent, but correspondent. You'll be surprised what a difference that "r" makes. So you were mistaken for Vivian Martin. Nothing pleases the average girl more than to be mistaken for a photoplayer.

KASTLE KELLARD.—Why not write to Pathé about it?

G. U. R. SARCASTIC.—Yes, yes—go on! Owen Moore these days—why, he was in town not long ago. I agree. But homely women continually are imagining that men are trying to flirt with them. I wonder why.

MARTHA G.—Have patience, my child. You know big men let little things get them; a big thing seldom gets a big man. Viola Dana was Mary in "Opportunity."

R. J. M.—Scenario writers get about $150 weekly, if they are worth it. No, the publicity men send out the pictures and news about the players.

WILD C.—Madge Evans is with World.

SAMMYETTE.—Hope you are all well again. No, it was Democritus who believed that life was only to be laughed at. You had better send on that book. I want it. So you received a nice letter from Louise Glaum.

I DONCARE.—A little absence does much good, you know, but I'm glad you're back. Yes, Dorothy Gish wears a wig in "Hearts of the World."

OLIVE K.—That's the only way to learn to practice self-denial—when it will promote the happiness of others and help win the war. You ask, if vocal music is torn, must it be sung in parts? Put her in the guard-house! Yes, Julian L'Estrange.

U-53.—Why, Ethel Barrymore is still in pictures. You bet the ushers are the greatest little news-carriers, also liars. Soon.

CORPORAL JEAN.—Yes, send it along, but you will have to wait some time. Peggy Hyland is playing in "Other Men's Daughters." No, but I understand that the secret of mosaic is the putting together of thousands of tiny pieces of marble or glass of many colors. One of the finest examples of this art is a picture in St. Peter's, Rome, which took ten men nine years to make. Can you imagine it?

A JERSEY CHICKEN.—Of course I like my position. It's hardly a banker's job at $9 per, but I'm game. Most of our great men were poor, and Diogenes lived in a tub. You cant tell anything about soup by the sound, but you can tell a whole lot about the sounder. Alma Rubens played in "The Painted Lily." Jack Richardson was Cecil Grey.

ARTHUR F. B.—No, the contest is over. You ask how many potato chips there are in a carload of potatoes, and if they would take up more space if they were mashed. Too late; contest declared closed.

SAM B. H.—I agree with you about fishing. Let's go sometime. Your letter was great, and I wish I could be with you.

C. C. J.—Yes, I know Adam fell for an apple, and now men fall for a peach. Sometimes a lemon. In Los Angeles, of course. Thanks for the verse.

REIDE ROMIG.—Your profound answer to the puzzling question is receiving a great deal of thought and attention around here. It has set everybody a-thinking.

HENRY WM. THOMPSON, ON BOARD H. M. T. S.S. KARROS, ST. LAWRENCE RIV., MONTREAL, QUEBEC, CANADA.—Your essay on life and how to live it is excellent and much admired by me and all I have shown it to. My cordial thanks!

The Answer Man

HERBERT D. T.—That was Raymond Hatton in "Joan the Woman." I enjoyed reading your screen impressions. Have passed them along to the Editor. No, I didn't see the Anzacs marching on Broadway. Write oftener. Somebody must keep the pot biling, or the pot wont bile, dont you know.

YOUNG AUSSIF.—You're right, young chap, but we have two eyes and only one tongue—so do twice as much seeing as talking. Eleanor Woodruff and C. Aubrey Smith in "Jaffery." Olive Thomas and George Chesebro in "Arizona."

FLORENCE M. S.—Dorothy Green will play opposite Montagu Love. Your letter was full of the right spirit. Success be with you. Life is worth living a great deal better than most of us live it.

H. L. S.—You start off by saying "Lend an ear." The hall is yours, proceed. You want interview with Victor Sutherland. Dorothea Abril was the girl in "The Hostage." Yes, I liked "A Dog's Life." Charlie Chaplin says that he'd rather be a rich man's dog than a poor man's child. And at that they're drafting efficient canines for the service.

E. R. B. K.—In spite of hot weather, the movie fans keep us cool. Why, Mahlon Hamilton and Madeline Traverse in "Three Weeks."

OLGA, 17.—Look at me, and tell me you are sorry. Have you been hiding from me? You know that we all enjoy the society of only those who enjoy ours. Dont stay so long.

MY DREAM BOY.—Pretty little title, isn't it? Mildred Harris in "The Price of a Good Time." Houdini, the handcuff king, will appear in a serial in ten pieces for the B. A. Rolfe Productions. Florence Reed is also with the same company.

PATTY G., VANCOUVER.—Mrs. Vernon Castle is 25 years of age. She is going to France, I understand. Juanita Hansen is playing in "The Brass Bullet."

TOM B.—Hey, there, you're running on three cylinders, and you're knocking. You ask who put the sense in nonsense. Ask the censors. Come again, but ask some questions.

RACHEL V.—You're right, the movies are the only utility going up in quality without going up in price. The American dollar doesn't go so far, but it goes faster. You should use "is" instead of "are." You can always tell by a man's actions whether he is a fool or a genius.

MARJORIE B.—There are a lot of schools in America where you can learn nursing. Sorry for you, but it's the thing you dont care for that the people are always willing to hand you. *N'est-ce-pas?*

GIL B. OF VANCOUVER.—Never admit that you are discouraged, even to yourself. You say I'm not half of 76. Oh yes, I am two halves of it. Yes, care of Artcraft, Los Angeles, Cal. You have my deepest sympathy.

PHILUP SPACE.—Nothing doing! I can use all the space the Editor allows me. Mollie King is playing on the stage now. Emily Stevens with Metro and Lottie Pickford with Paramount. Not at all; write again. Sylvia Breamer and Robert Gordon will play in Commodore Blackton's new picture, "The Common Cause."

ERMA W.—Thanks for the picture of mother and daughter. Your mother looks like you. No, you got me wrong. I haven't a wealth of dark hair; in fact, I haven't any wealth at all. More like Gladys Leslie. Gloria Swanson was Patria in "You Cant Believe Everything."

WILLIAM FARNUM FRIEND.—You ask what the world is coming to—William Farnum knitting! Yes, knitting, and skipping and everything. Times are changing. Formerly we used to go and hear; later we sat down and read; now we go and see. The man of the future will not need ears, but double eyes. Seest thou?

MME. PETROVA ADMIRER.—Radcliffe Fellowes isn't playing just now. Victor Sutherland with Fox. Herbert Rawlinson with Commodore Blackton, and William Courtleigh, Jr., played in "Miss U. S. A." Harry Carey played in "A Woman's Fool."

PANAMA.—All right. John S. Lyons, Medical Dept., Ft. Amador, Panama Canal Zone, gets lonesome sometimes, girls.

P. LANE.—Cant you think for yourself? There are machines that will do anything but think, but somebody had to do a lot of thinkin' to get 'em to do that. Ann Pennington and Harry Ham in "The Antics of Ann." Jack Pickford and Clara Horton in "Huck and Tom." Richard Barthelmess and Ann Pennington in "Sunshine Nan." You're welcome.

WOOD VIOLET.—I dont accuse you, but there are 10,000 ways of telling a lie, you know. Alice Brady in "The Ballet Girl." Harold Lockwood in "The Comeback." George Webb was Herbert in "The Soul of Kura-San." Pell Trenton in "The Adventure." You ask me why widows usually marry again. Dont know, but perhaps because dead men tell no tales.

KANGAROO.—Mae Murray is playing in "Modern Love." Have they changed that around, too, since I was a boy? Edith Roberts in "The Deciding Kiss." June Elvidge was Gene and John Bowers was Tim in "A Woman of Redemption."

ALICE E. K., JAPAN.—No, I will try not to put you in the alsorans. Tom Moore is in "Just for Tonight." Wonder how many nights he does stay in.

NELLIE L.—Monroe Salisbury was Alan MacDonald and Betty Schade the girl in "Winner Takes All." Bryan? William J. Bryan? Seems to me I have heard that name before. You say you hope heaps of good things fall on my head. Oh, there are lots of heavy things falling on my shoulders all the time.

TOM MOORE ADMIRER.—See above. I try always to rebuke with soft words, and hard arguments, but if that does not take, I try a club. You say you admire my system. What system—answering questions or physically? But you shouldn't swear—swear not at all, only at those who deserve it, and since no one deserves it, swear off. Richard Barthelmess in "Sunshine Nan."

JACKIE HAZLE.—"Barbary Sheep" was taken in New York and Florida. I will excuse any kind of paper these times. You can write on birch-bark if you like.

NEW ZEALAND GIRL.—You can reach Theda Bara at the Fox Co., 130 W. 46th St., New York City.

WEARY WILLY.—So you think the American girls are so lively. They are full of pep. "The Darling of Paris" was released in January, 1917. Oh, I'm sure you have your senses. The sixth sense is the most uncommon of all, and that's horse-sense.

HERMAN, BUFFALO.—You ask why do I wear whiskers when they are out of fashion. Why do I wear whiskers? Simply to make foolish girls ask questions. Alice Brady played in "The Whirlpool."

J. E. M.—You say I'm easily bored at my age. No, indeed, that's what I'm here for, and that's what you're therefore. So you have a friend who is a corpusal in the army. I suppose you mean a corporal.

LOYAL READER.—Tom Powers is in the service.

BRISBANEITE.—You must have addressed me correctly, because I got yours. Yes, reminds me of Charles XII of Sweden, at the battle of Narva, who, being told that the enemy were as three to one when compared with his own army, replied, "I am glad to hear it, for then there will be enough to kill, enough to take prisoners and enough to run away." That's a fact. Ramsey Wallace was Paul in "What Might Have Been."

DAWN O. H.—I'm sure they'll write you. Send international coupons. Some actresses change their names for stage names and others for husbands.

VOTRE, SANTRE.—Glad to hear from you again. No, I never was in Australia. Your letter was full of good things. But I am content to be poor and do not envy him that is rich. The poor man labors to find a dinner for his appetite, the rich man to get an appetite for his dinner.

I. G. W.—You must tell me the answer to that puzzle of yours.

DOLORES, AUSTRALIA.—You say some of the interviews are direct contradictions of other interviews. That wouldn't happen if the player was interviewed in person. So many of them are faked. Personal interviews is one of our editorial policies. Thanks.

JOHN V. S.—Hello, John! Nice weather we're having. Glad you enjoy the Scroll Club. Yes, many a true word is said in profanity.

(*Continued on page* 112)

Who's Who in Starland

MABEL NORMAND—Born in Boston, Mass. Dark brown eyes, fluffy black hair, weighs 112 lbs. Artist's model for C. Coles Phillips, Henry Hutt, Penhryn Stanlaws. Began screen career with Vitagraph in Betty series with Flora Finch and John Bunny. Has played for Biograph, Keystone, Mabel Normand Feature Film Co., and Goldwyn. Most popular work with Fatty Arbuckle in "Fatty and Mabel," "Mabel's Busy Day," "Fatty and Mabel Adrift," "He Did and He Didn't," "The Bright Lights." Goldwyn pictures of note: "The Floor Below," "Joan of Plattsburg," "Dodging a Million," "The Venus Model."

WILLIAM RUSSELL—Born in New York City, April 12, 1886. Brown hair, brown eyes, 6 feet 2 inches, weighs 204 lbs., married to Charlotte Burton. Began stage career in "Chimmie Fadden" at age of eight by impersonating Jimmie at end of third act. Extensive stock experience. Has played with Ethel Barrymore, Blanche Bates, Chauncey Olcott. Entered pictures in 1911, via Biograph under Griffith in "The Roman Slave." Has appeared with Thanhouser, Klaw & Erlanger's feature films, Famous Players, American; now has own company. Pictures to be remembered: "High Play," "Lone Star," "Sealed Lips," "The Twinkler," "Fate and Death," "The Torch Bearer," "Shackles of Truth," "The Frame-Up," "Periwinkle," "The Weakness of the Strong," "Pride and the Man," "The Pagan," "Sands of Sacrifice," "The Sea Master," "Temporary Peter," "His Arabian Night," "Snap Judgment," "Aladdin's Night." Appeared in the American serial "The Diamond from the Sky."

Mabel Normand

Peggy Hyland

Louise Huff

Gladys Leslie

William Farnum

Taylor Holmes

Viola Dana

William Russell

Roy Stewart

GLADYS LESLIE—Born in New York City, 1900. Blue eyes, blonde hair, 5 feet tall, weighs 95 lbs. No stage experience. Began screen career in 1915, playing small parts in Edison pictures. Played leads in Thanhouser productions. "The Vicar of Wakefield," "The Amateur Orphan," "What Happened to Adele" most prominent. Now with Vitagraph. Pictures: "His Own People," "The Wooing of Princess Pat," "The Little Runaway," The Shop Girl."

PEGGY HYLAND—Born in Worcester, England. Brown eyes and brown hair. Appeared on stage in London in "The Little Café," and "The Yellow Jacket." Also in pictures in "The Love of an Actress," "John Halifax, Gentleman," "Lochinvar," "Caste." Came to America and appeared in "Saints and Sinners," a Famous Players production. Joined Vitagraph; appeared in "The Chattel," "Rose of the South," "Her Right to Live," "The Enemy," "Babette," "The Sixteenth Wife." Joined Mayfair: "Persuasive Peggy." Went to Fox in December, 1917. "Other Men's Daughters" latest release.

WILLIAM FARNUM—Born in Boston, Mass., July 4th, 1876. Blue eyes, brown hair, 5 feet 10½ inches tall, is married, has two children. Began stage career at age of fifteen: "Prince of India," "Virginius." Starred in "Ben Hur" five years; starred with Dustin Farnum in "The Littlest Rebel." Began screen career with Selig: "The Spoilers." Joined Famous Players; appeared in "The Sign of the Cross," "A Man of Sorrow," "The Battle of Hearts," "The Man from Bitter Roots," "The End of the Trail," "The Price of Silence." Now identified with Fox. Pictures: "A Tale of Two Cities," "American Methods," "When a Man Sees Red,' "The Doctor," "Les Miserables," "The Heart of a Lion," "Rough and Ready."

LOUISE HUFF—Born in Columbus, Ga. Violet eyes, blonde hair, 5 feet tall, weighs 106 lbs., married to Edgar Jones. Stage career: road company of "Graustark," stock at Utica and New York. Appeared with Mary Pickford in "Caprice." Joined Lubin in 1914. Pictures: "The Girl at the Lock," "Shanghaied Baby," "Jackson's Way." Appeared in "Marse Covington" for Metro; "Blazing Love" for Fox. Joined Famous Players, appearing in "The Old Homestead," "Destiny's Toy," "The Reward of Patience," "Seventeen," "Great Expectations," "The Lonesome Chap," "Freckles," "What Money Cant Buy," "The Varmint," "The Ghost House," "Jack and Jill," "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," "Mile-a-Minute Kendall," "Wild Youth." Best work done as co-star with Jack Pickford. Recently joined World; first picture, "T'other Dear Charmer."

ROY STEWART—Born in San Diego, Calif., 1884. Brown eyes, black hair, 6 feet 3 inches tall, weighs 210 lbs. Stage career: traveling stock companies on west coast, with "Floradora" company on tour. Screen career: Began with Majestic; then joined American. Pictures: "The Diamond from the Sky," "The Craving," "The Inner Struggle," "The Bruiser." Appeared in "Liberty" series under Universal Banner, in "Little Hero," "The Little Swede," "Come Through," "A Young Patriot," "Follow the Girl," "The Winning Pair." Joined Triangle-Fine Arts. Pictures: "The Bond of Fear," "The Learnin' of Jim Benton," "One-Shot Ross," "The House Built Upon Sand," "The Doll Shop," "The Fugitive," "The Fly God."

VIOLA DANA—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y., 1898. Light green eyes, brown hair, 4 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 96 lbs., married to John Collins. Stage career: solo dancer at age of five, in "The Girls from Newport," Ibsen's "When We Dead Awaken," "Rip Van Winkle," "The Squaw Man," "The Littlest Rebel," "The Model," "The Poor Little Rich Girl." Screen career: First with Edison in "Mollie the Drummer Boy." Starred in "The Slavery Student," "The Stoning," "The Blind Fiddler," "The Innocence of Ruth," "The Children of Eve," "The Cossack Whip." Now with Metro. Pictures of note: "The Girl Without a Soul," "Aladdin's Other Lamp," "Lady Barnacle," "God's Law and Man's," "The Mortal Sin," "Threads of Fate," "Gates of Eden," "The Light of Happiness," "The Flower of No Man's Land," "Blue Jeans," "Breakers Ahead," "A Weaver of Dreams."

TAYLOR HOLMES—Born in Newark, N. J. Brown eyes, dark hair, 5 feet 8½ inches tall, weighs 150 lbs. Stage career: "The Commuters," "The Third Party," "His Majesty, Bunker Bean," "The Million." Screen career: Joined Essanay. Pictures: "Efficiency Edgar's Courtship," "Fools for Luck," "The Small Town Guy," "Two Bit Seats," "Ruggles of Red Gap."

HARRY NORTHRUP—Born in Paris, France, July 31, 1877. Brown eyes, brown hair, 6½ ft. tall, weighs 175 lbs. Stage career: stock in San Francisco; heavies with E. H. Sothern, Henry Miller, Mary Mannering, William Faversham. Screen career: joined Vitagraph in 1911. Popular pictures, "Vanity Fair," "The Christian," "Under the Daisies," "The Test." Joined Metro in 1917; popular pictures, "The Beautiful Lie," "Their Compact," "The House in the Mist." Latest picture "The Hushed Hour," with Blanche Sweet.

GLORIA . SWANSON

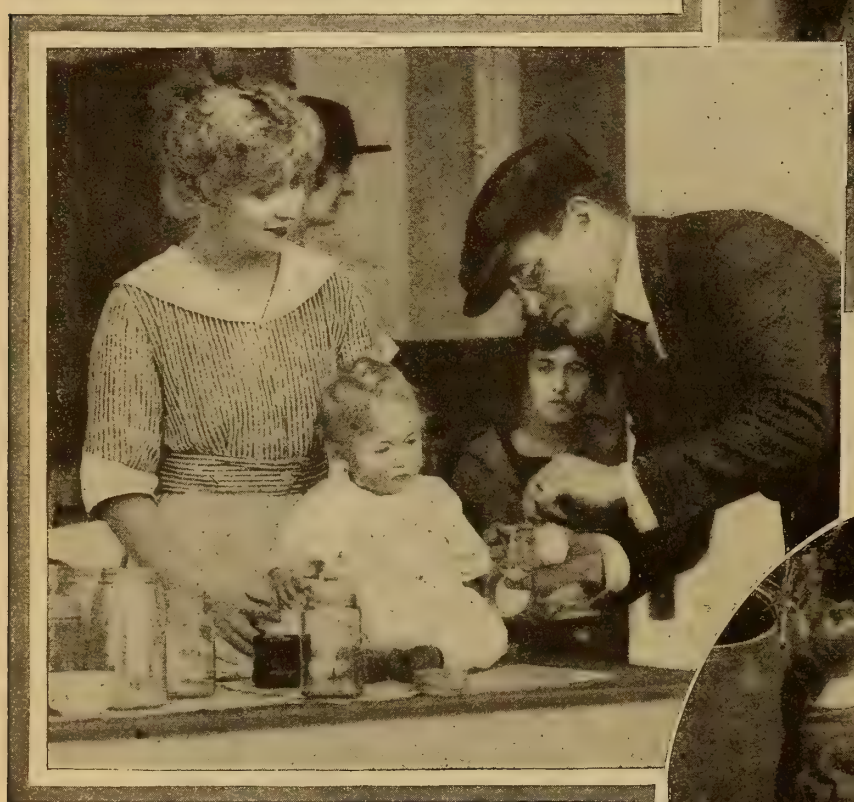
When the Boys Come Marching Home

Possibilities for Their Future in the Picture Business

By RAYMOND B. WEST

LIKE the popular song has it, "I received a letter just the other day." It was a very interesting letter from the battle front in France, written by a young man with a praiseworthy amount of optimism. After commenting upon his experiences he said, "I am thinking what I shall do when it's all over, over here. You know when called to the colors I had only been out of school three months and had not really decided on a career. What are my chances in the Motion Picture business? Do I have to have stage experience to attain any success in that industry, which looks to me like the most promising of all for a fellow starting out?"

RAYMOND B. WEST



DIRECTOR WEST MAY BE SKILLED IN THE CULINARY ART—BUT THE BABY HAS HER DOUBTS

RAYMOND WEST, JR., IS FOLLOWING IN FATHER'S FOOTSTEPS—DIRECTING A BIT OF BUSINESS

This question, it seems to me, opens the way for an answer to a similar one which many young men have put to me, as they have to a number of other men in the picture business. Right away I want to say regarding the necessity of having stage experience, absolutely no, unless, of course, a man's ambitions are along histrionic lines.

The picture business having some several years ago made the claim of being the fifth industry of importance in the United States, has been fighting ever since to make good their statement. To be the fifth industry naturally requires that the picture business be included

(*Continued on page* 110)

tect his Motion Picture earnings. He is taking out a policy for the benefit of Bob White, his young hopeful, who will be well to do by the time he reaches his majority. The Junior is drawing a salary right along besides being the only son and heir.

Here's a funny one Wilton Lackaye got off while on tour over the Orpheum circuit and visiting the studios here. He called Dustin and William Farnum "the gold dust twins of the washable drama."

The film studios have banded together to have their own Red Cross Headquarters, for while the photoplayers have given far more freely than most private citizens, they've not always been given especial credit for their self-denials and their hard work was seemingly "lost in the shuffle." There are thirty-two studios in the Motion Picture War Service Association, each of which will have a Red Cross Workroom. The officers are Lois Weber, Chairman; Mrs. Theodore Roberts, Treasurer; Mrs. Ida Lewis, Entertainment; Mrs. Al Smith, Salvage.

Mrs. Theodore Roberts was deputed to procure refreshments for the recent Lasky dance, and bought 120 pounds of beans and lots of "flitch" and had these baked at a downtown bakery. She invaded the factory of an ice-cream cone man, and smiling her sweetest, said, "Would you like to donate a few ice-cream cones for the benefit of the Lasky dance given to aid soldiers from studios who are now at the front?" The gentleman said he would *not*. Mrs. Roberts was not squelched, tho this was her first begging trip, and said, "You see, we Motion Picture people have worked lots for others, but we never asked for ourselves before—so I thought perhaps——" The purveyor of frozen dainties smiled back as he replied, "All right, I'll be glad to; you're right about that. About how many cones would you want?" And the unabashed Mrs. Roberts said promptly, "Oh, about *two thousand!*" And she got 'em.

Sessue Hayakawa is offering a fine chapeau to the winner of most sales of Thrift Stamps. Sylvia Breamer and Jane Novak are spending every minute off duty persuading their fellow citizens to invest. Funny if it would prove a tie and Mr. Hayakawa be compelled to buy two "lids," wouldn't it?

Francis Ford just killed three rattlers atop of his mountain homesite. That Ford doesn't need cranking to make him get up and go after things.

Lillian Gish looked quaintly beautiful at the recent talk given at the Los Angeles Kinema Theater in behalf of William Sandoz Commission. She spoke on the same night as Thomas Lee Woolwine, candidate for Governor of California. Miss Gish said she hardly knew what to talk about, but thought the audience might be interested to hear of the splendid treatment she and Dorothy received while in France. She collected almost five hundred dollars for the invalided soldiers and made a big hit with the audience. The Kinema is giving away prizes, one a year's contract to play with Lasky Company—whether experienced or not makes no difference—a Cadillac, and a Scripps-Booth. Every ticket-coupon has a number and entitles you to a chance.

Kenneth Harlan has been up on furlo;

(*Continued on page* 116)

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At the dedication of the Israel Orphanage Asylum, 274 East Second Street, New York City, on Sunday, June 16, Virginia Pearson was selected by popular vote to deliver an address to thousands of her admirers on the East Side. The applause which greeted her appearance again proved the popularity of this favorite dramatic actress

Douglas Fairbanks and Ruth Mason, a new screen discovery

That Tantaliz

By HAZEL SIM

NORMA TALMADGE lives in a large house planted on a smooth, rolling lawn of fresh greensward.

Which statement contains nothing of the unusual except that it concerns Norma Talmadge, and anything that has to do with *the* Talmadge is bound to be unusual.

Because of her work on the screen, one subconsciously imagines Norma as very emotional, nay sad. One thinks of her always as a super-woman scaling the heights of sublime bliss or tasting the dregs of depression.

And, to a large degree, Norma Talmadge has this power of deep feeling. Never could she be one of those pale perfumeless people who wallow in the shoals of contentment. Always Norma is colorful, a red poppy nodding bewitchingly in the hot breath of summer; fascinating, alluring, you go to pluck it, to capture it, and whiff! it laughs defiance of bondage and, scattering its brilliant petals mockingly, flies away buoyed by the breath of a vagrant breeze.

That is Norma Talmadge. No sooner do you think you have her personality chained to your imagination via the typewriter route than—you see a different phase, a more alluring characteristic peeping out at you, and it seems as if the little imp laughs mockingly, "As if you could ever catch me on paper—ha, ha!" And you know your imagination is playing you no tricks this time, for Norma Talmadge will always be elusive, always illuminated by a different mood, truly a chameleon of brightest colors.

To picture Norma's personality properly you must know how she lives, what she likes, what she hates, what she does and what she doesn't do. For oftentimes the littlest things teach us to know people and love them.

Norma's home at Bayside, Long Island, is a large stucco affair surrounded by the quiet of an unpopulated country. From its back-yard vegetable garden to its own private beach the whole emanates an atmosphere of remoteness, a delicious sense of far-awayness from worldly affairs and the hurly-burly stress and strife of New York City.

"A picture without 'Dinky'? Not if I know it," said Norma

Her very own shore, where no one save friends may trespass

ing Talmadge

PSON NAYLOR

And that is the reason Norma loves it, this first real home of hers. She likes to get away; she hates mobs of people; she loves to be alone.

And yet whenever she is left alone, she becomes restless. Recently, when no one else was home with her, she became annoyed with her hair and with one fell swoop of the shears cut it off, and for a second she shook her shaggy, swirling locks in a perfect joy of freedom, the next she became a contrite child, worrying for fear the change in her hair would be noticeable in her picture, which was half finished.

She hates old age—she will not have any one around her who is old. She loves youth and beauty; and yet she cannot bear to play comedy.

She detests the shams of society, and nothing bores her so much as to have to attend a tea. On the other hand, you are just as apt as not to find her curled up in the swinging hammock on her porch engrossed in such books as "Sins of Society" and the *Smart Set* magazine.

Norma smiles and "Dinky" is happy

Norma: "I have forgotten how to hit it again"

It is not exaggerating to say that, in spite of the fact that she is one of the best-dressed girls in the whole United States, she never prinks in front of a mirror. Nor will she ever look in one after she is dressed.

She is totally unconscious of self.

She was born in Niagara Falls, but she admits she always lived in Brooklyn.

Altho she has been married 485 times in pictures and had 375 children, in real life her only child is "Dinky," a tiny, silky, tan-haired dog who barks obstreperously at all the big dogs who enter his little paradise and who defies capture (we chased him for two hours to get him in these pictures, so we ought to know), the same as his mistress' personality.

Norma calls her father Fred and marvels at the fact that he really weeps every time he sees her pictures; they seem so real to him.

After—the party's over! Norma's very own porch

Her butler is a suave, official little Jap. As soon as he has placed iced-tea and its accompanying delicacies on the wicker table of the salty breeze swept side porch, Norma dispenses with his services and plays hostess with a delightful informality.

She stands in utter awe of her cook, who can make such luscious cakes that, rather than lose her, Norma places an automobile at her disposal whenever she (the cook) becomes temperamental and thinks she needs an airing.

Miss Talmadge admits that there is only one thing in the world that she is afraid of and that is a horse. She can do anything hazardous, but when they ask her to mount a horse she positively trembles—nevertheless she gets on.

She likes us because we are young.

We like her because she is real. She does not pose. She has no affectations.

Hay-fever is the bane of her existence. She suffers from it every summer.

She overheard some one say a month ago how extremely thin and tired-looking she was becoming in pictures; she couldn't decide whether it was hay-fever or a predilection for being thin that was the cause of the comment. So she decided to try the "plump theory" and is taking many eggs and much milk, just like a little girl who doesn't want to but knows it's doctor's orders.

Once she caught the golf fever and immediately had a practicing tee built on her lovely estate. She posed for golfing pictures for us and said she'd be glad to have the pictures. At any rate, they would be lasting, which was more than she could say for her golf lessons, for she forgets everything she learns about the game from one lesson to the next.

The thing most necessary to be a successful actress is imagination, according to Norma. Otherwise, how could she have played women when she was only fifteen?

That was at Vitagraph.

Norma Talmadge is ambitious. She could never stand still, nor stay in a rut.

She believes in the saying, "We cant have everything," but she thinks that whatever is just beyond our grasp is that which seems the most valuable to us—and after we get it, it loses its value.

A popular screen star, she wishes she could be a great singer.

She is taking singing lessons; she says, "Pity the family!"

"To know her is to love her" was never so true as in the case of Norma Talmadge. She is a roguish witch, brimful of mischievous charm, a jolly good pal.

One moment she reminds one of the Eva-Tanguay-I-dont-care girl; the next, Nazimova playing Ibsen.

She hates ingénues.

She wouldn't play an ingénue if she could help it—yet she is very much of an ingénue herself.

She is unexpectedly naïve.

Altho she has the intelligence of a woman, because it is masked by an elfish, laughing face, a childlike form and an ever-apparent youthfulness one instinctively wishes to guard her from any possible trouble.

She is absolutely careless of self.

She is the type of woman men most admire and women are not jealous of.

Among the things she hates are people who—giggle.

And yet she likes us.

We have a suspicion she would like to vamp—in spite of the fact that she is a child of nature.

Her favorite color is rose—but she loves to wear black.

She swims like a boy and isn't afraid of getting her hair wet.

Norma Talmadge is restless as the sea, ever changing, ever moving.

She admires the Gish girls immensely. When she was out on the Coast starring for Triangle she says she and Dorothy never discovered which had the other's clothes until they saw them on the screen.

She thought the tam-o'-shanter she pulled on her clipped locks might be Dorothy's, but she wasn't sure. She knew the crimson ribbon she tied on her head to go in swimming was Constance's. But she consoled herself with the thought that all ribbons photograph the same.

She says that Eugene O'Brien can put up a very good English argument.

Norma Talmadge believes that marriage is a success when two people are interested in each other's work. She does not think any girl should give up her independence.

She is universally loved by children. They flock about her home and call, "Oh, Norma, Norma!" and they surround her car whenever she goes out. She never becomes impatient with them, but always has something kind to say.

At the end of a perfect day. Hazel Simpson Naylor in a close-up with Norma Talmadge and "Dinky"

The water was ice-cold. We know, because we were back of the camera. But Norma smiles!

But then that is her way—she is prodigal of herself and her worldly goods. She is the soul of generosity.

The longer one is with her, the more one wishes to be.

Thus we who know her see her.

Thus Norma Talmadge lives and has her being.

A lovely little creature of moods and whims and fantasies, a girl who has made a great something out of her life by the very forcefulness of her personality and the ever-urging-on voice of ambition; and withal a girl who has not lost her sense of proportion, than which there can be no greater praise.

A girl of imagination.

A relief in this prosaic age.

The Americans in France

Official U. S. Government Pictures

Copies of these official photographs may be obtained for 10 cents each from the Division of Pictures, Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C.

11328—A Salvation Army canteen, where American soldiers obtain luxuries at a minimum price

10190—Officers of a U. S. infantry detachment attending ceremony of decorating Americans who took part in a recent raid in France

11954—Children in France. An American barber with the engineers cutting the hair of a French child

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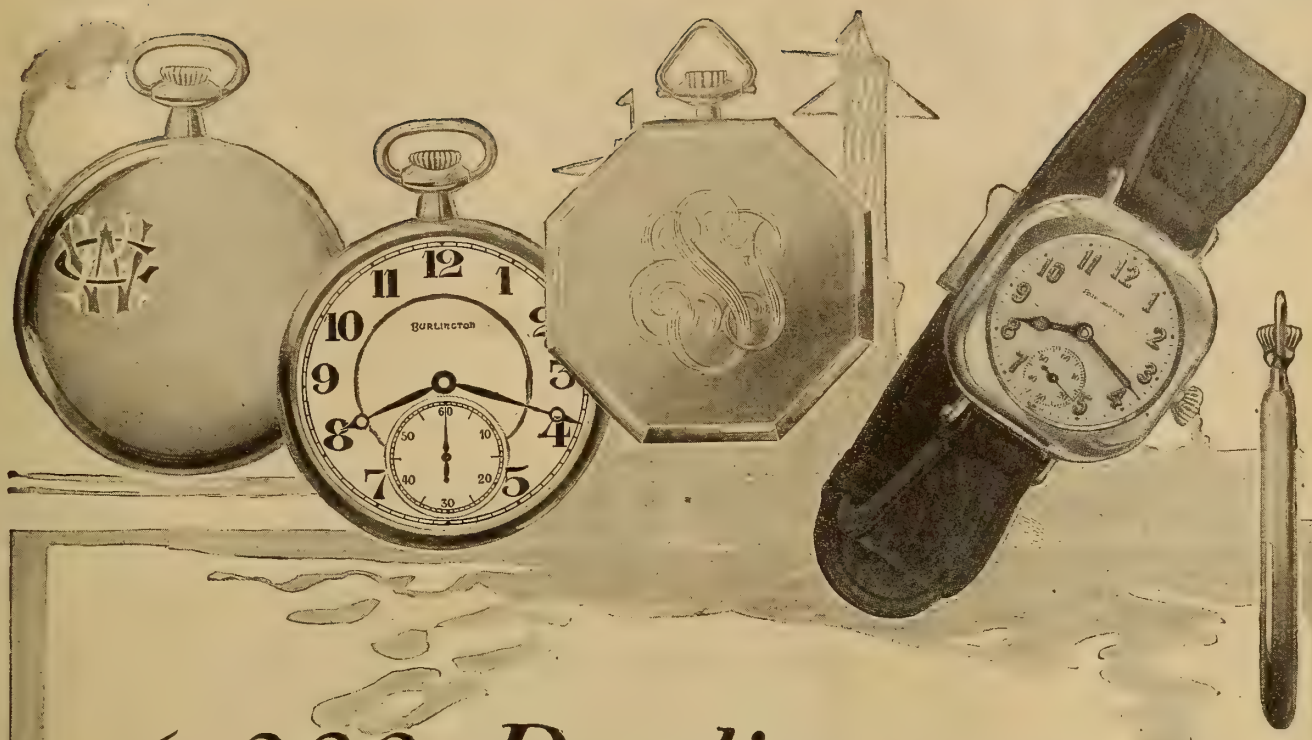

6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

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GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

George Walsh has completed his new picture, "I'll Say So," and, after a brief vacation spent at Asbury Park, is at work on his next for William Fox. As yet 'tis nameless.

The burned portions of the Lasky plant at Hollywood are rapidly being replaced by new concrete structures.

Stanhope Wheatcroft, formerly of the Maude Adams "Kiss for Cinderella" company, has stopped off in Los Angeles. Yep, he is appearing in front of the camera for Thomas H. Ince.

Gladys Brockwell went all the way to Camp Lewis, Wash., to marry Harry Edwards. Greater love than this has no man nor woman. After a very brief honeymoon, Gladys hurried back to the studio and started acting in a cinema version of "The Strange Woman."

Charles Chaplin, an actor engaged in the making of comedy, denies he is engaged to Mildred Harris, an actress engaged in the making of dramas mostly dealing with love. Says Mr. Chaplin, "We are merely good friends. I know nothing about the diamond ring Miss Harris is wearing except that it is a very pretty ring."

Prince Troubetzsky, the sculptor, is engaged in reproducing the famous features of **Mary Pickford.** Thus taking common clay and making it into something akin to divine.

Betty Schade has been engaged to play opposite Harry Carey in his next Universal production, called "The Man Who Wouldn't Shoot." Betty's husband is shooting every day in the army.

Niles Welch has signed a four-year contract with the Famous Players-Lasky whereby he will appear as a featured player in support of Paramount and Artcraft stars.

Mae Murray's next Bluebird picture will be "The Scarlet Strain." Frank Elliott has been engaged as her leading-man.

Miss Cora Clark has formally announced the engagement of her sister, **Marguerite Clark,** to Lieutenant H. Palmerson Williams, U. S. A.

Taylor Holmes has wandered out to the Coast and will soon be seen in Triangle plays. He is to be featured in a series of superproductions.

Somebody started something when he wrote a story for a Los Angeles newspaper to the effect that **Alma Rubens** was married to Franklyn Farnum. Alma was peeved to death—but she admitted that she was **engaged** to Mr. Farnum We extend our congratulations, Alma.

Originality, thy name is Movie Stars! Here's the latest bit of uniqueness put over by the lights of the celluloid. **Pauline Stark** recently raffled off a vanity case, made of abalone shells, which she used in conjunction with her amazing bathing costume in "Daughter Angele," for the benefit of the Red Cross. The case was well featured by the department store in which the raffle occurred, and about $150 was realized. Next?

Constance Talmadge has arrived, and is firm in her own right. Recently a California theater played one of her pictures with Charlie Chaplin's "A Dog's Life," and Constance had the folks sitting thru the Chaplin picture to see her come on again. Now if that isn't a test for one's ability!!!

MAY ALLISON

Madame Petrova believes in getting the public in an amicable frame of mind before she starts her War Stamp drive. In other words, she wants 'em with her. At present she sings "Freedom For All Forever," a new patriotic number, when she appears at a theater. Then the song is put on the screen and the madame offers a $5.00 stamp to any one who will sing the chorus alone. Will some one page Geraldine Farrar?

Several scenes in "The Burden of Proof," **Marion Davies'** second Select picture, were photographed in the Army and Navy building and Senate building in Washington, by special permission from the United States government. This request has never been granted before, and Marion is especially proud of her privilege.

Alice Brady has been made sponsor for a government warship at the request of the crew on the submarine chaser 19. The boys aboard ship are very proud that she has consented to become their patroness.

Sessue Hayakawa recently acted as auctioneer at a Red Cross festival in Los Angeles. He auctioned off some choice garden products raised by local Japanese, and a large sum was raised for the most wonderful mother in the world.

Another opera star has succumbed. This time the screen has gathered in **Anna Case,** grand opera prima donna and star of the concert stage. Miss Case will appear under the International Film banner.

Even vaudeville artists have to have their little fling in films. Now comes **Harry Houdini,** he of the roped-in mystery, who will make a fifteen-episode serial for the Rolfe Company. Tho new to Screenland, he knows how to pick his feminine support. After much hemming and hawing, he decided on **Marguerite Marsh** to play with him, and a few days later he added Ruth Stonehouse to his cast.

It's a case of "everybody's doing it." It is said that even the honorable **Charles Spencer Chaplin** is busily engaged on a war picture, and from what can be gleaned it is going to be excruciatingly funny. It will indeed be a relief to see something funny after these woeful war pictures—if a war picture can be funny. But Charlie can find the funny spot in anything.

Lila Lee, the new Paramount star, has established her first bank account and bought her first automobile. We might add that most of the front of Lila's car was removed by a speeding truck which she was careless enough to ignore in trying to turn around on the boulevard.

Notice! If any one has a French baby or Belgian baby he doesn't want, **Dorothy Dalton** will gladly adopt it. Several male persons around the studio tried to apply for the position, but when Dorothy learnt they were of draft age she refused them.

Polly Moran, the celebrated Mack Sennett comédienne, is going to Australia with a vaudeville act. Maybe some day the act will reach New York. You never can tell!

Ethel Barrymore has just received word that her husband, Russell G. Colt, has arrived safely in France. Mr. Colt holds a commission in the Aviation Corps.

No Money With Order

Sensational Values for Quick Action

Order any of these grand bargains while offer lasts, but don't send a penny —only the coupon. If not pleased for any reason, return the merchandise and every cent of your money will be refunded. Absolutely no risk—no obligation.

You Get the Complete Set of Five Pieces As Shown

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5-Piece Ladies' Outfit

Send for this wonderful outfit while our special offer lasts. No money now. See the beauty of each piece, and what a bargain it is, at our low price. If not pleased, for any reason whatever, return outfit and we pay delivery charges both ways. Your payment refunded also. All at our risk. So order while they last.

Pure Silk Waist

This beautiful tailored blouse made of fine quality pure silk, richly embroidered and set off with venice lace medallions. Has a deep sailor collar and fastens in front with fine pearl buttons. Colors—Flesh or White. Sizes 34 to 44 inch bust.

Pure Silk Corset Cover

The bodice of this corset cover is made of heavy pure silk that washes perfectly. Top and shoulder straps of fine valenciennes lace and insertion which is interlaced with baby ribbon, front neatly embroidered with silk floss. Flesh color only. 34 to 44 in. bust measure.

Tailored Serge Skirt

Expert tailored, of good quality wool serge, specially woven with just enough cotton to give extra strength. Made with three gores and cut full around bottom. Two long fancy patch pockets which are neatly trimmed with large buttons and soutach braid. Wide detachable belt set off with large buckles. Colors, Navy Blue or Black. Sizes 23 to 32 in. waist measure. 33 to 42 in. length.

Colored Sateen Petticoat

Made of fine quality colored sateen with wide sectional flounce. The top is shirred on to an elastic belt that holds garment smooth over hips.

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Silk Taffeta Skirt

of very fine quality heavy chiffon taffeta in season's newest style. Shirred at waist line, front and back. Large novelty shirred pockets trimmed with pearl buttons. Wide belt laid in folds. Large black celluloid buckle finished waistline. Black only. Sizes 23 to 32 in. waistband. 33 to 44 in. length. (Add 10% for larger sizes). Send no money. Order by No. 194. (Give size wanted). Price $2.35 on arrival. Balance in 3 monthly payments of $2.20 each. Price $8.95.

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	Length.....

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Ethel Clayton's first Paramount picture is called "The Girl Who Came Back." Everybody is anxiously awaiting her first Famous Players release. Didn't Mr. Lasky himself say he would **never** be happy until he had obtained Miss Clayton's services?

Harold Lockwood's first Metro screen classic is ready for release. This is a six-reel picture, "A King in Khaki," adapted from Henry Kitchell Webster's novel of the same name. Bessie Eyton, of Selig fame, appears opposite him.

Ruby de Remer has been selected as leading-woman for Harold Lockwood. She will appear with him in "Pals First." Since May Allison became an individual star, Harold has been at a loss for some one to replace her. Miss De Remer will be remembered for her work in "The Auction Block" and is capable of truly **big** things.

Just imagine how you'd feel if you were a small boy, with a circus performance going on in your town daily, and you not permitted to attend. That is what is happening in Newark, N. J., where **Mme. Nazimova** is making several scenes for her forthcoming picture, "L'Occident."

Hale Hamilton, Metro's new star, who co-starred recently with **May Allison,** is the proud possessor of a pearl scarfpin and studs to match, which were the gift of King George and Queen Mary of England on the occasion of his appearance at Windsor Castle, by Royal Command, in his successful comedy, "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford." What is it they say about "a something may look at a king"?

Bert Lytell will shortly be seen in "Unexpected Places," with Rhea Mitchell as his leading-woman.

In **Edith Storey's** newest picture, "Shadow and Substance," she uses two millionaire estates, one polar bear, thorobred horses, dogs, kittens, birds, etc. So runs the publicity. Wonder if these are termed "props."

Lucille Lee Stewart, sister of Anita Stewart and wife of Ralph Ince, the popular director, will be seen as leading-woman to Hale Hamilton, the Metro star.

We forgot to mention above that Hale Hamilton once appeared before the Kaiser, but he'd rather you didn't speak of it.

May Allison has rented a bungalow on La Brea Avenue in Hollywood for her mother and married sister. She says that if she gets to like Hollywood enough she will build a home there which her mother may occupy the year round.

Geraldine Farrar has sent out a worthy appeal—all Geraldine Farrar fans, back her up! She requests that you send all your discarded stockings, all sizes, colors and textures, to the H. C. Frankel Auxiliary of the American Red Cross Society, 46 W. 86th St., New York City. These stockings are used to make little shirts for babies abroad, and the society hopes to have 5,000 of these little garments overseas by the first of the year. No matter how worn your stockings are, Miss Farrar assures us that they will be acceptable.

Bessie Love has joined the Vitagraph Company and will be presented in a number of Blue Ribbon features, the first of which will appear in November.

Herbert Rawlinson has been signed by J. Stuart Blackton to play opposite Sylvia Breamer in "The Common Cause," the propaganda picture which the Commodore is producing under the auspices of the British-Canadian Recruiting Mission.

LILA LEE

Robert Gordon, who did such fine work as Huckleberry Finn and in the recent production of "Missing," expects to be called for service any time. This prevents him from making any contracts, but young Gordon feels that he must take a hand to help make the world safe for democracy.

Sylvia Breamer has arrived in New York and work is already under way on her newest picture, "The Common Cause."

Toto, the Pathé-Rolin clown, has gone into vaudeville. He will play the Orpheum circuit.

Harold Lloyd and Bebe Daniels recently entertained the soldiers at Camp Kearney by singing and dancing. Along with their appearances, one-reel Rolin comedies were thrown upon the screen. Talk about your dual performances!

The Goldwyn stars have music while they make up. **Geraldine Farrar** has a baby grand piano in her dressing-room, which accounts for the fact that the apartment is twice the size of any other under the big glass top.

"My Cousin Caruso," from the scenario of Margaret Turnbull, is **Caruso's** débutant picture. Carolina White is playing opposite him.

Al Ray has moved his wardrobe trunks to the Ince studios in Hollywood, where he is playing opposite Enid Bennett in her latest picture, "Where Do We Eat?"

Geraldine Farrar went to Wyoming for locations for her new Goldwyn picture, "The Hell Cat," written for her by Willard Mack.

Olive Tell, star of Metro's "Secret Strings," had a narrow escape from being badly burned when a black cloth placed over the lights to get a twilight effect caught on fire. Her leading-man, William J. Kelly, saved her.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is the proud wearer of a service star. His elder son, J. Stuart Blackton, at the age of twenty, is "over there" as a corporal in Battery E, Fifty-ninth Artillery Corps, American Expeditionary Forces.

Gustav Seyffertitz, a member of the Famous Players-Lasky, has adopted a new name. He will hereafter be known as G. Butler Clonebaugh, a name to which he has a perfect right, as it was his mother's maiden name.

After receiving his divorce in the Baltimore courts on the 26th of July, **Francis X. Bushman** married **Beverly Bayne** on the 29th of July. They spent a brief honeymoon on Mr. Bushman's estate.

The First National Exhibitors' Circuit is after the services of **Little Mary.** At present she has failed to reply to their offer, but after she considers the cash sum of $1,000,000 for a year's contract, she will probably look with favor upon it. The First National is certainly after filmdom's best. First Charlie, then Mary. Who's next?

The above question answers itself. Anita Stewart has adjusted her differences with the Vitagraph Company and will release her own productions thru the First National Exhibitors' Circuit. Every one has missed Anita, and her pictures will be eagerly watched for.

After being married for one year, **William Russell** and **Charlotte Burton** have agreed to disagree. Miss Burton asks for $350 a month alimony and Mr. Russell's automobile.

Ethel Barrymore, Metro star of "Our Mrs. McChesney," has in her supporting company Wilfred Lytell, brother of Bert Lytell and enough like him to be his twin.

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When the Boys Come Marching Home

(*Continued from page* 94)

in what is known as "Big Business." They are now and have been for some time past instituting big business methods in the conduct of their affairs. The scarcity of really competent men for directors, camera-men, technical workers, and scenario writers became so serious a short while ago, that the powers that be in the Motion Picture industry decided to turn to what "Big Business" has long ago found necessary. That is, to seek out good men and develop them. To choose them not for any knowledge of the stage, nor for any particular technical knowledge, but for the possession of peculiar talents and abilities which go to make the acquisition of Motion Picture knowledge easier. What the Motion Picture business wants is young men with energy, ambition, creative ability, and a strong inherent desire to work and work, as one executive puts it, "like hell."

With these attributes as a basis a good Motion Picture man, just as a good railroad man or a good steel man, can be made. Naturally such young men want to know what the Motion Picture industry offers.

There is a fascination about the Motion Picture business which I do not think any other industry offers at this time. Perhaps that is because it is so new and that there is always something for even the veteran to learn, while to the beginner it seems that every moment he comes upon some new angle of the game. In all my business experience, I have never come across such a group of workers as I have encountered in the picture business. Hardly a man that doesn't work fourteen hours a day, and the secret is that it is not work to them, but in reality play.

Financially, I think for the young man the Motion Picture offers opportunities unequaled in any of the other great industries. In my own branch, that of direction, the salaries range from $10,000 to $50,000 a year, and men like Griffith, DeMille and Sennett exceed even the latter figure.

The salary of an assistant director ranges from $50 to $100 a week. A camera-man may make anywhere from $100 to $200 a week. Laboratory workers earn from $50 to $100 a week. Scenario writers can command from $100 to $300 a week. Technical men, art directors, business office workers and publicity men range from $100 to $200 a week.

Now that the magnates have finally decided to go out and search for promising candidates for their industry, the progress will be, of course, much simplified. Personally, it took me a period of some seven years to work up from the position of property boy to the one I now hold, that of director.

Previous to entering the Motion Picture business I had absolutely no knowledge whatsoever of the studio. I had been engaged in so prosaic a business as that of public utilities, specializing in the collection of gas and electricity bills. After a number of years in Grand Rapids, my home town, the family came to Los Angeles and I had decided to enter some business in that city. I happened to be out at the old New York Motion Picture Company, which was located at that time in the Santa Monica mountains, and after a conversation with Fred Balshoefer, now president of the Yorke Metro Company, decided that there was indeed, as he had stated, a good future in store for the films. I was engaged as property man, and held this position for several months. The experience has proven invaluable to me in my later work. I was then given a chance as assistant cameraman and began the study of Motion Picture photography which I have found most fascinating, and upon which I am still engaged. In a short while I became a camera-man and remained such for several years until I was made an assistant director. About this time I saw that if I were to make the next step, which was to become a director, I would have to have some knowledge of dramatic technique. Accordingly by watching many of the famous actors, who were then turning their attentions toward the cinema for the first time, I picked up a great deal. I supplemented this with talks with former stage directors, and a great amount of study. Consequently when Thomas H. Ince gave me an opportunity of directing a picture, I was very well equipped, having worked in every branch of the production end of the business.

I feel that what little success I have had is due to the fact that I started at the bottom and learnt the picture business and not the legitimate stage business. Directors who come to the pictures from the stage have a great deal to unlearn, and for that reason, I believe the directors of the future will be developed right in the picture business and not recruited from the stage as has been the case heretofore.

Another thing I have found of great help is my business experience. Many an otherwise competent director has been unsuccessful because he has not considered the business end of his production. When a director is intrusted with a script, he must realize that in his hands is a valuable property. Delay means thousands of dollars and the allowing of artistic ambitions to run wild means many thousands more. A Motion Picture after all is like any other manufactured property; it is made for so much and sells for so much. Naturally, a director who turns out a product costing far above any possible selling price, is not popular.

I certainly hope my friend, as well as many of his companions, will give the picture business favorable consideration as I am sure it is quite capable of paying the price necessary fully to compensate men with brains, energy, ambition, and a fixed purpose in life.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 81)

the sun," we thought there was nothing that could possibly be new about "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for it had not only been done on the stage thousands of times, but had also been put into pictures. Which only goes to show that we do not always know—everything. (This being duly impressed on our mind also last month, when we discovered ourself quoted as saying Ibsen had no philosophy. We *know* better than that, and we do hope no one took the printed mistake seriously.) But to continue. Paramount *did* find something new under the sun about "Uncle Tom's Cabin." They had Marguerite Clark double for Little Eva and Topsy. Never has this been done before to our knowledge. Aside from which there is little added value in the production.

"A SUCCESSFUL ADVENTURE" (METRO)

Many people speak about the star system being on the wane. Sometimes I tremble to think of what a picture would be without a star. This, "A Successful Adventure," is a case in point. Were it not for May Allison, her beauty and the clever little way she has of getting the comedy touches over, this picture would reach only the dead-level of monotony. The story of a Southern girl who goes North to play maid to her uncle in order to reconcile him with her father, and incidentally saves—ah, yes, his codebook from society thieves, is frankly hackneyed. It is in the quaint comedy situations that it is saved from the frightful offense of being boring. And it is May Allison that does the saving. Metro should be correspondingly grateful. Harry Hilliard made a pleasant hero.

"BACK TO THE WOODS" (GOLDWYN)

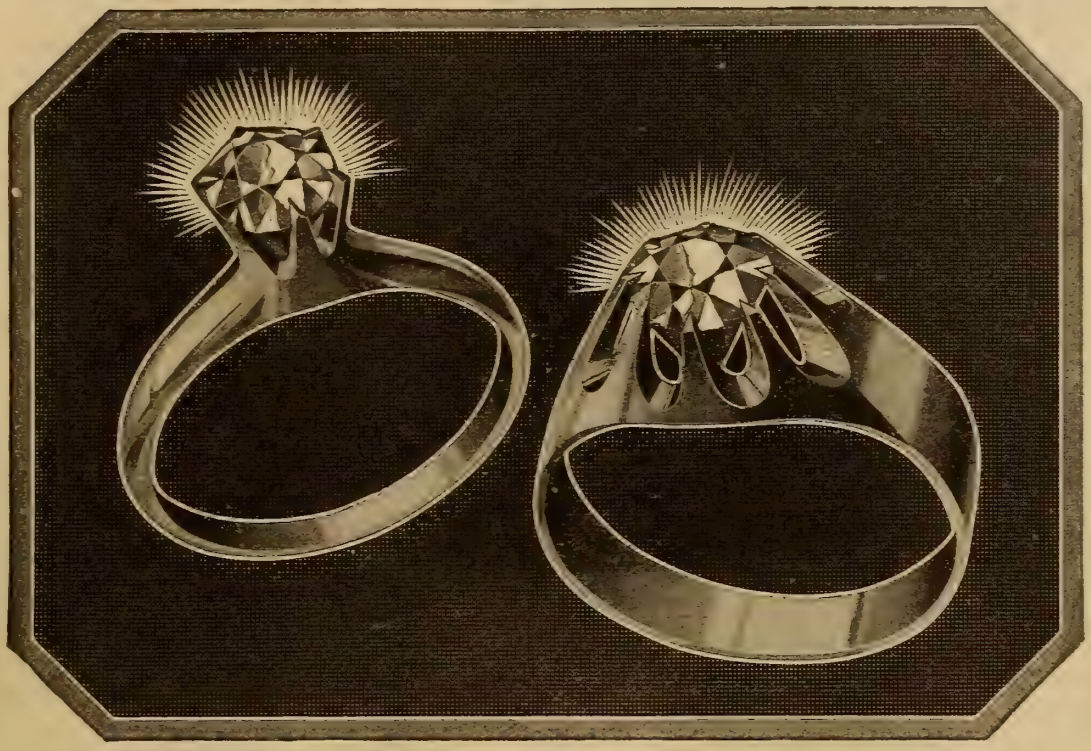
They say a rolling stone gathers no moss, but the story of this latest picture of the Normand has rolled thru so many movies it must be hoary with age. Yet it has several clever twists and a corking fine leading-man in its favor. The leading-man being Herbert Rawlinson, and when you see him stride thru the woods you will wonder that Mabel let him get away from her even for one moment. You see, Mabel found him in the woods, where she was masquerading as a schoolmarm. Also he was masquerading as a hunter, while in reality he was an author seeking new material for his new novel. Mabel gave it to him a-plenty. The subtitles were altogether too long and numerous.

"LESS THAN KIN" (PARAMOUNT)

Wally Reid has a great deal of excitement in this, his latest picture. He takes the part of a young American who is exiled from home on account of a false charge of murder. In Honduras he meets a man who is his precise double and conveniently shuffles off this earthly coil. Whereupon Wally takes possession of his "papers," including some very interesting photographs of young Reid taken when he was a youngster, and equally interesting ones of Ann Little. Our hero returns to New York in the dead man's shoes, only to discover how mighty uncomfortable another person's boots can be, for he runs into all the results of the other man's past. There were several points about this production which could have been improved. The fire scene is not timed as well as it might be, and the dirt which Wally accumulates on his handsome countenance while rescuing Ann is placed in entirely different spots when he appears in the interior. Outside of this and the perpetual showing of Ann Little's child photograph, you will find this a snappy little surprise party.

"THE KID IS CLEVER" (FOX)

For the sake of George Walsh, who holds a position all his very own in pictures, one cannot help wishing that Mr. Fox would procure some better stories for him than this. There is no better athlete on the whole silversheet than George Walsh, and he should be given greater opportunities to display his powers than this provides him with. Supposed to be the effort of a cook-director to make a feature film, with George Walsh as the star, Walsh gets across the few really comic situations there are. The subtitles are obviously funny and help the whole.



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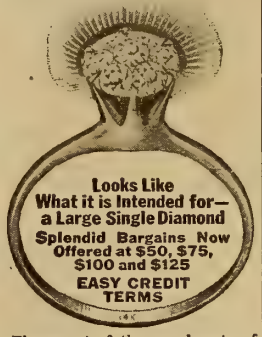

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The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 91*)

DAISY O.—You want a picture of Robert McKim in the Gallery. You certainly have your troubles. I have mine, too, but not with the ice-man. Will the ice-man ever see the error of his weighs? *Au revoir,* but not good-by.

NELLIE B.—Some players do write letters to their admirers, but they really haven't the time. Norma Talmadge never played on the stage. Louise Glaum played in "Wedlock."

BETSIE.—You ask where you can buy Liberty Bonds without leaving Canada. Any of the banks in the U. S. Marshall Neilan in that play. But at the close of each day you should carefully review your conduct.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—I haven't been to an old-fashioned square-dance for some time now. I do certainly like the Virginia reel—it sounds like pictures. Your letter was mighty interesting.

J. G., FOREIGNER.—Just go to your postmaster and tell him you want the equivalent of $3.00, in U. S. money. "The Naughtiest Day of My Life" was written by Helen Hunt Jackson.

GLADYS L.—Charles Gunn is with Triangle. Baby Marie Osborne played in "The Voice of Destiny." No, you're right; it aint no fun to be a king any more, except in the movies. Write in again some time.

TASSY, 16.—Do more than your bit—the Editor says do your might. You say if I were 76, my brains wouldn't be sharp enough to answer the questions I do. I file and sandpaper them down occasionally.

CYRIL S., SYD MC. and WOOD VIOLET.—You put only one penny on your letters and that is not enough. Please see that sufficient postage is on your mail to America.

C. M.; SYD MCK.; GWEND; WINOLA A.; I. M. E.; A. T.; HANNIS J. T.; MISS R.; MILTON SILLS ADMIRER; PAUL C. G.; RICHARD B.; H. K. E.; EULALIE P.; ALOHA OE; and OLD DAKOTA PAL.—I'm sorry, indeed, I cant answer you individually, but your questions have been answered elsewhere in this department.

I'M PEGGY.—I believe the old Lubin studio is in operation now, but not under the name of Lubin. Well, to watch most people plan for the future, you'd think they had a thousand years to live. I'm not doing much planning for the future—all for the present.

THELMA.—It's funny indeed to watch the letters I receive. One girl starts off by saying she doesn't want to get in the movies, and the next letter starts, "Can you help me to become an actress?" If you were in my place for half an hour you would then realize what the troubles of an Answer Man are. Gordon Griffith is the boy born with a laugh in "Under the Top."

N. C. TAR HEEL.—Yes, you can reach Norma Talmadge at 729 Seventh Ave., New York. I'm sure she will write you. Yes, indeed, pride is a forward spring and an early fall.

GEORGE WALSH FAN.—Kenneth Harlan is five feet eleven, weighs 165 and is 23. The total immigration into the United States in 1913 was 1,197,892; in 1914, 1,218,480; in 1915, 326,700; in 1916, 298,826.

FLATBUSH FLOSSIE.—There are no health resorts for a guilty conscience. Hoboken and Canarsie are excellent health resorts. Mary Pickford did not stop in on her last trip. Chaplin has never been in to see us. No, indeed, never too old to yearn.

PICTURE CRAZY.—What cow furnished the hide for Charlie Chaplin's shoes? Skidding there, infant. I observe that the foolish questioners aren't all dead yet. "Ben Hur" cant be done in pictures; the rights cant be obtained. But "Her Ben" can.

BASHFUL, 15.—Juanita Hansen is with Universal. Surely I want you to come again. G. O. P. means Grand Old Party, a nickname for the Republicans. G. A. R. means Grand Army of the Republic.

MARY T. M.—You say you have no time. Avast, there, shipmate! Then you are very poor, for time, my friend, is money. You will find this department deep, but longer than it is deep, and longer than it is longed for. The Editor gives me only a limited number of pages to fill, and I have to fill them with the most important of thousands of items—not room for all. At the end of the week he hands me a little piece of paper with his name on it for the time spent, which I exchange for long greens. Oh, yes, pictures are being shown at the Y. M. C. A. camps.

HOOSIER GIRL.—Men of principle are fine, but you cant live with a principle—you can with a cheerful disposition. You want to see more about Clara K. Young. You know we try to give them all what they deserve. Violet Mersereau never did marry that chap. Ormi Hawley and Edwin August are both playing.

CECELIA.—No, that's not so, for the Germans first used gas in April, 1915. General Putz was in command of the Germans at Langemarck, and it was by him that this barbarous warfare was introduced. The English retaliated in the offensive of September, 1915. I know, but we may often regret our speech, but never our silence. Hence, that's why I dont say anything.

MARIE S.—Ask your question over again, and I will look it up.

SPECK.—Thanks for the fee. That's right, buy Thrift Stamps and donate to the Red Cross. Dont know why you dont hear from Pearl White.

QUEENIE.—Paper printing was invented by John Gutenberg, who was born at Mainz, Germany, in 1410. Gutenberg's Bible was the first printed book in all the world. Write to that player in care of Universal.

BOB A.—Nothing doing on my picture. Speaking of non-essentials, that let's me out. *Charmante.*

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—I think "The Clutching Hand" was the most-talked-of serial, altho "The Perils of Pauline" and "The Exploits of Elaine" have not been forgotten. Men say of women what pleases them; women do with men what pleases them. They haven't got me yet. You know it is said of the man and of the nation, that the one that is slow in starting to fight is often slowest at quitting.

HARRY S. B.—I read every word of your letter, and it was mighty fine. Thanks for all the very fine things you say about me.

BROOKLYNITE.—Albert Roscoe was Pharon in "Cleopatra" (Fox). Pauline Curley in "Her Boy." Ramsey Wallace in "Woman and the Law." Charles Ray and Rhea Mitchell in "The Blindness of Divorce." There is a Charles Chaplin artist who has paintings in the Luxembourg. Because that player isn't spoken of much doesn't say that he is abused. Perhaps he hasn't quite "arrived" or has joined the "has been" class.

FRESIA Z.—Back to life—Bliss Milford, of Edison fame, Guy Coombs, of Kalem fame, and Margaret McWade are among those in support of Viola Dana in a new Metro play. Fritzi Brunette is with Universal. No, I always shave myself.

FRANK F.—Your name has been taken by some one else, so you had better get a new one or have this one copyrighted. I have always found that men declare their love before they feel it, and women confess theirs only after they have proved it. Anna Nilsson played the part of Alavis Austin in "Heart of the Sunset."

JUNE H.—Yes, it is true that Caruso is in, and is now completing his first picture. If you wrote that essay yourself, you are a genius. Wish I could publish it here. Yes, you bet men would be saints if they loved God as they do women.

MISS E. H., SYDNEY.—Patsy Deforest at this time is playing on the stage in "Maytime." Ann Little and Wallace Reid in "The Firefly of France." Creighton Hale and Gladys Hulette in "For Sale." I like to argue some, but a man fond of disputing will, in time, have few friends to dispute with.

GRAYCE V. K.—Celluloid, from which many toilet articles and films are made, is composed from cellulose found in cotton cloth or raw cotton. It is treated with a solution of nitric acid, which forms it into a pulp very much like paper. When washed with water the acid is removed. It is partially hardened, and camphor gum is mixed with it, when it is rolled into sheets and thoroly dried. In order to manipulate it, it is softened by steam and then hardened by drying. It is very inflammable.

ARLINE C.—Speaking of punctuation, if we ever draw the line on Eve's conduct, it should be when she made a dash after Adam. Alas, alas! 'tis true, 'tis true! True 'tis, 'tis pity, and pity 'tis 'tis true. Bertram Grassby in "The Devil's Wheel." Albert Roscoe in that Fox. You refer to Genevieve Tobin. The word Rialto is the name of the famous bridge in Venice, and Rivoli is taken from a celebrated thorofare in Paris. Both words are of Italian origin.

EDWIN W.—"Fettered Woman," "Woman Between Friends" and "The Song of the Soul" for Alice Joyce. Norman Kaiser was the captain.

U-CHASER.—Go after them. Thanhouser produced "The Vicar of Wakefield." Write to me often; misery likes company, you know. Why, a Socialist believes in public ownership of the means of production. An Anarchist is opposed to all law or government, except that proceeding from the individual.

JOSEPH O. G.—Some questions you ask! Bessie Love and John Emerson in "The Flying Torpedo." Herbert Tree and Constance Collier in "Macbeth," and Ella Hall and Walter Belasco in "Jewel in Pawn." You know they say the older the more foolish.

FAY C.—Well, a philosopher is one who says simple things finely and fine things simply. Harry Morey was Robert and Betty Blythe was Elaine in "A Game of Fate." You're right; alcoholic spirits have taken a back seat. Patriotic spirit is the national stimulant these days.

THU JAYS.—Thanks for the Thrift Stamp. Your nonsense verse was mighty funny, and I wish I could have used it. Let me hear from you again.

MARY Z.—Kenneth Harlan, 40th Division, Camp Kearney, Linda Vista, Cal. I would advise you not to study to be a photoplayer, unless you are sure you are a genius in that line. Yes, in our time there is a marked return toward idealistic and mystic inspiration.

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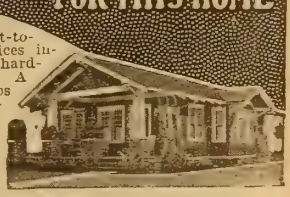

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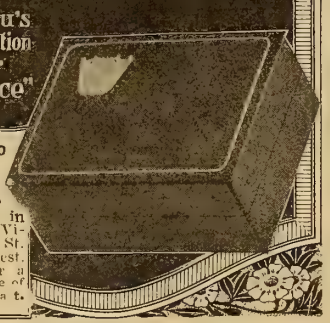

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Our Animated Monthly of Movie News

(*Continued from page* 99)

he's wearing the khaki at Camp Kearney. His last picture before leaving Los was "Mating Time," done with Rupert Julian. Speaking of camp experiences, Kenneth got a letter from a friend already in France, who said that their chief diversion in trenches is catching "cooties" and trading a coupla little ones for one big one. Then they race the gray crawlers and bet on the winner. They do say it beats checkers, but that may be only "biting" sarcasm.

Kathleen Kirkham is a graduate of the Cumnock School of Art, Los Angeles, which has turned out lots of our film players. She has played all sorts of parts and resigned a fortune of one hundred thou' left by Jacob Leisner, of Menominee, Wisconsin, her grandfather, because the old gentleman inserted a provision making the legacy conditional on her giving up stage and screen forever. Well, Kathleen has been forging ahead and will have a fortune of her own soon. She preferred acting to a ready-made bank account, so you may know she loves to *act!*

Vivian Martin is keeping herself and the other players cool these summer nights by a *Martini* Cocktail which isn't really a cocktail a-tall. But it is luscious fizz-water. This is how Miss Martin evolves the Martini: One ounce apple-ju, one-half lemon and bit of peel, one-half ounce simple syrup, a half sliced orange, cherry, and carbonated water plus cracked ice. This makes a tall glassful.

Thomas Forman, now First Lieutenant, is in Los Angeles en route to Vancouver, Washington. Tom enlisted as a private less than a year ago, and last June received his commission. Shows that a good actor makes a good soldier.

William D. Taylor, who often directed Mary Pickford, and who is president of the Moving Picture Directors' Association, has enlisted in the British Army and has left for London.

How many, many times have we seen the name of Walter Stradling as cameraman on the Lasky pictures! The very last time has come, for after finishing "Hit the Trail Holliday," Mr. Stradling succumbed to pneumonia, in the East.

Baby Marie Osborne has made her first box of fudge, and it was a five-pounder at that. She has had letters from Harry McPherson, formerly working for her, now in training at Sackett's Harbor, New York, and wanted to send him something very ultra. Mr. McPherson will be remembered as the youngster's assistant director.

Charlie Chaplin received the historic "Green Room Cake" this year. For the first time in history, this cake has gone to a mere male. The cake is donated by the Green Room Magazine of Australia, and usually a very beautiful actress received the delectable monster. However, the Australians voted on Charlie's "Dog's Life" as being the best output of the season, and gave him the prize.

The boys of Company I, 364th Ill. Infantry, Camp Lewis, sent Theda Bara their mascot, a baby bear, as they are leaving soon for France and cant leave the orphan to starve.

Mary Pickford has received contract offers from Pathé, Goldwyn, First National Exhibitors, and Sherman, all in excess of her recently expired contract with Famous Players and Paramount. Prior to her Artcraft contract, Miss Pickford drew four thousand weekly, but that two-year gold mine netted Mary a million dollars in salary and a percentage of profits. Not a soul knows just where she will tie up next, but she is taking a summer vacation as much incog as it is possible for the Curlilox to be.

There is a rumor that Charlie Ray gives at least five hundred dollars weekly in small charities, helping out people who need momentary assistance, establishing others in better home surroundings to give them a start in life, and providing clothing for men who could get positions if suitably clad. All this is in addition to his many contributions for the various war funds—and it wasn't a press agent who parted with the news, either!

Eugene Pallette is in training camp at Berkeley now; he enlisted in the Aviation Corps last winter.

Raymond Hatton, Jimmie Cruze and Fred Stone have been enjoying life on location. Lasky has been using lots of extras lately, grown-ups and kiddies.

With the closing of the baseball season in Los Angeles, it is decreed that all players must fight or work at some other occupation. Do you remember when Sid Farrar, father of Gerry, was known from coast to coast and fairly worshiped for his ability on the diamond? Wouldn't it have made him peevish to see the way Motion Picture actors are exempted from the fight or work plan while his cotwirlers come under its sway? Popular opinion and the force of woman's vote have caused this change to some extent, for everybody wants the movies, whereas only a limited number, especially of the deadly of the species, insist on baseball. Besides, we can keep warm and dry in the Motion Picture houses all winter, but baseball is but for a short season—it never can appeal to the general public like the film. A good many of the younger men's mothers in Los Angeles breathed a sigh of relief to think their means of support would not be cut off, and the fans are pleased to think that certain famous players will be free to remain at the studios.

Flower of the Dusk

(*Continued from page* 41)

Summer nights, secret meetings, young hearts, a smothered word, a broken sob. This is how love came, hopelessly, to Lawrence and Constance. They believed that their souls were meant for each other, and since their love could never be fulfilled on this earth, they longed for—the way out.

One morning Constance walked to her favorite nook—and never left it. They found her there, still and quiet.

A few weeks after Lawrence Austin died—just died.

But the belief of Lawrence and Constance lived on. A love as great as theirs cannot die, and when years later, Barbara, the daughter of Constance, and Roger, the son of Lawrence, met and, in spite of obstacles, married, then at last the two twin souls were satisfied.

SONNY.—M. Gaston de Tolignac wrote "Hearts of the World." You're on a deep subject, but Cicero says: "The poet is born such; the orator is made such; but reading books of rhetoric and eloquent extracts, choice morsels of poetry and eloquence, will never make one an orator."

CLAUDE A. D.—Always in case of fainting, place flat on back, allow fresh air and sprinkle with water. Remember that for the next time. William Desmond was Jack in "Closin' In."

YVONNE.—Said Columbus to the Kaiser, "Dont you think you have adopted a rather expensive way of discovering America?" Some joke of yours. You also say the Kaiser is afraid to have his aching tooth pulled on account of the Yanks. Truly, I would say the gods hath made thee humorous.

JANE NOVAK ADMIRER.—Wanda Hawley is with Paramount, and I am sure she will write to you. No, I haven't Sydell Dowling's present whereabouts. Edna Mayo isn't playing now. Well, we are all born crying, live complaining and die disappointed.

MILDRED C.—You ask if players send their pictures. I know that most players will, but you should enclose the 25 cents compensation. You're right; what a good many people need is more faith in themselves.

HELEN R.—You say I'm the greatest question going. You're some clever child, Helen. Robert Chambers wrote "The Danger Mark." Yes, Elsie Ferguson had the lead.

UNSIGNED.—You ask how a cow that is red can eat green grass, give white milk which makes yellow butter. I dont know—ask the cow. You are *hors d'oeuvre*.

M'LISS.—Your letter was indeed sad. Since you have set your goal, why not try to attain it? But be sure you are right, then go ahead. I wish I could help you. Kia Ora.

PEGGY O.—I'll have to start a department for the soft, lovelorn ones. Yours was all about Eugene O'Brien.

PAULINE S.—Be of good cheer; it is I, be not afraid. Ann Pennington was born in Delaware, 1895. Tom Forman was born in Texas. Eileen Percy was in "The Empty Cab." Some predicament, I'll admit. Thanks for the clipping.

VIOLA T.—I cant help it if I am old. Can the Ethiopian change his skin, or the leopard his spots? So you think I earn about $30 a week. Do you really think I am worth all that? I shall tell the Editor and ask for a raise. Let me hear from you again.

SILVER SPURS.—You say the vampire in "Paradise Garden" was repulsive. You say refinement is stamped indelibly on Niles Welch's face. Niles, thank the lady.

MOLLY O. O.—You say I have dragged you from the depths tonight. I thank my stars—that's one mark in my favor. You know you will never get into heaven if you dont try to take somebody with you.

LATRELLE DOOLITTLE.—No, Lillian. Well, what's the use of complaining? If people got all they paid for they wouldn't want to spend any more money. I agree with you about the music at some of our picture theaters. I also agree with Martin Luther, who once said that the devil cannot stand music. It is quite certain that he could not stand some of the music which I am compelled to stand.

L. C. N.—Sure, I make a good deal of noise, but I dont cackle, so I'm not a hen. I crow not, neither do I sin. Robert Gordon was George in "Missing."

HARRIETTE T. D.—Please hire a hall; or, better, get a publisher. Lordy, such kwestions! Come and see me again when I have more time.

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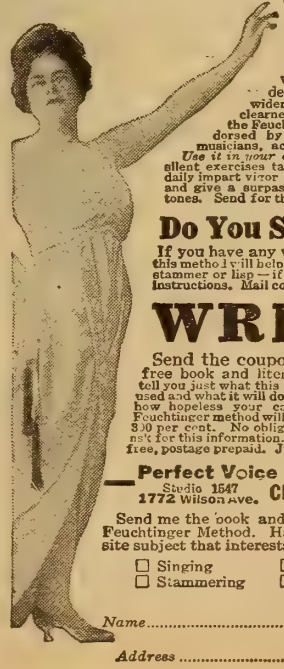

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Irving Cummings, Every Inch an Actor

(*Continued from page* 43)

"You look perfectly well," we said, in a are-you-spoofing manner.

"I am—I am," he spoke reassuringly, and invested the simple words with such a dignity, he must have meant much more. "It was my car that was disabled. An operation had to be performed on her rear tire."

"Oh," we said, "that must have been painful—poor old girl!"

And then Irving Cummings laughed, and somehow we could visualize how that laugh would sound over the footlights. It was cultivated, dramatic and musical.

He went on to tell us that he was the only actor who never sought publicity (that's what they all say), that he enjoyed meeting writers socially, but the most inane and boring thing in the world was to have an interviewer look up into his eyes and lisp, "Oh, Mr. Cummings, what time do you have breakfast?"

Mentally we formulated a vow that never, never would we again call ourself an interviewer, and mentally we thanked a kind Providence that we had been separated from a lisp at the early age of three. But the looking up into the eyes business—well, just as an experiment, we tried it, and the brown eyes looked at us compellingly, implyingly, as much as to say, "Of course, you are—different——" A good actor's eyes!

"And"—in spite of the story his eyes were telling, Irving Cummings' lips continued the story they intended should be related—"interviewers always say, 'Oh, Mr. Cummings, you are so handsome.' Now take your Wally Reids, your Carlyle Blackwells, and you have handsome men. There are many, many others also. But you yourself *know I* am *NOT* a handsome man."

"Of course not, of course not," we lied soothingly. Indeed, at that moment so forceful was his personality we would have agreed to anything he had said, and, after all, what is a little social lie when it keeps the atmosphere congenial?

"And," he continued, "*I* am not afraid to get mussed up; in fact, I like to get mussed up—in a picture. If I have a fight to do or a rough-neck character to portray, I like to get right into it. None of your pretty bow-ties and Willy-boy portrayals for *me.*"

Irving Cummings began his career as a boy of twelve in the Columbia Bank in New York City. A few years later he took up his real work, that of being an actor, and was always a success—that is, a comfortable success (he admits this himself), and we were glad to discover an actor who told the truth.

Mr. Cummings is one of the newlyweds of our screen. We could tell you the story ourself, but it is much more colorful and meaningful when told in his own words.

"Oh, yes, I am married," confided Mr. Cummings, "and happily married at that. I still thrill at the touch of my wife's hand, and I know that it will be that way three years, ten years hence. You see there is the boy, and there is nothing like children to keep two people interested in each other. They have so many changes—little children, you know. Having had one all of four months, I guess I ought to be an authority on the subject. I love beautiful women, so you can guess my wife is beautiful. I admire brains, too, but then *my* wife has brains as well. Her name? Ruth Sinclair—of course you have heard of her.

"Do I like pictures? Certainly, because they give a wider scope than the stage. Instead of playing to only a thousand people in an evening, I can play to millions. And yet they have their sad side—I might say tragic side. That is the failure. This was called to my attention the other day when we were taking a mob scene. I stood on a platform addressing a great crowd, when suddenly among the number I noticed an old man. Once upon a time that man had been as big a star as any of us. Then he disappeared, and now—there he was playing his bit for a couple of dollars for his daily bread. When the scene was over he tried to sneak away unnoticed. I stepped down and stopped just long enough to pat him on the back and say I was glad to see him, ignoring the fact that he was only an extra, and even then he slunk away from me as quickly as possible. In his case it was drink; in many other instances even lesser weaknesses have caused the downfall. No one ever hears about them, these failures—they just drop out.

"How long have I been in pictures? Nine years, and in that time I have made love to practically every star in the business. Dont be shocked—purely for picture purposes, I assure you. They say I taught Kitty Gordon how to make love—in pictures—and I have made love to Pauline Frederick, Marguerite Clark, Lottie Pickford, Nazimova, Ethel Barrymore and many, many others that I cant even remember. ('Twas ever thus with man, even in pictures.) Of them all, I really loved Ethel Barrymore, with a deep admiration, understand. She is quite the most wonderful woman on the stage. A delicious sense of humor is her greatest charm."

As we departed he warned us to be sure and mention the fact that he was really proud of "The Whip" because in that he had given the soldiers a real thrill. The picture has been shown in all the camps in England, France and America.

As we said farewell on the corner of Forty-second Street and Broadway, a bevy of giggling girls passed and repassed, admiring the handsome actor.

"It is *so* embarrassing to be recognized everywhere," remarked Irving Cummings.

Standing there on the steps of the Times Building, there was something in his pose of the superb hauteur of the toreador. He was the conquering hero—and Broadway was his arena.

One must like Irving Cummings.

For Irving Cummings is such a good actor.

A PEARL, PLEASE

Sessue Hayakawa receives requests constantly for all sorts of things.

"If I were to comply with the numerous requests for a lock of my hair," he said the other day, while discussing the matter, "I'd be bald in a short time."

One young lady admirer writes the Japanese actor this week for his discarded silk shirts, which, she says, she "will utilize for sofa cushions," and another asks for his old cravats, which she will convert into "crazy curtains."

"But here's one that tops them all," said Hayakawa. The writer tells Hayakawa of her admiration for him in his picture, "Hidden Pearls," and says her gratitude will know no bounds if he will only send her "one of the pearls as a souvenir."

MOLLIE KING FAN.—Thanks, kind of you. As I have always said, ask and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you—provided you do the right kind of knocking.

CALICO MABS.—Just you sit up and take notice that you should shun idleness; it is the rust that attaches itself to the most brilliant metals. Arthur Ashley is with World. Yes, Edith Johnson was Jean in "Flames of Peril."

GLADYS H.—Yes there is. Well, I'll say this much—marriage is often merely a convenience—a somewhat clumsy contrivance to tide over a social difficulty. So you kinda like Roy Stewart.

ALTHAN J.—Thanks for the picture, sorry I cant help you.

STUYVESANT.—It hasn't been announced as yet. It may be all right to you, but what the verse lacks in depth it makes up in length. The Jain Temple at Calcutta, India, is the most beautiful building in the world. Every square foot of the surface is decorated as tho it were a jewel-box with fine little pieces of mosaic, marble and glass, so that it shines in the sun as tho it were covered with diamonds.

NILES WELCH FOREVER.—Yes, Dell Boone played in "Shame." You say, like Underwood, the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the magazine you will eventually buy. Allah be praised!

CECELIA.—Well, dont listen to scandal if you dont want to circulate it. J. A. Furey in "The Beloved Traitor." H. Cooper Cliffe and Theda Bara in "The Gold and the Woman."

SUSANNE W.—Mabel Bardine was Bess, and Rita Bori was Dolly in "The Heart of a Lion." You say you are an ancient subscriber? Good! Then we are both ancients. Well, my idea of hard luck is to have opportunity knock just as I am ready to go fishing.

CELIA M.—"The Christian" was produced some five or six years ago. Well, Spanish dances were quite popular in vaudeville last season. I remember Carmencita very well, and I have not seen her equal since. The reason that Spanish dancers catch so many big fish is because they castanet. Yet many are pulled in by an Irish reel.

A. O. B.—Glad to hear from you. You say, "Please dont think my letter is soft soap composed of lie." No, I dont, but it was a wee bit wishy-washy. Dont blame me when you dont get the interview you're looking for. I am not the managing editor—your quarrel is with him.

U-53.—Your letters are a tonic. I use them for a breakfast appetizer. Send me some more, O U-53.

HYLANDER.—You say William Hart is *comme il faut*. and add, "Would you please tell me the reason why you are so gifted with wit, wisdom and brains, while there are so many people who are half-witted in this world, who, if they had a small corner of your brains, would be using them to good advantage?" This is much too much. I feel faint!

TOMMY.—So you have black eyes. Sorry to hear that. A black eye requires more explanations than any other color scheme I know of. Surely, you will see Tom Forman in pictures after the war is over.

GORDON C. S.—Pauline Frederick stopped at the Great Northern Hotel some time ago. I really dont know whether Bill Farnum could lick Bill Hart or not. Speaking of fighters, King Ferd of Bulgaria announces that married men in his army are better fighters than the single men. Well, they ought to be; they have had more experience.

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Colorado	35,060	New Mexico	6,760
Connecticut	34,140	New York	217,040
Delaware	4,600	North Carolina	134,760
Dist. of Columbia	9,280	North Dakota	6,600
Florida	9,780	Ohio	116,200
Georgia	9,480	Oklahoma	8,320
Idaho	10,720	Oregon	15,600
Illinois	296,840	Pennsylvania	170,720
Indiana	55,520	Rhode Island	13,280
Iowa	40,100	South Carolina	8,720
Kansas	26,000	South Dakota	6,760
Kentucky	9,730	Tennessee	15,020
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The Race-Horse Rose

(*Continued from page 69*)

a little cold snack instead of goin' out and huntin' a eating-house, and we all went to bed early.

The next morning we was woke up by the singin' of birds, and the sun was shinin' in the windows in a way that give me a funny little stop-a-minute feelin' in my chest, I was so glad to be alive. Peekin' in at the sash was some wonderful magenta-colored blossoms that we afterward found out was called "Bougenvillyer."

Pa was as chipper as anything, and him and Tom talked about the ships and the view while I got breakfast in the little toy kitchen, and as soon as it was over and I'd washed up and made the beds we started out for the Exposition.

I just aint got words to describe that Exposition. The advertisements called it a "dream city," and that's just what it was. You must come over some time and let me show you the pictures. We brought home several albums and packs of post-cards. You've seen that big framed picture of the tower that we brought to Ned's wife, the one with the mother-of-pearl inlay for lights. She has it hanging right over the mantel-shelf in the parlor. I never saw a body so tickled with anything.

We started out and took in everything. Pa said he didn't aim to miss a lick.

We'd been looking at the exhibits for quite a spell, when I got up my nerve and went up to one of those guards in blue uniforms and asks him: "Excuse me, mister, but do they have any race-horse roses here?"

He looked surprised and said: "The races take place down in Teewanna, down in Mexico, madam."

"Not race-horses," I says, "but roses; new-fangled roses that bloom while you watch 'em," I says.

"Oh," he says, right off, "the roses are back of the organ pavilion, madam; I'll show you the way."

I gathered up pa and Tom and we followed him down to where the big organ was, and thru a row of white pillars that they called a "pair of stiles," I reckon because they was somewhat like stiles, for we went up some steps and then down some steps on the other side, like a body goes over a fence, and there was a pair of 'em, one on each side of the organ.

Sure enough, we come to a garden that was just a sea of roses of every color under the dome of the sky! I declare I never saw so many roses to once, unless it was at old man Graham's funeral.

The guard says to us: "Wait here a moment and I'll get Miss Moore, who cares for the roses. She'll explain about them and tell you their names."

He wasn't gone no time 'til we see him coming back up the path between the rows of heavy-headed roses, and alongside of him the prettiest young girl I think I ever see in all my life. She was dressed all in white, with white shoes, and didn't have no hat on, and her hair, with the sun on it, was just like spun gold and all wavy. With the blue ocean behind her and the roses all around her, she was a perfect picture.

I heard Tom draw in his breath quick-like, and he said to me soft: "Ma, it's the same girl!"

And, sure enough, it was the very same girl we'd seen pickin' roses in the picture-show back home. How devious is the ways of the Lord!

I dont know when I've took to a body like I did to that girl. She was so sweet and appealin' that I couldn't help it, and when she looked up at me her big eyes looked so sorry, like Tom had said, that I couldn't help but feel that the poor little thing needed mothering. For all her bein' so pretty, she looked tired-like and puny, like she wasn't real well.

She was awful polite and kind and showed us all around. I was disappointed to find out that there wasn't no roses like I'd thought, but I still believe that if Mr. Burbank wanted to he could make one.

When we was leavin' to go to dinner, I shook hands with Miss Moore and thanked her, and when she looked up at me with her sweet, serious eyes, I just bust right out. "Dearie," I said, "I'd just like to take you home with us."

She colored up, and I declare if the tears didn't well up in her eyes! "Oh, I wish you could!" she said.

I had a feelin' that she was in trouble, and I couldn't get her out of my mind all day.

After we'd had our dinner we got separated from Tom somehow, and me and pa went on lookin' at the exhibits. It said on the program that there was to be a concert on the organ at four o'clock, so we went back there to listen to it, and pa was glad to set down. He'd wore a blister on his foot a-wearin' his new shoes. I'd told him not to wear them that mornin', for I knew we'd do a lot of walkin' and they wasn't broke in, but he wouldn't listen to me. We set down on the balluster of one of the "pair of stiles," where we had a good view of the organ and the bay, too, and we could see right down into the rose-garden. Pa took off his shoe to ease his foot, and I leaned back against the pillar, for I was clean tuckered out.

"Pa," I says—lookin' out over the bay where the sun was beginning to go down behind some fleecy, piled-up clouds—"pa," I says, "if the folks back home could only see what a good time we're havin'!"

Then the organ begun playin' somethin' soft and the sky begun turnin' pink behind some tall, swayin' eucalyptus trees, and I couldn't think of anything but the words, "The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

They didn't play the big organ, but used a little one out on the stage in front. I guess the big one must have been out of order. The music sounded beautiful, tho, and me and pa was simply carried away with it. I kept wishin' our pastor's wife could hear it.

A-settin' there in the peace and quiet of the sunset, with the cool salt air a-blowin' in from the sea, I got to studyin' about that pretty little rose-girl, and I happened to look down in the garden to see if I could see her, when, land o' Goshen! you could of knocked me over with a feather.

There, in the midst of the roses, she sat on a long stone bench, and beside her, lookin' like a love-sick calf, was Tom. So that's where he'd been ever since dinner.

Honest, I never was so took aback in my life, but I had sense enough not to let pa know. He rears and tears so.

Tom, the young rascal, he'd actually fell head over ears in love with a Movin' Picture!

After the concert I had an awful time gettin' pa home without Tom. He was bound and determined to wait for him and I was bound and determined he wasn't goin' to. As usual, I got my way. We had supper on the grounds and went on back to the apartment. Pa bathed his foot in arnica and went on to bed in the sideboard. I got on my wrapper and set up by the window waitin' for Tom to come in.

There was a little dull rose-color left down near the edge where the sky come down to the ocean and Point Loma stuck out soft and purple against it. The stars was out thick and you could hardly tell where they left off, and the city lights begun, and the lights on the bay, reflected down into the water, looked for all the world like big diamond stick-pins.

Tom wasn't very late and when he come in it was so dark he didn't see me at first. So when he passed me I reached and caught his hand. He jumped like he was shot and then laughed.

I looked up at him and said, "Oh, Tom," and he knew I knew.

He dropped down on his knees beside my chair and I could just barely see his eager face in the gloom.

"Oh, ma," he says—his deep voice fairly singin'—"oh, ma, she is so wonderful! Do you suppose she could care for a big hulk like me?"

"Well," I says, "she'd be a little fool if she didn't"; and I thought of his six feet of clean manhood and his big, gentle soul. My baby Tom, with the dear, steadfast eyes and the crisp krinkle in his shiny brown hair! Who could help lovin' him? I thought. I put my arms around his neck and pulled his head down on my shoulder. Bless his heart! I just ached for him, and I sent up a little prayer to God, askin' Him to take care of my boy and let him have his happiness.

"Dearie," I says, strokin' his hair, "if there's anything ma can do for you, you'll let her know, wont you?"

Well, them three weeks in San Diego just flew by like lightning. We went up into the back country some and one day we spent to the beach. Tom took along Miss Moore that day. Her given name was Rose. Wasn't that curious? Her bein' in the roses and all, you know. She seemed real happy-like and not near so white-looking.

It was that same day at the beach she told me her story while the men folks was in swimmin' and we was layin' on the sand under a big striped umbrell'. Her ma had been dead two year and she was a-livin' with her step-pa. My blood boiled when she told me how ugly he acted to her, but the thing that troubled her most was that she'd found out lately that he wasn't real honest. She wouldn't tell me what he'd done, but she was just *sick* over it. Poor little thing! She was only eighteen and just like a flower. Some men had ought to be killed.

Just three days before we was to leave and had our tickets bought and all, Tom came dancin' into the apartment about supper-time, actin' like a unbroke colt. He grabbed me and danced me all over the room, then plumped me, pantin', into the rockin'-chair.

"Ma," he says, "I'm so happy that I can hardly stand it. Rose *cares*, ma, and we're goin' to be married tomorrow, and she's goin' home with us."

Then he sobered down and said, kind of awed-like: "Just think of it, ma; I cant hardly believe it's true."

"Dearie," I says, "I'm powerful glad for you, and I believe she'll make you the best kind of a little wife. You go get her and bring her up here for supper and we'll talk things over. I'll break the news to pa while you're gone."

When pa come in, I told him and then sent him hustlin' to the delicatessen store on the corner for some cottage cheese and a cake. I didn't give him a chance to say nothin'.

We had a real jolly little supper, and Rose dimpled and bloomed and looked so pretty and happy. She just set and looked at Tom like she couldn't look long enough, and he looked like he could fair eat her.

We planned it all out, and pa got real enthusiastic. They was to get married the next morning and leave right off for Los Angeles, where we'd join them on Friday to leave for home.

I aimed to write to Charley's wife and tell her all about it, and they could have a party for Rose as soon as we got there, so as she could meet all the family to once.

Pa said that Tom might as well stay on and take care of the farm, seein' as how it would be comin' to him one of these days, and we'd build 'em a new house for a weddin' present. We could build it over by that clump of maples on the rise by the crick. I'd always thought what a nice location that'd be for a house. Tom and Rose was all for a bungalow and pa said have it their way; they was the ones to live in it.

Land sakes! we planned and planned 'til it was most midnight before we broke up. Tom was a-helpin' Rose on with her coat when he said to me, his brown eyes twinklin': "Ma, you know that rose you came out here to look for, the one that blooms while you watch it? Well, we've found it. Mebby she's not a race-horse rose, but she sure is a thorobred Rose." The young rascal!

REEL OF LIFE

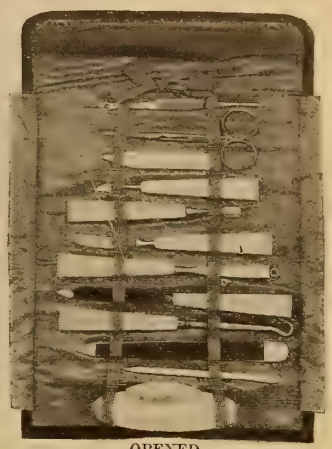
By J. CHILK

Life is a Moving Picture,
And we are but shadows that flit
Across the great curtain of ages
Until in His judgment we sit.
And Time, with his hand on the lever,
Reels out every moment we spend,
And gives to his Master a picture,
Our life from beginning to end.

And sometimes the action is stirring,
Replete with the splendors of fame,
In settings of marvelous grandeur,
Which leisure and riches proclaim.
But more often we see in the passing
Those scenes which embitter the soul,
Where poverty grapples with squalor
And sorrow pervades o'er the whole.

And each has his part in the drama,
To play it as best as he can;
We all of us cannot be leaders,
But each can go thru like a man.
And today, with our country in peril,
And Liberty's cause on the stake,
We should all play a part in the struggle,
Do a bit for humanity's sake!

For life is a Moving Picture,
And we are but shadows that flit
Across the great curtain of ages
Until in His judgment we sit.
And then when *our* film is unfolded,
Happy indeed shall we be
When the Master shall find we enacted
A rôle in defense of the free!



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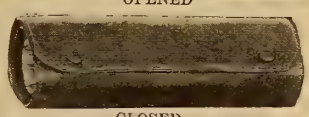

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Versatile Vivian

(*Continued from page* 52)

realized what was wrong. I had painted my eyelids blue, as on the stage, and they would have photographed *white* and my rouged cheeks would have been black, and I would have looked like a death's head. Sometimes I'm sorry I did not see a test of that make-up, for it would have taught me a big lesson."

We had been sitting in the cosy living-room of Vivian Martin's Hollywood home. I glanced at the piano where the beautiful Indian lyrics showed some one had been singing. "Until I Wake"—I read. On the table lay "When Love Comes In at the Window." This was flanked by many copies of a scientific magazine. Every chair had a lived-in look, every book showed that some one loved it.

"Do you sing, Miss Martin?"

"Oh, yes—it is my greatest pleasure. Music is so restful to me after the day's work."

Vivian Martin reminds one of the Vernis Martin furniture, somehow. You would imagine her brown-haired, wouldn't you? Instead of that she is just one of those delicately moulded little girls with a peachblow skin and the shiniest golden hair parted at the side, boy-fashion. She has big gray eyes, studious eyes; there is nothing flirtatious about this girl. She loves deep reading and takes intense interest in the various scientific magazines I saw lying about. She says she has few girl friends, that her mother is her best pal, and that as they motor, attend concerts and read at home together, she really has not found time to make intimate friendships outside of her home. Like a dainty ornament this little star shines out against the wicker furniture of her home. She's so flowerlike and sensitive, and yet she is utterly practical and full of initiative and ambition.

"You see," continued Miss Martin, "my best friends are the kiddies. I get mostly kid letters, not like other players who are always being admired by grownups. My mail is so cute and so funny—oh, how I love those dear little letters. The children all seem to use their Christmas stationery on me, tiny sheets of paper with bunnies, cats, rabbits and geese on them—and all telling me about their ideas of me on the screen. See, here is one which I think a perfect gem—from a little boy in a small Arizona town; isn't it clever?"

I looked at a small pink sheet with Brownies clambering up and down one side. The droll admirer wasted no words, but struck a big note and left one amazed at its depth.

"Dear Vivian Martin," read the letter, "I always go to see you play because I like you best and you play ball like the boys. I made up something for you and here it is:

Love is the best. Eveil is the opiset;
Kind thots are the test. Now witch will you be?
The round old earth would be perfect if people
Thot love thots; now witch will you be?

So I send love to you from ———."

Miss Martin continued, "That letter was quite an inspiration to me. Especially just now when so much hate seems to wander about the earth. I do not affiliate with any particular body, but I read at random, theosophy, Christian Science, New Thought, spiritualism, Confucianism —anything that will present truth to me in some way, and I have evolved a sort of comforting philosophy for myself out of the entire lot."

"You ought to play boys' parts, Miss Martin, you look like a miniature edition of Dustin Farnum for one thing!"

The little lady laughed heartily. "I'll tell Dusty that. The queer part is that everybody says my father and Dustin Farnum look enough alike to be twins, so perhaps there is something in the resemblance after all. Anyway, I'm quite proud to look like that big, fine man.

"I did Peter Pan for a long time. I never saw Maude Adams in it until I had ceased playing it and I'm so glad, for I never want to copy any one, I want to originate as much as possible. When I did see her wonderful production, I found it very different from my conception of the part. I remember how I cried when I had to give up my Peter Pan costume. I sat in my dressing-room and thought that this would be the very last time I would play that dear part. I had grown to love it so that it seemed like part of my very life. I was leaving the stage forever, it seemed, and taking up a new line of work—one which I was not quite sure I would like. Now my greatest wish is to do L'Aiglon!"

"Oh, you are just *made* for the rôle!" I cried with such enthusiasm that Vivian Martin confided a few more secrets to me.

"Yes, I feel I can do it. They insist on my playing the childish ingénue parts here, but a day will arrive when I shall be able to please myself. I have talked over this plan with several—and if I can ever play L'Aiglon under Mons. Tourneur's direction—well, after that I dont care what happens. I dont want any star part, or any personal glory—all I hope for is to leave a screen epic, to have an all-star company and to have that great French director create a film for posterity which will be to an audience what a great painting is to the Metropolitan Museum visitors."

Catching Up With George

(*Continued from page* 34)

Only twenty-five years old and worrying. Somehow they dont seem to go together.

Nevertheless it is a fact that George Walsh takes life in general and his work in particular, seriously. That is, he wants to accomplish more and more, and while he often fools on the lot, just as any normal boy would, still he feels that his time is Mr. Fox's, and he works from 8 A. M.—yes, and way into the night, if necessary—always cheerful, always strenuous, always George Walsh, the speediest boy on the silversheet and the slowest boy off.

For his favorite drink is chocolate ice-cream soda, he never smokes, and all the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't make him drive his enormous locomobile over thirty-five miles an hour.

And the reason that I had finally caught up with George? He knew I was pursuing him and was too chivalrous to let me languish any longer than five months, seven weeks and four hours for want of seeing him.

When all is said and done, George Walsh isn't a woman-hater or really shy or bashful. He is just a splendid, wholesome young fellow, without any foolish follies.

He is a real fellow of muscle, brawn and sinew and——

Oh, girls, he is *handsome!*

Crawford Kent Accounts for Himself

(*Continued from page 72*)

and 'Michael Thwait's Wife' with Miss Brady.

"I prefer pictures to the stage. It is hard to work before the camera. One must be keenly alert, because every second means something, but once a scene is done, it is done for all time.

"On the stage the story must be freshly told with every performance. If it becomes stale in the mind and heart of the artist, the public knows it and loses interest in the performance because it is mechanical. But a performance before the camera is seldom mechanical.

"It's unoriginal to say that the screen needs better stories, but it's true. Some popular novels have been beautifully done. I have others in mind—well-known books by well-known authors, and—well, perhaps the one who adapted them to the screen had read them once, but not more than once. We need more original stories written especially for the people who are to portray the characters. It takes considerable versatility for a player to take any part that is handed him and make the most of it.

"Of course, every one recognizes the fact that the directing of a picture makes or mars it. The making of pictures is becoming one of the great arts.

"The old-time direction, 'Now walk across the room, take the girl's hand, propose, and when she rejects you walk slowly away,' has gone out of fashion. Picture players today study the script, say real lines and are carefully rehearsed for each scene. The director of today has a real job—and he needs to be not only intelligent, sympathetic and understanding, but he must have poise and the patience of Job!

"I am going to say something else 'unoriginal,' too. I like pictures because the work is steady, the hours (usually) are regular, and one can have a real home. Yes, I am married. She's an English girl and not in the profession. She is just a regular girl, with no other job than taking care of me.

"One thing more," he said, as we finished exploring the last road in Central Park. "You know General Pershing stood beside a certain grave and spoke the illustrious words, 'Lafayette, we are here.' I would give a great deal if I could have gone over at the beginning of the war and said to my fellow Englishmen, 'I am here.' But I am not the only actor who has been rejected for active service, and I am speaking not only for myself, but for others, when I say that we are all giving of our earnings and are trying in our work to lighten the depression of the public. That is our duty, and the audiences should contribute encouragement. The actor in wartime, tho he doesn't carry arms, carries cheer."

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The actor's part—has he played it well?

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May it be well when the far voice calls,
And the lights go out, and the curtain falls.

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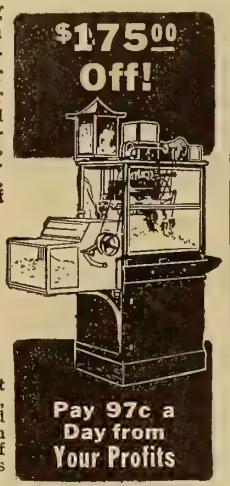

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Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

(*Continued from page* 45)

to be blown up. Only one camera was used on the day of *this* occurrence, and its operator said that all was in readiness.

"All right, here she goes," the director breathed, with suppressed excitement, and gave the signal which sent the sparks to the explosives. There was a loud detonation and simultaneously what was once a ship was blown into bits of wood. With a sigh of relief that the task was over, the director turned to his camera-man, who had already started to pack up.

"How did it look to you?" he asked.

"Fine!" the grinder answered.

"We'll get the negative developed and printed right away," the director went on. "I want to see how it looks on the screen."

Back at the studio once more, the camera-man took his magazine into the laboratory dark-room. He was gone for only a moment, when he came rushing out excitedly, thru the drying-room, out of the door and across the lot to the office.

That something had gone wrong the director realized at once. "What's the matter?" he demanded.

"I—I—didn't get the explosion scene," the heavy-hearted camera-man stammered. "I had no film in the magazine."

I need not tell you what followed. You can imagine that there was a high old time. And, as you can guess, the camera-man didn't pay any "fine" like his brother grinds of the first story. He just looked for another job.

To this day it has not been explained why the camera-man failed to discover that he had no film in his magazine. The lack of tension on the camera crank should have told him that his box was empty. The simplest answer is that the camera-man just suffered a lapse—and an expensive one.

Be natural. These are the watchwords of Motion Picture acting these days. When a player oversteps the bounds, the first bit of cautioning advice from the director is: "Act naturally." Sometimes, however, the director doesn't realize the truth, and, speaking his thoughts, finds himself the cause of a round of laughter.

A café scene was being done, and several of the characters were to express conviviality after having partaken of cider, which, in these Hooverized days, is substituted for the more expensive refreshment of the same appearance. Unknown to the director, hard cider had been supplied instead of sweet cider, and the players concerned had sampled it quite frequently, with the result that to enact a group of "tipsters" was the easiest thing on earth. But the director didn't think they were doing the scene in the right way, and after three or four rehearsals he became exasperated.

"Haven't any of you fellows ever seen a 'tipsy' man?" he demanded, impatiently. "If you have, visualize what he looks like, get into the character and act it naturally. The way you have been doing it is nothing like what I want."

"Act naturally, did you say?" inquired one of the players, coming forward a little unsteadily, with bottle in hand. "Try this."

The director sampled the bottle's contents and shook his head knowingly. "How much have you had?" he inquired. The player pointed to a number of empty bottles half hidden in a corner.

"You win," the megaphone wielder acknowledged, and when the laughter subsided, he added: "Now we'll shoot the scene, and there wont be any rehearsals, either. Now, boys, be your natural selves. All ready—action—camera—shoot!"

Sometimes it is a difficult matter to impersonate a character correctly, as in the case of an actor who enacted the part of a member of a pirate crew.

The sea was rough and choppy, and the little pirate ship plunged and rolled, bringing to the actor vacuous feelings in his inner middle regions which he soon recognized as sea-sickness. Minutes seemed as hours, and he prayed for a cessation of work.

A swell picked up the craft, lifted it to a watery crest and dropped it into a cavity that seemed bottomless with such a jar that the treasure-chests were scattered and their lids opened. The actor rubbed his eyes when out of one of the opened chests he saw coming a little gopher snake, the pet of one of the screen pirates. With a yell, the sea-sick actor followed his impulse and jumped overboard. When he was fished out of the water and safe in the boat once again, the director observed:

"As a sea-sick man you were natural enough, but as a pirate you were as natural as a three-legged zebra."

The Actor's Job

(*Continued from page* 66)

a week is what prompted Bessie Love's great effort to learn horseback riding. Her company traveled with a circus for two weeks during the filming of "The Sawdust Ring."

Willingness to take reasonable chances and ability to do many things are a part of the photoplayer's equipment, and with all due appreciation for the manager's natural desire to save his star—made or in the making—the "fans" have a right to ask that their idol be not a false one. Acting is the actor's job; we want to pay him in homage for just what he does, but we dont like to feel that something has been "put over" on us.

METRO HAS PATRIOTIC FIGHTER

To get in shape for the big fight scene in which he takes part in "Treasure," Edith Storey's forthcoming Metro production, Lewis Willoughby, who plays the heavy, has been boxing every morning at Metro's West Coast studios with Danny ("Kid") Hogan. Hogan is chief property-master and an ex-pugilist who, in the days when he was fighting Joe Gans and other famous lightweights, was known as "One Round" Hogan.

Willoughby is an Englishman, just arrived from Australia, and making his début, both in this country and on the screen, in Miss Storey's picture. He is an athlete, but feels the need of a little exercise after his long journey overseas.

In his first encounter with Hogan the actor caught Danny a stiff jolt on the jaw, which ruffled the latter's feelings. Lowering his head, he rushed in to mix it up, but suddenly stopped and pulled his punch.

"Gee," he exclaimed, with a dawning grin, "I cant hit that guy!"

"Why not?" asked Director Frank Reicher, who was enjoying the bout as a spectator.

"Because he's one of the Allies!" rejoined Hogan, who is a son of Italy despite the Celtic flavor of his nom-de-prize-ring. He was born Daniel Bertona. The "Hogan" is pugilistic camouflage.

Geraldine Farrar on "Does Old Age Hold Terrors for Me?"

(*Continued from page* 31)

the usual feminine merging of summer into autumn.

Of course, there are many French porcelain and delicate crystal jars of fascinating unguents and dyes which hold sweet secrets of the perpetuation of youth, but the empty mask alone of "maiden's blush" will never *preserve* that illusion.

The man or woman, irrespective of professional duties, who has the vital human quality of democracy, of being able to enjoy the passing phases of life that have taught the great painters, writers and observers, will *never* grow old, because their mentalities will be receptive, interpretive and out-giving. The heart, eternally young, will be in tune with what are really *youth, middle youth* and *autumn youth.* Age, even as a term, shall be stricken out.

Probably the unhappiest of all professional cases are those whose lost youth embitters their outlook and opinions. For whether one is a superwoman or just an ordinary mortal, submitting to the inevitable inroads of time, whether the inroads come at thirty or sixty, there will still be ambitions to be fulfilled.

That it will be hard to leave the intense enthusiasm of a public gathered to stimulate one's egoism is not to be doubted, but, during these hours of rosy triumph, if the human qualities guide and are the *foundation* of the more ephemeral joys, there can be no heartbreak when first youth has passed.

When one has once feasted upon the great heights, one can view with understanding, and with a serene philosophy, the struggle and dreams of the younger generation, whose untried wings follow the same mirage that oneself has also viewed with burning desire, and which, even at one's retirement, keeps beckoning on and on.

For no one in the space of one short life can complete the cycle of human desires and attainments. Full achievement is a mirage which always eludes one. One minute you think you have it —and when you look again the oasis is leagues away.

But it is only by following the illusion, the mirage, that one retains youth. One's capacity for dreaming joins one with creative life, which is human life, and in proportion to one's humanness will be the greatness of one's gifts and their expression. In the same proportion will the twilight of one's ambition carry a beautiful, an unembittered memory.

Personally, I am so terrifically busy almost every minute of my waking hours that I have not much time to think of *any* time but the present—full of achievement, full of intense living. Counting the blessings of today, and looking back on the women of other generations and of this, who have remained in full possession of their beauty and their powers long past middle life, I can always fall asleep clear and free from the hovering question, "Does old age hold terrors for *you?*"

Charlie Chaplin remarked to Al St. John, "Did you know that I was having my voice trained? My teacher says that I have a very mellow voice." Al St. John: "You have; it's more than mellow —it's over-ripe."

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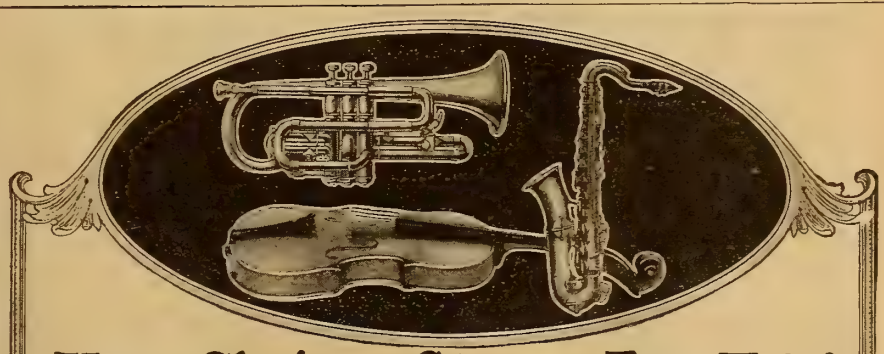

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HAVE YOU MET HER?

By William W. Pratt

Went to the movie show,
Climbed in a crowded row,
Stepped on the audience,
Kept on her hat;
Complained of the awful crowd,
Read all the titles loud,
Laughed when the play got tense,
Came there to chat;
Went home and told the folks
Movies were simply jokes,
Said it was fifteen cents
Wasted—at that.

Dorothy Dalton

(*Continued from page* 58)

mustn't talk shop to the exclusion of saying how wonderful in its war spirit I find New York," she said eagerly. "We have nothing like this in Los Angeles. I am afraid we are not thoroly awakened yet. And last night I had dinner with Bob Warwick . . . you, of course, remember Bob? . . . he is positively *steeped* in war. He talks, thinks, feels, sleeps—just *war*. We took dinner together and afterwards danced on the Century Roof, and there were various young men about in evening clothes. I felt quite sure from the way Bob glowered at them that he would have them bodily in khaki before the evening was done.

"Oh, and I *am* having a perfectly *mad* time of it here! I'm as seething as the city itself. Going every instant just as hard as I can. You see, I am vacationing after some pretty steady work, and I want to see everything, go everywhere and hunt up every old friend I ever *had*. I lived in New York for six years at one time, so I have quite a great many."

I was sure of that. Dorothy Dalton is the generous, giving-of-herself, wide-minded person who *would*. There is no *littleness* to her personality, no petty artificiality, no narrowness of outlook nor of point of view.

"Tonight, for example," she was saying, "I am going to 'do' Greenwich Village with a little girl I know here in town. Just the two of us. I've always been curious about it, and she is the very best sort of a person to see it with. So"—she showed the publicized and honest-to-goodness dimples—"you must pardon me if I seem rather incoherent and in a hurry and pell-mell. I am just having a glorious, good time, and not thinking of much beyond that, except of course"—her soft, contralto grew very husky and pseudo-tragic—"the . . . leading . . . man!"

Then she rose and wrapped her blue tricotine and very ultra self in a squirrel cape effect, and explained, apologetically, "Just *now* it's breakfast at the Knickerbocker . . . do you think you'll ever forgive me?"

"It will be hard," I said severely. It had been very pleasant—listening to her talk. She didn't just *talk*—she *gave*.

Then we descended and strolled down Madison Avenue in the strong sunlight. Under the truth-telling rays I appraised Dorothy Dalton. Rose-shaded lights in French-gray boudoirs are sometimes fairy camouflages.

"Thoroly, athletically American," I categoried, "yet with a peculiar aroma of the ages of romance. Skin white as the white warmth of a gardenia—mouth full and deeply pink—strong, white teeth—full blue eyes—vigorous, well-knit body—brown hair—an indifferent nose—such a woman as men have poetized, immortalized in marble and in song . . . and greatly loved . . .

"Just Jane"

(*Continued from page* 59)

imagination. She's just an old-fashioned, simple little girl, sweet and good and true; and a box of stick candy or a bunch of wood violets will please her just as much as a five-pound box of Huyler's, long-stemmed American Beauties or orchids. She dresses simply at all times and always in perfect taste.

Around the studio Jane is teased by every one, from William Hart to Johnny, a cowboy member of the company. They call her "slow-foot," "awkward," "lazy," "Swede"; tell you how little she has in the way of wardrobe (Bill Hart contending that he has to loan her part of his). They say they'll be glad when she goes, so that they can get a *real* leading-lady—that she is a poor actress and always late to the studio.

They nail her up in dry-goods boxes so they will be sure to find her when they are ready to shoot a scene, and sometimes they forget and leave her there all day.

They put handcuffs on her to keep her from stealing everybody's cold cream and from pulling the hair of the other ladies in the company, of whom she is "very jealous."

Sometimes they lose the key to the handcuffs, and they have to be filed off.

These are the teasing things said and done to lovely Jane Novak at the studio, and she just smiles and refuses to get "fussed."

But, if any one *really* did Jane a mean turn, if any one *really* hurt her feelings or said anything unkind about her, they'd have every one, from Hart to Johnny and the studio dog, to whip. And—cant you see *any one* doing it!

That's how they feel about Jane. If I were judging, I should say that this little lady is three years old, going on two. She's a big-little girl.

She loves flowers and people and has, so far as I could find out, just one pet aversion—that of carrying bundles.

If she has that much-written-of thing "artistic temperament," I failed to discover it.

They sent for her to come to the Ince studio one day to get the script of her new picture. I tagged along.

Her appointment was for ten. We got there at nine.

We told the telephone girl what we wanted and found chairs in the main office to wait for the coming of the director and the promised script.

Ten o'clock ticked off on the wrist-watch, eleven followed slowly, then came twelve. I was, by this time, walking the floor and swearing at directors in general and one in particular. "By jimminy, Jane," I fussed, "I wouldn't wait this long for the President! What are you, anyway—a leading-lady or the studio janitress?"

Jane smiled coolly and unruffled. "Oh, I'm—Just Jane!" We went out to lunch and swallowed it whole for fear the director would come in and go out again. We waited thru one and two and three o'clock, and then the big boob arrived.

Jane took her script and, smiling modestly, said: "Thank you."

If she writes to you, she signs "Just Jane;" if she calls you on the phone, it's "Just Jane;" if she knocks at your door, she calls, "It's just Jane!" and—you're *sure* to let her in.

And so, when you see her in pictures and she knocks at the portals of your heart, you're apt to hear a wee, small voice saying: "Please let me in—it's *just Jane!*"

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"Hands Up!"

(*Continued from page* 50)

When Judith rode to the Killman ranch she made a bargain with Killman. She said she would tell him how a vast quantity of gold could be secured if he would first promise to aid her to get rid of Echo Delane, in order that she herself (Judith) might get possession of the Strange fortune. Killman shrewdly realized that the more wealth that he could help Judith obtain, the better off he would be when the time came to use his power over her to compel her to marry him. Hence he readily agreed to assist in getting rid of Echo. Judith, on her part, told Sam Killman of the Incas' treasure, and told him that at that moment they were bringing it thru the canyon in a canoe.

Forthwith, Sam Killman summoned his band of desperadoes and away they dashed toward the canyon. They made a surprise attack on the Incas, who were towing their treasure-laden canoe down the stream, killing some of the Incas and driving the rest away in terrified flight.

The local stage-driver at Sirocco, Pole-Cat Charlie, was secretly a member of Killman's band of outlaws. On their way to the canyon the outlaws picked up Pole-Cat Charlie and his stage-coach. Pole-Cat Charlie was waiting with his coach, to which four fast horses were hitched—at the edge of the stream. And the outlaws began to transfer the treasure of gold and jewels from the canoe to the stage-coach, to transport it to Killman's ranch.

The Phantom Rider was seen on his black horse, riding pell-mell across country, reaching the Strange ranch-house and shooting away like the wind. In the big living-room in the house, "Hands Up" and Echo were sitting, when they were astonished to see an arrow imbed itself in the wall. On the arrow they found a note, which read: "Inca treasure stolen by outlaws. Ambush them in Death Canyon and restore gold to Incas, thus earning for Echo a respite from persecution by the envoys."

As a result of this mysterious news, "Hands Up" took immediate action. Here was the chance to free Echo, for a time at least, from molestation by the envoys.

At Death Canyon, as the outlaws reached a deep cut with the stage-coach laden with the Inca treasure, "Hands Up" and his cowboys ambushed them and held them up. There was a terrific fight. All the outlaws were masked, and "Hands Up" tried to tear away the mask of the leader in a hand-to-hand fight in an effort to discover his identity. But Sam Killman managed to elude the unmasking and made a getaway with his desperadoes, but leaving "Hands Up" in possession of the treasure-laden stage-coach. The cowboys followed the bandits, hoping to capture them. But the bandits at last separated and dashed away, each in a different direction, thus eluding the pursuing cowboys.

Meantime, "Hands Up" himself drove the treasure-laden stage-coach to the house of the Incas. There, to the utter amazement and delight of the envoys, he delivered their treasure to them. They stored the treasure in rock vaults under the house, which they had long prepared for this very purpose. "Hands Up" warned them that in future they must keep guards around the house night and day, as he feared, if the bandits learnt that the treasure was restored to the Incas, the bandits might some night make a desperate attack on the house with the hope of regaining the gold and jewels. So grateful were the Incas that their spokesman, the grand envoy, asked "Hands Up" what reward they could give him for the immense service he had rendered. Whereupon "Hands Up" sprang the request that they give as a reward their assurance that they would leave the Princess Divina (Echo Delane) unmolested and in peace at the Strange ranch. To this the grand envoy replied that Echo would not be molested *until the prince of the sun was found.* The grand envoy explained that none but the prince himself could free Echo forever from her ties to the Incas, and that, even when the prince was found the only way he could free her was by his own death.

"Hands Up" laughed bitterly.

"I'll find him—this prince!" said "Hands Up." And he rode away.

CHAPTER IX

Echo Delane sat alone in the big living-room at the Strange ranch. Suddenly her attention was fixed upon a window, where in the dim aperture she discerned a human face peering in thru the panes. The face was partly obscured by a mask.

The girl leaped to her feet, stifling a scream that came to her lips. She whipped a gun from the table by which she stood and waited, every nerve alert, every muscle ready. While the masked face held her attention, the door behind the girl was stealthily opened. There stood Judith Strange. In her hand was a strange device. It was a gas machine applying the deadly fumes to the keyhole of the door. Judith released the safety valve, and the room was immediately filled with an overpowering vapor. The girl felt her danger and staggered toward the door, but before she could reach it she fell unconscious to the floor.

When Echo came to her senses she was a prisoner again.

(*To be continued in the next issue*)

Analyzing Ann

(*Continued from page* 63)

did Ann, until finally she decided that she could not devote all of her young life to doing Westerns, so she donned her war-paint, jumped the reservation and started East on the warpath for better plays. She found them, and did several in the East before she stepped aboard the Paramount in J. Stuart Blackton's "The World for Sale." There Jesse L. Lasky spied her and engaged her as leading-woman for the well-known and justly famous Wallace Reid.

Well, be that as it may, as George Monroe was once heard to remark, Ann is still a good Indian. She lives with her mother in a neat little mountain bungalow, which is hard to get to but harder to get away from, keeps a couple of horses and dogs in the back yard, and dashes to and from her toil in a wild, uncurried-looking blue automobile.

When not before the camera, she digs into a huge, flowered bag and sits, until the director calls her, looking cross-eyed at the junction-point of two rapidly moving knitting-needles. She hasn't gone in for socks yet, "because it's so blooming hard to make a good heel," but sweaters are her strong point, and many a boy from the big Lasky studio has gone to the front wearing one of Ann's masterpieces.

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page* 119)

MARY L. O.—Yes, I am a heavy drinker, but nothing stronger than buttermilk and lemonade. So you are a perfect blonde. Perfect? My! Oh, I dont think the way you do; the real player becomes the part, the matinée idol makes the part becoming.

BROWN EYED BEAUTY.—If as you say you get cold feet when you write to me, you wont die overheated. My thermometer now registers 88, and you should be glad that at least a part of you is cold. You call me a perfect dear—thanks, I admit it. Ruskin says among the fine arts, one of the finest is that of painting the cheeks with health. Perhaps you use Vivaudou.

L. G. P. P.—When you ask the age and description of ten players, you are going too far. You dont understand. Just imagine the world as a big screen in three dimensions and you'll understand heaps better a lot of stuff that's being reeled off.

A LONELY BAREFOOT BASHFUL GIRL.—Sounds interesting, and might even be picturesque. No sarcasm meant of course. No, Robert Gordon was Willis in "Captain Kidd, Jr."

PATSY PINK.—That's right, we all love to get something for nothing, but when we succeed we never appreciate it. If admission to heaven could be obtained only by purchased tickets, perhaps more people would be trying to get in. Your letter was mighty interesting.

AGNES B.—Thanks for yours, but I cant devote any more space on the subject.

SAMUEL T., SYRACUSE.—Alice Howell was Babbling Bess in "Choo Choo Love." Your brother isn't any different from the rest—the little fellow who used to name God and mother as his best friends, now heads the list with Charlie Chaplin and Doug Fairbanks.

VALETTE.—It seems the Marseillaise was written, both words and music, by Rouget de Lisle, the patriotic French poet, who, being a royalist, narrowly escaped with his life during the French Revolution, when this song was used as a war-cry by the revolutionists. Yes, it is now played and sung a lot in this country. Charles Clary was Prince in "The Rose of Blood."

BLANCHE SWEET FAN.—Do you still persist in calling me a woman? Beware if my fists get doubled, for then I would play a double rôle Doris Pawn played in "The City of Dim Faces." You said it. Blanche Sweet is under contract with Harry Carson. Yes, Niles Welch.

S. O. S.—Accent on the first syllable. You say Kenneth Harlan is a young man after your heart. Watcher step Robert McKim is the German spy in "The Claws of the Hun."

ASPIRANT TO FAME.—Go ahead and surprise me and see if I care. You may change your mind when you get a little older. So you like the way Earle Williams kisses Grace Darmond. Their lips were four red roses on a stalk, all right.

M. K G.—Yes, I smoke, and usually a pipe, and that is one thing that accounts for my virtue. The man who smokes and enjoys it cannot be wholly bad. Great smokers are seldom criminals. Tobacco is an antiseptic that keeps the heart sweet. Any kind, thanks.

J. M. H., SOLDIER-BOY.—Glad to hear from you again. So you want to hurry across and get a Hun. That's the spirit. I wish I could go with you. Write me again.

How You Can Help to Win the War

YOUR government is trying to save coal to prevent a threatened coal shortage this winter. Thousands of tons of coal are wasted in making paper for periodicals.

Hundreds of thousands of periodicals are returned every month unsold, simply because the newsdealers do not know how many copies of each periodical to order in advance. These unsold copies then become *waste paper,* and they represent thousands of tons of coal and hundreds of thousands hours of wasted labor in making the paper, printing the magazines and circulating them from city to city on the railroads.

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Not only *our* magazines, but *all* magazines. Hence, if you want to continue to read magazines, and want to help your government to save the enormous waste that now exists, you should at once make it your duty to tell your newsdealer what you want to read next month. Otherwise, your dealer will order *less* copies than usual, fearing he cannot sell them, and when you go to buy your favorite magazine next month you will find that he has already sold the few copies he received, and you must go without one. That's what it surely will mean.

By ordering in advance it will not only help your government—it will help your newsdealer vastly, and it will help us. If we can save the loss of unsold copies, we can give you a better book out of the savings.

Please do not forget this! Please make up your mind *now* that as soon as you see your newsdealer you will GIVE HIM YOUR ORDER FOR NEXT MONTH.

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IN THIS ISSUE
WM. S. HART

Captives.
WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE CHAMPAGNE, July 18 (United Press).—After killing or capturing the crews of four machine guns and raking a German-filled trench with his automatic rifle until the survivors surrendered, Sergt. J. F. Brown walked into American Headquarters late yesterday with 139 prisoners.
I am sorry, sir, that I was unable to bring in all I had," he said in reporting, "but four of the wounded died on me."
Brown, separated from his platoon

Sergeant Brown was hard to satisfy

Four machine-gun crews to his credit was a pretty fair record for one day's work. But why leave a perfectly good trench half filled with Germans? Brown didn't.

The hail of machine-gun bullets could not stop him. He was not thinking of them. Shrapnel was bursting all around him. He did not heed. His rifle was so hot he couldn't touch it, so he laid it in the hollow of his arm and kept on firing; the Huns kept on yelling "Kamerad!" and throwing down their guns. Brown forgot danger and death, he forgot that he was alone against a hundred and fifty Germans. He forgot everything but his job—Victory. And he walked proudly into camp with one hundred and fifty-nine prisoners.

We've got a big job over here, too. We must provide guns and shells and food and clothing for men with the spirit of Sergeant Brown — to send them forward to Victory. Let's do our job as he did his — fearlessly, persistently, joyously.

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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of the *Exhibitors' Herald and Motography*, a trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Reaching for the Moon, with Douglas Fairbanks—Fair picture.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

The Bluebird—Nice kid picture, but did not draw.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

The Tiger Man, with William S. Hart—About on par with former Hart subjects, but still did not draw as well.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks—This is a good one. Go after it. Will please much and make money.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

The Whispering Chorus—Good picture, but will not entertain. It's gruesome and has no box office possibilities. If you have to run it see the picture first.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

How Could You Jean?, with Mary Pickford—Did not satisfy as well as "M'liss" did, altho it pleased. Mary has done better on several occasions. Contains good bits of comedy.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Song of Songs, with Elsie Ferguson—Patrons told me the worst picture ever seen in my house. Why star the beautiful Elsie in such junk?—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Selfish Yates, with William S. Hart—Very good picture. Fair attendance.—Dicke Theater, Downers Grove, Ill.

BLUEBIRD

Painted Lips, with Louise Lovely—Catchy title pulled some, and pleased as a rule.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Roadside, with Violet Mersereau—Better than the average.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

My Unmarried Wife, with Carmel Myers—A really fine picture.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The Deciding Kiss, with Edith Roberts—Just fair. Business the same.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

Midnight Madness, with Ruth Clifford—Fairly good. We used it on Saturday and did not make any great hit with a Saturday night crowd.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

Midnight Madness, with Ruth Clifford—Business was good. Picture was good. Star fair.—Kozy Theater, Chicago.

ESSANAY

A Pair of Sixes, with Taylor Holmes—Pleased all.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT

Tarzan of the Apes—Extra big business. Fine picture, but very poor ending.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

My Four Years in Germany—A knockout to extra big business.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

My Four Years in Germany—Big, wonderful production. Every theater should show it.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

FOX

Ace High, with Tom Mix—Pleased every one. The best picture I have shown for months. Expanded capacity business.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

The Blindness of Divorce—Excellent picture to excellent summer business.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

Her Price, with Virginia Pearson—Very fine production. Good business.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Brave and Bold, with George Walsh—Plenty of action with an excellent story. Walsh is popular here. Good business.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

A Fool There Was, with Theda Bara—Altho a re-issue, did a good business considering the extremely hot day. Was shown here before.—Schindler Theater, Chicago.

The Spy, with Dustin Farnum—A wonderful big production. Book it.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

The Pride of New York, with George Walsh—Star great as in all of his pictures. Always a favorite and a winner.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

We Should Worry, with Jane and Katherine Lee—The manager that shows this will do the worrying. My people dont want kid pictures and this one is no good anyway.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

GOLDWYN

The Beloved Traitor, with Mae Marsh—Excellent. Patrons well pleased. Average business.—Tokio Theater, Morehouse, Mo.

Baby Mine, with Madge Kennedy—Entertaining from start to finish. Big business.—Tokio Theater, Morehouse, Mo.

Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl—Goldwyn pictures will suit all theaters that cater to the best classes.—Orpheum Theater, Orwigsburg, Pa.

The Danger Game, with Madge Kennedy—A very good subject. Star well liked. Business very light. The photography was very dark. The majority of patrons prefer good, clear titles and pictures to so much art photography.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

The Freedom of the World—A most remarkable propaganda subject. Makes better Americans of all who see it. Consider the photography fine. Night battle scenes best yet produced. Acting of all in cast good.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

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You can be the father of strong, sturdy, happy children, no matter what you are now; if you take hold of yourself and build yourself up into the kind of man you ought to be; the kind of man you WANT to be, and—above all—the kind of man your wife or the girl who is to be your wife, wants you to be and BELIEVES YOU TO BE NOW.

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You never can get ahead; you never can be successful; you never can be happy or make your wife happy or have happy children, unless you WAKE UP and pull yourself out of the rut. Unless you build up your physical organism, strengthen your vital organs, clear the cobwebs out of your brain; FIT YOURSELF to live a whole man's life and do a whole man's work in the world.
If you have erred in the past and are suffering now, or fearing the later consequences of those youthful indiscretions, **get hold of yourself, BE A MAN;** correct the conditions that will be fatal to your own happiness and the happiness of the girl you love if you should enter the state of matrimony while those conditions still exist.
NO MATTER **WHAT** CAUSED YOU TO LOSE YOUR MANHOOD; whether it was your own fault or circumstances you could not control, YOU CAN BE A REAL MAN AGAIN and the father of happy, healthy, laughing children—AND I CAN SHOW YOU HOW TO BECOME ONE.

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Parsons—By no means a very strong comedy. No slap-stick, that's true, but it lacked punch.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

JEWEL

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—Did not draw like it should. Rental too high. Pleased fairly well.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

The Man Without a Country—Only fair picture. Good business against strong competition.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

KEENEY

A Romance of the Underworld, with Catherine Calvert—Fairly good picture, but a good money-getter on account of the title. Good advertising possibilities.—Schindler Theater, Chicago.

KLEINE

The Unbeliever—The greatest war picture of them all. Packed the house for five days.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

METRO

Revelation, with Mme. Nazimova—There's no reason why a showman cant make a lot of money with this. Nazimova is a great drawing card.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

The Only Road, with Viola Dana—Very pleasing picture to average business.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

The Legion of Death, with Edith Storey—In spite of trade paper knocks, this picture pleased everybody.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

The Million Dollar Dolls, with the Dolly sisters—Pretty acting by Dolly sisters, but somewhat silly plot. Drew well at that.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

The Trail to Yesterday, with Bert Lytell—Very strong.—Royal Theater, Cherryvale, Kan.

Pay Day, with Sidney Drew—Bunk. N. G. Pulled it off.—Iris Theater, Miles City, Mont.

MUTUAL

Social Briars, with Mary Miles Minter—Very pretty story. Business good.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Miss Jackie of the Army, with Margarita Fisher—Fine family picture. This star is very pleasing and well liked here. Business very good.—Orpheum Theater, Twin Falls, Idaho.

PARALTA

His Robe of Honor, with Henry Walthall—Well-liked picture that drew well, considering weather.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

Within the Cup, with Bessie Barriscale—Wonderful photography. Story rather risqué, but I didn't see anybody walk out on that account. Barriscale's acting very fine.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

An Alien Enemy, with Louise Glaum—Good picture. Interesting from start to finish.—Forest Theater, Forest City, Ia.

PARAMOUNT

The Danger Mark, with Elsie Ferguson—Played to corking good week's business. Picture liked very well by our audiences. Excellent business due to holding over of Charlie Chaplin in "Triple Trouble," which proved very good remedy to get business in hot weather.—Castle Theater, Chicago

The Hired Man, with Charles Ray—The best thing Ray ever did. You can go the limit on this and it will please them all.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

The Vamp, with Enid Bennett—A good picture, but did not draw owing to poor title.—Crystal Theater, Flandreau, S. D.

The Little Princess, with Mary Pickford—A fine picture that pleases all.—Orpheum Theater, Orwigsburg, Pa.

Prunella, with Marguerite Clark—Pleased about 25 per cent. Many left before show was over.—Crystal Theater, Flandreau, S. D.

The Seven Swans, with Marguerite Clark—We dont want fairy pictures. If any one wants 'em let him speak and tell us what he does with them.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

Saucy Madeline, with Ben Turpin—Mack Sennett two-reel comedy. Full of laughs. We run them on Sunday and can always rely on a good comedy for that day. They always carry a few new and original gags.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Less Than Kin, with Wallace Reid—This is a splendid production and brought big business.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Claws of the Hun, with Charles Ray—Best picture Ray has made and capacity business.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Poor Man, Rich Man, with Marguerite Clark—This star a favorite here. Business very light, but a good picture just the same. Where star is liked boost it strong.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Her Final Reckoning, with Pauline Frederick—This was good, but the people here dont seem to like foreign subjects. The second night fell slim.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Nan of Music Mountain, with Wallace Reid—Very good indeed. Wonderful supporting cast. Went over strong.—Bijou Theater, Carrollton, Ill.

PATHÉ

A Little Sister to Everybody, with Bessie Love—Better than her first two Pathé pictures, but that is not saying much. Title has no advertising value. Star is in Class C for drawing power.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Moral Suicide—Extra good to big business.—Columbia Theater, Provo, Utah.

Allies' Official War Review—Our patrons more than pleased with these pictures. While something like new releases, still more interesting. Pictures that every exhibitor should show.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

More Trouble, with Frank Keenan—If this doesn't please them "it cant be did." It's a comedy scream and cleaned up for me.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

SELECT

The Claw, with Clara Kimball Young—Adventures of an Irish girl in African jungle. Business average. Children liked it. Star is rated too high for box office value for film rental paid.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Good Night Paul, with Constance Talmadge—Great. This star is a "comer."—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

The Claw, with Clara Kimball Young—Picture pleased, but star does not draw.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

TRIANGLE

The Answer, with Alma Rubens—A good story well acted.—Pergola Theater, Allentown, Pa.

The Return of Draw Egan, with William S. Hart—Hart always draws well, even in these re-issues, hence good business.—Lowy Theater, Chicago.

U. S. EXHIBITORS BOOKING CORP.

The Zeppelin's Last Raid.—Fine war picture. Gave entire satisfaction.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

UNIVERSAL

Madam Spy, with Jack Mulhall—Picture good. Business good.—Liberty Theater, Kankakee, Ill.

VITAGRAPH

The Magnificent Meddler, with Antonio Moreno—Pleased very much.—Orpheum Theater, Orwigsburg, Pa.

The Girl in His House, with Earle Williams—Good production. Went well. Up to the Vitagraph standard of features.—Schindler Theater, Chicago.

The Woman Between Friends, with Alice Joyce—Best Vitagraph I have had in a long time. Above the average program release.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

W. H. PRODUCTIONS

The Bandit and the Preacher, with William S. Hart—Re-issue. Good picture to good business.—Royal Theater, Cherryvale, Kan.

WORLD

The Square Deal, with Carlyle Blackwell — My people like Blackwell. — Orpheum Theater, Orwigsburg, Pa.

ONE ON HART

William S. Hart was the victim of an embarrassing episode not long ago while touring the West in the interest of the Third Liberty Loan. While in Utah he was the guest of Col. Bryam, commander at Fort Douglas. The colonel was showing Bill around the place before lunch, and they took a look thru the detention camp, in which more than six hundred alien enemies of the most undesirable sort are interned for the duration of the war. Hart's tall figure, in his well-known Western costume, could not be mistaken, and as he passed along outside the barbed-wire enclosure he was immediately recognized. When the first voice spoke out, "Hello, Bill!" the film star was naturally somewhat pleased at being recognized, but when it dawned on him that he was being familiarly hailed by a lot of pro-Huns, Bill became terribly embarrassed, and whispered to Col. Bryam, "See here, colonel, just because these men seem to know who I am, I dont want you to get the idea that they are particular friends of mine." The colonel chuckled at the evident embarrassment of the tall actor, and remarked that "Even fame has its penalties."

THE MOTION PICTURE HALL OF FAME

Watch for next month's Magazine, for in it we will announce the winners of this the greatest contest ever held in Motion Picture annals. At the last moment every one rallied to the call, and so many thousands of votes came pouring in that the players are very, very close together. Watch for the finals, to see just which players the public think worthy of a lasting memorial in Motion Picture Land.

The November Classic

The Most Beautiful Issue of Screenland's Most Beautiful Magazine.

The November number of THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will, in points of variety of contents, interesting subjects and striking new pictures, overtop any past issue of this popular publication. Among the vividly interesting subjects are:

Herbert Rawlinson

Hazel Simpson Naylor has told, in a delightfully informal fashion of this red-blooded leading man, whose life story is as absorbing as the imaginary tale of a McCutcheon hero.

Henry B. Walthall

Elizabeth Peltret has sounded the depths of this widely popular player of the screen and presented "The Little Colonel" as he has never been presented before. And, by the way, Walthall's next plans hold a big surprise for film fans. Read Miss Peltret's chat and learn the secret.

Sessue Hayakawa

The Classic will give a vivid photographic glimpse into the home life of the Hayakawas in their quaint stucco home with its tiny Japanese tea garden at Hollywood.

Will Rogers

The Oklahoma cowboy who is starring in the Rex Beach stories tells in amusing fashion of his adventures in the studios—and tells them as no one else can. Will Rogers has a sense of humor all his own.

Blanche Sweet

The new Blanche Sweet—whose viewpoint has been broadened and mellowed by her absence from the screen—has been graphically caught by Frederick James Smith. You will realize just what a deep thinker and philospher is Blanche Sweet upon reading this interview.

Mack Sennett

The king of celluloid farce-comedy has written a highly entertaining article on the psychology of humor on the screen. Just why certain things are funny and why other things are not. For the first time Sennett tells the secrets of film farce building.

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Saving Shirts

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Shirts, shirts, shirts for French and Belgian babies. Here are the children of the well-known stage favorite, Blanche Bates, with the popular little Broadway star, Phœbe Foster, discovery of Blanche Bates and known since her childhood. Frances Virginia Creel is as excited over the dainty dress made of shirts she has on as tho she were the small French child who will eventually wear it. But Bates Creel, with an embryo actor's vanity, does not approve the cut of the trousers made of stockings. Send all donations of shirts, worn or otherwise, to the Stage Women's War Relief, 366 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

PEGGY HYLAND HOLDS UP SCENE GETTING INTO BOY'S TOGS

In the future, when a mere man has anything to say regarding the discomfort which women suffer for vogue, Peggy Hyland, the dainty Fox star, will be sure to add her say.

Her second Fox production calls for her to appear in a number of scenes drest as a boy. This fact made Miss Hyland late on the scene for the first time in her young life. For almost an hour she struggled away in the pavilion where she drest, finally appearing in the palm-grove, where the scenes were to be taken, very much upset and not a little nervous.

"Oh, I say!" she exclaimed, laughing shyly, when her director came to her, "I've had the most awful time. Really, do you know, I cant make head or tail out of these togs. The knickerbockers are terribly uncomfortable, and I think I must have them on backwards."

Sure enough, she had puzzled her pretty head in vain and was about to enter the scene when her director discovered she had donned the satin breeches back side foremost.

"Women may be descendants of men," she exclaimed, in her English way, "but they're also an improvement. So are their clothes, if I may say so without hurting any one's feelings," and, bowing an adieu to the amused assembled company, she ran back to her improvised dressing-room to remedy her mistake.

Plays

By FREDERICK WALLACE

THERE'S lots of different photoplays
For you and I to see;
The plays you like the best may not
Appeal at all to me,
And there are many in the lot
That I will like and you will not.

THE PROBLEM PLAY

A busy man who has to hump to keep his wife in laces, who scrimps and oft denies himself while she the rainbow chases.

THE VILLAIN

A female fool with empty head, who says her soul is slighted, who runs an intrigue on the sly, and thinks her wrongs are righted.

THE TRAGEDY

Man
loves
wealthy
She.
Father says
She's not for
He. She must
take rich guy.
This makes He
sigh. He goes
to Japan.
She marries
the Nobleman!
Close-up shows
her tears, and
cruel husband
sneers. Old
lover hustles
back, lots of
money in his
pack. No use!
She is wed.
He puts pistol to his
head. Bang! bang! all done,
life lost, death won. She grabs
gun—bang! boom! Husband peers
into room—husband weeps—let us pray—
Shades of Shakespeare!!! Some play!

THE PRETTY-GIRL PLAY

A man, a maid, a rose, a moon,
some
close-ups
in
a bower.
A kiss,
a
sigh,
a rival,
too, who
wants
this
human
flower.
A
lovers'
quarrel,
last
farewell,
big reconciliation,
Dan Cupid
and
a
wedding
ring, is
some
conglomeration.

THE VAMP PLAY

Within
Love's
Garden, a
sinuous
snake
has
reared
its
ugly
head.
She
wriggles
in a
noxious
way
to
catch
the
newly
wed.
He
bolts
the
bait
with
hook
and
line,
and
gulps
it
down
with
haste.
It may
be true
to life,
but I
do not
admire
his
taste.

THE SERIAL

Will lost
girl knave
rich seeks
nor
counts
cost.
drowns
chokes
shoots
burns
lover
pants
saves
yearns
knave
husky
maid
meek
third
chap-
ter
next
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Agents—Ho-Ro-Co Medicated Skin and Scalp Soap and Toilet Goods Plan beats everything for agent's profits. "Ho-Ro-Co," 137 Locust St., St. Louis, Mo.

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Letters to the Editor

Little Mary McAlister writes us:

Mother wants me to write and thank you in my own way for all the lovely things you have done for me thru your Magazines. I have started several letters, but never finished them. This one must be sent, or you will think we didn't see them. Many of my fan letters have mentioned the picture in July Classic, and others have asked for an original like one or the other of those in August MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, and to some of them we sent cards, calling attention to article and pictures. I love to read all the things about everybody, and I often find something nice and interesting about myself, and it sort of gives me a little thrill.

I hope to keep your good favor by continuing to please your readers with my pictures. As soon as my new affiliations are ready you will be the first to know.

Please tell Mr. Sielke that I can see the star I made on his July Classic cover, and I think it looks pretty good.

Give the Answer Man my love. I hope his whiskers aren't too hot, and to Miss Naylor I will write a separate letter.

Love to you and all my other Classic and MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE friends.

Nenette de Courcy writes a sincere little note from Calgary, Alberta:

Just a few lines to tell you how I love and look forward to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. I am a Spanish dancer touring the Pantages Circuit and, of course, travel a lot, and I have found out that your Magazine is the most popular there is in existence. It seems to me that here in Canada it is in circulation more than in the States. The book-store where I bought the September issue was crowded with people buying it. They had to turn people away. If you had seen the faces of those who didn't get one you would have known how your Magazine is appreciated.

Must close, as I have to go to the matinée.

Another bashful movie fan from Chicago (Ill.) sends us an unsigned letter, which is nevertheless a worthwhile criticism:

Greetings! Likewise the Brooklyn girl who doesn't sign her name!

Speaking of Mr. Bushman, Brooklyn girl, you said: "He used to have fine dramatic rôles and played them A-1." And then you add, "The same of Earle Williams." Do you mean to imply here what you seem to? Is it a note of regret? Is it imagination on the part of Williams fans that Mr. Williams is not now having such "fine dramatic rôles" as "he used to"? Is it that we feel we are not now seeing him at his best — not because the quality of his work, *per se*, has deteriorated, but because he has not recently been having such rôles as call forth the full strength of his powers? Is it just our fancy that, after such a gripping story as "The Hawk," those parts for which he has been cast of late seem somewhat too trivial for a player of Mr. Williams' powers? To be disagreeably frank, we have been downright disappointed in his recent appearances. We have gone regularly to see him, because we like him; it is always a pleasure to see him, and we have unbounded faith in his already proven talents. But we believe, also, that those talents have not yet been fully revealed by any manner of means; that his future can well hold yet greater attainments for him than does the past. With big enough stuff to play up to, Mr. Williams—who is in a class by himself, anyway — may easily be relied upon not to have to have his high popularity defended by any such statements as that he *"used to have* fine dramatic rôles and played them A-1"!

A player cannot continue to do his best work if he is not called upon continually to do so. The play stimulates the player. And at present Mr. Williams seems to stand in considerable need of having more strenuous dramatic demands made upon him than have been made upon him by those stories in which he has recently appeared, charming and interesting as ever, but failing to "grip."

This consideration seems to be an especially timely one right now when Mr. Williams has recently acquired Miss Darmond to play opposite him. We sincerely wish that the person who aptly called her a perfect supplement to Mr. Williams might have referred to her as a perfect complement, thereby giving us opportunity to remark that, howsoever that might be, we were sure that no compliment could be too perfect for either of these two co-players! Mercy! Howsoever, we so believe. Now, Vitagraph, do please get busy and give this pair something worthy of them both to do. We fairly ache for such a pleasant occurrence to take place in the near future, and to continue to do so right along.

WM. S. HART PRODUCTIONS, INC.
Corner Bates and Effie Streets,
Hollywood, Cal., Aug. 5, 1918.

Mr. Eugene V. Brewster, Editor MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

MY DEAR MR. BREWSTER:

When we, who are players in the silent drama, are all so busy turning our own spoke in the wheel of this gigantic business, we have little time to keep in touch with those who are at the other spokes, and I find that your publication is of great service in keeping me informed on the industry that revolves so rapidly about me.

I want to congratulate you upon your work in compiling the Magazine, for its snappy form and the intimate interest in its articles do not merely introduce the outsider to the business, but make him feel that he knows personally every one in the business.

At a monthly "getting together" party for the public and the players the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is an excellent host.

I wish it success always.

Sincerely,
WILLIAM S. HART.

Pedro V. Peña, of Fort Worth, Texas, has something to say — so here goes:

Why must so many people slam the players? The critics are the only ones who get anything out of it, outside of personal satisfaction, and that would not be enough for me. However, I sincerely enjoy most of the squabbles.

Is it necessary to forget art itself and come down to mere eccentricities in the actors? I think Motion Pictures are wonderful, and we should thank such men as Griffith, Ince, Earle and others who present to us, in scores of ways, the business of life in all stages.

I love Marguerite Clark for her wholesome, sweet, natural plays and personality. I pity the fellow who doesn't. I love Petrova, Alice Joyce and Anita Stewart for their beauty and ability to act. I admire Wallace Reid, Bryant Washburn, Earle Williams and Charles Ray because they can act and are better looking by oceans than I am. And Tony Moreno I like because he is an all-round countryman of mine and an all-round actor. But give me Charlie Chaplin. I always feel like saying, "You're a better man than I am, Charlie dear!"

I only wish we could have more of Arthur Guy Empey. We like men who are not afraid to don the uniform or who think that it is as beautiful to fight as to be a "mother's son, who thinks the moving pictures too beautiful to desert for a dirty old dusty army camp."

Camille Cabot, of 729 Grand Avenue, City of Saints, cleverly voices a protest against some producers:

Well, here I am again this month! There is a girl here who is wild about Henry Gsell. I dont see how she can be, but *chacon à son goût* (each to his taste).

I am entirely thru with the renowned critics who say that the public is "star crazy." True it is, but whose fault is it? It is willing to be converted, but scenario-writers and heads of companies who allow such titles as "Her Tortured Kidney," "Her Heaving Breast," "Her Aching Heart," "Her Emancipated Soul," etc., to pass are responsible. Do these titles repel or draw? William Fox has a poor opinion of the tastes of the American public if he has the latter theory. He apparently has, as this type of picture emerges principally from the Fox studios starred in by Valeska Suratt, Theda Bara and Virginia Pearson.

Also, why camouflage a popular novel by sticking a so-called "alluring" title on it in place of the one originally given by the author? Take, for instance, "The Doctor," by Ralph Connor. Why the name "The Heart of a Lion"? Its original title will draw far more people than the latter one. Take also "Jane Eyre." Every one knows this popular novel and would enjoy seeing it, but he cannot recognize it so readily under its camouflaged title. Also "The Weaver of Dreams," changed to "The House of Hearts." Again I ask, *Why?*

The original names would mean more money in the box-office, but if the producers want to cut off their noses to spite their faces, why, let them do it. Innocent pleasure, I'm sure!

Until, and only until, the above conditions do not exist will the public turn from "star gazing." It is just like telling a man to eat and then removing the food.

Lola Maries, of Wellington, New Zealand, had a grouch when she wrote this. Who will send her some sugar?

From a little corner of the southern hemisphere this letter wends its way across land and sea to you. Here's to you and your smart and snappy Magazine—Kia Ora Katoa.

And now to get to business. Last evening I visited the Empress Picture Theater, which palace of film art is situated in 1 Willis Street, in this our capital city. The "star" picture shown was a "World Film Corporation—Brady Made" article, entitled "The Gilded Cage," with Alice

Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer swears they will keep mum about this and they wish they may Drop down dead in their tracks if they ever tell and Rot.

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PROF. ANTHONY BARKER

Studio 5390, 127 W. 42nd St., New York City

Brady in the lead. Mr. Editor, will you tell me why Miss Brady is constantly given "fat" parts in pictures when there is not a single redeeming point in her composition to warrant her continual appearance in rôles which she cannot play. She cannot act—that's flat. She is not even pretty enough to furnish the excuse that, even if she cant act, she looks nice, 'cause she doesn't. Now, dont think that I am being too drastic or that the eternal feminine (which is only another name for the dormant cat that is in every woman) prompts these few remarks; but it is good for every one to be shown the truth occasionally, isn't it? Please dont come back at me and say that I stand alone in my opinion of Miss Brady's acting (or lack of it) and that the proof of her popularity lies in the fact that she plays the lead in every World production of any note, because that cuts no ice. A bad actress can be "*made*" by judicious advertising and string pulling, which has been the case in both screen and speaking plays—not that I mean to infer that string pulling has been the medium in Miss Brady's case. Then again, Mr. Editor, the picture was very badly produced—the director certainly did not have his "extras" under proper control. No; this film is one of the tawdriest productions ever screened. Frankly, New Zealand folk, the majority of them, are very tired of Alice Brady. It is to be regretted that such artists as the late John Bunny, Florence Turner (whose work was wonderful), Flora Finch, Wally Van—in fact, the whole of the old Vitagraph crowd who made pictures a pleasure and not a bore to witness—are no longer seen, at any rate in this country, on the screen. For the love of Mike, dear Editor man, barrack in your bully Magazine for producers and directors to give us people who can *act*—people whose facial expression does not give one the pipsalarums. William Hart, now, he *can* act—so can that Japanese, Sessue Hayakawa, Ethel Barrymore and her brother Lionel, Mabel Normand, Theda Bara and the Drews. These people have something in them; the great majority of the other film artists are perhaps good looking enough to pander to the taste of the genus "flapper," if of the male sex; and if of the gentler sex, to rely on gorgeous frocking and "backing" to make good. I am speaking, of course, of the dramatic films when I mention these people, with the exception of Mabel Normand and Mr. and Mrs. Drew, whose comedy work is second to none; but I say nothing of the—sometimes misnamed—"comedies" of the slapstick variety, where, if the producer has a good team of acrobats, he can turn out any sort of funny picture.

In one of the scenes for her new picture, it was necessary for Alice Joyce to be "shot" purchasing a ticket at a Motion Picture theater. So Director Tom Terriss, while returning to the Vitagraph Brooklyn studio from location one day, told the chauffeur to stop at the first theater that offered a decent lighting. It so happened that the first theater encountered was the Bunny, in Flatbush, and Terriss decided to make the scene there. He sent his assistant ahead to obtain permission to take the picture, and when this was obtained, he and Miss Joyce left their car and went up to the ticket window.

Miss Joyce had to ask: "What is playing here today?"

And the girl replied: "Alice Joyce in 'The Triumph of the Weak.'"

So Alice had the unique experience of being inside and outside a theater at the same moment.

THE DIRECTOR AND THE WAR REGULATIONS

Charles J. Brabin, who has just returned from the Metro Hollywood studios in California, where he has been directing "Breakers Ahead," starring Viola Dana, tells some interesting stories of conditions on the Coast which have arisen thru the rigid war regulations that are in force there.

The first incident was a rather amusing one. The Metro Company had chartered the beautiful yacht-like tug *America* to transport the company to and from the locations every day in taking the seacoast scenes.

Every morning, altho they had been going the same route for weeks, a government patrol boat drew alongside and a grizzled old officer boarded the tug.

"Get 'em out—line 'em up!" he would command gruffly to Director Brabin. After this official business was completed to his entire satisfaction, however, he would drop his gruff manner and whisper in the director's ear, "Now let's see you make some scenes—something with Miss Viola in it."

Another incident had rather a more serious aspect and nearly made government prisoners of the entire company. One evening they were a little late in returning from location, and as it was getting dark they came across the bay with their flare lights blazing, which was distinctly against regulations. A gun fired across their bow made them stop in double quick time, as a government patrol boat came alongside.

"Do you know you have every gun in the forts and on the battleships in the harbor trained on you?" shouted the voice of the commander of the government boat. It was only when the special permit issued by General Murray, who is commander-in-chief of the Presidio, was shown to him that they were allowed to proceed on their way.

Another scare, due also to war conditions, and which might have had a disastrous ending, happened one morning when the tug was taking the company to a location across the bay. There was a heavy fog coming in from the sea and the *America* was going at a rather high speed. Suddenly, dead ahead, the lookout saw a floating mine. The engines of the tug were at once reversed, but the momentum of the boat was such that she crashed right into the mine.

"The fear and horror of every one aboard the tug when we thought we were rushing to certain doom may well be imagined," said Mr. Brabin, "and equally our blank amazement when we hit the mine and nothing happened. It was an anti-climax for which we were not prepared and ended in hysteria for many of the women.

"After our senses had returned to us sufficiently to inquire about the matter, we were told that the mines were not contact mines, but were controlled by electric current from the fort.

"However, this sobered us all for the day and brought home to us as nothing else could have done the realities of war. We are taking it seriously now and coöperating with the government and its regulations in every possible way."

Pasadena has a "Fannie Ward Clubhouse," which gave its house-warming a few days ago. Miss Ward presided over the tea-table. A three thousand dollar bungalow is owned by the young women who form the club, which is a combination of sociability and promotion of mental development.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplay-wrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies', just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Astor.—"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy and one of the best that New York has seen in many a moon. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. (Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.)

Liberty.—"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Manhattan Opera House.—"Tiger Rose." An intense and very popular drama similar to "The Heart of Wetona," in which Leonore Ulric plays the part of an Indian maiden who loves and swears charmingly.

ON THE ROAD

"Seventeen." A clever, entertaining and well-played comedy by Booth Tarkington which gives a remarkable revelation of the youthful mind.

"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

"The Eyes of Youth." An interesting series of dramatic events that transpire thru crystal-gazing. Well worth seeing. Alma Tell now has Marjorie Rambeau's rôle.

"Oh, Lady! Lady!!" Chic musical-comedy. Daintiness, wit, a well-balanced, all-star cast and catchy music are the outstanding charm of this offering *intime.*

"The Man Who Stayed Home." A tense, thrilling war drama with a little comedy thrown in. Albert Brown is the whole show and makes a big hit.

"The Rainbow Girl." A lively and amusing musical show. Cast headed by Billy B. Van, who is highly entertaining. Plenty of pretty girls. A typical Klaw and Erlanger summer show.

"The Kiss Burglar." One of the most charming of musical-comedies. Pleasant music, distinction of book and considerable humor. Above all the fascinating personality of Fay Bainter.

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M.P.M. 11-18

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B13

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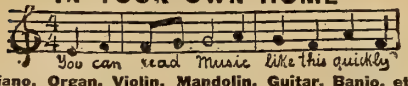

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Miss Movie's Service Flag

We've seen our hero upon the screen, tho 'twas then but a picture play;
Now he's playing the hero in earnest on the battlefield today,
For he's signed a contract with Uncle Sam, and his part is to do and dare,
And the movie fans are sighing for the hero who's "over there."
A star has vanished from off the screen, and, tho her heart is pining,
Miss Movie smiles—on her service flag another star is shining.

OUR HERO, FAIRBANKS!

By KITTIE LEARNAN

It's hard to lick the Kaiser, but our boys will get him yet,
And Fairbanks is the man on whom we make our bestest bet.
If you are patriotic, but too poor to do your share,
Just send this movie Magazine to our boys "over there,"
That they may know our hero and the bully things he's done—
How he gave his word to Uncle Sam to help him lick the Hun.
Now, when you read this Magazine, mail it, dont throw it away,
Just put a one-cent stamp on it—and send it out today!

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By Antrim Arnold

William Christy Cabanne is now the proud papa of a bouncing baby girl. The loud noise heard around the Triangle studio is merely the new papa receiving congratulations.

Charlie Murray is still peer of all announcers, auctioneers, and general coin-getters for the Red Cross and the many other war charities.

Charles Ray appears as his famous farmer-boy character in the propaganda film he has just completed for the Fourth Liberty Loan of the United States Government.

Fred Niblo, otherwise Mr. Enid Bennett, is now directing his better half in her third feature under his handling at the Thomas H. Ince studios.

Lois Weber is producing another Mildred Harris feature, temporarily called "Home, Sweet Home." Al Ray is playing opposite Mildred, and Frank Elliott, Lydia Knott and Wilbur Higby are also in the cast.

Olive Thomas is back at the Triangle studios, making features, after her vacation in New York.

"Sunshine Mary" Anderson is now playing opposite Henry Walthall in his second feature to be made under the supervision of Thomas H. Ince.

Alfred Whitman, former Vitagraph star, is now with the Colin Campbell Company at Universal City.

Julian Eltinge has commenced work on his first picture under the direction of Fred Balshofer. His gowns for this film were made in Los Angeles.

Charles Chaplin's second comedy for the First National Exhibitors' Circuit has been completed. "Shoulder Arms" is the title of it, and naturally you have guessed that it's a war story. Well, you're right.

Every one who whistles during the taking of scenes at the Lois Weber studio has to eat bird-seed to break them of the habit. Al Ray and Camera-man Roy Klafki have been living on it for a week.

Allan Holubar is still working on his big propaganda feature at the "U." Dorothy Phillips, William Stowell and Robert Anderson, of "Hearts of the World" fame, head the cast.

Louise Fazenda and Roxana McGowan, Sennett-Paramount luminaries, have the jewelry craze. The leading jewelers of Los Angeles are reporting a big boom in business.

Phonographs are replacing musicians on the sets at the various studios. The "work or fight" order cant stop a phonograph from supplying music for the scenes.

John Gilbert has been engaged for another picture by the J. Warren Kerrigan Company upon the completion of "Sons of Men." Jack is a very popular boy these days.

Elmer Clifton has completed his first Dorothy Gish feature for the Paramount program and has already started work on his second feature with the popular star.

Her Wonderful Eyes

would be unattractive if they were not adorned with long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows. They give the eyes a deep, soulful expression, with everlasting charm. Eyebrows and lashes add beauty to the eyes as does a beautiful frame to a picture. If Nature has denied you the priceless heritage of long, luxuriant eyelashes and well formed eyebrows, it is now quite possible to have them if you will apply just a little

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persistently for a short period of time. Its purpose is to nourish and stimulate them in a natural way, thereby promoting the growth, thus adding charm and expression to the eyes and beauty to the face.

Lash-Brow-Ine is a pure, delicately scented cream, guaranteed absolutely harmless. It has been tested and approved by the best chemists and beauty specialists throughout the country. Thousands of women have been delighted with the results obtained by its use—*why not you?*

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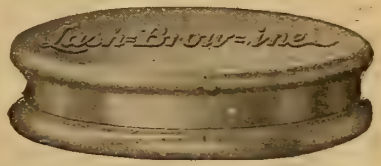
Send price and we will mail you LASH-BROW-INE and our Maybell Beauty Book "The Woman Beautiful" prepaid, under plain cover. Remit by coin, currency, U. S. stamps, or money order. SATISFACTION ASSURED OR PRICE REFUNDED. AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT with INFERIOR IMITATIONS.



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You Have a Beautiful Face—But Your Nose

IN this day and age attention to your appearance is an absolute necessity if you expect to make the most out of life. Not only should you wish to appear as attractive as possible for your own self-satisfaction, which is alone well worth your efforts, but you will find the world in general judging you greatly, if not wholly, by your *"looks,"* therefore it pays to "look your best" at all times. **Permit no one to see you looking otherwise;** it will injure your welfare! Upon the impression you constantly make rests the failure or success of your life—which is to be your ultimate destiny? My new Nose-Shaper "Trados" (Model 24) corrects now ill-shaped noses without operation quickly, safely and permanently. Is pleasant and does not interfere with one's daily occupation, being worn at night.

Write today for free booklet, which tells you how to correct Ill-Shaped Noses without cost if not satisfactory.

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Olive Thomas
in big feature scene in
"Heiress for a Day"
Triangle Play

Ingram's Milkweed Cream

The flight of time cannot be stayed, but Ingram's Milkweed Cream will keep you youthful in appearance long after youth has passed. Its exclusive therapeutic quality tones up the delicate texture of the skin and keeps it in a healthful condition. It clears the tiny pores and banishes imperfections.

Begin the use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream at once. Use it before retiring and upon rising in the morning. It is softening as well as cleansing. Since 1885 it has been the favorite beauty aid to thousands of discriminating women.

Culver City, Cal., Dec. 15, 1917.

F. F. INGRAM CO.:

Believe me when I say I am properly grateful for the healthy condition in which the daily use of Ingram's Milkweed Cream keeps my complexion. I am so glad to find a cream that really does have a beneficial effect. Truly "there is beauty in every jar," and there's a jar always with me.

Olive Thomas.

Buy It in Either 50c or $1.00 Size

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A complexion powder especially distinguished by the fact that ***it stays on.*** Furthermore a powder of unexcelled delicacy of texture and refinement of perfume. Four tints—White, Pink, Flesh and Brunette—50c.

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"Just to show a proper glow" use a touch of Ingram's Rouge on the cheeks. A safe preparation for delicately heightening the natural color. The coloring matter is not absorbed by the skin. Delicately perfumed. Solid cake. Three shades—Light, Medium and Dark—50c.

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I enclose a dime, in return for which please send me your Guest Room Package containing Ingram's Face Powder and Rouge in novel purse packets, and Milkweed Cream, Zodenta Tooth Powder, and Perfume in Guest Room sizes.

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OCT -2 1918
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CONTENTS

NOVEMBER, 1918

THE MAN ON THE COVER

William S. Hart, of the stony features and the still, inscrutable smile, was born at Newburgh, N. Y., but reared in the Far West. He chummed with cow-punchers and Indians, made the chaparral rustle and busted bronchos with never a thought of a camera's eye—and dreamed of West Point. Failing an appointment there, due to lack of political pull, he came to the screen via the stage—and brought with him the lusty spirit of the West he knows and loves.

		PAGE
Exhibitors' Verdict What the theater managers say about the pictures.		5
Letters to the Editor		10
Stage Plays That Are Worth While Reviews, in brief, of the dramatic productions.	*"Junius"*	13
Gallery of Popular Players Rotogravure photographs of Olive Tell, William Farnum, Anne Luther, Mary Thurman, Frank Mayo, Tom Mix, Anna Nilsson, Alice Joyce, Carol Holloway, Ruth Roland.		19-28
Mabel In a Hurry Miss Normand was late that day.	*Frederick James Smith*	31
Gulliver Emerson and the Lilliputians. (Pictures)		34
Come On In. (Fiction) Retold from the John Emerson and Anita Loos production.	*Gladys Hall*	35
Epitomizing Ethel Miss Clayton returns to studio activities.	*Kenneth McGaffey*	41
"I Dont See How They Do It"	*Homer Croy*	43
A Five-Pointed Star Is Bert Lytell And every point a good one.	*Ruth Kingston*	45
Starlight	*Marie Wardall*	47
Laugh and the World Laughs with You The players respond to the photographer's "Look pleasant, please."		48
Wally Pops the Question. (Pictures)		50
The Girl from Wyoming Mildred Harris is a true daughter of the Golden West.	*Marguerite Sheridan*	51
Putting It Up to "Props" Many are the strange demands made upon the Property Man.	*Stanley W. Todd*	53
Who Says the Stars Dont Work? (Pictures)		56
He Has an English Accent, but His Last Name's O'Brien Eugene O'Brien is interviewed in his own "diggings."	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	58
Canning O. Henry in Celluloid How the masterpieces of short fiction are filmed.	*O. R. Geyer*	61
"Sunshine" Mary Anderson's New Home	*Richard Andre*	63
When a Ménage Becomes a Menagerie In the case of Theodore Roberts.	*Fritzi Remont*	64
A New Beauty in Celluloid Circles Pictures of Katherine MacDonald.		67
Found—by "D. W."—a Jewel How Jewel Carmen was discovered.	*Elizabeth Peltret*	68
The Plain Little Sparrow. (Fiction) A story of the movie studios.	*Frederick James Smith*	70
Florence Vidor Talks of Love and Other Things	*Media Mistley*	73
"Hands Up." (A serial story)	*Gilson Willets*	75
Psychic Virginia Pearson Does she really believe in spooks?	*Gladys Hall*	79
Across the Silversheet The screen in review.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	81
"That's Out"	*Tamar Lane*	84
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views	*Duetted by Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts*	86
The Answer Man A department of wit, wisdom and information for the fans.	*By Himself*	89
Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location	*Harold Lockwood*	93
The Cross of Shame. (Continued fiction)	*H. H. Van Loan*	95
Greenroom Jottings		100

WATCH FOR
Our special photographs of Our Boys "Over There."

BE SURE
To buy Liberty Bonds. Your country asks it.

How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Victor Jones

"Of *course* I place you! Mr. Addison Sims of Seattle.

"If I remember correctly—and I *do* remember correctly—Mr. Burroughs, the lumberman, introduced me to you at the luncheon of the Seattle Rotary Club three years ago in May. This is a pleasure indeed! I haven't laid eyes on you since that day. How is the grain business? And how did that amalgamation work out?"

The assurance of this speaker—in the crowded corridor of the Hotel McAlpin—compelled me to turn and look at him, though I must say it is not my usual habit to "listen in" even in a hotel lobby.

"He is David M. Roth, the most famous memory expert in the United States," said my friend Kennedy, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toastmaster was introducing a long line of guests to Mr. Roth. I got in line and when it came my turn, Mr. Roth asked, "What are your initials, Mr. Jones, and your business connection and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the 60 men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What is more, he named each man's business and telephone number, for good measure.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, bank clearings, prices, lot numbers, parcel post rates and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

****

When I met Mr. Roth again—which you may be sure I did the first chance I got—he rather bowled me over by saying, in his quiet, modest way:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts or something I have read in a magazine.

"You can do this just as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things which seem so miraculous when I do them.

"My own memory," continued Mr. Roth, "was originally very faulty. Yes, it was—a really *poor* memory. On meeting a man I would lose his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably 10,000 men and women in the United States, many of whom I have met but once, whose names I can call instantly on meeting them."

"That is all right for you, Mr. Roth," I interrupted; "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Jones," he replied, "I can teach you the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of seven simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system and you will find it—not hard work as you might fear—but just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to prove it. His Course did; I got it the very next day from his publishers, the Independent Corporation.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in forty-eight states to find that I had learned in about one hour—how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That first lesson *stuck*. And so did the other six.

Read this letter from C. Louis Allen, who at 32 years became president of a million dollar corporation, the Pyrene Manufacturing Company of New York, makers of the famous fire extinguisher:

> "Now that the Roth Memory Course is finished, I want to tell you how much I have enjoyed the study of this most fascinating subject. Usually these courses involve a great deal of drudgery, but this has been nothing but pure pleasure all the way through. I have derived much benefit from taking the course of instruction and feel that I shall continue to strengthen my memory. That is the best part of it. I shall be glad of an opportunity to recommend your work to my friends."

Mr. Allen didn't put it a bit too strong.

The Roth Course is priceless! I can absolutely *count* on my memory now. I can call the name of most any man I have met before—and I am getting better all the time. I can remember any figures I wish to remember. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly, once I have filed them by Mr. Roth's easy method. Street addresses are just as easy.

The old fear of forgetting (you know what that is) has vanished. I used to be "scared stiff" on my feet—because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, and confident, and "easy as an old shoe" when I get on my feet at the club, or at a banquet, or in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

Perhaps the most enjoyable part of it all is that I have become a good conversationalist—and I used to be as silent as a sphinx when I got into a crowd of people who knew things.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning most any fact I want right at the instant I need it most. I used to think a "hair trigger" memory belonged only to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every man of us has that kind of a memory if he only knows how to make it work right.

I tell you it is a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years to be able to switch the big searchlight on your mind and *see* instantly everything you want to remember.

This Roth Course will do wonders in your office.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in *our* office say "I guess" or "I think it was about so much" or "I forget that right now" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer—like a shot.

Have you ever heard of "Multigraph" Smith? Real name H. Q. Smith, Division Manager of the Multigraph Sales Company, Ltd., in Montreal. Here is just a bit from a letter of his that I saw last week:

> "Here is the whole thing in a nutshell. Mr. Roth has a most remarkable Memory Course. It is simple, and easy as falling off a log. Yet with one hour a day of practice, anyone—I don't care who he is—can improve his Memory 100% in a week and 1,000% in six months."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Send to Independent Corporation for Mr. Roth's amazing course and see what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in *increased earning power* will be enormous.

VICTOR JONES

Send No Money

So confident is the Independent Corporation, the publishers of the Roth Memory Course, that once you have an opportunity to see in your own home how easy it is to double, yes, triple your memory power in a few short hours, that they are willing to send the course on free examination.

Don't send any money. Merely mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent, all charges prepaid, at once. If you are not entirely satisfied send it back any time within five days after you receive it and you will owe nothing.

On the other hand, if you are as pleased as are the thousands of other men and women who have used the course, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk and you have everything to gain, so mail the coupon now before this remarkable offer is withdrawn.

FREE EXAMINATION COUPON

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Division of Business Education, Dept. 6411, 119 W. 40th St., New York

Publishers of The Independent (and Harper's Weekly)

Please send me the Roth Memory Course of seven lessons. I will either remail the course to you within five days after its receipt or send you $5.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

..... M.P.M.—11-18

Gallery of Photo Players

OLIVE TELL

Miss Tell began at the top. She was born in New York, but went to London in the pre-U-boat days for her schooling. Returning, she attended the Sargent Dramatic School, after which she débutted in a Pittsfield stock company. After that came Broadway and the leading rôle in "The Marriage Game." It's been leads and stardom ever since.

WILLIAM FARNUM

This gentle fighting star had a long and brilliant stage career before he appeared on the silversheet. One of his biggest successes was "Ben Hur." Then came the films and his first smashing hit with Selig in "The Spoilers." Mr. Farnum has been doing a lot of vigorous work for William Fox.

ANNA LUTHER

Anna was born in Jersey City, altho some statistics say Newark. Anyway, this should not be held against her. She has played with Lubin, the strenuous Keystone forces, and now she's with General Film.

MARY THURMAN

Can we say anything new of Mary? She is a great athlete, but they have terrible trouble getting her exact scores in the various events. The official scorers forget all about their stop watches in observing Mary's—er—versatility.

FRANK MAYO

Frank is the third actor of his name to achieve prominence. Frank Mayo I was famed years ago for his characterizations of "Davy Crockett" and "Puddin' Head Wilson." Frank III went on the stage in England, but came over to join Selig.

TOM MIX

Tom is something of an adventurer. Raised on the Texas plains, he served in the Spanish-American war in Cuba and later in the Philippines. He was with the Ninth Infantry in China during the Boxer rebellion. Tom drifted back to Texas, joined the Texas Rangers and finally invaded pictures.

ANNA Q. NILSSON

Anna was born in Sweden. She "came over" in 1908. Walking on the street, she was stopped by the artist, Carol Beckwith, who was impressed with her beauty. She became Beckwith's model. She posed for many other artists until a magazine cover, with her head, attracted attention at the Kalem studios. Then came a movie offer.

ALICE JOYCE

The story of Alice—how she came to New York as a 'phone girl, achieved fame as a model and then became one of the most popular of screen stars—is known to every fan. Miss Joyce is now doing bigger and broader work than ever before. Her emotional playing has the ring of sincerity.

CAROL HALLOWAY

Carol came to New York from her home town of Williamstown, Mass., to study for the opera. Financial reverses came and Miss Halloway went on the stage in "The Balkan Princess." After several stage seasons she invaded pictures with the old Pilot Film Corporation and later joined Lubin. Eclair came next, and then Vitagraph.

RUTH ROLAND

She started right out to attain fame. Born in 'Frisco, Ruth became known as a child as Baby Ruth. "Little Lord Fauntleroy" was her big rôle. After the death of Ruth's mother she was placed in a private school. Ultimately she invaded vaudeville, played in stock and entered pictures with Kalem. She has been signed to star for Pathé in the new serial, "Hands Up!"

"What do we see tonight?"

ALL right, pile in! Plenty of room for five in the good old bus, so pile in, all seven of you! What do we see tonight? We don't know yet. But the best theatres in town are showing Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures.

* * *

And after ten minutes or so you are still John H Everyman of No. 19 Henry Street, in the same suit of clothes,—

—only you don't know it.

According to your friends and relatives, there you are in your chair. But as far as you are concerned, you are somebody else entirely; and somewhere else altogether. One minute you are helping the unfortunate comedian run a little faster, and the next you are slamming the door in his face.

You, and at your time of life!

Full-grown and sophisticated and everything—and look at you!

Yes, and you can be envied! You have proved that you are not so fire-proof blasé as you might be.

Unconsciously you have proved another thing, too; the vital *difference* between *Paramount* and *Artcraft* motion pictures and run-of-the-ruck "movies."

If you recall *which* motion pictures were notable in the stories they were built upon, masterly in the way the scenes were built on those stories, supreme in the fame and talent of the stars who played them and in the genius of the directors who staged them, and clean throughout—you will also recall that "Paramount" and "Artcraft" were the names under which they were featured.

* * *

That is why you tell yourself your two hours have been well worth while, as you pack all seven of them back into the machine. Let 'em jabber, back there in the tonneau! It's a good old world!

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

Three Ways to Know *how to be sure of seeing Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures*

one—by seeing these trade-marks or names in the advertisements of your local theatres.

two—by seeing these trade-marks or names on the front of the theatre or in the lobby.

three—by seeing these trade-marks or names flashed on the screen inside the theatre.

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

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ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

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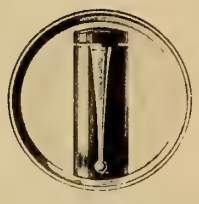
ORDNANCE CORPS

QUARTERMASTER'S DEPT.

THIS page is published as a tribute to mothers, wives, daughters and friends, in honor of the hundreds of thousands of brave, loyal and patriotic American boys who comprise the magnificent American fighting forces both at home and abroad.

It is believed that the various insignia shown are absolutely correct and it is suggested that this page be cut out for future reference.

It may be **interesting** to note that hundreds of PARKER PENS, which are peculiarly adapted to the needs of "our boys," are being carried by men in the Army and Navy.



The Parker Clip is held in place like a washer. 25c.

The **PARKER TRENCH PEN** (new), a NON-self-filler, carries a supply of ink in a little attachment at the end of the fountain opposite the pen point so its owner can make ink by merely dissolving a tablet or two in water. Price $2.75 and upward.

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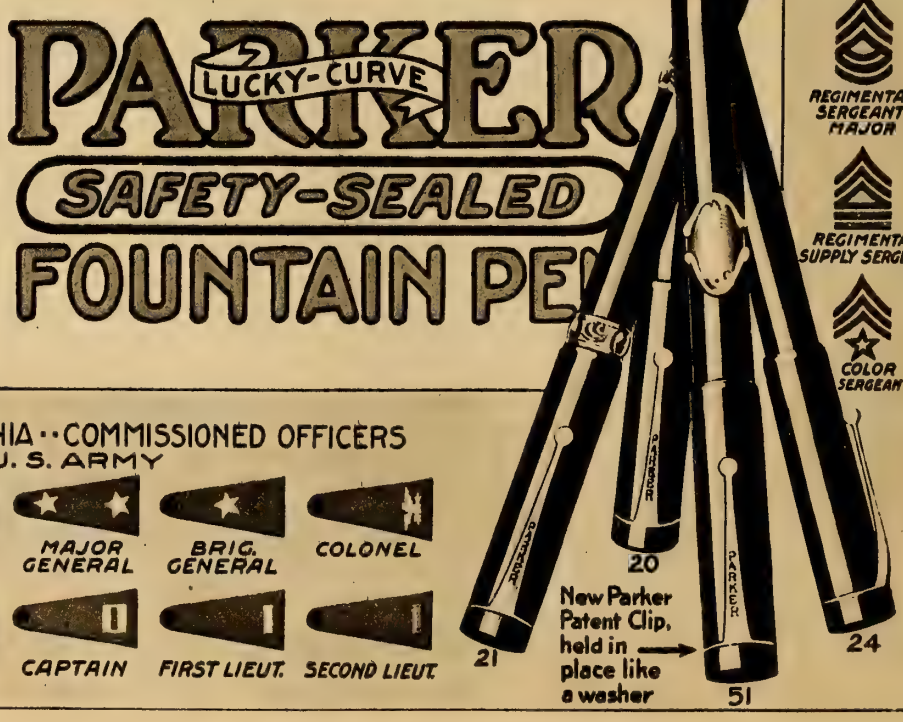
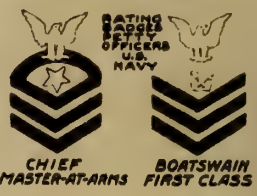
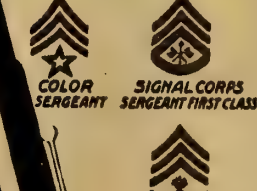


RATING BADGES WORN BY OFFICERS U.S. NAVY

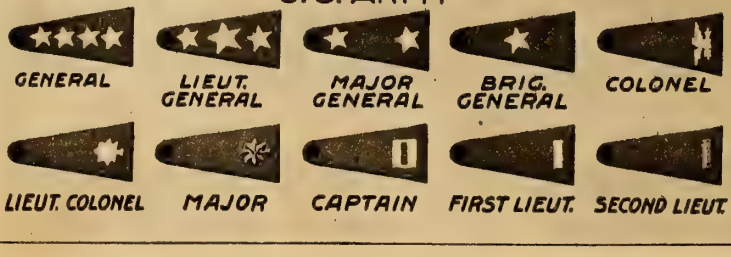


COLLAR DEVICES, COMMISSIONED OFFICERS • • U.S. ARMY

CHEVRONS WORN ON SLEEVES OF NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS • • U.S. ARMY



SHOULDER INSIGNIA • • COMMISSIONED OFFICERS U. S. ARMY



Mabel in a Flurry

By

Frederick James Smith.

THIS is the thrilling story of an interviewer's giddy life. "You talk to all the stars and *get paid for it,*" people say, plaintively, to an interviewer. "How do you get away with it?" For their benefit, we faithfully relate our thrilling day with Mabel Normand.

We had particularly looked forward to our chat with Mabel Normand because that star had — perhaps we're violating a confidence in telling this—promised to "bat" our guide "over the bean" upon his next invasion of her immediate vicinity. Thus we gathered at the outset that Miss Normand was a young lady of tempestuous moods and moments.

With fond expectations of an exciting interview prelude, we reached the Goldwyn studios "somewhere in Fort Lee" at the unearthly hour of 9:30 o'clock. That was the weird hour set for the opening of interview hostilities.

No, gentle reader, Miss Normand had NOT yet arrived.

We were told to go the limit in amusing ourselves until the star arrived.

We watched a ukulele orchestra play while fifty extras ball-room danced in a scene for the forthcoming Normand picture, "Back to the Woods." The actual filming would not take place until Miss Normand arrived.

At 10 o'clock the ukuleles were still strumming idly.

Above, a new Normand portrait, and, left, a snap of the star with Herbert Rawlinson

At 10:30 we meditated before a picturesque Oriental set used in the next Mae Marsh picture, in which the star plays a near crystal-gazer. Miss Marsh, in street attire, paused thoughtfully a few feet away. She glanced at our tired, worn face, but did not recognize the presence of an interviewer. The ukuleles still strummed in the studio distance.

At 11 o'clock we invaded the secluded precincts of Geraldine Farrar — sacred, as we soon discovered. A directorial assistant approached coldly. He radiated California, wearing the usual De-Milles: puttees, tan, décolleté shirt, etc. In fact, he fascinated us so much that we hardly heard him gently intimate that Miss Farrar desired complete privacy, the accent on the complete. But the infernal ukuleles strummed faintly in the distance, and we protested.

So the assistant spoke to Director Reginald Barker, who spoke to Miss Farrar. Then Miss Farrar spoke to Director Reginald Barker, who spoke to the glorious assistant, who spoke to me. "You can stay," was the message. So we settled ourselves for an interesting half hour.

But—alas!—when Miss Farrar started to act several studio workers held a large piece of black velvet in front of her emotionalism, thus shielding her from any irritating influences.

Fearing that we might be one of these Irritating Influences, we wandered back to the Normand stage. 11:30—still no Miss Normand. The ukuleles still played, the extras still danced, the electricians still tinkered with the lights.

"Perhaps I can give you a few things of interest about

Miss Normand has odd likes and dislikes. For instance, she only cares for purple flowers

Miss Normand admits that her two weaknesses are black lace stockings and dime savings banks—no connection, of course

Miss Normand," said our guide. "For one thing, she never keeps an appointment. If she has an appointment for 4, it usually occurs to her to begin dressing for it at 4:30."

"Is it possible?" we murmured. Then a commotion stirred the studio. Miss Normand, in décolleté, partially hidden by a dressing-robe, dashed across the floor.

"'Lo!" she exclaimed to us *en passant*. "'Lo! Rushed! . . . Late! . . . Back in a minute!"

Which you will admit is vivid stuff for an interview.

After a rehearsal in the ball-room set, she dashed back to us.

"You dont look a bit like an interviewer," she began. This is the usual way stars have of making you feel perfectly at home. "Just back from West Virginia. Amazing up there in the mountains. Service flags out in front of every one of those quaint cabins. We hired some of the women to work in our picture. They looked so poor that I sent to the nearest town and bought them some dresses. Do you know they're fearfully proud? Yes, indeed. I had an awful time soothing their ruffled feelings and getting them to accept the clothes. I gave them some books, too. You know the stuff—Laura Jean Libbey and that sort of book."

"Out of your own library," spoofed our guide. "I'll bet you depleted it terribly."

"Go on!" pouted Mabel. "You talk as if you have flat feet. I dont read Laura Jean Libbey, and you know it!"

"No?" responded the guide, skeptically.

"No!" snapped Mabel. Then she told us of her new maid, a woman acquired from some millionaire's home.

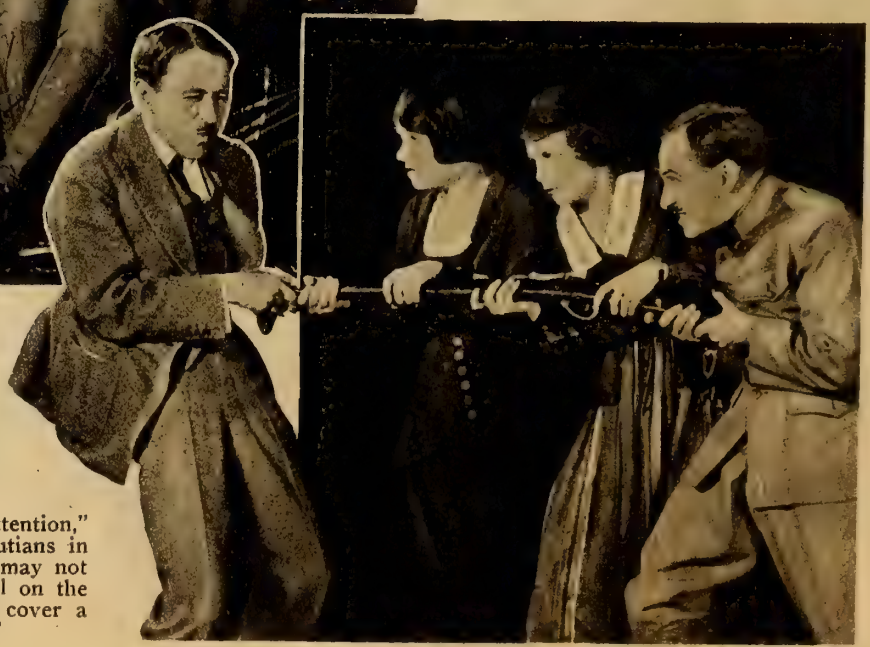
(*Continued on page* 119)

Gulliver Emerson and the Lilliputians

"The play's the thing—that and good direction," says Gulliver Emerson, in his most enticing manner, to his three small captives, Anita Loos, Shirley Mason and Ernest Truex

"I demand obedience; put down your weapon, Truex. The pen or pencil was ever mightier than the sword," he continues

"If you axe me, your play will fail," retorts Truex, backed up by Anita and Shirley



"We demand attention," exclaim the Lilliputians in one breath. "We may not exactly hit the nail on the head, but we *can* cover a weak spot"

Come On In

By GLADYS HALL

From the Scenario of JOHN EMERSON and ANITA LOOS

WHEN Emmy Little was just about eighteen two cataclysmic things occurred to her—she fell in love with love — and she had an acute attack of patriotism. The first cataclysm took the form of surreptitious shy looks from under long lashes at Anylad, boxes of be-ribboned candy and trips to the movies. The second broke out into knitting. Knitting and purling. Very bad knitting and very, *very* bad purling. In between letters at the office she could be heard muttering desperately: "Knit *one,* purl *two.* Purl *two,* knit *one.*" That the result was largely a matter of omitted stitches caused only momentary despair until . . .

"What are *you* going to do," demanded Clerk Eddie Short one blithe day some time after America's entrance into the war, "about the war?"

He stood stock still in the middle of the office and made his demand, and if he hadn't been absurdly—well, *short* — he might have been exceeding—*enrolling.*

"What are *you,* Eddie?" breathed Emmy.

Eddie was one of the Chief Candy-Givers.

"I'm going to *enlist!*" proclaimed Eddie, and he strutted and shouldered an imaginary gun.

Emmy gulped. He was, she thought, magnificent. He even seemed, in that emotional moment, to shoot up to alarming proportions, and he bore in his good right hand the Kaiser, and in his left, the Kaiser's brood.

In his triumphal moment Otto Schott emerged from the office of the Boss. Otto was tall, and very fair, and very German, and he was also enamored of Emmy. "Short," he said, sternly when he beheld the tableau, "Short," he produced a huge, German watch, "time to be at work, my son; this isn't recess."

Between letters at the office, she could be heard muttering desperately, "Knit one, purl two. Purl two, knit one"

Schott was Short's superior officer. And Short was, primarily, a good soldier. "His not to reason why . . ." "Very good, sir," he said—and saluted. Otto scowled. The force snickered. And Emmy returned to her desk, blushing and beauteous.

At noon Emmy beckoned Eddie to her and exhibited her knitting. Her eyes sought his. "Not — not very good, is it?" she demanded.

Eddie would have given his little all to have praised his idol's handiwork unreservedly and without stint, but—a good soldier *tells the truth.* And Short was, primarily, a good soldier.

"Not *very,* Emmy," he said, truthfully.

In his mind's ear he could hear Otto's undoubted reply to the same question. "Ach, du lieber, Emmy, but it iss good, it iss good!"

Yes, unquestionably, that would be Otto's reply.

Emmy, however, shook her pretty head affirmatively.

"I know," she replied; then she bent over and pursed her delectable lips and whispered portentously into Eddie's entranced ear.

"Catch *spies!*" he echoed, staring at her.

She nodded, emphatically.

"Um-hum! Spies! Knitting is — is — *kid's work.* Anyway, *I cant* knit, and so . . . I thought . . ."

Eddie gripped her small, determined hand. "Emmy," he proclaimed, "you are—you are—America's Joan of Arc! History will read of *you,* Emmy! Emmy, *you* will be enrolled in the Hall of Fame! I feel it!"

"*Do* you, Eddie?" anxiously.

"I *do.* And, Emmy . . ." the boyish head bent a bit, "I — I want to ask you something — something *big,* Emmy—if I—if I—come back — Emmy — Emmy — de-ar" (audible gulp), "*will* you?"

Emmy turned quite scarlet. Of course, she had known that Eddie liked her —there had been numerous candies and movies and notes and such. But that "will you?" It was so—so *done for.*

She sparred for time, with tricks of lash and flutter of helpless hands and twistings of skirt between small, nervous fingers. Finally: "Eddie," she said, "the man I marry will have to have done something big for his country. Something *big,* Eddie."

"Then it'll be *me!*" he proclaimed, jubilantly, "'cause I'm off to do that thing—girl!"

The proposal ended with an acceptance — for the movies that evening — and pursuer and pursued returned to their respective desks.

In the middle of the afternoon there was announced to the Boss by the evilly grinning office-boy, "Prof. G. Wotten Orphul Schmell."

Emmy pricked up her ears and fingered her notebook. "That name," she murmured to her beating heart, "sounds—Hunnish."

"I," she declared to the boy, "will take the Professor's card in to the Boss myself."

When she emerged Prof. G. Wotten had his name, likewise his address, neatly penciled on the paper cuff of Spy-chaser Emmy Little.

Emmy was agog. From time to time she glanced surreptitiously at Eddie. She glanced at him sympathetically, too. She didn't have a lot of faith in Eddie. He was nice and good, and her mother liked him, but he wasn't—well, she just didn't think there'd be any triumph arches erected for Eddie, nor any medals pinned upon his breast. While as for Emmy Little . . . "your country is *proud* of you . . ." hummed in her ears, and she seemed to see the benignant face of Woodrow

Wilson back of the laudatory words. One might as well builds castles as coops.

At five-thirty that P. M. Otto Schott appeared at Eddie's desk. "You'll have to stay tonight, Short," he said; "rush orders."

Eddie's honest countenance flamed. "No *fair*, Schott!" he gritted from between his teeth; "you *heard!*"

Otto Schott laughed and turned on his heel. Ten minutes later Emmy said she would go to the movies with *him*, and they departed arm in arm, leaving miserable Eddie Short glaring after them. "If ever . . ." he groaned, shaking his fist at the receding Schott, "if ever . . . you blankety *Boche!*"

It never occurred to the flamingly jealous Eddie Short that an unkind God could make him too short for acceptance into khaki. *Some* things, he would have rumi-

"Short," said Otto, producing a huge, German watch, "time to be at work, my son; this isn't recess"

nated, the kind fates spare us. But it was so. Nor could all his pleading change a whit of it.

He sauntered forth again into the sunlight, utterly crushed and dejected. For a man who saw ever before him the flaunting glory of the Flag, who bore within him and tended, hourly, the flame of country-love, for such a man to be rejected—a fish might better feed on such an one.

So thought Eddie and turned riverwards. Many a man has gone to that cold, still consolation when many a lesser mistress has rejected him. If one has died for a flirt's light arms — for she who is Columbia — why not . . .

Eddie was resolved when he collided with a portly gentleman reading—a German paper!

Eddie was the camel — the German was the straw. There was one thing to be done. Eddie did it. He pitched in—and there was a conglomeration of American arms and German hair — German oaths and American denunciations. The gentle Emmy would have been amazed at the profane and wholly belligerent Eddie.

There ensued a fleeing Hun — who had learnt thus early in the game that sympathy goes not to him whose birthright is the Rhine—and an American, small-salaried clerk ruefully rubbing a huge protuberance upon the summit of his head. But it is an ill wind . . . Eddie felt of the bump again, and on a sudden he forgot the pain of it, the dizziness in his eyes, the goneness at the pit of his young stomach . . . he was fleeing down the sunny streets, jacket flying, to the nearest recruiting station. When he emerged this time he was a candidate for khaki!

He couldn't resist a return to the office and a pert "I'm thru *here!*" to the officious Otto Schott. He couldn't resist a few more words with Emmy. He couldn't help wishing awful hard that she would contrive to kiss him just once before he went. Sometimes . . . it happened . . . one didn't come back.

But Eddie Short didn't give that aspect of the situation an immense amount of thought. He was tremendously in earnest. He wanted, with all the large patriotism in his small, sinewy body, to have one whack at the Boche. He felt that heaven could hold no greater glory than a German dead. He went to camp afire and aflame.

In the meantime, things were humming at the dye works. Emmy Little, suspicious of the Boss, who received daily visits from Prof. G. Wotten and other descendants of the vandal, Attila, had changed her address to a small, somewhat dingy boarding-house near to the address of aforementioned G. Wotten. She felt that she should be *near* a spy at least. She *knew* that

G. Wotten was a spy. Not for nothing did he have that name, that face and that rat-like furtiveness. Not for nothing did he hoch the Kaiser. At thought of such treason Emmy shuddered all over her small person.

Also, Otto Schott was drafted.

"You shouldn't have *waited,* Otto," reproached Emmy.

"I had to be near you," Otto pleaded, with a wink offhand.

Otto had a way with him. Emmy sighed and capitulated. "But," she affirmed, more brightly, "you are going now to do big things for your country, Otto."

"Big things," assented Otto, boorishly, "for mein—my —country." Then, turning to her, "And if I do . . . Emmy . . . *will you* . . . yes?"

"If you do," lisped Emmy, and hid her shy, sweet eyes.

As Otto entered this particular evening there was consternation in the house of Schroeder. Bumstuff had had a wire from the Appointed of Gott. The Appointed had decreed, somewhat plaintively, that an American die. "Just one, Bumstuff, for Gott's sake! Just one, that I may tell my people.—WILHELM."

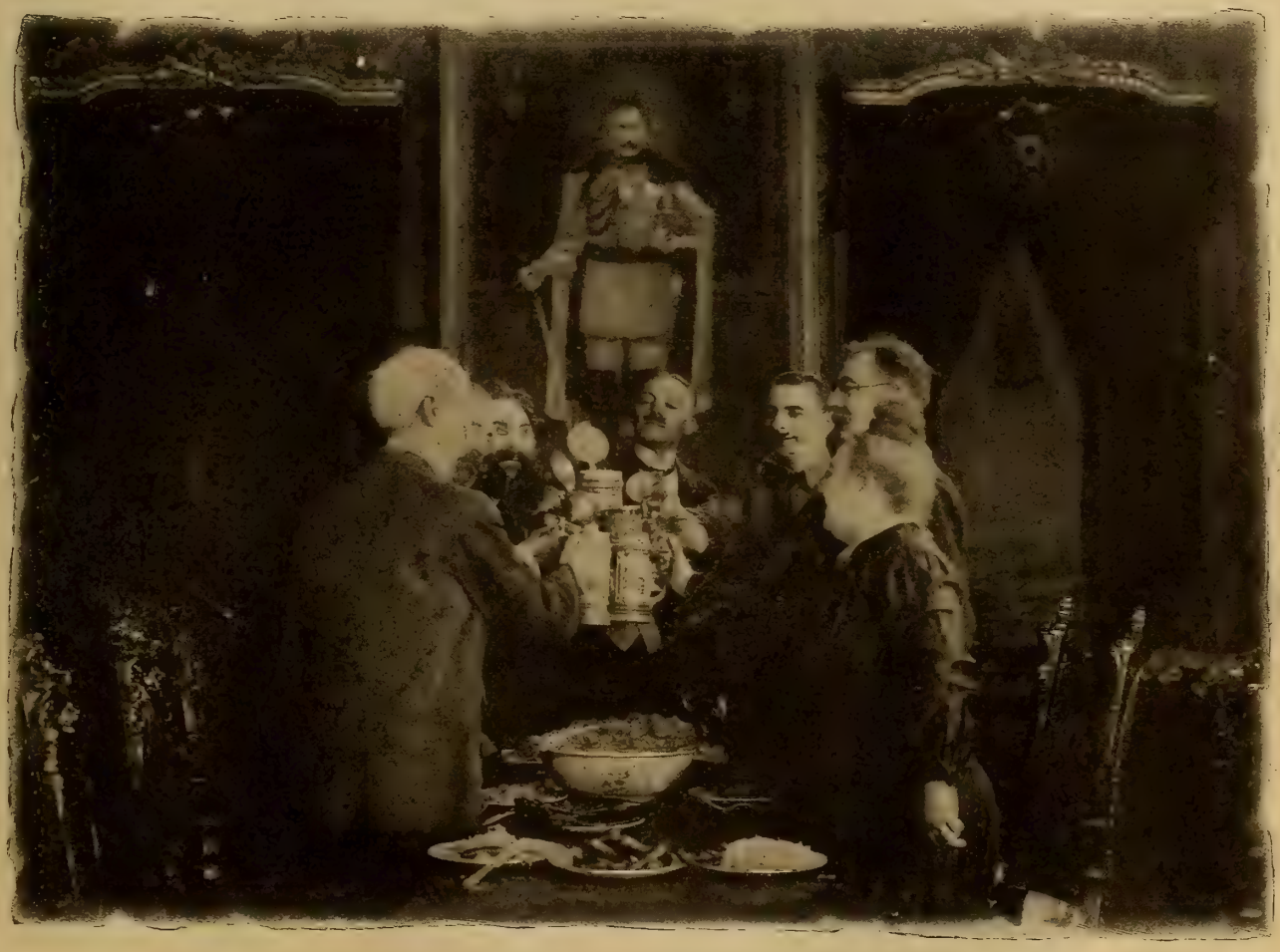
They toasted the Beast of Berlin, waving full steins at the imperial portrait, then got down to business.

"It must be a general," ordained Von Bumstuff, pulling at his fierce mustaches.

"We cant get *near* a general," objected Wotten Orphul Schmell; "it iss impossible."

"A colonel then," wailed Bumstuff, "or, py Gott, I lose my job!"

Otto sat at attention. "*I* know!" he proclaimed.



They toasted the Beast of Berlin, waving full steins at the imperial portrait, then got down to business

Emmy was not looking at him, else she might have seen in his piggish eyes the murdered dead of the Lusitania wringing their ghostly hands and bidding her beware.

That night as Emmy pursued an imaginary spy in an extravagant taxi, Otto Schott slipped into the dark and narrow doorway of a house kept by a respectable frau named Schroeder. Frau Schroeder wore no diamonds, nor wove no intrigues. She spun no webs for trusting men with white flesh and blue diamonds. But she did feed rich Limburger cheese and frothy beer and heavy chowder to sons of the Fatherland conspiring in our midst. Wherefore they were greatly heartened.

Also, her humble home was highly honored, for the great Count von Bumstuff was with her—who had sunned himself, toad-fashion, in the presence of the All-Highest.

"You are only a private—in the American ranks!" spat Bumstuff, and he meant, "You are only a pig—in the mire!"

"But I have a colonel, Excellency," fawned Otto, "and said colonel is named Little—and he iss the uncle of my —my girl. If I marry my girl uncle colonel will come to the wedding—and—I leave the rest to Excellencies."

"*Ha!*" Bumstuff shook the room till even the All-Highest shivered in his imitation frame.

"*Hmf!*" Wotten Orphul Schmell took a stein at a gulp.

"Du lieber!" gutturaled Frau Schroeder and dropped a Limburger cheese upon the floor.

"I must marry my sweetheart at once, anyway," continued Otto, somewhat sullenly, "otherwise a small snipe of a Short, who is already sergeant to my private, will rank ahead of me with her. Already he did make me—

me, Otto Schott, lately his superior in the dye works—kitchen police for a day—the very day my sweetheart comes to camp with uncle colonel—I——"

"How do you know?" interposed Frau Schroeder, with Limburger cheese practicality, "your girl will marry you? Iss it money?"

Otto glared at her and expanded his khaki chest. Did the woman fail to recognize the Lothario in Schott? Lived there a frau with soul so dead????

"She loves me!" he said, sternly, and turned to Bumstuff, cogitating within the precincts of his beard.

When the spies disrupted for the night, it was planned that Emmy should become a bride on the morrow. Hissingly, *other things* were planned, and Bumstuff retired, heavy with beer, and contemplated cables to Gott's Chosen in Wilhelmstrasse.

As Emmy prepared to trip daintily to the dye works on the bright blueness of the next morning, she was amorously accosted by Otto and vociferously embraced.

"You shall *never* go to work again!" he declaimed, and stood off to view the effect of his words.

Emmy was taken aback. "W-hat?" she stammered.

"Once you told me," reminded Otto, "that you would marry the man who did something big for his country. *I* am that man, Emmy! I, Schott!"

"W-what have you d-done?"

Otto bent his lips to her small ear. Emmy squealed. "*Five!*" she exclaimed; "five *spies!* Alone! Single-handed! My *hero!*"

Otto strutted. Then he unearthed from his chest a bulky manuscript and showed to Emmy plans whereby he had trailed the spies. She did not in the least comprehend them, and he did not in the least intend that she should; therefore both were completely pleased and sallied forth that Emmy might behold her hero's prowess with her own bewildered eyes.

In the house, the respectable house, of Frau Schroeder, sat Von Bumstuff, G. Wotten, Schnoop and two others of the same ilk, bound, gagged and ostensibly wretched. Standing corpulent guard over them was the worthy frau, whose mind was less on the edicts of Wilhelmstrasse than on the chowder simmering in the pot.

But Emmy could not know that. She only knew that Otto had done the Big Thing for his country. She could only thrill to the glory of it. And she could only manifest the thrill by then and there embracing him. That he winked over her conquered curls was a matter between himself and Bumstuff.

Otto strutted. Then he unearthed from his chest a bulky manuscript and showed to Emmy plans whereby he had trailed the spies

In the midst of the jubilation she had a fleeting regret for nice little Eddie Short, who had been so *very* nice in small matters of caramels and movies. He had merely risen up from private to sergeant thru strict attention to duty, which was laudable but hardly epochal. It was too bad . . . Eddie was nice . . . her mother had liked him . . . but . . . one worships the head whereon one may place the laurel!

However, in the midst of wedding plans, trips to Atlantic City and various honeymoon data, she found time to whisper that she wanted not only Uncle Colonel Little, whom dear Otto had already suggested, but also Eddie Short.

"Why," demanded her hero, "young Short?"

"He is—was—a rival——" faltered Emmy, and wondered that she felt a pang at the enforced past tense.

"Very well," said Otto, who felt that he could afford to be magnanimous. It would be good fun to see the victim squirm as the parson tied the knot making Emmy a Schott. From such a worthy spirit bleeds the breast of Flanders.

Eddie Short saluted when his Colonel bade him to Emmy's wedding. He felt that, all too soon, a Hun had

run a bayonet in his body. That that Hun should be the contemptible Schott! He suffered hells of torment. It was small consolation that his Colonel patted him on the back as a brother and an equal and referred to other fish in the pond. Eddie knew himself to be the one-fish variety. Emmy was that fish.

During the ceremony he suffered treble-hells. His spine crawled and his flesh brindled. He felt hot and cold, and he had an overweening desire to weep, audibly and long. He thought the minister's voice the most interminable he had ever heard. He thought the ritual detestable and eternal. He thought Otto Schott a traitor and a worm. He thought Emmy an angel, a Lorelei, a Madonna and a vampire. He felt that she had sucked

drill when his Colonel summoned him, he heard the Colonel being called to the 'phone. He wondered who could be calling the Colonel in the home of Schott's . . . no, *Emmy's* . . . aunt. He thought it odd.

Outside, in the car, he waited a long time. In between blurs of Emmy's face . . . Emmy who was *his* . . . he wondered to whom the taciturn Colonel could be speaking. Finally, inaction becoming unendurable, he decided to find out.

When he entered the recent stopping-place of Hymen it was obviously vacant. No Colonel debated over the inactive 'phone. He called him loudly. His own voice echoed back. It had a sinister sound. He called more loudly—mockingly the reiteration returned to him.

Emmy could not know that. She could only know that Otto had done the Big Thing for his country. She could only thrill to the glory of it

the blood from his happiness for all time. Instead of dreams of killing a Boche, he now dreamed fondly of a Boche killing *him*.

At last it was over. Emmy had kist Otto, at which sacrilege Eddie averted his stricken countenance. Then Emmy was kissing Uncle Colonel. Then . . . then . . . she was kissing . . . *him* . . . straight on his grim, young mouth. He felt the wretched tears rising to his mute eyes. He heard himself saying desperately: "Dont . . . . Emmy . . . too late . . . not fair. . . ."

Then they were gone. Gone. He knew that he had dreamed beyond all dreaming. Just as when he was a tiny chap his pet dog had died. There were endless other dogs . . . endless . . . but not for him. . . .

Outside, the car and the orderly were waiting. As he left, dangling the gas-mask he had brought straight from

Suddenly he was galvanized into action. Foul play! First and foremost, Eddie Short was a soldier.

He dashed out to the waiting car. "P'lice station!" he gasped thickly. "Never mind speed—like hell!"

Two plain-clothes men were hauled in at the station and the return to the silent house made.

Ten minutes later one of the men discovered a trap-door cut under the telephone. Eddie said, "Ah-h!" They pried it open, and one of the men thrust his head back. "G-gas!" he sputtered; "Gawd!"

Eddie gave a peculiar chortle of triumph and red hatred. He dived out and rescued his gas-mask from the tonneau. Long practice made for swift adjustment, and he had plumbed the depth of the trap-door before the plain-clothes men quite realized the identity of the deep land diver.

Then . . . then . . . she was kissing him . . . straight on his grim young mouth

"Help up there!" came Eddie's voice immediately. "I've opened a window—there's oxygen enough for some quick action. Colonel is—God!—maybe—gone—hurry, man!"

Between them, they hauled up the Colonel's inert body.

Once in the tonneau of his car Eddie admonished the orderly to keep guard. Then he gave brief descriptions of the wedding-guests to the plain-clothes men and himself took his small car and fled in search of Emmy—Emmy in the hands of a *spy!* Emmy in the hands of—a *murderer*—a true son of Wilhelmstrasse!

He remembered—he remembered *poignantly*—that they had given Atlantic City as their honeymoon address. He gritted his teeth together. There would be no Atlantic City . . . there would be no honeymoon . . . Emmy would be no repetition of the flower of Belgium . . . victim of the German frightfulness.

(*Continued on page* 121)

Cast of characters in the Paramount picture, "Come On In," directed by John Emerson

Emmy	Shirley Mason
Eddy	Ernest Truex
Count Bumstuff	Charles De Planta
Professor G. Wotten Orphul Schmell	James Burke
Emmy's Boss	Renault Tourneur
Otto	Bernard Randall
Schroeder	Blanche Craig
Colonel	Richie Ling

Between them, they hauled up the Colonel's inert body

Epitomizing Ethel

By KENNETH McGAFFEY

ANY way you take it, Champaign is considerable dish, or so I am informed by tourists from less arid communities. It has a lot to be said for and against it. There are those who say it is responsible for new ideas, headaches, a thing they call "hang-overs" — whatever they are — musical-comedies, etc., etc. But the best thing Champaign has to its credit is Ethel Clayton. Even those carping critics from Philo, Resotum, Mahomet, Piatt County, and even the big metropoli like Urbana and Danville, have to admit no Ethel Clayton, but they try to avoid the subject and talk about the new city hall, the stained glass windows in the Third Street Methodist Episcopal Church, or some other local phenomena.

Yes, sir, there isn't an Ethel Clayton film shown in Champaign that the "I Knew You When Club" dont hold a mass meeting and torchlight parade up and down Main Street. When the interurban trolleys commence to have standing room only ten miles from the city limits, the conductor works his way up front and remarks to the motorman: "Must be a Clayton pitcher playin' in town tonight."

Ethel hails from a town bearing the invigorating name of Champaign

It isn't so long ago that Ethel Clayton took her shoebox full of luncheon, caught Number Six and went off to distant Chicago to get her education — when it seemed as if the souvenir postcards of the Masonic Temple and Lincoln Park had hardly stopped arriving before the Champaign paper came out with the big, screaming headlines: "Local Girl Makes Big Hit as Stage Actress."

Of course a lot of folks didn't believe it at first, but when a drummer for a Chicago mail-order house announced that he had seen her with his own eyes acting out on the stage platform and looking real cute and cunning,

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too, why, they just had to believe it. The Urbana folks tried to belittle it and say she was with just a fly-by-night company and that Ethel was fired after the first night, and call Champaign a flat town because all the sparkle had gone out of it; but the "I Knew You Whens" stuck by their guns and said that Ethel was considerable actress and some one had to fill Sarah Bernhardt's shoes. And she could, and she may.

It wasn't long before Ethel Clayton was some pumpkins in the noisy drama and appeared in Molnar's "The Devil," and then later in "The Brute." Also, she acquired a great deal of experience in the hard school of the stock company. While Ethel was playing in stock around Chicago she took an occasional flyer into the silent art when summer came along. This was at the time when all

Miss Clayton had an extensive experience in the so-called "noisy drama" before invading the silent screen

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of one story would be done in one set and made continuous, like a vaudeville sketch. When the camera ran out of film the players would have to hold their positions while the cameraman unloaded his machine and loaded all up again. Then on with the picture. These one-reel thrillers circulated around somewhere, but did not come much to the attention of the big people in the East, where Ethel was known mostly by her stage work. However, it was not long before the magnates of the silent drama began looking in her direction and wondering just how her big, blue eyes and bronze hair would photograph. Pretty soon she found a contract that fitted her and departed for Philadelphia and Lubin and did "The Great Divide" with House Peters. One glimpse at her wonderful work in this production and along came a better contract, and she appeared in a number of World productions.

Along about this time the Paramount people began to notice that when an Ethel Clayton picture appeared it packed the theaters even in towns where the inhabitants didn't know whether Champaign was a town, drink or hair tonic. Having all of the other big stars, Mr. Lasky decided that life would never be the same to him until he had Ethel Clayton on the Paramount Program, and so here she is.

Miss Clayton came to California, and the first picture she did

(*Continued on page* 120)

WHEN LOVERS ELOPE

SAHARA, CALIFORNIA

"I Dont See How They Do It"

In Which the Reader Is Let In to Some of the Director's Screen Secrets

By HOMER CROY

THE Lady had erred, as they so occasionally do in fiction. So we now have the triangle: The Lady Who Knew Better, The Honest Husband and A Party With a Stubby Mustache. It used to droop, in Owen Davis' day, but now it is short and fashionable.

The husband doesn't suspect, as husbands never do in the movies until the fourth reel, when he comes home—to find his wife feeding an unfeeling brute marshmallows on a stick. So the husband walks the street, as one wanders in a mist—glycerine is fine for giving your eyes that filmy appearance—until he determines on his course of action. So he lures his wife to the country and, with the limb of a gnarled tree making an attractive foreground, he pushes her off a cliff. She sways a moment, pleading, imploring, and then goes over, while a rich cockatoo, sitting on a limb by the peaceful ocean-side, lazily preens its feathers in the golden sunshine.

Meantime, the wife is sitting in her car eating a ham sandwich.

It is a dummy that goes over.

Again: We were filming one of Robert Hichens' books. It called for a sand-storm on the desert. As everybody knows, film companies no longer send casts to the other side of the world to get pictures. In the early days they did, when Costello made his famous trip, but no longer. It's easier to bring Cairo to Chicago or Los Angeles. Los Angeles has the Sahara, Greenland's Icy Mountains and India's Coral Strand all in a day's drive. It has everything, from palm-trees to igloos, with a fair-to-middling-sized ocean back of town.

We found sand, but how could we get up a sand-storm?

That was the question. We could get the camels from the zoo; we could get the saddles, and we could get all the sheiks we wanted at five dollars a day, but how could we make the wind blow? A light wind wouldn't do; it must be a storm or nothing.

The technical director went out and looked it over. "Get ready," he said. "I'll see that we have a storm."

When we got ready to go out to get the sand stuff there was about as much wind blowing as there is in a barrel.

"The storm's over there," said the technical director,

WHAT THE AUDIENCE DOES NOT SEE

and we looked, and all we could see was a scaffold with a chute running down. We looked at each other anxiously; but it wasn't our funeral. But when the camels were led around, the storm was all right. It was about all the leading-lady could do to stay on. On the wagon was an aeroplane propeller, so that when the sand rolled down the chute and the electrician turned the switch, the camels thought they were heading for the Great Pyramid.

THE FIRST DOUBLE EXPOSURE EVER MADE

However, most illusions are not brought about by ingenuity of set-building or property manipulation, but by doing something to the film. In other words, double exposure. The first double exposure was made in 1903 in a picture called "The Great Train Robbery." The telegraph operator was sitting at his desk in a little barren station, when he heard a noise, and looked up to find himself gazing into the uncompromising barrels of two revolvers in the hands of gentlemen whose faces were not familiar. He was commanded to stop the train. Thru the open window on the right the train could be seen to come to a stop, and the audience believed that the train was actually outside. Not at all; the train was in New Jersey—the robbers were in the Bronx. The picture of the hold-up was taken in a studio, far from any whistling-post, while over the window hung a black curtain. After the completion of the studio scene, the same film was put in the camera and run thru again. This time a mask was put over the lens of the camera to correspond to the size and shape of the window, and a picture of a passing train was taken. When the film was shown on the screen it looked as if the train were just a few yards from the malcontents.

IT'S HARD TO DIE WHEN SOMEBODY'S DRIVING A SPIKE

Oh, the noise, the commotion of a studio! It's hard to die when somebody's driving a spike. A poor, lone, mistreated mother is starving in a bleak, barren garret, trying to bring comfort to her pale, wan child—while ten feet away three stage-hands are shooting craps!

A girl gets a job wearing an apron, and thinks that heaven has been kind to her. She is promoted to stenographer and begins to say openly that the director doesn't know his business. She screens well and is given a mistreated wife's part. With the first appearance of her name on a poster she begins to develop artistic temperament. Today she is lovely; tomorrow she throws a bootjack at the director and pushes the vice-president down-stairs. By the end of the week she has married the treasurer and started a Motion Picture company of her own.

A Five-Pointed Star

Is Bert Lytell

By RUTH KINGSTON

YES, and every point is a good one, for Bert Lytell, of the Metro, is actor, writer, rancher, designer and athlete. Acting came "nacheral," for his grandparents and parents were actors, and at sixteen, when Bert was forced to earn his own way, he turned naturally to the only congenial occupation he knew at the time.

He knows the stage from every angle, began in stock company and ended up as a featured star in New York City. He traveled extensively and wrote his impressions for the papers, studied stage technique and is now writing photoplays. When Mr. Lytell first came to the Pacific Coast Metro studios, no suitable vehicle presented itself, and he collaborated with the scenario department to produce his first play. At present he is working on a new theme in which the greatest thing in the world, tender mother-love, is the basis for a strong story.

Bert Lytell believes in visualizing his ideas and, accordingly, builds his own model sets, changing and adapting these after conferences with art director, property man and continuity writers. He has a great talent for designing and decorating and laughingly admitted that, if acting were not so fascinating, he would enjoy taking a course in architecture and home interiors, since he makes a hobby of planning color combinations and working with pencil, brush and tools and is never better pleased than when allowed to sketch or model a new "set."

Intuitive persons are bound to be versatile and adaptable, and Bert Lytell is no exception to this rule. You see, he was born with a caul over his face, and his dreamy, gray eyes bespeak mysticism. When accused of possessing "second sight," Mr. Lytell smiled reminiscently. "Yes, I've been told that before—I always wanted to be a crystal gazer; seems like such a fascinating hobby, dont you think so? I wear my caul in a little locket; you know the sailors believe superstitiously that no harm can come to him who has a 'veil' over his face when born and who never parts with it later. Anyway, I know I get *hunches*, and I try to obey these religiously, and, so far, I've not had any really bad accidents. Would you advise me to pat the table for making such a bold assertion?" and Bert Lytell's very sensitive mouth curved into a smile which drew itself up at the corners and displayed teeth fit for a dental advertisement.

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Lytell is an actor, writer, rancher, designer and athlete

Bert Lytell and Anna Q. Nilsson in a Metro love-scene

Bert Lytell imitating a walking hardware store

"So you're really a New Yorker, Mr. Lytell?"

"By birth, but a native son by adoption. I've a ranch up in Napa County, and my voting is done right in California."

"I dont see when you get time to ranch. How do you manage?"

"Well, I often run up at the end of a production, and during the summer I take a brief vacation there. I've a very optimistic—ahem!—caretaker up there. You know, they say a pessimist is a man who has had to live with an optimist. Perhaps that is the reason my manager looks on the dark side of life; but you ought to hear the way that man tries to knock out my hopes."

Mr. Lytell is of the active, effervescent, Douglas Fairbanks type, finds it hard to sit still long enough to be interviewed, is a splendid gymnast, walker and swimmer—but his late experience in Honolulu proves that.

After playing thirty-five weeks in a San Francisco stock company Bert Lytell traveled with it to Honolulu. They were changing the bill nightly, for at the islands one must cater to the love of variety inherent in all Hawaiians. During the day, everybody went surf-riding and swimming, and, while standing on a pier in his bathing-suit one day, Mr. Lytell was asked if he'd like to see something funny at the bottom of the ocean.

The answer came in shape of the prettiest corkscrew dive the star had ever taken for a delighted bunch of spectators, and when he landed on the stony bottom, a Kanaka was prodding away stones and uncovering a five-foot octopus which stretched its arms affectionately in Bert's direction. The native held the beastie down with a forked stick and, diving slightly, bit its eyes out, a little caper which sends the octopi to their heavenly home.

"How horrible! Weren't you frightened?" I asked

(*Continued on page* 121)

Starlight

By MARIE WARDALL

UNDER the open firmament of the movies, I watched the stars shine out. Like the Psalmist, my heart sang: "The heavens declare the glory of——" But I interpolated names unknown to the prophet. *He* had only a few fixed stars in his cosmos. And not living in our day, he missed an intensive course in astronomy. Everything that we do now, from planting potatoes to studying the map of the war or the heavens, is *intensive!*

I am intensely keen for this particular branch of science—the study of Celestial Bodies. On this particular night there were an incredible number of stars. They all winked and blinked and shed their radiance simultaneously. I had never been the recipient of so much lumen.

A seductive star tickled me with a ray of roseate light. I sat up and gave full attention, feeling certain that I had come into *rapport* with Venus. But no—it was Theda the divine. However, Venus had nothing on Theda—and usually Theda hasn't much on!

An entrancing little comet shot by me, leaving a wealth of heliography in her trail—and I recognized Nazimova. By Allah!—but Alla did some shooting thru space. I have an idea that she means to put the sun out of business.

A new movable star leaped up the empyrean and I guessed by the golden swirls of her hair that it was Corinne Griffith. In herself Corinne is a whole galaxy!

Mary Miles Minter laughed down from Cassipea's chair. "It's so like sitting for a close-up," she explained. Billie Burke was trying on Orion's belt, and found it something new under the sun and—quite fetching. Kitty Gordon had won all Diana's quivers as well as several thousand of her own. From her girdle these trophies hung, the envy of a million or more satellites.

Suddenly the welkin pulsed with such a blaze that I thought old Sol had gotten up at night to see what the Allies were doing. But it was only Marguerite Clark spinning up space in a new victorious drive called honeymoon. Such a little queen is Marguerite that they feel her actinic rays way out at the other end of the universe.

May Allison swung around on a new ecliptic. "The Return of Mary" is the orbit in which she travels now. I had scarcely recovered from her spell when a voice like Israfel's rippled:

"Dont spend all your time gazing at full-fledged planets. Take a peep at a little star in the making." I succumbed to the nebulous glow of Norma Talmadge. She was like the fairest of the seven sisters of the Pleiades, and I had a hunch that it wouldn't be long before some Great Bear would write her name in flame on the astral chart.

Back of her trailed the little stars-to-be, the Nursery Department of Stardom. They crowded the Milky Way, bobbing down the mist of the Galactic Circle. Aërolites, meteors and nebulæ of all kinds. From the mere germinal to the budding stage they whirled along under the sheltering wing and watchful eye of the Great Jove of the Movies, D. W. Griffith.

Before them, a sun by day and a moon by night, Mary Pickford shook out her golden smiles and curls. They could all—even the least of them—gaze up to where Mary scintillated at the Zenith. And Mary had once been as they? Miraculous!

Yes, there's a strange, alluring magic in it, explained only by an *intensive* course in movie astronomy and—astrology. From the dark void of nullity suddenly shines out a Star! And we behold her glory and revel in her light!

Happiness is reflective, like the light of heaven.
—*Washington Irving.*

Laugh and Laughs

Is it not a thing divine to have a smile which, none know how, has the power to lighten the weight of that enormous chain which all the living in common drag behind them?
—*Victor Hugo.*

Something of a person's character may be discovered by observing when and how he smiles.
—*Bovee.*

Those happy smilelets that played on her ripe lip seemed not to know what guests were in her eyes; which parted thence as pearls from diamonds dropped.
—*Shakespeare.*

You see that boy laughing? You think he's all fun;
But the angels laugh, too, at the good he has done.
The children laugh loud as they troop to his call,
And the poor man that knows him laughs loudest of all.
—Oliver Wendell Holmes.

the World With You

The smile that was childlike and bland.
—Bret Harte.

© Evans

I like the laughter that opens the lips and the heart—that shows at the same time pearls and the soul.
—Victor Hugo.

Low, gurgling laughter, as sweet
As the swallow's song i' the South,
And a ripple of dimples that, dancing, meet
By the curves of a perfect mouth.
—Paul Hamilton Hayne.

Wally Pops the Question

Upon Hearing That Ora Carew Is to Play Opposite Him in His Next Picture

"You wont mind if I have another leading-lady in my next picture, will you, Ann?"

"Anyway, we'll soon be together again — so you wont take it too hard, Ann?"

"You know you're the only leading-lady for me, dont you?"

The Girl From Wyoming

Otherwise Mildred Harris True Daughter of the West

By MARGUERITE SHERIDAN

ALMOST every State in the Union boasts of the fact that it is the birthplace of at least one scintillating star of the screen, but it was only recently that I discovered who put

Back in the old days, Mildred played golden-haired girlies kidnapped by wicked Indians

Wyoming on the map, motion-pictorially speaking.

Little Mildred Harris, now the lovely blonde heroine of Lois Weber's best sob stories, is the feminine Lochinvar, and she will tell you proudly that she was born in Cheyenne—the native heath of coyotes, cactus, sagebrush and gophers—spent her early life among the rockiest of the Rocky Mountains, trekked across Yellowstone Park and played on the banks of the Green River. (I'll venture to say this particular streamlet will not be recognized by even the sage sixth-graders who strike one hundred in geography; but, be it known, it's a very important river in the vast, waterless waste that is Wyoming.)

Now, according to all traditions, if childhood environment has anything to do with one's future existence, Mildred Harris should have developed into a lady Buffalo Bill, the owner of a sheep ranch or a stalker for gold by this stage of the game. Perhaps it was to avert a calamity of this kind that the Harris family moved to the more civilized land of California when Mildred was a very small girl and allowed her to grow up among the roses of Los Angeles.

This happened back in 1911 when the Eastern Motion Picture producers were just waking up to the fact that the best place in the world to film pictures is on the Pacific Coast. Out at Santa Monica, Thomas H. Ince and a few of the old guard recruited from the Biograph studio were laboring valiantly with one-reelers released under the trade names of Broncho, Domino and Kaybee.

Enid Markey, Charles Ray, J. Barney Sherry, Margaret Thompson, Clara Williams and many others whose names are now to be reckoned with in the film world, belonged to the little company, and if you will brush up your memory a bit you'll recall some of the blood-curdling, screeching Western stuff spooled from the old Ince studio.

It stands to reason that if you are going to make pictures with Indians, cowboys and wicked, wicked gunmen you will occasionally need a golden-haired child to be stolen, mistreated or to soften the heart of the villain as the picture fades out. A hurried call for such a character resulted in Mildred Harris' film début at the

Miss Harris is one of screenland's most attractive sub-débs

age of ten, and, with but a few short vacations, she has been gracing the silversheet ever since.

Juvenile rôles in Ince thrillers gave way to ingénue parts in Fine Arts pictures when the little lady began to put up her curls and take the tucks out of her dresses, and at the age of seventeen she is counted among the most attractive sub-débs of the srceen.

Back to her old love, the Ince forces, went Mildred when the Triangle Company changed hands, and during her stay there she assisted William Desmond in "Time Locks and Diamonds," played with Louise Glaum in "Golden-Rule Kate," and when William S. Hart was cast in "The Cold Deck" the one-time Ince baby star was chosen, along with Alma Rubens and Sylvia Breamer, to uphold the feminine end of the film.

A few months ago Lois Weber left Universal and decided to go out "on her own" as one of the few women producers in the business. Being a strong believer in the pliability of youthful actresses, she looked around for some malleable material to use in her work. Something in the wistful girlishness of Mildred Harris appealed to her sense of artistic values, and the little lady was soon transferred to the dainty rose and old-ivory dressing-room at the Lois Weber studio.

"I'm sorry I have no daring deeds to tell you," she said, with her shy, little-girl smile.

"Mother-Dear and I have always lived here very quietly and simply, and all my great adventures have occurred in my work on the screen. It's like looking at life thru a looking-glass, isn't it?"

It was a warm summer afternoon, one of her infrequent holidays from the studio, because Lois Weber works unceasingly. She swung idly back and forth in the swing on the porch of the quaint, rose-wreathed cottage in Hollywood where she lives with "Mother-Dear." A great pile of khaki yarn and some amber needles peeped out from the inevitable cretonne knitting-bag, and a half-finished sweater for the shoulders of some shivering "Sammy" in France next winter hung over the back of the swing.

She was a cool, refreshing picture in her simple pale-green linen dress, this slender girl with her serious gray eyes and smoothly-coiled golden hair. I thought of Snow Maidens and the Alps and everything but the heat that seemed to have settled down on the world to stay.

"My work is, quite naturally, the most interesting thing in the world to me," she continued, "and really it has been my life since I was a very little girl. Some time I hope to be able to travel and see foreign lands; but, as it is, I barely have time to breathe between pictures, and I see no prospects for anything different."

(*Continued on page* 123)

Putting It Up to "Props"

Some of the Strange Demands Made Upon the Property Department in the Making of Motion Pictures

By STANLEY W. TODD

An interesting "prop" in Mary Pickford's picture, "Stella Maris," was Teddy, the Mack Sennett dog. Here are seen Marshall Neilan, director, Adolph Zukor, "Teddy" and Mary Pickford

INGENUITY is hardly the word, if you wish to describe the qualifications required of the Motion Picture Property Man. "Perspicacity" is a better bit of etymological camouflage to cover his manifold duties in the making of photoplays in any of our big studios, East or West. "Props," as he is sometimes called, is a combination of an art collector, junk dealer, historian, an antique expert, a camoufleur and a second Edison, all rolled into one. And he is indispensable in the making of Motion Pictures.

At any moment, any of the nine or ten directors in his studio is apt to discover something missing in a set, just as everything is ready to "shoot." There is always a lot of temperament flying around loose in a studio, and "Props" is the man at whom some of it is aimed. Perhaps Cleopatra's first lady-in-waiting needs a hairpin like they used to wear those ease-loving days. Of course, that thing *has* to be registered in the picture. Who is

Building a safe to be blown up

The Greater Vitagraph camouflage force erecting a "Henry," which, in the name of slapstick comedy, will do all sorts of tricks

Below, the Vitagraph prop room

the man to get it—forthwith, so to speak? Need the question be answered?

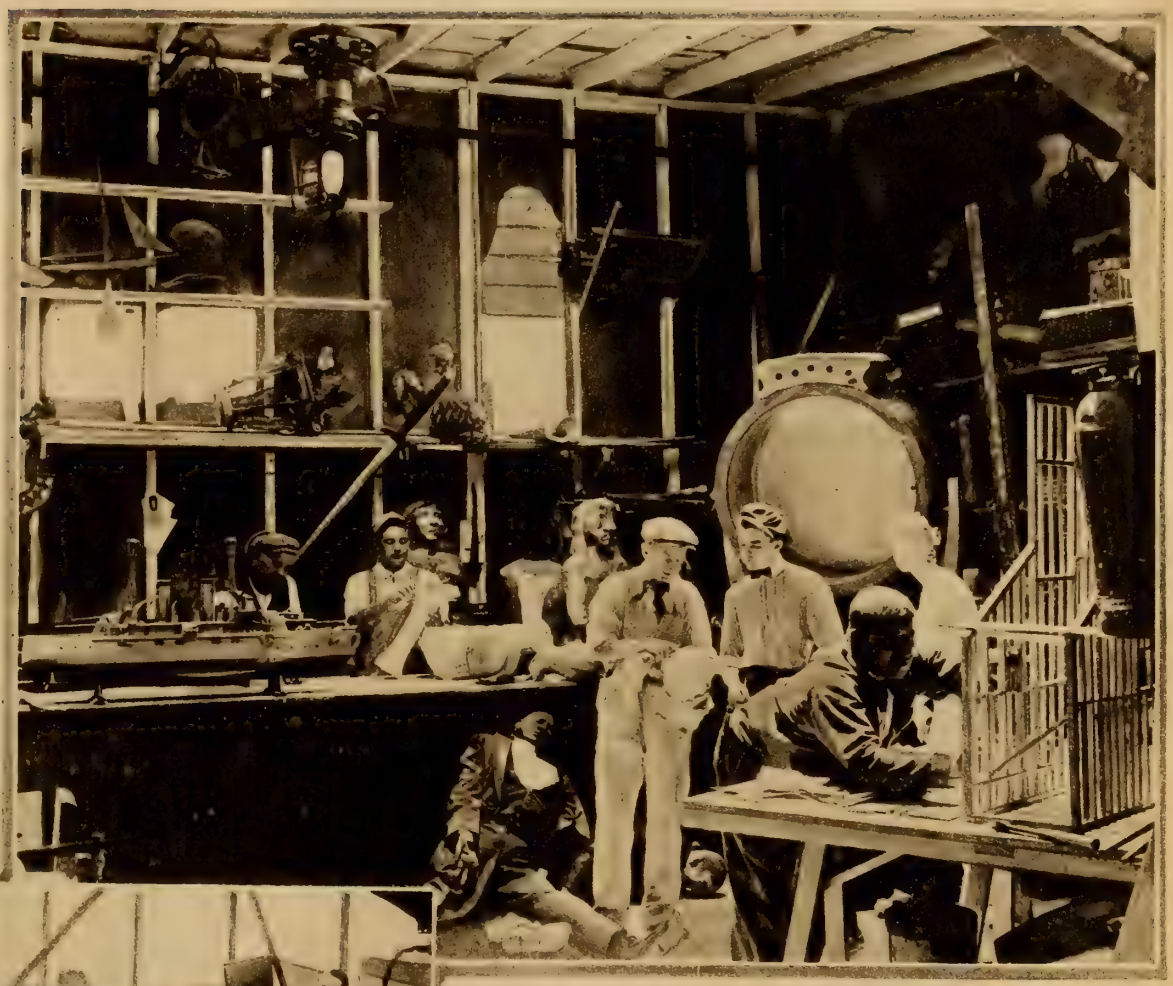
And if you add that such an unheard of thing is needed "at short notice," you've said something. Put emphasis on the "short." A big set, for which thousands of extras have been hired, may be kept waiting, while some missing object or piece of equipment is being obtained at frantic haste by some scout of the Property Department. The minutes are counted in dollars; time is money. The Property Chief knows it and is ready to turn heaven and earth topsy-turvy to retrieve the oversight and save the scene.

This is, perhaps, an exceptional situation, for directors and property men possess phenomenal foresight and imagination, and if they forget or overlook anything needed in a picture, a normal mortal would never think of it. Yet such incidents have happened, resulting in the loss of thousands of dollars or in the retaking of essential scenes at great expense. Which goes to show that Mr. "Props" is a person of some consequence in the studio.

It is for this reason, and to meet all demands, that the Property Room in the average studio is such a remarkable conglomeration of all things imaginable—a veritable curiosity shop. You can find there almost everything, from an Egyptian mummy to a blunderbuss; from a package of needles to automobiles and golf-sticks. There is an abundance of all articles in common use in homes, offices or factories. A catalog of what a systematic studio "prop" room contains looks like a telephone directory. Some of these queer collections are so complete as to make a museum collector feel jealous. And as for home utensils and furnishings, like statues, clocks of every conceivable age and design, pictures and paintings, pots, pans and stoves —it looks as tho you could furnish any home from top to bottom.

Yet this apparent confusion of miscellaneous articles, weapons and equipment is as orderly as can be. There is a place for everything and everything is in its place. A majority of the needs of any set can be met by the Property Room, and if they cant be, the missing articles are hired or made right in the studio. But Mr. "Props" —as we must call the Chief, for want of a better name— does not let any director or any of the latter's assistants "get away" with anything without a receipt of some kind. Those "props" must come back and be put in their proper place, or their cost is charged up against the director and his picture. Incidentally, the studio properties concentrated in this department often run into the hundreds of thousands of dollars.

If something in the "prop" lists made out by directors and their assistants when a picture is ready for production cannot be found in the Property Room, it must be hired at a cost based on the value of the article — and



Plaster studios

Cecil B. De Mille directing the placing of properties in a big photoplay

usually it is cheaper to buy it than hire it—or it is up to the Property Chief to make it himself or have it made. Methods of different studios vary as to what department is responsible for the making of needed articles for sets, but the stage carpenters, the plaster-casting room or the costume department may have a hand in the matter. Even then the Property Chief is invariably called upon to solve the most knotty problems and devise ways and means of supplying the most unusual demands of directors for things which can be neither bought nor hired nor loaned—nor stolen.

"Unusual," did we say? "Crazy" is a little more accurate. In the making of comedies, particularly where foolish make-up, burlesque costumes and trick effects aid a director in getting his "stuff" over, these demands on "Props" go from the absurd and ridiculous to the unattainable dreams of apparently unbalanced minds.

Imagine being a Property Chief and being challenged by this requisition on a "blue Monday" morning when you dont feel particularly cheerful:

"Want for close-up a trained clam, normal size. Arrange so that clam will climb up on a man's bed and pinch his ear, bring him a cigaret and match; also clap shells together and wave a small American flag."

The Property Man in a West Coast studio, who, a while ago, received this modest request, rubbed his eyes and murmured:

"We'll have to find a clam which has a college education! Will some one please tell me how to train an intelligent mollusk of this class?"

A solution of the puzzle, however, was found by resorting to "trick work," and a conference on the subject between the director, his assistants, the camera-man, and, last but not least, the Property Man, resulted in a remarkable demonstration of acting and patriotic fervor on the part of the above-mentioned clam. The scene took five days to make and one minute to "shoot."

The self-same Property Man, who at the time was attached to the American Film plant in Santa Barbara, Cal., took this request as a matter of course, for he had previously been asked to produce, among other things, some "second- and third-day frogs"; a "gravy shooter," by which, in the carving of a turkey, the comedian would be able to squirt gravy in all directions; a "stuffed owl with young"; twelve pairs of "angels, with wings so arranged that during scrap they can pull each other's feathers out." But why go further?

Incidentally, when an energetic property assistant was sent out to get the "owl with young," some one forgot to mention that the stuffed variety was what was wanted and that very probably a taxidermist in town could be

(*Continued on page* 122)

Who Says Dont

If you could get $10,000 a week for washing windows, dont you think you would give up your present occupation? Mary really enjoys it

Enid Bennett believes that the broom should be handled with kid gloves, and even then to be avoided if possible, but the mean author who wrote the scenario insisted upon this scene

Here's a star who doesn't allow any one to take the joy out of her young life. Lila Lee hasn't balked at anything yet, not even at going down on her knees before a floor pail, so we think she'll be versatile

the Stars Work?

We are not surprised that Marguerite Clark's chauffeur quit his job when he saw the car come back — but it isn't worrying Marguerite in the least

Little Louise Huff likes housework. She thinks that love in a cottage is the sweetest thing. But you should see the car that calls to take her home after the studio cottage stuff is over!

Billie Burke dreads blue Mondays. And now there's the ironing to do tomorrow. Why do girls leave home and go on the stage?

He Has an English Accent, But His

Home photographs especially posed

Eugene hails from Boulder, Colo., but there's nothing stone-like about his love-scenes

THERE are few things more fascinating than enigmas. Eugene O'Brien is an enigma.

From all outward appearances, he is a young Englishman. He speaks with an English accent which rivals that of the inmates of Windsor Castle. And yet he is an O'Brien, an Irishman, if there ever was one, and he was born in Boulder, Colorado, U. S. A.

Back in that little town of Boulder, Colorado, there are those who bristle every time the name of Eugene O'Brien is mentioned. For, because his patronymic is O'Brien, many hurried reporters have announced that Eugene was born in Dublin, and each time such an announcement appears in print, a protesting committee wends its way down the principal thorofare of Boulder to the home of 'Gene's mother.

Touchily, each individual friend announces: "Ah, just as we suspected! Now that 'Gene is a success in New York, he is ashamed of Boulder as a birthplace."

And Eugene's mother explains patiently, and perhaps not a little pridefully, that Eugene isn't to blame for the report and that, of course, he is proud he came *from* Boulder.

Enigmas have to be explained so carefully to the folk back home. To those left behind, any one who slips away and blazes a successful trail is always an enigma.

In the first place, no one in Boulder could understand Eugene's desire to go on the stage, even tho they attended his boyhood shows at the unoriginal price of one pin each. When he took fate in his own hands, abandoning his college course in medicine at the University of Colorado in order to tread the precarious boards of the theater as a road to success, they understood him still less; upon his return from a season in musical-comedy with Elsie Janis, with offers in his pocket from the Frohmans to sign a contract to play in straight dramatic productions, they were amazed; but when they heard the young Irishman speak with a London accent, the inhabitants of Boulder became plain flabbergasted, until once more Mrs. O'Brien came to the

Last Name's O'Brien

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

for Motion Picture Magazine

rescue and elucidated, with a sagacious nod of her comely head:

"Hush, it's all right; *all* actors talk that way."

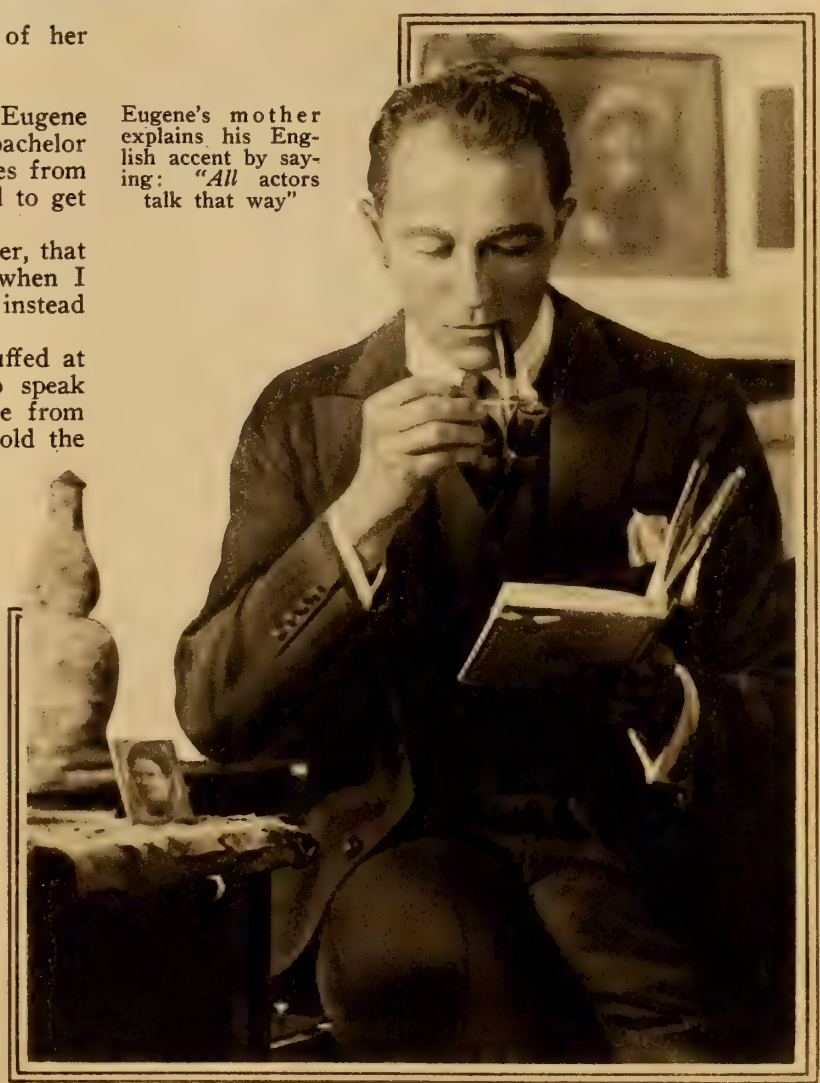
The other day, while comfortably watching Eugene play host among the tea-things in his very own bachelor apartment and being served with ripe red cherries from a black bowl on a teakwood stand, I determined to get at the root of this enigma.

It is quite typical of Eugene O'Brien's character, that he failed to become the least little bit angry when I asked him why he spoke with an English accent, instead of an Irish brogue or a Western brrr.

"Oh, I say," he expostulated, as he calmly puffed at his inevitable cigaret, "should I be doomed to speak all my life with a rolling r just because I came from the West? I believe that the stage should uphold the highest traditions of the English language and for that reason I have always spoken pure English; as for the Irish part of it, my people came from Dublin where as beautiful English is spoken as in London itself.

"After all everything is a question of relative values, dont-you-know. Many of my friends thought I was crazy to go on the stage, and when I did, let me tell you no one gave me the helping hand; I had to make my own way. Later on when I dipped into the movies, many of my other friends thought I was still crazier, sort of lowering myself and all that, dont-you-know, but I like the movies. They are jolly good fun and just as long as they like me, I intend to go on playing in them. Of course, I am going to keep up my stage work too. I only left 'The Country Cousin' at the end of its run last winter and I expect to play on Broadway again next season.

"How do you like my diggings?" (English for his homelike bachelor apartment with its huge open fireplace, man-size davenport,



Eugene's mother explains his English accent by saying: *"All* actors talk that way"

Eugene at home

mahogany table, desk and baby grand piano)? Just as soon as I got settled in pictures I made up my mind that I was going to have a place of my own. I chose this apartment and then I started to buy the furniture. I didn't know any more about buying furniture than a rabbit, dont-you-know. The very first thing I bought was the piano. I slept under it the first night. Next I bought that desk. I said to myself, 'There, now, when I have a good big desk, I can answer all my letters.' You see, I wont keep a secretary because I think it's rotten bad form to hire a girl to answer your letters and make people think you have written them yourself. I call it hoodwinking the public.

"So I bought my big desk; but it's devilish funny, I never seem to get a chance to answer my letters. They just keep piling up and I will say 'There, that is a peach of a letter, I must answer that.' Then, somehow it gets hidden under the pile. Oh, well, at least I dont hoodwink the public, dont-you-know.

"And do you know it is mighty expensive to have admirers? I have it all figured out. It costs about a dollar an admirer."

"What!" I gasped, unbelievingly.

"Fact! You see a photograph costs over fifty cents, then by the time you have had some one address it, it comes to eighty, add ten cents for the folder and by the time you have it stamped, it costs about a dollar, and when you have sent it out, you have gained an admirer! I call that darned expensive, dont-you-know."

Thus spoke Eugene O'Brien, and yet with his next breath his clean-cut boyish lips lost their little quizzical curve of sophistication as he told about some of the letters he receives. He was especially proud of one from a young lad. It was misspelled, unpunctuated, but it told of the recent death of a mother, of a factory job, attendance at night school and a great desire for Mr. O'Brien's photograph, for with his picture to look at, the writer would be encouraged to work on, to grow more like Mr. O'Brien and reach his desired goal.

It is scarcely necessary to add that this letter was answered immediately and the best photograph Eugene O'Brien owned was shipped at once to help the boy bring himself up according to the ideals Eugene O'Brien typifies on the screen.

It is interesting to note that Eugene O'Brien is one of those too few people who couldn't even hurt a beetle. He likes to think of himself as a realist, while as a matter of fact, his light blue eyes often film over with visionary ideals, especially when he points out the picture of his mother and his window-box of geraniums that his cousin's wife in California sent him.

"I love them, dont-you-know, but the darned things wont bloom."

He has many books, but his favorites are the plays of Oscar Wilde.

"Altho I am too busy living, to get time to read," he admitted honestly.

I asked this tall, straight, well-built bit of Irish-English manhood why he wasn't in the army and the enigma answered:

"There is no one in the world who would rather be prancing around in a uniform than I.

(*Continued on page* 120)

Canning O. Henry in Celluloid

By O. R. GEYER

REHEARSING A SCENE FOR "NO STORY." 'TIS WELL THERE IS A *SCENE*

PERHAPS you are one of the many who have found pleasure and entertainment in the screen versions of the work of famous authors, who have imagined the work of producing these stories in film form to be an easy task. If such is the case you are due for a disillusionment, for the screen's ablest artists unite in testifying to the difficulties of adapting literary masterpieces for the screen. This is especially true of the O. Henry stories, which have been produced in screen form for more than a year.

Of the millions who have seen the lovable characters of America's best known short story writer brought to life upon the screen, very few have realized the pitfalls and difficulties that have beset the path of those who have had charge of preparing the original stories for their photoplay form. Altho many of these stories have been produced in two-reel form, their adaptation for the screen has caused more gray hairs and kindred griefs for Motion Picture experts than the average five and seven-reel feature. One reason for this is the necessity of sticking close to the original story, lest some of the charm of these masterpieces be lost in the translation process. Another is the humanness of the O. Henry stories, his wide range of characters being drawn from everyday life. Almost any person familiar with Moving Pictures must realize how much more difficult it is to dramatize real characters for the camera, than it is to picturize the creations of the scenario writer's brain. In the case of the former the director must stick close to life, while in the latter

A BIT OF WHAT THE CAMERA SAW IN "SISTERS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE"

e is allowed considerable leeway, because there is no great need of sticking to "facts."

"I have adapted the stories of Hall Caine, Thackeray, Dickens and many other greater writers for the screen," said Eugene Mullins, editor of the manuscript department of the Vitagraph Company recently, while discussing the problems encountered in filming the O. Henry stories. "But I have never found a writer so difficult to translate for the screen as O. Henry. Perhaps it is because he is the representative of a great literary cult, whose genius for depicting the human and amusing peccadillos of the common people has never been equaled by any American writer. At any rate, the O. Henry screen stories have called for a greater expenditure of

ALICE TERRY, ONE OF THE "SISTERS," LEARNS TO OPERATE A BUS, WHILE THE COP IS SEARCHING FOR HER UP AMONG THE STARS

gray matter than most of the short stories seen upon the screen. Very few film companies have attempted to picturize the real human characters of life, preferring to retain the overdrawn characterizations to be found in the average film story.

"The average O. Henry story presents no great amount of action, depending upon its intimate and attractive study of real people for its charm and interest. We have been compelled to follow the original story very closely in order to preserve intact the original charm of the writer. To adapt O. Henry for the screen one must be a genuine O. Henry fan. Despite the fact that all of us who have had something to do with these stories have been ardent O. Henry fans, we have found our way beset with many trials and differences of opinion. There is often a divergence of opinion as to what O. Henry intended to bring out in this or that characterization, and there has been no exception to the rule in this case. Oftentimes we have had four or five persons at work trying to adapt an O. Henry story for the screen, with the idea in mind of using the best one of the five. It is needless to say that in many cases five widely different scripts have been turned in by these writers.

"Perhaps the most difficult O. Henry story to adapt for a film play was 'The Guilty Party,' an intimate story of the East Side, into which the author put a stinging, last-minute whiplash. In the original story the girl who

(*Continued on page* 124)

W. P. S. EARLE, DIRECTOR. EDWARD EARLE, STAR, IN "THE GIRL AND THE GRAFT." SPEAKING OF *GRAFT*, OBSERVE THE *STAR*

MEMBERS OF THE O. HENRY COMPANY ENGAGED IN FILMING "SISTERS OF THE GOLDEN CIRCLE," FEATURING EDWARD EARLE, AGNES AYRES AND ALICE TERRY

THOMAS R. MILLS DIRECTING A SCENE FROM "THE LOVE PHILTRE OF IKEY SCHOENSTEIN"

"Sunshine" Mary Anderson's New Home

By RICHARD ANDRE

FIFTY yards from the ocean front at Santa Monica, California, stands a very pretty little bungalow, surrounded by fruit trees, grapevines and loganberry bushes. In the rear of the house there is a specially built dog-house, a reproduction of the bungalow itself, only on a much smaller scale, of course. The former is occupied by two full-blooded Airedale dogs, answering to the names of "Bullets" and "Givie," and the latter by "Sunshine" Mary Anderson, the popular little screen favorite. Woe be to any one who should try to enter the bungalow of "Sunshine" Mary without her

(*Continued on page* 124)

Right on the edge of the Pacific is Mary Anderson's bungalow. Here "Sunshine" can take a daily dip all the year round

When a Menage Becomes a Menagerie

By FRITZI REMONT

IF you had been told to walk two blocks from the Lasky lot, past Fred Stone's new circus tent and wild animal show, to Morningside Court, you'd rather expect something out of the ordinary—quaint, sunshiny and lived in by distinguished folk, wouldn't you? Well, that famous thorofare bears out the theory that there's something in a name, after all, for, strolling leisurely thru a delightful avenue of eucalyptus trees which seem to stand at attention like a royal guard, one suddenly enters a regular Kate Greenaway block.

The villain of many a photodrama loves dumb animals

There's a whole squadron of cats and kittens at the Roberts ménage

There are evergreens trimmed like those enchanting conifers which once delighted youthful owners of Noah's arks. Arbors of roses lead up to two-story bungalows, brick in the lower half, trimmed with green shutters, white doors with shiny brass knockers and odd, white casements. Brick in California? Why, even in wealthy Hollywood two-story homes are exceptional, and the combination of red bricks and height attracts attention.

"Fifteen Forty-two"—I mechanically repeated the number lest I forget which one of those odd dwellings was to be my destination. They are all different, and the flower schemes are as varied as the owners. After all, the precaution of remembering a number was unnecessary, for ere I had swung back the gate, Theodore Roberts rose politely, tossed away a perfectly good smoke and opened the screen door which kept a delightful, glassed-in porch fly-proof.

"Howd'y'do? Let's walk inside," was his cordial greeting, as "The Planter" opened a door right into a

Theodore Roberts started life as a ship captain on the Pacific

living room. Never was room more appropriately named, for it bore every evidence of congenial, homey family life. A ferocious black-bear rug sprawled lazily over beautiful Turkish carpets at one side of the big table, and a white bear glared savagely from its other side, defying the dusky cousin to come over and try the piano, which was flanked by shelves of music-rolls.

Outside, the dead-white glare of a California summer sun, not hot, but calculated to blind one who suddenly entered a pleasant, shadowy chamber. "Oh, dear, I nearly sat on a cat!" I wailed. Mr. Roberts laughed genially as he rescued a Siamese feline with slant eyes which opened lazily over the disturbance.

Such a cat! The most wonderderful fur, a lovely tan shade and not a bit like ordinary cat-fur.

As I blissfully stroked his perfect coat and listened rapturously to a saw-mill accompaniment, I stated the object of my visit.

"I came to find out what kind of an actor you've been! And where, and when, and how!"

"I was never destined for the stage in youth, for my father was a sea-faring man. I was born in San Francisco and hung around the wharves like any other little rat on the Golden Gate's hinges. I was sent to college in my teens and learnt enough about the stage before I graduated to want to make acting my life-work. My father was much opposed to this and began to offer every kind of inducement. Of course, I knew all about shipping, for all my vacations and free moments were spent on the Pacific. I was a great traveler even in my early youth."

"Hello, papa!" The interruption startled me. I turned and found right behind me a huge parrot-cage, where "Chimmie Fadden" was just awakening. The Irish canary with the Jew nose climbed down to get a long green-and-red tail-feather, with which he scratched his head meditatively, while he repeated, engagingly, "Hello!"

A swish of silken skirts accompanied the entrance of Mrs. Roberts into the arena.

When you want to describe Florence Roberts adjectives seem to play hide-and-seek. Her biggest asset is charm. But Theodore Roberts' wife is not dependent on her husband's fame for friendships. She is one of those optimistic, bright and active women whose personal magnetism is irresistible.

"Meouw!" came a voice from back of a huge, over-stuffed chair near the cage. Another cat! The first had been

(*Continued on page* 125)

Theodore and his favorite puppy, not to mention the Jewish canary

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Pompeian Beauty Powder

Adds a pearly clearness
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Instant Beauty

Men cluster around. And why not, for who can deny the compelling charm of a beautiful complexion? A white skin, lustrous and soft as satin, with the rich color glowing in the cheeks.

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Pompeian BLOOM—A rouge that adds the final touch of youthful bloom. Imperceptible when properly applied. Do you know that a touch of color in the cheeks beautifies the eyes, making them darker and more lustrous? With vanity mirror and French puff; in three shades, light, dark and medium (the popular shade). 50c.

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To one person only in a family we will send a box of Pompeian BEAUTY Powder (containing exactly one-half regular 60c package) and samples of DAY Cream and BLOOM for only two dimes.

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Gentlemen: Enclosed find two dimes for which send me your special **powder** offer. No member of my family has accepted this offer.

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Flesh shade sent unless white or brunette requested

A New Beauty in Celluloid Circles

Katherine MacDonald

Katherine's maid accentuating her loveliness

Katherine's bull pup and a few of her blue ribbons

Just as Katherine gets all posed up, Sister Mary MacLaren "horns in"

Found by "D. W."—A Jewel

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

"He saw a slight, pretty figure, a quantity of golden hair, a pair of blue eyes that met his own with an inquiring look, and a forehead with a singular capacity (remembering how young and smooth it was) of lifting and knitting itself into an expression that was not quite one of perplexity, or wonder, or alarm, or merely of a bright, fixed attention, tho it included all the four expressions——"

—*"A Tale of Two Cities."*

JEWEL CARMEN spoke at length of the power of mind over matter. She does not, however, hold this belief as a religion. It is more of a philosophy, she will tell you, and at the time you will probably not be thinking of philosophy at all, but of the beauty of her eyes and hair and the ever changing expression of her face. There is something fascinating about the sheer physical loveliness of her.

She was sitting in her dressing-room at the Fox studio in Hollywood, California. The dressing-room is "done" in cretonne—grey and light blue—and she was dressed in lavender organdie with a white georgette crêpe picture hat. If you had felt poetical—and you probably would have—you might have said that she was the incarnate spirit of summer—(and then, she might have told you about how, when she was a little girl, she cashiered in one of her father's restaurants in Portland. But she wasn't a success, and you're glad she wasn't a success, there are plenty of good cashiers and very few good actresses). As it hap-

Jewel Carmen was once a cashier in one of her father's restaurants in Portland

pened, her natural gift for acting is a jewel, which David Wark Griffith found and Frank Lloyd set—but this was afterwards, when Fox put on "A Tale of Two Cities."

However, if you had seen a number of her pictures, you would guess, perhaps, that she takes a keen delight in the emotional scenes—

"I want to play 'Romance,'" she said, "if we can only get the rights. It is full of drama! You know that scene where the minister forgets that he is a man of God; forgets everything except his love for the actress?"

She quoted from Edward Sheldon's play:

"'You are a woman and I am a man.'"

Needless to say, she was not thinking of playing the part of the minister, but the dramatic quality of his speech appealed to her irresistibly. At twenty-one she has brought with her from her childhood, the ability to make-believe with childish thoroness.

The way "D. W." found her was dramatic enough to satisfy even Jewel. It happened this way:

The great director was making a scene for "Intolerance."

The massive set, with its towering elephants, was crowded with extra people—hundreds upon hundreds of them—and probably there was not a girl present who did not think that before the picture was finished, the great director would "discover" her and make her a star.

Jewel's one ambition is to play Edward Sheldon's play, "Romance," on the screen

There was a pause in the action.

"Where," asked "D. W.," "is that young lady who can act?" and, without a moment's hesitation, George Seigmann, his assistant, called:

"Oh, Miss Carmen!"

So Jewel's dream came true; she was discovered by "D. W."

"After that," she said, "everything seemed to come easily. But I was such a long time getting started that I thought my chance would never come! You see I had no friends 'on the lot' to 'tip me off' when some director was likely to use a mob, so there was nothing for me to do but 'hang around' and wait all day long on the chance that some one would need me. Of course the studio I picked was the Triangle so that Mr. Griffith could see my work and make me a star! He has made so many stars, you know!

"I reported at nine o'clock every morning for three months, and sat on a bench with a crowd of others every day until four or five o'clock in the afternoon, before I was given anything to do. My first part was with De Wolf Hopper in 'Sunshine Dad.' We rehearsed about three weeks, before Mr. Griffith, who was supervising the direction, came to look over the cast——"

Apropos, she interrupted herself to tell an amusing little story about a young minister who was preaching his first sermon. He had taken his text from the parable of the fig-tree:

"My friends," he said, standing first on one foot and then on the other, "my text this evening—I—I—mean this morning, is from St. Matthew, the nineteenth chapter, twenty-first verse—I—I—mean, the twenty-first verse, nineteenth chapter—" here, fixing them with a glassy stare, he said clearly and with much eloquence:

"And the wig-tree frithered away!"

(*Continued on page* 123)

The Plain

A Story of the

By FREDERICK

Pansy is darned good for the eyes

BEING a camera-man is a fascinating occupation —if you believe the popular idea. You know the stuff. Standing on the side of an Alpine crag gracefully grinding a 200-pound camera at nothing at all, while clouds curdle around your Règals. Or posing imperturbed on the top of a trench filming the capture of the village of Neuville Somethingorother, while a 42-centimeter shell bursts with deliberate unfriendliness just northwest of your right ear.

I've never been nearer the Alps than doing snow stuff in the Rockies. As for putting war into celluloid, a section of the Civil War on the battlefields of California is plenty. When it comes to poison gas—dont I eat at the Screen Club when I'm in little, old New York?

Believe me, the real thing in the camera-man's giddy career is different. The regular daily close-up would show me shooting film in a studio where the thermometer spends the summer at Blood-Heat-on-the-Mercury. Or, maybe, standing in water up to my Elks' watch-fob, while I grab off a near view of a dashing clothing store dummy kissing the coy ingénue in an Indian canoe.

Of course, the game has its advantages. I aint spent no more interesting period than my six weeks at Bermuda immortalizing Annette Kellermann as a water nymph. Annette, I'll explain if you dont keep up with the releases, is the lady who made the freckle a popular summer attire.

Again, it's pleasant to poke your camera into a nifty lavender boudoir and shoot a close-up of a cutie in the pink things they wear after 12 P M. on the magazine covers.

These are the recompenses. Lord knows, little enough comes to the man behind the camera! It's the director and the star that gets their names in the trade papers and on the fillums. And three to one it's the camera-man that deserves the credit. Who throws the camera out of focus for the close-up when the star comes to the studio on the morning after the night before? The director doesn't dare say a word, for the star's contract says he can have as many close-ups as he wants. And who discovers that a cigaret-box has been left on the floor of Juliet's chamber in time to save the thing being filmed? As a camera-man, I blush just to ask the questions.

Not that I'm against directors. Most of them are as good as the next. For instance, there's Bill Donovan—William Kendrick Donovan is his complete moniker. I've worked with Bill for a year, and no finer director ever stood before the Cooper-Hewitts.

Bill can grind out a five-reeler every four weeks regular. No delays or excuses about Bill. Many a time I've seen him take a script, write in a whole lot of new scenes and even change the whole story around. All this talk about directors ruining scripts is bunk. Why, I've even heard our own script department kick about Bill. And that was after he'd slipped a punch into a tame domestic story by putting in a scene where the hero is pushed off a cliff.

That's why I cant understand this last stunt of Donovan's. But if I'm going to be a regular story-teller, perhaps I should go back to the beginning. About eight weeks ago Bill came running up to me with a telegram in his hand. "Look at that wire, Fade-out!" he snarled. Bill always calls me Fade-out.

The message read: "If you have any more films in your system like 'Us Three,' save time by closing up studio and mailing us key." It was signed by the boss, Israel Laemsky, president of the Flicker Corporation. Right here I should say we are working in Laemsky's Coast studio.

Well, I read the telegram. "That's rotten," I said to console Bill. "What's he know about the drama? Why, he owned a second-hand clothing store before he butted into the fillum game."

"Sure," Bill answered. "Look at me, six years in the business. I learnt my art in the old Biograph studio when a one-reeler was a feature de luxey. He cant pull that on me."

Which was true. Bill has been in the game from the start. Before that he'd played in a lot of fine plays like "Nellie, the Beautiful Cloak Model," and "The Dangers of a Big City." He knows the drama down to the ground.

"Whatcha goin' to do?" I inquired.

"I've a good mind to leave him cold—but I wont," replied Donovan. "I'll hold him to his contract, then it's

Little Sparrow

Movie Studios

JAMES SMITH

me for a regular boss. I'm hired to January, and it's here I'll stay."

"I getcha," said I.

"Meanwhile I'm going to take some of the flicker out of the Flicker Motion Picture Corporation. I'll——" But he stopped right there.

"Yeh-ah," I said, kind of helpful like. I wanted to hear his plan. Believe me, there's no one any craftier than Bill.

"I'll pull somethin' good, take it from W. K. Donovan! I ask you, wasn't 'Us Three' a good drama?"

"Sure it was," I answered. "I never shot a better one. Heart interest, punch and everything." And, take it from me, what I said was true.

"Didn't I hire Bill Hawkins to go off that bridge for seventy-five iron men? Didn't I smash up a three-hundred-dollar Tin Lizzie in that big scene?"

"You did," I agreed. Bill stops at nothing to make an artistic fillum play.

"And that guy sits at his roll-top in little, old New York and has the nerve to wire me this!" growled Donovan.

"Dont take it so sore," says I. "He dont know one, two, three about the drama. You and me are hep to that."

"Sure," said Bill. "But it gets my goat. I gotta stay out here in his cheap little Coast studio and take that stuff."

"Until January," I prompted. "Then we can beat it."

Just then Pansy Lovely, star of the company, happened along. Pansy is a blonde baby-doll. Cute is no word for it. Blonde curls and everything. Maybe Pansy isn't there on the brain stuff, but she's darned good for the eyes.

"Here, Pan," remarked Bill. "Give this the once over." And he handed the telegram to her.

Pansy let her violet, three-hundred-a-week orbs peruse the angry words of Laemsky.

"The nerve of that guy!" she vouchsafed. "That was one of my best vehicles. I never done nothing better than that scene with the white slaver. Frank was rotten as the heavy, tho. Maybe that's what Izzy means."

"*Your* big vehicle!" snapped Donovan. Bill is kind of touchy on these things. "*My* big production, you mean." Then he noticed the fire in Pansy's eyes and said, sort of consoling: "Sure you was great in it, but it was *my* production. Didn't I shift the scenario all around? Didn't I put that auto smash-up in it? That alone always puts a script over."

"I've got a good mind to wire my resignation," said Pansy. But her words weren't very vigorous.

"Better not, Pan," said I. "It's a bad year in the profesh. All the companies is cutting down."

"Well, anyway, he didn't say nothin' about the acting," Pan answered.

"That's all right, Pansy," Donovan continued. "But he means us all. You cant slip out and put it up to me."

"For my part," concluded Pansy, "Izzy can go chase himself. I know my art." And she slammed her studio dressing-room door good and hard. Temperament's a queer thing, aint it?

Donovan hurried upstairs to the scenario department. I went along to see the fireworks. We could hear a typewriter clicking before we got to the door. Bill slammed it open and dropped the telegram on the typewriter keyboard before the eyes of Walter Arthur Brown, the scenario editor.

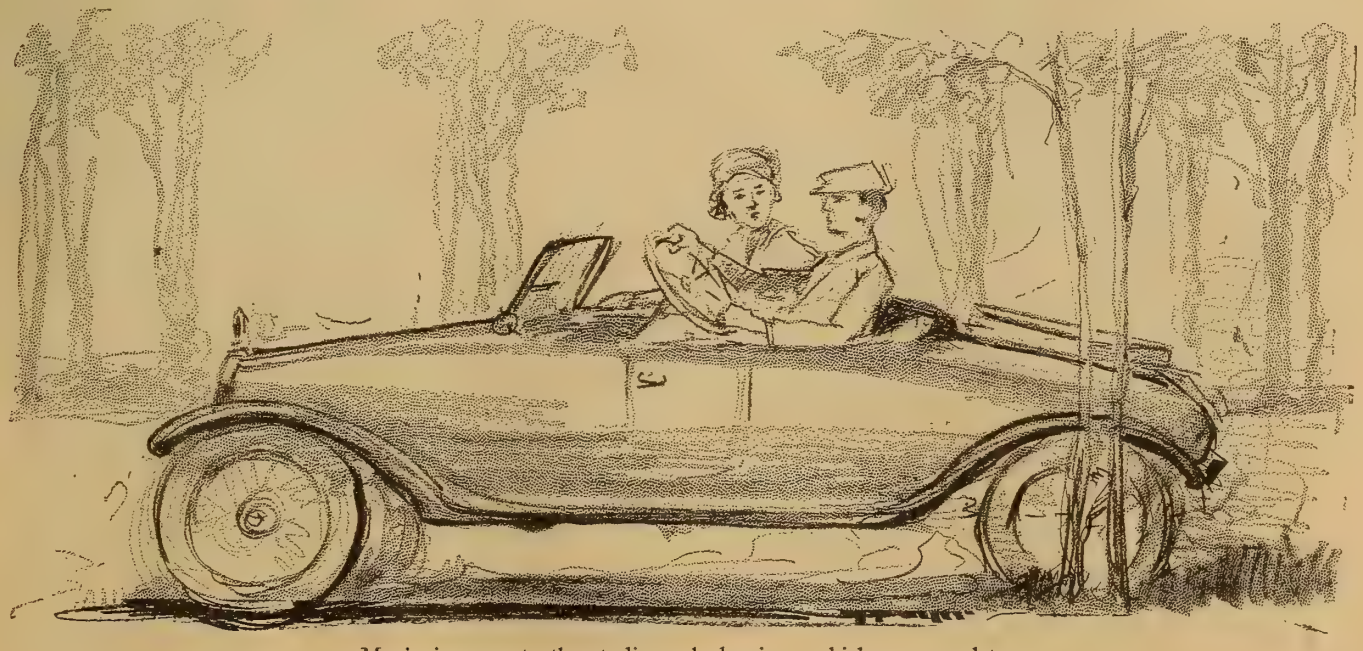
Brown is a mild-looking guy with spectacles—big, black-rimmed ones. Once he told me that he'd been a newspaper man up in New England somewhere—that is, until the news of the high salaries in the movies finally drifted to his town. The next day he threw up his job covering police court and headed for California. With the Flicker Motion Picture Company, Brown has to write a five-reeler every four weeks and a lot of single-reelers for the comedy company to work with. Besides that, he has to shift stories all around to suit every one. It's a hard job, all right. I often wonder how he does it. I spend a whole night trying to write one letter. I always get stuck right after the "I am taking pen in hand" stuff.

Brown looked over the telegram and then up at Bill.

"Pretty raw," began Donovan.

"For my part," said Brown, kind of tired, "you can mail him the little, old key any time you want to."

"I'm sticking my contract out, but I want better



Marjorie came to the studio each day in a rakish gray roadster

The grin disappeared and he handed me the bit of paper with an oath

scripts, get me?" snarled Bill. Donovan is always kicking about the scenarios.

"I get you, but what about 'Us Three'?"

"If I'd 'a' done it the way you typed it, Laemsky would never 'a' even wired—he'd 'a' fired!"

"I tell you, Donovan," continued Brown, "you're wrong. You threw out all the best twist of the story and jammed in that guy going off a bridge in a flivver. That's old stuff."

"But these scenes you wrote wouldn't 'a' got over."

"How do you know?—you never tried them," argued Brown. "They were psychological—they revealed the inner soul of the woman. The story would have made you."

"They want action!" declared Bill. That was always Bill's final argument. "Action and more action!"

"They're tired of what you call the punch," said Brown. "You cant get away with that eternally. You'll have to try something else sometime."

"Besides," remonstrated Bill, "how in blazes could Pansy do that stuff? She read the script and said she couldn't make it at all."

"Pan," said Brown, "is all right in her way. But curls and blue eyes and the kittenish stuff are on the toboggan."

"You're crazy!" remarked Donovan, frankly. "They want pretty girls and lots of 'em. I've been six years in the business. I learnt my art in the old Bio——"

"I know," interrupted Brown; "but run along. I've got to finish a five-reeler by tomorrow."

After that Donovan and I started home. I've forgotten to say that Bill and I room together. You can see I'm no story-teller from the way I get the continuity of my scenario all gummed up.

Well, anyway, we started home. Just as Bill passed out thru the front entrance, Peggy Burns, the studio telephone girl who presides just inside the entrance behind an office fence, called to him. "There's seven girls here to see about work, Mr. Donovan," she said.

"I'm in a hurry, Peggy," said Bill. "Tell 'em all to come back tomorrow." The old stuff, you know. I'd rather be in a somewhere-in-France trench than be an extra. You get three dollars for being a citizen of ancient Rome on Monday, and, provided you dont go to the hospital from doing a trick fall, maybe you work again in three weeks. I dont know how they do it. Hoover ought to interview a half-dozen extras and then issue a revised set of rules on how to cut down the cost of living.

Bill allowed his eyes to pass over the anxious assemblage of seven. Every one of them was doing her best to register in his favor. Six of them were the regular thing in movie ingénues, curls and all. Sort of composite Pickfords, Minters and Stuarts. The seventh was a plain, little thing, the sort of kid you wouldn't never expect to find in a studio. She was almost homely.

I saw Donovan's glance wander back to her. Then he paused at the office gate.

"Tomorrow, Mr. Donovan says, at eight," Peggy was repeating to the gathering.

"Here," interrupted Bill, "I might as well send you all right along now. We aren't using extras this week. But, say you"—and he pointed at the plain, little sparrow—"drop in tomorrow at eight. Get me?"

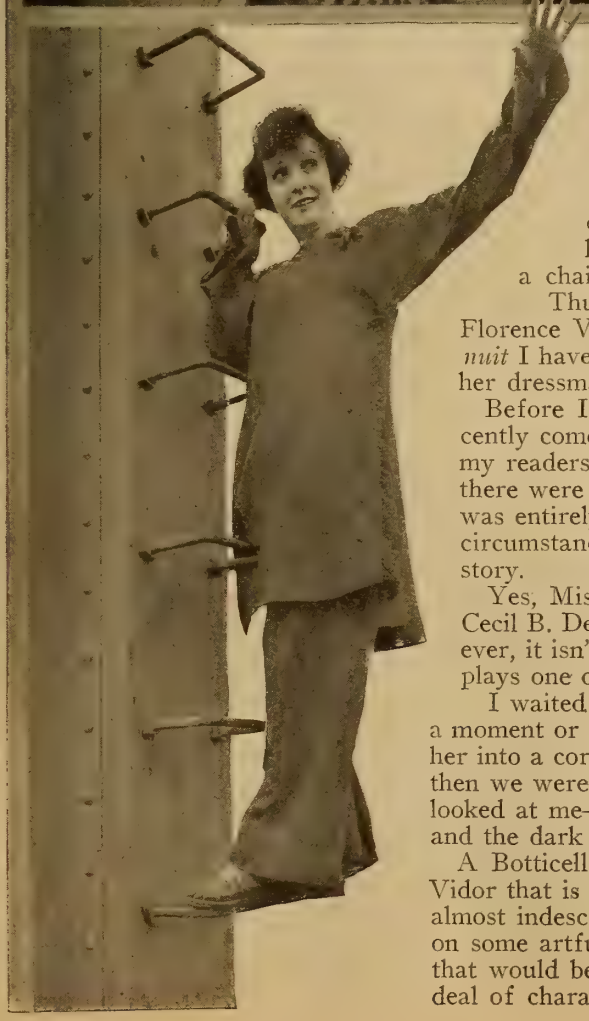
Maybe the kid wasn't surprised! She was hardly able to gasp out, "Yes, sir!" She was shy and timid-like. Any one of the other Janes would have been bouncing around in excitement like twenty Dorothy Gishes. The kid looked as if she was going to cry.

"Promptly!" snapped Bill.

(*Continued on page* 110)

Florence Vidor Talks of Love and Other Things

By MEDIA MISTLEY



The gifted young lady named Florence

IN some respects the feminine interviewer has a distinct advantage over the mere man, at least when the subject of the interview happens to be of the fair sex, because she needn't be so dreadfully particular as to where, when and how she chats with the victim. She may, for example, discuss matters of high portent while the beautiful star, clad in pajamas, reclines upon a chaise-longue or sips tea while but partially covered by a silken spread.

Thus I had the distinct pleasure of chatting omnivorously with lovely Florence Vidor, while she lay in bed attired in the most fascinating *robe de nuit* I have seen in many moons. I am going to get the pattern from her or her dressmaker—but that's neither here nor there.

Before I go further into the charms of the exquisite beauty who has recently come to the fore in Artcraft and Paramount pictures let me disillusion my readers. The scene was a picture studio and Miss Vidor was acting—so there were plenty of men present. The gown was camouflage, and everything was entirely right and proper. But the fact remains that I have, under other circumstances, talked to actresses when—but that, as Kipling says, is another story.

Yes, Miss Vidor was acting, and acting beautifully, under the direction of Cecil B. DeMille. The play deals with certain aspects of the big war. However, it isn't about this picture I am writing, but concerning the little lady who plays one of the biggest rôles, opposite the ebullient Bryant Washburn.

I waited until a blue kimono further hid the form of Florence and she had a moment or so to spare while Mr. DeMille planned out his next scene. I drew her into a corner and had myself introduced by an ubiquitous publicity man, and then we were left to ourselves. I looked at Florence Vidor—and I suppose she looked at me—and the visible form faded before my eyes till only the fair face and the dark frame of her hair stood out distinctly.

A Botticelli might have painted it—there is a Florentine beauty about Miss Vidor that is almost too ethereal—no, that isn't the word, either—anyway, it is almost indescribable. She belongs in some exquisite old canvas by a master, or on some artfully wrought cameo. I wont say her features are perfect, because that would be to imply a lack of character. No perfect face possesses a great deal of character. But the composite is compellingly, entrancingly lovely.

"What did you wish to talk about?" asked Florence, in rather a deep-toned voice, with flute-like quality. There is a hint of the South in her voice — at least, it suggested to me something of the stately old times, the minuet, a harpsichord——

"Tell me something of yourself, first," I said.

She grew introspective for a moment and then smiled.

"I'm from Texas," she observed, "and I started life as a society débutante after I left my schooldays behind. Just think—if it hadn't been for pictures I might still have been drinking tea and attending dansants. I love motoring—indeed, I motored from Texas to California; I swim, ride and play tennis. That's all I can think of."

"You know, we mustn't hide our lights under bushels," I urged.

"I'm afraid my light isn't strong enough to have much effect——"

"Remember Shakespeare," I admonished: "'How far that little candle throws its beams!' etc.—but you're too modest. For example, I saw you in 'Old Wives for New,' and I can assure you that you were quite resplendent."

"Oh, do you think so?" The little Southern drawl in her voice was quite noticeable.

"What did you think of the character of Juliet Raeburn in that picture—the part you played?"

"Oh, well," she hesitated, "of course I can understand the high motives of Juliet. She sacrificed much for love, and that is a wonderful thing in itself. I can understand a love like that — yes, it is the sort of love that wears down obstacles and is certain to triumph at last."

"Speaking of love," I suggested, "what is your conception of the tender passion?"

She laughed outright. "That, as the lawyers say, is a leading question."

"Well, you're a leading-woman——" The joke was bad, I regretted it immediately; but she was too polite to do other than smile.

"Love?" She paused over the soft-spoken word, and her eyes went past me in a far gaze that comprehended little of her immediate surroundings. "Love, as I see it, is like a wonderful river that flows on forever, meeting at times little obstacles, sometimes greater ones, over which it passes with a little murmur or a great splashing and turmoil. But in the end it flows peacefully again into the sea—into the open sea. Was it H. G. Wells who said: 'We are all things that make and pass, striving on a hidden mission out to the open sea'? I hope that's correctly quoted. It's from 'Tono-Bungay,' you know. The open sea! What is that open sea? Life or eternity — the eternity that survives time? Anyway—

(*Continued on page* 112)

Florence Vidor made one of her first impressions with Julian Eltinge

"Hands Up"

By GILSON WILLETS

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS

A band of Incas, seeking a missing princess to restore their power on earth, decide that Echo Delane, a magazine writer, is the missing girl. She is rescued by Hands Up, foreman of the Strange Ranch, and later learns that she is the long lost daughter of the late Colonel Strange and heir to the ranch. She becomes engaged to Hands Up, incurring the hatred of Judith Strange, the cousin who had been considered the Strange heiress and who also is in love with Hands Up. With the assistance of Killman, an outlaw lover who poses as a respectable ranchman, Judith plots to return Echo to the Incas. Twice, Echo is rescued by a mysterious, black-robed rider of the hills who, owing to his uncanny disappearances, has become known as the Phantom Rider.

SAFE at last! Echo drew herself wearily to the back of the white horse which the dead Inca had left, and turned his head toward the ranch—and Hands Up. She could not marry Hands Up now, there was her promise to her mysterious rescuer.

"You must promise," the Phantom Rider had said, "or you will stay here forever in this cave. Here alone, you are safe from the Incas. Marriage to this—this Hands Up would mean death, señorita, both for you and him."

So Echo had promised. But at least, she would see Hands Up again, would feel his arms about her, could rest for a moment in their strength, in the knowledge of his love and protection.

She rode slowly, scarcely noticing the riders in the distance. They were coming toward her. Thinking them neighboring ranchmen, she watched them idly, dismounting as they drew nearer. They were no honest ranchmen, no friendly neighbors—Echo knew this suddenly. Their sombreros were pulled low over their eyes, handkerchiefs were drawn mask-like over the lower parts of their faces. But Echo realized the truth too late.

"You must promise," the Phantom Rider had said, "or you will stay forever in this cave"

She turned back toward her horse, but one of the strangers reached it first. With a sharp cut of the whip, he sent it galloping away. Echo turned helplessly toward the man who seemed the leader. She could not guess that behind the mask, looking out from under the low drawn hat of the outlaw, was Killman, her cousin's rancher lover.

"No, you dont ride off, my fine young lady," he snarled.

Echo shrank away but he caught her roughly.

"Here, you, get on your horse," Killman called to a small man in the party. The little man obeyed and Killman dragged Echo to him and forced her upon the horse in front of the other.

"Get a move on, now," Killman ordered. "Start down the mountain."

The little man with Echo led the way, the rest of the outlaws following. Suddenly a daring thought flashed across Echo's mind. Why not? She was strong, her captor was such a little man. Why not?

They rode several feet more, then the opportunity came. The horse jumped a little, Echo felt the little man lurch to one side. With a quick, unexpected movement, she bent backward, catching him sharply. He stiffened in surprise, but he could not catch

Echo, seated in an easy chair, was pale and shaken, but was smiling at "Hands Up"

his balance. Echo bent forward, throwing her little captor to the ground. She dug the spurs into the outlaw's horse and the chase began.

The men followed, firing, cursing, urged on by the furious Killman. Veering sharply here, tearing thru underbrush there, Echo kept the lead. And in the far distance, Hands Up, who had heard the firing, was riding fast to her rescue.

River Canyon drops sheer down to the whirling rapids below, and as Echo drew near its edge, she pulled in her horse, carefully skirting the brink. Her pursuers were well behind her now and could not possibly overtake her.

"Get the horse, boys!" Killman ordered.

Aim was quickly taken, a half-dozen shots fired. At the very brink of the sheer drop, Echo felt her horse shudder convulsively. She tightened the rein, terror-stricken. He lunged to the side. Echo caught wildly at frail twigs, then horse and rider crashed over the side of the cliff!

Hands Up, riding furiously, reached the edge a moment later and looked down at the girl he loved. Twisting, sliding over the jagged rocks, horse and girl were dropping straight to the roaring river below.

Now, Echo clutched helplessly at weeds or stones, now she was pinned under the horse for a moment, now thrown headlong over a sudden drop. At the bottom of the cliff, she made one feeble attempt to check her fall, but it was too late; the force of the long drop was too great. Limp, helpless, she slid over the bank into the foaming, rushing river.

Hands Up, who had been watching as tho fascinated by the peril, was suddenly galvanized into action. He turned his horse toward the edge of the cliff; the terrified brute resisted, but digging in the spurs, Hands Up forced him over the cliff's edge. Slipping over the loose stones, catching his balance again, the horse played his gallant part. It seemed an eternity to Hands Up, but it was really a startlingly short time before the dangerous descent was over and he was riding down the river, pressing on after the floating figure. The water was angry, lashing and foaming; just ahead were the falls, and the current, like a grim, relentless monster, was thrusting on to certain death all that he held dear in the world.

Just above the falls, he forced his horse into the stream. It was hopeless, the horse would go no further, the man could not possibly reach the girl. But the foreman of the Strange ranch had not begun life as a cowboy without learning to combine skill with quick wits. He quickly unrolled

Cast of characters of "Hands Up!" the Pathé serial of romance in the West, produced by the Astra Company:

Echo Delane	Ruth Roland
"Hands Up"	George Chesebro
Judith Strange	Easter Walters
Sam Killman / Oman, the High Priest	Wm. A. Carroll
The Grand Envoy	George Gebhardt

When she tried to scream again, a hand was pressed over her lips, silencing her roughly

his lariat. Like a bit of lightning it flashed across the sky.

Echo had ceased to struggle, the eddy seemed too certain and too near. The falls, a few feet beyond, were sending up long, hungry fingers of spray as tho to draw her toward them.

The slender rope whirled above her head, trembled in the air for a moment, then dropped down, catching her about her waist. She felt the steady tug and opened her eyes just long enough to see Hands Up turning his horse toward the shore. Then all the world vanished—her last thought was that the slender rope was drawing her fast to safety and her lover.

CHAPTER X

The living room of the Strange ranch was peaceful when Killman arrived to report his failure to Judith. Echo, seated in an easy chair, was pale and shaken, but she was smiling at Hands Up. Even Judith was pretending to be all sympathy. Killman caught his cue at once.

"A mighty ugly adventure you've been having today," he said sympathetically.

Echo nodded smilingly. But her smile was on her lips only. She could not have explained why she did not like Killman—there was nothing suggestive of the masked outlaw in this respectable ranch-owner—but there was something in his eyes that made her vaguely uneasy.

"We've been giving her a pretty bad impression of the life around here," Hands Up said. His words were friendly enough, but Echo knew instinctively that he did not like this ranchman, either.

When Killman rose to leave, Judith followed him to the porch.

"I flivved out that time," he admitted as soon as they were alone, "but dont you worry. I'll do the job right next time."

He drew Judith toward him, but she leaned back, averting her face from his kiss.

"Look here," he said, "didn't you say that once I got rid of her, half the ranch was mine—and that you went with the ranch? Didn't you say that?"

Judith nodded.

"Dont forget, tho," she cautioned, "I said *when* you got rid of her."

"And I dont get a kiss or two on account?"

"I said *when* you got rid of her," Judith repeated with her hard little smile.

"All right," Killman agreed. "That's fair enough. I'll get her next time."

He turned and started away. A few feet from the porch, he turned and came back.

"If there should happen to be a fire in one of the barns here," he said, his voice cautiously lowered, "within the next two or three days—if there should just happen to be, dont feel that you've got to watch your cousin too sharp. It's just possible, you know, that she might disappear during the excitement."

When he had left, Judith turned back and entered the living room just as Hands Up was kissing Echo.

"My brave little girl," he was saying, "My plucky little sweetheart."

At the sight of Echo in her lover's arms, a spasm of

hatred and jealousy flashed across Judith's face, fading slowly into a revengeful smile. She could trust to Killman.

It was almost dawn a day or two later when Echo was awakened by shouts outside her window. Cowboys were running in the half light, she could hear Hands Up giving orders, there was the whinnying of horses. Half asleep, she rose and looked out the window. One of the barns was on fire, she could see the crimson light far up in the sky, great tongues of flame were licking up from the dark roof. Wide awake now, she hurried into her clothes and down to the scene of excitement.

Nobody paid any attention to her as she stood watching the brave fight the cowboys were making against the flames. Another barn had caught now, horses were being led out.

"Get around on the right, there! Help Crowley with the buckets. See if Mike has got all the horses."

In the distance, she could hear Hands Up's crisp orders. A sudden sense of pride in her lover flashed over her; he was so capable in all emergencies, so much the leader.

In the noise and confusion, she did not hear stealthy footsteps behind her. Suddenly, an arm caught her about the shoulders, pinning down her arms. At first she was too much startled to realize what was happening. Then she screamed.

"Hands Up! Judith! Help!"

Her voice was drowned in the shouts and confusion all about her. When she tried to scream again, a hand was pressed over her lips, silencing her roughly. She struggled in the grasp of her unknown assailant, but it was useless. She felt herself being dragged back across the rough ground, lifted to a horse.

As she pounded out over the rocky road, she finally managed to twist back enough to catch a glimpse of her captor. She could not recognize him—his hat was pulled low over his eyes, the lower part of his face was covered, mask-like, with a bandana handkerchief. But the eyes were vaguely familiar. Even in her bewilderment and fright, Echo was sure that she had seen those eyes before.

In the half dusk of early dawn, the roadways were deserted, the few ranch-houses were black and still. After a few miles, the rider turned his horse into the woods, toward the mountain. Echo had ceased to scream, it was so useless. Now and then, she struggled helplessly, then dropped into a state of passive silence.

Suddenly, it seemed to her that she could hear the sound of other hoofbeats in the distance. A moment later, her captor heard them, too. Half turning in his saddle, he stared back of him.

"Well, by——" He turned back with an oath, spurring on his horse. Twisting about, Echo could just see over Killman's shoulder. There was a stretch of plain behind them and far away, along the horizon, she could see a single figure riding rapidly in their general direction. The figure was a black silhouette against the brightening sky, but even at so great a distance Echo recognized it. The flowing robe, the wide sombrero—coming over the plain like the wind of vengeance, came the Phantom Rider.

Killman, too, seemed to know that this lonely, spectral shape was in pursuit, for he urged his horse to still greater speed. None of the three knew that, back at the ranch-house, Echo's disappearance had been discovered, that following the Phantom Rider came a party of cowboys, riding madly to save their leader's sweetheart.

Killman rode along the edge of a great precipice; the canyon below was narrow and the sheer precipice dropped in a way to clutch a rider's heart with terror. But the sure-footed horse did not falter. The narrow trail led to

(*Continued on page* 113)

The cowboy band reached the chasm. "Hands Up" looked on helplessly while the man of mystery and the blackguard fought for the girl he loved

Psychic Virginia Pearson

Does She REALLY Believe in Spooks???

By
GLADYS HALL

I SHANT attempt to say. I can only take her word for it, and so must you. At any rate, she *says* she does. Says it honest and convincin'. Says her mother was psychic before her, and her grandmother before her mother—but that her father was utterly practical and pooh-poohed the astral plane from latitude to longitude—if astral planes have such geographical facts. Says her practical father saved her from a life of perennial rap-raps and tap-taps—in, you know—the astral dar-r-k!

She says that Professor Somebody or Other, an intimate of the Wizard Edison, tells her she has the Third Eye—and that she doesn't at all have to be told. She's had it ever since she was a child. It gives her the power of seeing the Dead Undead. It gives her the power of the prophetic. For example: five days before the unannounced Japanese Legation arrived here, the Tutor (one of her "guides") appeared to her as she was ordering Kasaba melon and omelette for her breakfast and gave her the entire details of the legation's arrival, their visit and their departure. She communicated the intelligence to her husband, Sheldon Lewis, who told her that "for once" she must be wrong. Five days later Mr. Lewis, picking up the morning paper, promptly

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dropped it again, faced his wife over the silver service and (probably) quavered: "Virginia . . . again . . . you were right!"

"But two-thirds of the time," apologized Miss Pearson, with her wholly rational and most charming smile, "I am normal . . . otherwise even 'Shelley,' who worships the ground I walk on, couldn't stand me. Furthermore, I admit that there may be a perfectly physical explanation for my visions. I dont know. I only know what I have seen with my own eyes and heard with my own ears. I only know that I have seen and heard these things all my life. My mother comes to me often . . . and a little child with golden hair . . . even Shelley has seen her . . . and almost daily, an Ancient, an old Egyptian and the Tutor. He is my most frequent, most reliable guide. He was a tutor in the physical life, and he is on the spiritual plane. It isn't very remote or very different, you know—the spiritual plane. It is quite close at hand, and very much the same. Just a bit higher development."

Virginia Pearson fears not the bird of ill-omen

Virginia has a spirit friend aged 800 years. Considering this photograph carefully, we must say he shows the wisdom of his years

"Shall your husband be with you on the—the next—plane?"

"If we are harmonious on this plane we will go harmoniously on together to the next. And we *are*—completely harmonious.

"Little children come to me, too . . . little spirit children . . . so many of them. I believe that is why the little physical children love me so . . . they feel the unseen presences. They know that they are there.

"My guides tell me about signing my contracts, advise me in all the details of my business, and tell me what is going on in a place when I am not there."

"Aren't you . . ." there in the uncompromising, heavy August sunlight I shuddered as with a spectral dread, "aren't you *afraid* sometimes?"

"No . . . how funny you are! . . . no, of course not. I know people will think me a bit insane . . . if one is obscure and hasn't arrived one is called 'queer,' and if one is famous and admits to a thing of this sort one is accused of 'posing.'

(*Continued on page* 128)

Lillian Gish and Henry Walthall are strangely enough permitted to overact in D. W. Griffith's Paramount picture, "The Great Love"

Across the Silversheet

Leading Screen-plays of the Month

Reviewed by HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

"THE GREAT LOVE" (D. W. GRIFFITH)

D. W. GRIFFITH'S second picture dealing with the present war is an interesting example of what treatment can do to theme. Briefly, the story is that of a young English girl who falls in love with a young soldier. They quarrel, he departs for the front and she marries—the villain, a baron. Then enter German spies, who inveigle the baron to run his motor with lights ablaze thru the London streets to guide the German planes to the Allied munition storehouse. The young soldier, now at home wounded, intercepts the baron before his wanton deed is accomplished, whereupon the baron promptly kills himself and the soldier-boy and the girl are happily reunited. So you see the vital quality of the picture is not especially apparent in the story. It is only in the seeming reality of the London air raid and in the suspense with which the midnight ride and the Zeppelin attack is invested that Griffith has made this into an unusually thrilling melodrama. It is of course not comparable to "Hearts of the World," but is exactly what it was intended to be, a good feature melodrama. Robert Harron runs away with stellar honors. His interpretation of the care-free soldier-boy is delightfully peppy, realistic and human. Lillian Gish is allowed to quite overplay the ingénue rôle, as also is Henry Walthall that of the villain, while Rosemary Theby returns with her vivid personality imprisoned in vampire garb.

"OUR MRS. MC CHESNEY" (METRO)

Mrs. McChesney, that versatile woman who started her career in a novel by Edna Ferber and became still better known when dramatized for the footlights, reaches the final rung of her ladder of success in being picturized. The gracious, breezy business woman who wins success for herself and children

The rôle of "Our Mrs. McChesney," a Metro production, fits Ethel Barrymore perfectly

"Her Only Way" (Select) has Norma Talmadge for a star and needs no further recommendation

thru the invention of a—petticoat—cannot fail to be interesting. Ethel Barrymore portrays the screen Mrs. McChesney, which is quite fitting, as she also played the stage Mrs. McChesney. The part fits her, or she fits the part, as you will. There are a few minor technical details of production which could be improved upon, namely, the handling of the mob scenes, but the pleasant comedy situations of the story and the pleasing presence of Ethel Barrymore make the entertainment enjoyable. Huntley Gordon, Wilfred Lytell, brother to Bert, and Lucille Lee Stewart are the supporting cast.

"HEARTS OF THE WILD" (PARAMOUNT)

Those who scoffed remained to—praise. Which in this case means that Elsie Ferguson has created yet another screen characterization, that of a primitive Western girl—for which she is no more fitted physically than you and I—and, primitively speaking, gets away with it. The story is a red-blooded one of a Western girl whose brother kills an Indian. The man she loves is sent to trail her brother, and the manner in which the girl saves her lover's honor and her brother's life contains too splendid a surprise ending to be given away here. The Western exterior scenes of "Hearts of the Wild" have exceptional pictorial qualities. Here is where pictures have an opportunity which no other art has, and Mickey Nielan proves himself a wise and excellent judge by making use of these possibilities to the full.

"HER ONLY WAY" (SELECT)

This is a well-handled picture. Mind you, I am not saying it is a great work of art—its story is too melodramatic and hackneyed to permit that—but it is excellently handled. The surprise ending is well worked out and the photography and settings are unusually good. Norma Talmadge, a happy, round-faced Norma Talmadge, is at her best, which is saying *something*, and Eugene O'Brien is again on hand to furnish the artistic close-up. Ramsey Wallace as the villain was a little too pleasant to look upon for us to believe that he could be so willunos.

"IN JUDGMENT OF" (METRO)

Variety is the spice of life—thus this picture adds a flavor to the usual movie meal. It is built about the uncanny power of a girl to guess what another person is thinking. Eventually this power is the means of her clearing the man she loves from the charge of murder. Anna Q. Nilsson is the star and proves that she has great possibilities. She has a singular grace of move-

J. Warren Kerrigan invests "One Dollar Bid" (Paralta), with an atmosphere of reality and romance

ment which is decidedly pleasing after the various screen toddles we have had to accustom ourselves to. Franklyn Farnum is at his best in this.

"IN PURSUIT OF POLLY" (PARAMOUNT)

Billie Burke's latest picture is a delightful comedy. Miss Burke's vivid stage personality seems to get over in this letter than ever before. She takes the part of a frivolous girl who becomes engaged to three suitors at the same time and cannot decide which one she prefers. When forced to a decision by her angry male parent, she decides to run a race; the suitor who catches her first will be the lucky man. So there starts a race in motor-cars, motor-boats, and motor-cycles. The results are as funny as a slapstick comedy minus the vulgarity of pie-slinging. There is one bit for which Famous Players should blush with shame—Billie has to crush roses to her heart that are of the artificial variety. Is this Hooverizing? But why not spend five dollars for a real bunch of roses and worry a little about the $5,000 spent in various other ways?

"ONE DOLLAR BID" (PARALTA)

With the exception of one painful lapse of memory on the part of the scenarioist, "One Dollar Bid" is not an illogical picture and certainly not an uninteresting one. For the five hundred and fiftieth time we have the Kentucky mountain stills dramatized, but with this difference, the moonshiners do not form the main plot, they merely add a picturesque punch to the story, which has to do with a supposedly good-for-nothing young rascal who is sold as a vagrant, according to Kentucky laws, to the heroine for one dollar. Subsequently he proves himself a clever lawyer and a rich man's son, and incidentally —a hero. To return to our premise, the scenarioist forgot to explain how a man working in bondage could get enough money together to send the young daughter of the "moonshiner" to a boarding-school, or must we accustom ourselves to believing that pictures are built on the groundwork of fairies? Jack Warren Kerrigan invests the whole with an atmosphere of reality and romance, than which there could be no

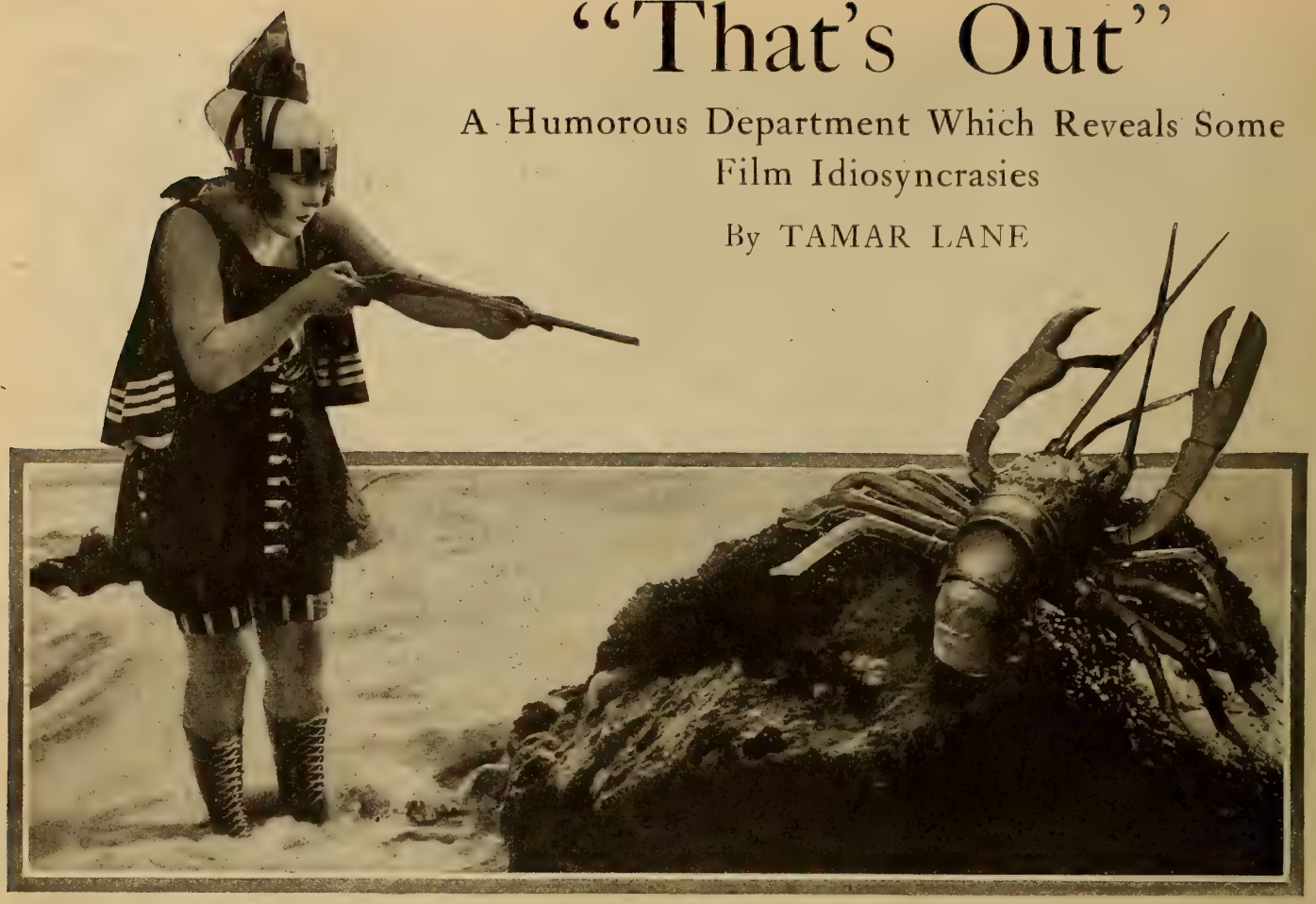
(*Continued on page* 128)

Elsie Ferguson scores again in "Hearts of the Wild" (Artcraft)

"That's Out"

A Humorous Department Which Reveals Some Film Idiosyncrasies

By TAMAR LANE



UNLESS we are lignum vitae from the neck up, every screen actor and actress should get a manager. Not that we want the job, but a glance at the list of most successful stars shows that they need such individuals badly. Peep into the career of almost any big star and it will be found that some guiding hand has been to a marked degree responsible for their success. And how many have been kept from the brilliant heights by a lack of business instinct! Professionals are proverbially short-sighted in their business dealings, and many a promising player has ruined his or her future by a managerial blunder.

Far be it from us to slight the talents and genius of Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks or Charlie Chaplin, but isn't their great prosperity due to a certain extent to Mother Pickford, Brother Fairbanks, Brother Chaplin or some such individual who has cleverly manipulated their business affairs? Of course we may be wrong (for such a thing is possible) but it seems to us that many a fair screen flower has "wasted its sweetness on the desert air" or some such place because of poor handling. How much of Francis Bushman's success is due to good management and how much to dramatic ability (ask Judge McLane, he knows)? Norma Talmadge, Theda Bara, Alice Brady and Vivian Martin are also stars who have been splendidly handled.

But look what a mess has been made of the affairs of Anita Stewart, Henry Walthall, Mary MacLaren, Ruth Roland and Ford Sterling. Their brilliant careers have been marred by mistakes. And where would Dorothy Phillips, Creighton Hale, Elaine Hammerstein, Carlyle Blackwell, James Morrison, Adele De Garde and others be if properly managed?

It was in a picture made by a company that should know better. A man and girl are lost in the mountains. The shades of night are falling and the girl is getting nervous. Then says the hero: "You can trust me, I am a Virginian." With that he takes the girl in his arms and she snuggles contentedly beside him. Yes, you've guessed it. She was a Virginian, too.

In "How Could You, Jean?" we have the latest thing in films—the jazz-play. Mary Pickford is the whole orchestra, from the saxaphone to the cow-bells. "Miss Jazz Herself" would have been a better title for the play. Mary is so up against it getting new rôles to portray that she is entering the slapstick field. We suggest that she play a vampire. Sure if Clara Kimball Young can be a foolish virgin, why cant Mary be a sensible siren?

"Tay Pay" O'Connor, the famous censor of Great Britain, came all the way from the other side to address American picture men and opened his remarks with the brilliant declaration that "the Motion Picture industry is still in its infancy." Whereupon a Boston clergyman went him one better, saying: "Yes, and the Motion Picture industry is still in its infamy."

Here's a compilation of publicity phrases as they are understood along Broadway:

The Triumph of the Age—A picture that cost more than was expected.

Absorbing Mystery—Losing the thread of the story.

Masterpiece—A play that disappointed the producer but which must be sold.

Crowning Achievement of the Screen—Something in which the author is starred.

Thrilling Spectacle—Fifty horsemen riding around, in and out of the picture.

Emotional Queen—An actress who works for less money and more advertising.

That Sterling Actor—Solid metal from the neck up.

The Idol of the Screen—An actor with long eyelashes, a permanent wave and a good future behind him.

Monthly of and Views

and SALLY ROBERTS

photoplay with its locale in that famous French town. He shipped it to Brunton studio, and it was immediately accepted, and the check which reached the author promptly was exchanged for railroad fare to Los Angeles. So now he's here and has just turned out his second play for Miss Glaum, and they all think he's a wonder.

As it was necessary to portray one of the big vineyards of France, near Rheims, the company went to

From left to right, Dorothy Gish, Assistant Director Leigh Smith, George Nicholls. Standing, Director Elmer Clifton, Camera-man Karl Brown

Making a new Japanese set for Hayakawa

San Gabriel and, under the historic grape-vine which covers 14,000 square feet, one of its creepers reaching out 180 feet, many of the scenes were shot. The lighting effect at San Gabriel is especially beautiful, and we got a good snap of the vine and Miss Glaum under the dancing leaves. This vine was planted in 1770 and has yielded tons of grapes yearly, being the largest in our country, with a trunk about 12 inches in diameter.

Recently the Alvarado Street, Red Cross Shop, of Los Angeles, had a country store with Warren Kerrigan and Monroe Salisbury selling "soft drinks for hard cash" and Charlie Murray bossing the outfit, as per usual. Norma Gould and Marjorie Wilson were assisting in the store, and the little kid from "Hearts of the World," Ben Alexander, recited several times. They announced that everything in the world would be for sale, from a German battle helmet taken from a French field to a *Ford*.

Little Mary Jane Irving, well remembered for her work with Bill Hart, has been engaged by Robert Brunton for stock. The little girl can cry to order, which is one reason why she is valuable. Haven't you often wondered how they make the little ones weep? It's easy with Mary Jane; either her mother or Miss Barriscale tells her what to do, what the story calls for, and after a few moments of face-squeezing, Mary's right on the job with real tears.

The irrepressible Mr. Fairbanks is going to give a Society Circus on his fifteen-acre estate at Beverly Hills and already has arranged for Tote du Crow and other clowns to attend to the white-face acts, Kid McCoy, Bill Montana and Benny Leonard for the boxing bouts, and Ruth St. Denis dancers. They hope to take in about forty thousand a day.

Harold Lockwood has shut up shop in the West and is once more in New York. He's releasing under

"Screen Classic, Inc." Mr. Lockwood is being directed now by Edwin Carewe and Finis Fox, both of whom have been associated in making Metro pictures for the past nine months. Mr. Carewe directed Bushman, Whelen, Ethel Barrymore, Lytell, Mabel Taliaferro and Miss Stevens heretofore.

The Stage Women's War Relief gives entertainments for the benefit of the boys at the Naval Training Station, in Los Angeles. The Fox studio was well represented last time when Gladys Brockwell and William Scott presented "Catastrophe"—a former vehicle of Miss Brockwell's on the Orpheum circuit. Julian Eltinge was programed also. As he rode to Los Angeles, Mr. Eltinge became acquainted with a friendly salesman on the smoker, and the drummer finally confided that his line was *skirts*. "What's yours, old man?" he said. Mr. Eltinge flicked off the ashes and said, demurely, "Same thing!"

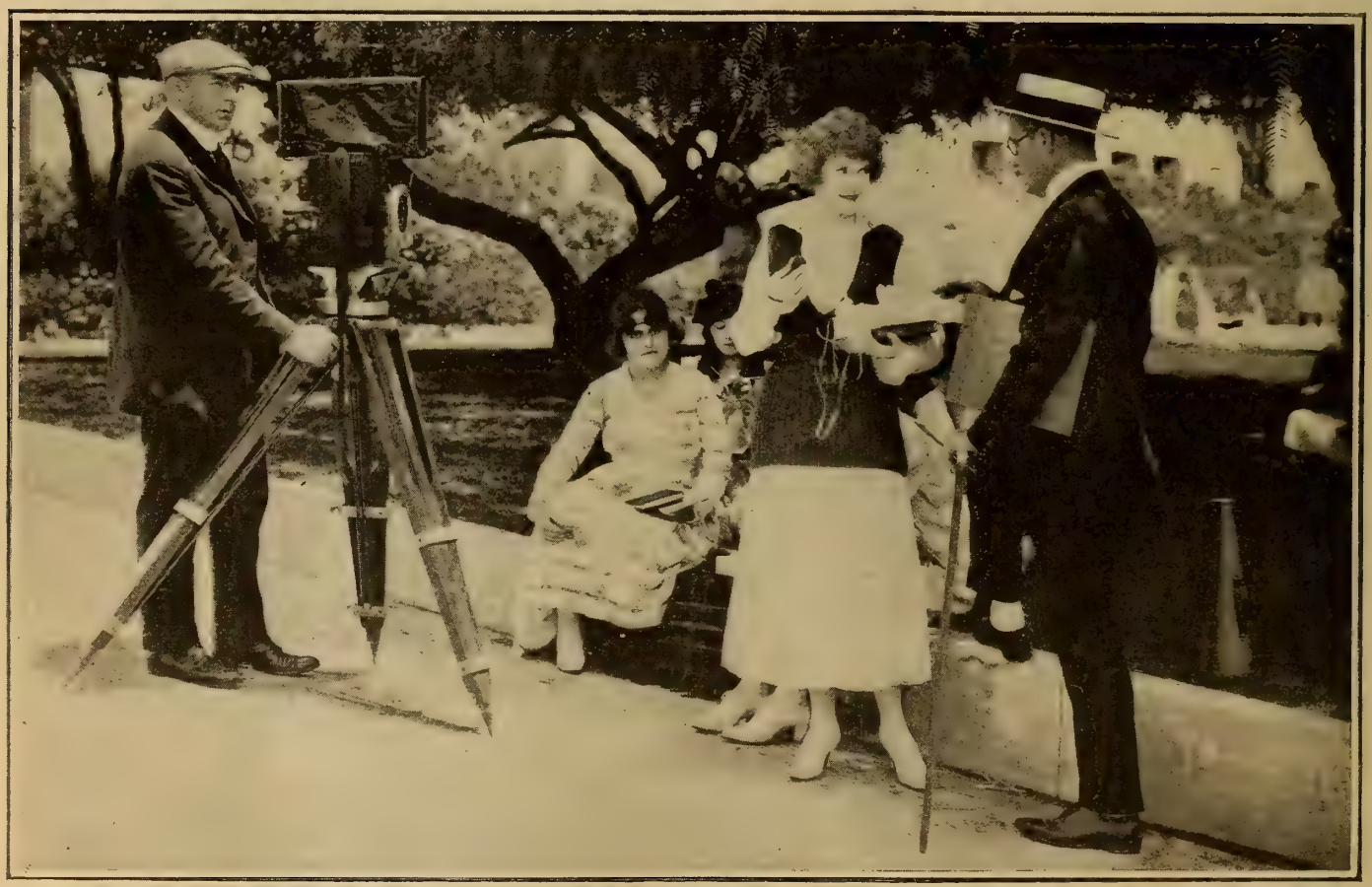
That famous daredevil man, Leo Nomis, formerly at Lasky's, now a cadet in the U. S. Aviation Service, is recuperating at Hollywood from a four-thousand-foot aeroplane fall, the machine having become unmanageable. It was Mr. Nomis who did that famous fall in "Joan the Woman." Mr. DeMille and Jeanie Macpherson have entertained him at luncheon, now that he's able to drive about. The accident occurred at Fort Worth.

Ethel Clayton has a fine company supporting her in the new drama which shows her as a thief. Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts and Marcia Manon have principal rôles, and Robert Vignola is directing. Some of the scenes are taken at Miss Clayton's summer home in Venice, and the rest at the new show-place which Mr. Vignola has taken at Hollywood.

George Fisher has been loaned to Universal, to play opposite Ruth Clifford. Wallace Reid is working at the Morosco studio, with Walter Edwards directing him. Spottiswoode Aitken has been learning how to dance up-to-date things under the expert tutelage of Lila Lee, former vaudeville star. Betty Schade is to play with Harry Carey at Universal.

The Tom Inces spent the summer at Catalina Island. Charlie Ray was away on a fishing trip, too, and came back with a pseudo beard.

Here's a riddle for you. Who is it that always keeps her mouth open and walks parrot-toed? Why doesn't her director tell the famous star to "watch her step"?



May Allison, the charming Metro star, interrupts work on her first picture to be made in Metro's West Coast studios in Hollywood to offer her director, Wilfred Lucas, a chocolate-drop. He refuses, cruel thing, while Camera-man Will Fildew, wonders when they're going to get back to work on the scene

Baby Marie Osborne is taking a San Francisco vacation and will visit her "regiment" at Mare Island, taking the boys lots of goodies.

Charlie Chaplin bids fair to make another million, this time in souvenirs. You've all used orange-wood sticks for manicuring purposes? Well, Charlie has cut down some of the lemon trees at the Chaplin lot, and he will have lemon-sticks cut from these. He wont guarantee to autograph these *utensils*, but it will be mighty nice to remove debris from one's nails with a Chaplin manicure stick, anyway.

Marin Sais, who plays opposite Sessue Hayakawa in the current production, before leaving for San Francisco, where important exterior scenes were to be filmed,

(*Continued on page* 128)

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest, but questions pertaining to matrimony, relationship, photoplay writing, and technical matters will not be answered. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped, addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to "Answer Department," writing only on one side of the paper, and using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. When inquiring about plays, give the name of the company, if possible. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies, or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopædia in existence.

GOOD-MORNING, my children! Have you used Pear's soap? Now that vacation-time is over and we are ready for hard work and study, gather around me and we will talk it over. Whether it be the philosophy of Plato, the quotations of Emerson, the fourth dimension, facts, wit, wisdom or nonsense, we'll talk it over easy like, chewing each morsel as Fletcher would have us so that digestion might be good. We're off!

JAMES K.—There are a lot of studios at Fort Lee, N. J. America's greatest philosopher? Let me see—shall we say Emerson or John Fiske? Thanks, but the only way you can do is to go to the different studios.

JACK PICKFORD FAN.—Marion Davies' second picture is "The Burden of Proof," taken in Newport. Jack Pickford is in the service now. Owen Moore's last picture was "The Little Boy Scout." Thanks for the fee.

DIANA.—Last I heard of David Powell he was with Keeney. So you sing, do you? The trouble is, a woman with a poor voice is always wanting to sing; if she has a good voice, you cant induce her to sing. Which is your case?

CORP. G. B. MCKITTRICK, ORDNANCE DEPT., CAMP HUMPHREYS, VIRGINIA, would like to hear from any of our readers. Girls, do your duty.

HAROLD A. C.—Much obliged for sending on the pictures. Yes, I understand Mrs. Vernon Castle is going to France. Oh, there are all kinds of ways to improve one's self. History, for instance, makes one wise; poets, witty; the mathematics, subtle; natural philosophy, deep; moral, grave; logic and rhetoric, able to contend. Take your choice.

PRIVATE M. A.—I'm sure Douglas Fairbanks will send you his picture, but I doubt whether he will write. So you thought he was right at home in the harem scene in "Bound in Morocco." I rather think "Say, Young Fellow" the best of his plays.

ESTHER S.—Thanks, I am enjoying my hallroom more than ever. A man's house is his castle, you know, and mine is neither a castle in Spain nor a castle in the air. We expect to publish the players in uniforms, as you suggest. Thanks.

EATON.—You write with *currente calamo*. No, Cumpet wasn't cast. I quite agree with you on the type of pictures for children. Yes, my head is fairly large, for I take a 7½ hat. That reminds me that heads are sometimes so little that there is no more room for wit, and sometimes so long that there is no wit for so much room. My head is my fortune (nine dollars a week).

DOROTHY G. F.—Thanks for the thrift stamp. Everybody ought to save them. You wonder what would happen if the Kaiser came to New York. It would be all over in a minute. Lillian Walker has her own company now and will soon be on the map again.

R. C. B.—Send for a list of manufacturers.

D. HELEN K.—I read with much interest the clipping you sent in from Australia. Look up any newspaper and see what our boys are doing.

EVA W.—June Caprice is no longer with Fox. She played in "Caprice of the Mountain." Yes, I really think the majority of pictures are better than ever. So you were mistaken for Vivian Martin. Nothing pleases the average girl more than to be mistaken for a photoplayer. No, I dont believe in debts—floating debts will sink a corporation. Pay as you go and you will go.

W. E. C.—Yes, Gladys Leslie, Frank Norcross and Ed Burns in "The Soup Girl." So you usually get what you want. Will is the master of the world. Those who want, those who know how to want, even those who want nothing, but want it badly, govern the world.

BILLY.—Am very much interested in your ideas on astronomy. Our real star. Science began with the Greeks and is now taught in Motion Pictures.

IDA B. S.—You ask, "If all the world was water, and all the water was ink, what should we do for bread and cheese and what should we do for drink?" Write for a living, as I do. So you think Olga Petrova is stingy because she didn't send you a picture. Perhaps you decide too quickly.

EDELENE S.—Your description of a lie is good—"a brush heap on fire; better to let burn out than to try to extinguish." The trouble is they sometimes burn too long and do damage. Gladys Brockwell was married to Harry Edwards, a Motion Picture director.

YENOKI ST., TOKYO.—How's my little geisha girl today? You say you are always smiling. That's the way to do. If good people would but make goodness agreeable, and smile instead of frown, in their virtue, how many would they gain to the good cause! Let me hear from you again.

VAGABOND.—Harold Lockwood was with Selig, but never with Essanay. Why, yes, if you come to America, I am sure you could get a position in business. You want to be our office cat—come along. Yes, that was trying to "put it over"—à la Sonia Markova.

BILLIE BURKE FAN.—Well, if your answers get mixed up with some one's else, dont complain—that frequently happens. Never did get complete information on that serial. Dont write me in *ab irato* again.

SUNSHINE SUE.—That's right, hit the nail on the head, Sue. I'm never sorry when you send a lot of questions, for that's just what I like. Dot Gish and Owen Moore in "Jordan Is a Hard Road." Well, Bessie Love has a different leading-man in almost every picture. Yes, Elvira Weil was Peggy in "The Millionaire Vagrant." Hoot, mon, I'll never give you the hoot.

MOSMAN FERRY.—You're right; some people learn from their experiences, others never recover from them. Nevertheless, it is a good teacher. I believe it is true that Beverly Bayne and Francis Bushman are married.

MISS MUSKOGEN.—So you are keeping up with your neighbors. Many people keep their reputations polished only that they may outshine their neighbors. Margaret Loomis is with Paramount. You are well supplied with literature.

The Answer Man

SPANISH DANCER.—Next time you are in Brooklyn stop in and see us. We always like to have company.

BEATRICE G.—Yes, that was good comedy; but comedy, even when mingled with the drama, should contain a lesson and have a philosophy. They are not living apart at present. There is no limit to the questions you ask, but please remember that there is a limit at which patience ceases to be a virtue when some of them are mushy-wushy.

VIVIAN M. C.—Clara Horton is no relation to Thelma Salter.

KINGSTON D.—Will look it up and let you know later.

U. C. Y.—No, I dont C Y you ask the ?? U do. YY U R, Y Y U B, I C U R YY 4 me.

JUST CLARA.—You say many a girl is on the shelf today because she kept men on the rack yesterday. Guess that's why you're "Just Clara" now. Muriel Ostriche was Ruth, and Kitty Gordon the princess in "Tinsel." Betty Schade and Harry Carey in "The Man Who Wouldn't Shoot."

F. H. W.—No, I dont agree with you when you say that in these days of quick deliveries the man who watches the clock gets the raise in pay. Niles Welch is with Artcraft. So you think Dorothy Dalton played the last scene in "The Ten of Diamonds" to perfection.

HENRY.—Yes, Henry, I am always glad to welcome a new reader. You say I am a kind of magnet and attract the confidence of my readers. I am no artist and didn't think I had any drawing power. Why dont you take a course in short-story writing? George Walsh in "This Is the Life."

JEAN R.—Natalie Talmadge isn't a star as yet, but she will get there. She has only a few more points to go, and she belongs to a family of ★★. That Kathleen Clifford interview is forthcoming. Well, a good boss doesn't have to do much bossing.

SUBMARINE I.—Hold, dont block up the wheels of industry that way! Edward Peil was Jim, James Cope was Chuck in "You Cant Believe Everything." Your pen inclineth to too much levity, me lord.

MARJORIE B.—Olive Thomas born in Pittsburgh, Pa. She was on the stage before entering pictures. Yes, I think it's true that Maude Adams has never been in pictures and refused an offer of half a million to play "Peter Pan" for pictures. What's the idea, Maude?

ANTHONY.—You say the reason why I am poor is that nobody gains or loses by honest trading, and therefore nobody can grow rich by it. I thank you. Alice Lake and Herbert Rawlinson in "Come Thru." Frank Keenan in "More Trouble." Pauline Frederick and Thomas Meighan in "Madame Jealousy," and Lina Cavalieri and Courtenay Foote in "Love's Conquest." Oh, dont mention it!

NOMIS.—Your drawings were clever and interesting. Thanks for the suggestions. Drop in again.

GEORGE F. H.—Lila Lee is the "Cuddles" who sang "Lookout for Jimmy Valentine" on the vaudeville stage. She was discovered as a five-year-old playing "ring around a rosy" in the streets of Union Hill, N. J., and jumped from there into vaudeville. Then Jesse L. Lasky discovered her all over again and got her for Paramount pictures. If you write to Famous Players, 485 Fifth Avenue, they will have her send you an autographed photograph.

M. M. M.—Orin Johnson is married and Robert Warwick is in service.

HOWARD H.—Well, the people who influence you are the people who believe in you. Victor Sarno was with Fox.

C. W. S.—I dont see how I could escape you. You ask what queen married her two brothers, both younger than herself, the second one being 11 years of age at the time of the wedding. Look up your English history, for I have forgotten.

ELIZABETH R.—I have heard of it. The next novelty they intend to introduce is a college education thru the movies. But how about a political campaign? Wouldn't this be something to make George Washington sit up and take notice?—"Your Next Mayor, in Seven Reels"! "The Whip" was taken in the East.

SYDNEY E. K.—If you dont see your answers in one issue, wait for the next. I am doing the best I can. Norman Kerry is in the Aviation Corps now. You people are bound to keep me in hot water. Dont you know that we men are like eggs—soft, medium and hard? If you keep us in hot water a little while, we will boil, and get soft, but too long and we get hardened. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now, for I am getting hard and tough.

FRANCES M.—Mary Fuller, where are you? Guess she is playing hide-and-go-seek with us. May Allison and Harry Hilliard played in "A Successful Adventure." So you are somewhat of an artist. Well, there are three things that Fontanelle and I have always loved and have never understood—painting, music and women.

HART-MARSH-BARA ADMIRER.—Marguerite Fisher is with Mutual. How can I tell you who is handsomer, Charles Ray or Harold Lockwood? I have spoken to the latter personally, but never to the former, so I'm betting on the latter. If you do fall in love, partake of it as a temperate man partakes of wine; dont become intoxicated. Just a little fatherly advice.

GOD OF DRAMA.—Irving Cummings was born in New York, 1888. Black hair and brown eyes. You can reach George Cohan at the Cohan Theater, New York City. So you think our Magazine is "topping." What's that?

SPANISH DANCER.—Yes, I see you are here with bells on. The best absent treatment is a check in several figures. Two is company and three is relatives. Madge Kennedy was Marilyn in "The Service Star."

KIA ORA.—Why dont you send in your subscription and get the 80 portraits? They are handsome. Insurance of ships was first practiced in the reign of Cæsar in 45 B.C.

KEWPIE DOLL.—I'm quite sure Enid Bennett will answer you. Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? Scroll Club—Mrs. Grace Kramer, 3009 N. Vandeventer Ave., St. Louis, Mo.; Pansy Club, Queena Kaliba, Box 227, Corning, N. Y.; Bushman Club, Mrs. Alice Allen, 30011 Abell Ave., Baltimore, Md.; and Lady Anne Schaefer Club, Bessie Davis, Hollister, Cal. Be sure to enclose a stamp.

ANITA, CHRISTCHURCH.—You say you are in the midst of mid-winter, and here I am burning up with the heat. Want me to send you a little hot air? My health is in perfect condition, thank you, and my corns do not ache me, for they are not acorns. Even a spinster may have the matrimonial fever, but it doesn't always terminate to her liking.

C. M.—See answer to Kewpie Doll. Certainly I like motoring; only, instead of so many books on "where to go," why not a few on "how to make it go"?

BUSHMAN AND BAYNE FAN.—Well, if all flesh is grass, then we must all be green, and "Fatty" Arbuckle must be a whole ranch. Jack Mower was Lieut. Adair in "Miss Jackie of the Army." The most popular writer for children in American literature is Louisa May Alcott.

HERMAN.—According to records, Illinois has about 1,775 Moving Picture theaters; New York State, 1,765; Pennsylvania, 1,671; Ohio, 1,295; Iowa, 1,167; Michigan, 1,005; Canada, 1,080; and the other States below a thousand. Phillips Smalley in "The Scandalmongers."

B. C., 15.—If you stick to it long enough, I'm sure you will be an artist. I'd rather you wouldn't see me, for I cant come up to your description. Float peacefully on the placid lake of anticipation rather than drown in the disappointing sea of realization.

ELECTRIC FAN.—Quite welcome. Chester Barnett was Billy in "The Great Adventure." You think Charles Ray and Jack Pickford are very natural, and that is because they are themselves and not automatons. Your criticisms are very helpful.

D. R.—You are always having visions of photoplayers. Have a care! Fire burns only when we are near it, but a beautiful face on the screen burns and enflames at a distance. I got you No. 7. Your letter was very interesting, and I want to hear from you again.

The Answer Man

RALPH E.—No, I guess nobody will ever be able to meet the interest on borrowed trouble. You had better change your tune to "America." You refer to Miriam Cooper. You are mighty queer, and I dont get you.

GENEVIEVE L.—How very modest. Modesty in woman is a virtue most deserving, since we do all we can to cure her of it. William Parke, Jr., was Jack in "The Candy Girl." You say you want to hear from lonesome soldier-boys—Genevieve Larrien, Turner, Ariz. Come on now, boys, for she's young and beautiful.

MARY M.—Allan Holubar and Francelia Billington in "Heart-strings." Thanks for the fee, for now I'll buy me a Ford. Well, I never contradict a contradictor. Having had my say, I let that suffice.

RETTA ROMAINE.—It is good for sore eyes to hear from you. You write to your "hairless-neaded, fuzzy-chinned, big-domed, furrow-faced, ancient, aged, brain-forsaken individual at Brooklyn." You must have seen me when I wasn't looking. Richard Tucker is a marine now, and Earle Williams is still out West. Even if there is safety in numbers, your letter numbered 16 pages. But I'll forgive you.

OLGA, 17.—Thanks for the verse, which I quote herewith:

"I send my kindest thoughts to thee tonight,
Hoping that they will reach thee, fairest heart,
Hoping that they will come so pure and bright
As they bloomed in my soul and in my heart."

ENOLA.—Duncan McRae was George in "Woman's Law." You refer to Joyce Fair. But you must keep busy and remember the old saying, "Idleness travels slowly, but poverty follows fast."

L. M., ROSLINDALE.—Did you see Jack Pickford and Louise Huff in "Sandy"? You think Alice Joyce is always beautiful. Watch for her on the September Classic cover. Any good painter can paint a beautiful subject; any good player, act a beautiful character. To beautify the obscure and the homely is the test of a real artist or player.

VYRGYNYA.—Do not think, I pray, of sending me a pair of pink silk pajamas. I fear I could not sleep in them. That reminds me of a dinner party I once attended. A young lady next to me was trying to make herself congenial to her neighbor at her right, who was a distinguished, old, deaf bishop. When the bananas came around, she said, "Do you like bananas, bishop?" He replied simply, "Eh?" She repeated the question louder, whereupon he responded, "Well, I much prefer the old-fashioned nightgowns." Now, I entirely agree with the bishop.

WILLIAM H.—It hasn't been decided. Eileen Sedgwick in "Repeating the Honeymoon." I wonder how many honeymoons are repeated. The truly generous are the truly wise, and nothing is more costly than sin.

MARGARET K. T.—A voice from the tombs! I dont like the tone of your letter. You say, "If I had hair like Norman Kerry and a smile like Norman, twenty squads of Brooklyn's Keystone cops could not keep you from running after me." *Et tu,* Margaret!

CAVALRY JACK.—All right, let 'er go! My pipe's all lit and I'm all attention. In criticising "Joan the Woman," you say that a private saluted Wallace Reid, an officer, and he didn't return it, which is an unforgivable breach of etiquette. I'm surprised. Cecil De Mille didn't get that. Your various other military criticisms were splendid. Write to me again, and often, old top.

I. M. 4 U.—Are you still figuring it out? Longfellow says the soul never grows old. Just analyze your troubles and find out who's to blame. Jack Richardson was Cecil and Alma Rubens was Mary in "The Painted Lily." Peggy Hyland in "Other Men's Daughters." Pull to the shore quick. You ask how long do you have to beat a cow before you can get whipped cream. That's as bad as the neighbor borrowing the other's corned beef to boil her cabbage with. Heave ho! my lads, heave ho!

GRACE L.—Dont get conceited, Grace, for it is the most incurable disease that is known to the human soul. Crawford Kent—no. Constance Talmadge in "A Pair of Silk Stockings." Read the clever story in September Classic.

DOROTHY L.—Jack Abbe in "Who Is to Blame?" is a real Jap. What do you want me to say—that I am wild about Robert Warwick? Well, I am not, but I dont blame any woman for being. You are too fair to worship and too divine to love.

HIGGINS.—Heap much thanks for the fee, Higgins, for I just needed it. George Chesebro is not playing now—he is in service. Time flies, death urges, knells call, heaven invites and hell threatens. After reading some of these letters, the latter prevails—but not yours, Higgy.

MARIE A. H.—No bother at all. Thanks for the clipping. Wallace MacDonald was in to say *au revoir* before going into the service. He had luncheon with us. After writing these departments for some eight years, it is quite natural that I repeat once in a while, but I try hard to emulate Bill Shakespeare. Best wishes.

IMA PATRIOT.—So am I. No records for "Who Is No. 1?" In vaudeville. No mention of Webster Co. Eddie Polo with Universal, Western, Richard Barthelmess with Vitagraph, and send for a list of addresses of the companies.

SWEET SIXTEEN.—Your joke: "(In the year A. D. 3000) Teacher—Johnnie, what do you know about Germany? Johnnie (scratching his pate)—It once was, but the movies dont give it more'n half a reel in the dentistry course. When th' Yanks got thru yankin' there wasn't a toot' left in th' Teutons." Olga Petrova has no children.

JESSIE MURRAY.—See George Walsh chat in this issue. To get fame you have to work for it, as no such plant grows on mortal soil.

A NEWFOUNDLAND PUP.—Woof! Woof! Leading a dog's life now, during these dog days? I am very fond of dogs, and many people treat them with more consideration than they do humans. Marguerite Clark, Paramount, 485 Fifth Avenue, New York, will reach her.

CARIBOU.—That was the best double exposure I know of—Francis Bushman divorced and married again in one breath. Haven't used anything on Millicent Christy as yet.

SYBIL.—Dont you cuss me that way, Sybil. Remember the Kaiser. You know, he now enjoys the distinction of having been cussed in more languages than any ruler of the past or present, and I dont want to deprive him of any of his honors. She just acted on the stage, nothing more. If we did that, we would have to give prizes to every one. You suggest badges with "A. M. C.," meaning Answer Man Club, so that when a reader meets a reader, then a reader will know. I wonder what my other readers say of this. All those so in favor will please signify by raising their right hands.

INQUISITIVE.—Thanks for the clippings. Glad to have seen them. Write to me again *ad libitum.*

ALICE BRADY ADMIRER.—No, so far as I know, she isn't engaged. Yes, the Portland harbor is the largest artificial harbor in the world—2,000 acres in extent, an important base for warships. The great breakwater was built by convicts and took twenty-three years to finish.

PIANOPHIEND.—What, I a woman? Oh, fie, fie! *Et tu, Brute!* Perhaps you refer to Arthur Johnson and Lottie Briscoe. I doubt whether that was Bill Farnum's dog. Florence Lawrence is married to Director Salter. Yes, Marion Leonard. Haven't Romaine Fielding's present address. Verily, thou art an ancient fan.

VIDA G.—I answered your question once. Shakespeare never repeats, and Nature never duplicates. Both Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew are playing on Broadway in the stage play, "Keep Her Smiling." Grace George is not Alice Brady's mother, but her stepmother. Thanks for the verses.

ZELKIA.—Doris Pawn was married recently, and she is not playing now. Thanks for your kind remarks, but you flatter me. Flattery is a sort of perfume, to be inhaled but not swallowed.

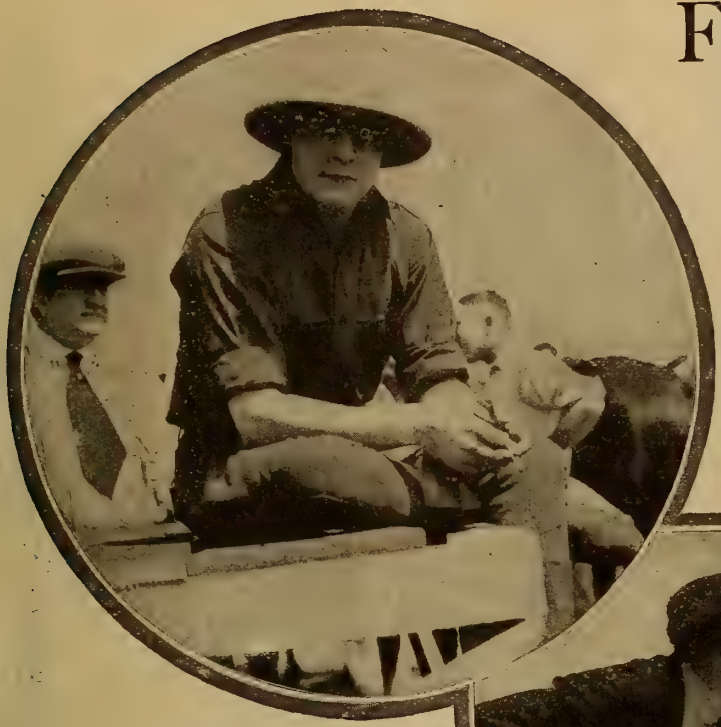
(*Continued on page* 114)

EDITH STOREY

Often appropriately called the Screen Bernhardt

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD



Our young author at his usual business, posing for the camera

Camera-man Antonio Gaudio is telling Harold Lockwood that as a camera-man's reflector holder he is a good pirate

IT is my firm belief and conviction that there isn't an industry in operation today that could send out a call for recruits and get as many ready responses as the Motion Picture business, excepting Uncle Sam's, of course. To me, it seems as if every John, Joe and Jim, every Mary, Margaret and Muriel wants to "get in the movies." My perspective may be blurred or a blank because we are constantly face to face with some one who emphatically insists that he has just as many qualifications as any star that twinkles in the film firmament and needs only one single, solitary opportunity to prove what he says; incidents like these are apt to confuse one's sense of proportions. Yet, I think it safe to say that for every person already "in" there are a thousand at least trying to "get in."

Mind you, I dont take issue with these applicants; rather, I commend them. Their spirit is of the right sort. Properly directed ambition such as they show is bound to merit reward.

There are those, however, even if their number is comparatively insignificant, who adopt every subterfuge to get in. They will claim experience they have never had; they will presume upon doubtful acquaintanceship to get an interview; and they will clothe their real mission under the pretext of calling at the studio on matters connected with the business office—just to get past the gateman to search for some one in authority with a sympathetic ear.

These are the ones who give the casting director, the man in charge of sorting the wheat from the chaff, so to speak, for the director, something to grin about.

Not so very long ago a young lady reached our casting director and applied for a part in a picture we were casting.

"Any picture experience?" he asked of the applicant.

"Oh, yes," she answered.

"Any stage experience?" he pursued.

"Yes," was the prompt reply.

Casting directors, as a rule, are great students of human nature and can detect the genuine from the imitation in players. Somehow this particular young lady impressed the casting director as a bluffer.

"What did you do on the stage?" he quizzed.

"Why, I acted in quartets and played short-handed," was the calm response.

"Played 'short-handed'?" asked the puzzled man. "What in the world is that?"

"Why, dont you know?" the lady inquired, sweetly, arching her eyebrows. "I take a part whenever a company is short-handed thru sickness, accident or other reasons."

The casting director nearly fell out of his chair. Had the young lady been on the stage or in pictures before she would have known that such work as she professed to have done was designated as understudying. Her ignorance stamped her for what she was—a bluff. Incidentally, she didn't get the job.

I had an experience with one who passed the casting director, and the memory of it shall remain with me as long as I live. The man was just the type needed to be

When a company is on location and the set isn't ready, there is nothing to do but wait until it is ready. That's what Harold Lockwood and his company were doing when this picture was snapped

one of a band of ruffians who were to be shown waylaying me in several scenes, so he was engaged.

We went out on a location trip to make these scenes. I was to jump from my horse after a long, hard ride and drink from the creek. The ruffians were to be in hiding behind a convenient bush and to pounce upon me as I bent over the water.

"We wont have to rehearse this scene," the director said, "because scenes like these are never played as they are rehearsed, anyway. All you men have to do is to stay in your hiding-place until Lockwood drinks from the creek, and then you rush forward and tackle him. When he struggles I want you"—pointing to the subject of this story—"to strike him over the head with the butt of your revolver. Make it realistic. You understand?"

Everybody seemed to understand, so we started to photograph the scene. All went well until I started to struggle. Then, suddenly, I felt a thump on the crown of my head, and after that I knew nothing. When I came to, my hand strayed to the sore spot, and I felt a lump that seemed to be as big as the Rock of Gibraltar. As my full faculties returned I heard the director expostulating, and, turning, I saw he was attentive to the fellow who was to hit me with the butt of his revolver.

"Say, dont you know that you can make your bit appear realistic on the screen without actually braining a man?" he demanded. "Have you worked in pictures before?"

"Yes, I have been in a picture or two, but I never did anything like this. When you said, 'Make it realistic,' I thought you meant I was to really strike him as a ruffian would strike his victim. That's the way I always thought they did it when I watched scenes like this on the screen."

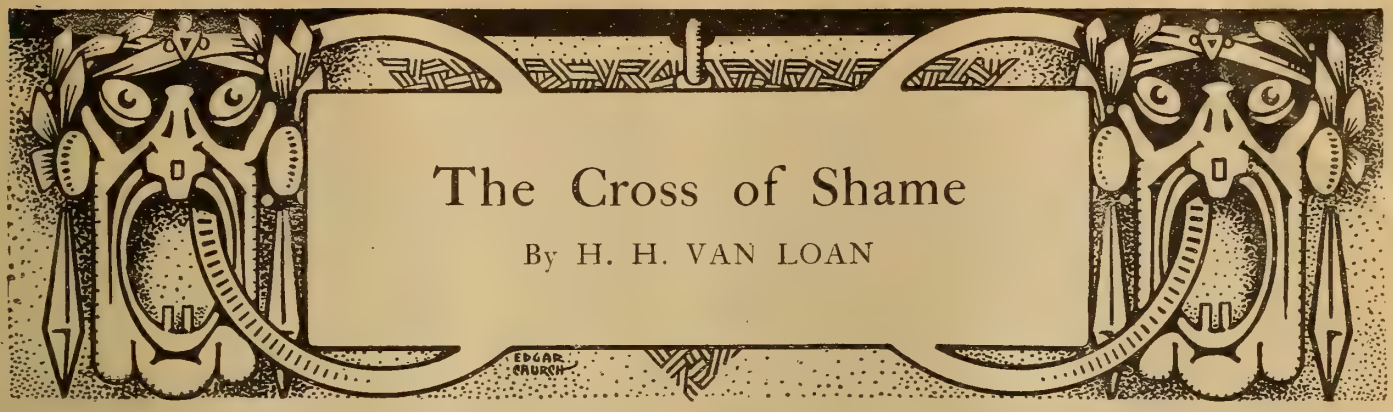
The scene was realistic, true enough, but right then I asserted myself. Thereafter I wanted only experienced picture-ruffians to tap me on the head. Realism is good, but not at the price I had to pay.

As you must know, it is a cardinal sin of picture making for an actor to look right into the camera unless there is demand for action of this sort, which is very seldom. How an actor works before the camera with a director shouting instructions to him is the easiest way to tell if he is experienced or not. The human inclination is to turn around to grasp all the director says, and, as the director is stationed alongside the camera, a turn means that the player must look right into the lens. A skilled player understands what the director says without letting his mind wander from his work, but the untried player, much as he tries to control himself, involuntarily starts as the director's voice reaches his ears. When the latter case occurs the scene is ruined and has to be done over again.

Perhaps the most glaring example of such a thing I have ever seen occurred with a woman who came to us with a story of her lengthy experience and, as a consequence, was given a small bit to play.

She rehearsed well enough, but when the scene was being photographed she seemed to have forgotten what she had to do next, so the director shouted instructions to her. She did not make the involuntary start of a player who was comparatively new at the work. No,

(*Continued on page* 128)



The Cross of Shame

By H. H. VAN LOAN

CHAPTER III—*Continued*

BUT Jenevieve was one of the brave, noble daughters of France. It was not a time for her to be thinking of herself. He was wounded. And in serious danger! Realizing this, she tore open his shirt and proceeded to bathe his scars. Her countenance was filled with tender sympathy as she bent over him and bathed his ugly wounds. The sorrow visible in every line of her face, and the tears which filled her eyes, enhanced her beauty, for in that single moment she had learnt what it means to suffer.

Finally, after she had bandaged his wounds and had administered some stimulants she had found in one of the rooms upstairs, Jean slowly opened his eyes and gazed straight up into the anxious face. He was dazed and bewildered as his eyes looked up into hers. Then his hand sought hers as tho he wished to assure himself he was not dreaming. No, it was real! She was there beside him, looking down on him with her loving, compassionate eyes. She smiled tenderly as she softly smoothed his cheek with her hand.

"Jenevieve!" he cried, as he made an effort to raise himself.

"Yes, darling, it is I," she said tenderly.

"God bless you! I—I——" he began.

"S-h! you mustn't exert yourself," she warned him, softly, as she brushed the tears from her eyes. "You have been severely wounded." Then, as she gazed about the room, she added, "If I could only get you to some place where it would be more comfortable for you."

"I—cant—remain—here," he gasped, as he struggled to rise. "I—am—taking—a message to Colonel Beschard. We are to start the attack at midnight Unless this message is delivered we may suffer severe losses—even defeat! I must—go——!" But he was too weak to finish and sank back

"You cannot leave here as you are," said Jenevieve. "I will not let you go in this condition. How I have longed for you during the two years you have been away." And she tenderly stroked his brow. "And to think this is the way they send you to me! I have heard from you twice in that time. I received an abrupt notice that you had arrived in France, and another from the War Office, stating you were recovering from shell wounds. This was better than nothing, but I wanted to hear from you. But I waited in vain." The tears came to her eyes as she thought of those long, anxious months, whose silence was never broken.

"I wrote you many letters," explained Jean.

"I never received them," she replied. "Finally, the dreadful thought that something had happened to you took possession of me. I came to believe you had been killed and they were keeping it from me."

"But I am here now," added the lieutenant, in his effort to comfort her.

"And they must never take you from me again," she vowed, as her look became one of defiance.

SYNOPSIS OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

Colonel Bouchier takes note of one Lieutenant Jean Picard, who operates, valorously, under fire, a picture machine, and gives him a risky commission. Picard executes it promptly and accurately. Colonel calls Picard one of war's "unsung heroes."

Later on, when a message is to be carried, largely under fire, to Colonel Beschard, some distance away, Picard volunteers. Colonel Bouchier bids him farewell with "No one can help you now—but God."

In the village of Deschon, home of Jeannette and Armand Bouchette, the Germans wreak utter destruction, brutally killing the aged Armand and his beloved wife.

In America, where Jenevieve, daughter of the Bouchettes, has become a leading film star, the sad news comes to her. She and Lieutenant Picard, who had been her camera-man, are engaged. She obtains a three-months' leave and travels to Deschon There she meets her brother and sees the graves of her murdered parents. While in Deschon the Germans again occupy it, and take her prisoner, a Lieutenant named May threatening that she will become one of the sad legion of women bearing the red cross of shame unless she accede to his demands. She refuses and is imprisoned in a half-ruined chateau.

There, on his mission, comes Jean Picard, and stumbles into the very room where Jenevieve is imprisoned, wounded and unconscious.

Then she placed her arm around him and assisted him to his feet, after which she helped him over to a chair in front of the fire-place.

"Now I must try and get you some dry clothes," said Jenevieve as she started to leave him.

At that moment, Jean's gaze, which had been roaming about the room, suddenly rested on the prostrate form of the German soldier lying against the opposite wall. He started with surprise.

Jenevieve had almost forgotten the dead body and her own dangers. She hesitated a moment as she looked at the German soldier and then as she turned her terror-stricken eyes met those of her lover.

"Jenevieve," he said seriously, "tell me . . . What are you doing here?"

His words recalled the terrible experiences she had passed thru since she had last seen him—especially the tragedies at Deschon—and her countenance became enshrouded in misery. Every detail of her parents' death, as told her by Henri; the two graves in the garden behind the cottage that had been her home; the occupation of the town by the Germans and the destruction they had wrought therein; her return to France; the retreat of the Germans thru Deschon and the cowardly killing of her brother; the pitiful procession of the outraged women and girls of France and the miserable threats of that brute, Lieutenant May, together with her being taken away and held a prisoner in the Chateau de Geantit, where she had been compelled to serve him and his despicable men like a slave.

As she reflected over these happenings she walked over to Jean, and, with her gaze fixed on the fire-place, with its few smoldering embers, she told it all to him. When she had finished she felt relieved.

Each word had burned into the very soul of Jean as he listened to the horrors she had passed thru so stoically, and, as she looked into his face she knew what was going on within him. Never had she seen such a dreadful look of hatred on any human being.

"Damn them!" he exclaimed as his gaze shifted to the German on the opposite side of the room, who had paid the penalty for the part he had played. "I curse them and their children and their children's children. And the children of the children of France shall curse them, as we do to-day!"

Then he reached in his trousers pocket and drew forth his revolver and looked at it with pride. Every chamber of the six was loaded. He glanced up at Jenevieve who was standing in silence before the hearth

"I wish that every Frenchman could face the brute that has harmed one of theirs, as I will be privileged to," he remarked. "The only thing I am grateful to the Germans for, is that they sent me to this chateau!"

Jenevieve did not reply to him, she was not thinking of herself at that moment, she was thinking of him.

"I must get you some dry clothes," she said calmly as she turned away.

"Just a moment, dear," he said kindly as he looked at the dead German soldier. "There is only one uniform that will get me safely thru the lines from here, and that fellow's got it on. If you will help me get him into the next room, I will put it on."

"I cannot let you leave me again, Jean," she protested, her voice trembling with emotion.

"After what you have told me, it is all the more urgent that this message be de-

livered to Colonel Beschard," remarked Jean. "But, before I go, I am going to exact payment from this German viper for what he has done to you!"

With this Jean arose and with the assistance of Jenevieve went over to the German soldier. The grim determination which pervaded his entire being seemed to strengthen him and make him unconscious of his own suffering and weakness He stooped and grabbing the dead man around the body, just under his shoulders, with his right arm, he dragged him across the floor into a small bed-room. Then he closed the doors.

When he appeared a few moments later he was dressed in the greenish-grey uniform of the dead soldier. "Now then, I am ready for them," he said as he stepped up to his sweetheart. "Do not be surprised at anything which may happen here tonight," he added. "But, remember this, I am going to get my message thru to Colonel Beschard! Within two hours after I leave here, the 136th Infantry will be marching thru here and the Allied Front will have been straightened to the Damloup Road."

"But, suppose something should happen?" reflected Jenevieve, as her face saddened with a look of apprehension. "Dont you think you could trust me with the importance of that message?"

"Why certainly, my dear," replied Jean. "It is in effect that Colonel Beschard is to start his attack at midnight."

Then he put his arm about her and drew her to his breast as he kist her fervently. After this she put her face up to his and he pressed his lips to hers. As he raised her head gently and looked down into her eyes, something on her chest, just below her neck, attracted his attention. She saw the questioning look in his eyes and drew back.

"What is that?" he asked curiously.

Silently, she stared straight at him for an instant. Then her hands slowly turned back the neck of her blouse. As Jean leaned forward he saw two narrow lines, in the form of a cross, had been burned into her flesh. The German lieutenant had kept his word: it was The Cross of Shame!

"My God!" cried Jean as he realized the terrible significance of the mark on the breast of the woman he loved.

"I shall carry that mark until the end of my days, but, in this case, it isn't as bad as it seems," she said soothingly. "It was put there because I wouldn't do as he asked."

"But, he's coming back!" Jean reminded her, his face filled with rage.

She simply nodded.

At that moment they were both startled by the sound of heavy footsteps outside on the road.

"There they are," he said calmly.

"What are you going to do?" asked Jenevieve as fear took complete possession of her.

"I am going to kill at least one of them," he said between his teeth, "and that one is the German lieutenant!

"But, suppose it isn't him," she reminded him. "Remember, the message you carry contains a greater revenge than you could hope to accomplish should you choose to remain here!"

"I shall remain here," said Jean as he drew himself up and prepared to face them.

"I know the way you feel, dear, but please consider what it would mean to yourself . . . To France . . . To me! . . . If you were caught they would shoot you. And if you were killed you know what would happen to me. The Cross of Shame would then mean more than it does now!"

Jean listened to her words and understood them. He trembled as he thought of the fate that would befall her were she there alone.

"You were seen coming towards this chateau," continued Jenevieve. "It may be a scouting party has followed you here. Come, let me hide you," she pleaded, as she heard heavy footsteps ascending the steps of the porch. "If it is the German lieutenant, I will see that he pays the penalty," she promised as she reached in her bosom and showed him the revolver she had secreted there. "In case it is him you will hear a shot fired. Then you can come out."

Just then a heavy knock sounded on the door and a gruff voice without demanded: "Open, in the name of the Kaiser!"

Placing her arm about her lover's neck she assisted him, much against his will, to a little room which opened off the drawing-room. The only furniture it contained was a small cot and a chair. It had probably been used as a storeroom in days past.

After assisting him to the cot, Jenevieve kist him fervently and then went out. She locked the doors and placed the key in a small pocket in her dress.

Again there was heavy pounding and the voice demanding again: "Open, open I say! Open in the name of the Kaiser!"

Gathering up her cloak from a chair, Jenevieve threw it around her shoulders and, drawing the hood closely about her head, she stepped cautiously to the door and unbolted it. It was thrown open immediately, and in rushed a lieutenant of the Landwehrmen, closely followed by four privates, with rifles tightly grasped.

She was relieved as she discovered Lieutenant May was not a member of the party.

The lieutenant pushed her aside as he advanced to the center of the room, where he paused and gazed about him.

"Now then, where is he?" he demanded as he swung around and faced Jenevieve, who stood nervously watching his movements.

"Who, M'sieur?" she asked with a manifestation of surprise, as her beautiful eyes looked innocently up into his.

"The man—that scout, sniper, courier, or whatever he is—who came up the road awhile ago!" snarled the lieutenant. "I think he's a spy!"

"Spy—spy, M'sieur? Scout, sniper, M'sieur?" she remarked calmly. "I dont understand, M'sieur." She had decided it would be better to treat him courteously.

"He came in the direction of the Beaumont Road. We have searched the grounds without, but couldn't find him. He could not have gone far, for he was wounded when he entered the gardens at the rear of this chateau," persisted the German.

"So, it was you who wounded him!" she shouted hysterically as she confronted the officer with hate gleaming in her eyes. "Shame on you."

"This is war, Mademoiselle," commented the officer. "He was seen by one of the outposts at Deschon and I have orders to follow and capture him. He is carrying a very important message to Colonel Beschard of the 136th Infantry." And he turned to the others, who noddingly agreed.

"How do you know all this?" inquired the girl, with an air of doubt.

"The German system is very complete," boasted the lieutenant as he threw out his chest.

"If it is so complete, then you should know where he is now," she censured him, somewhat playfully.

"He is in this house," vowed the officer. "Come now, show us where he is."

"M'sieur, I am sheltering no spy," she insisted.

"Very well, we will make certain by searching the chateau," he informed her. Then he turned to his men. "Haus durchsuchen!" he commanded them sternly.

The soldiers immediately started to carry out his orders. Tables and chairs were overturned; cupboards were rifled; closets were ransacked. A large sofa, which stood in one corner of the room, was turned over and prodded with bayonets. Up to the present their search had proved fruitless, and Jenevieve heaved a sigh of relief as she saw them turn their steps towards the staircase leading to the second floor.

In the meantime, Jenevieve believed Jean was doomed. She ran to the locked doors, but the voice of the lieutenant at the top of the stairs caused her to abandon whatever plan she might have had in mind. She drew away and nervously paced the floor. Providence had been most unkind to her. It had spared him until now, and then had sent all that was left of him to her and demanded that she save him! What an unreasonable request to make of one so miserably helpless. If he was taken from her in his present condition, she would refuse to turn her face to God again.

She quickly ran to the doors, behind which her lover was concealed, and put her lips to the crack. "I will save you, Jean. I will save you!" she whispered, reassuringly.

"Jenevieve!" answered Jean in a tone of deepest affection.

Then she dropped to her knees and in silent appeal turned her beautiful face towards heaven. In deep supplication she crossed herself as her lips moved in fervent prayer. The agony pictured on her countenance told more than her soul could tell. It was the first time she had asked anything of God and she arose relieved, in faith believing her prayer would be answered. With hands clasped and head bowed she awaited the return of the Germans.

They came down the staircase, laughing and chatting. The lieutenant was puffing on a cigaret. Some of the ashes fell on his coat-sleeve. He paused and nonchalantly flicked them off. In actions and appearance, he was more like a man who was on his way to attend an afternoon tea than a miserable wretch seeking to commit murder.

"Well, you've baffled us, my little lady," he said as he chucked her under the chin.

She recoiled as tho touched by a viper. "Your right to search this chateau does not include permission to touch me," she said, with hatred ringing in her voice.

"Pretty thing, eh?" he remarked as he turned to his men. They were leaning against the doors leading to Jean's room, and at that moment were engaged in filling their pipes.

Fear took possession of her completely as she watched them. The slightest move on the part of Jean would disclose to them his hiding-place. Then he would be lost. In order to hide her feeling from the lieutenant, who was just then busy trying to brush some of the mud off his clothes, she hurried into the kitchen. She returned presently, with a few sticks in her arms which she laid on the hearth. Then she poked at the smoldering embers in the fire-place and afterwards laid the sticks on. Almost immediately a warm and welcome blaze spread its glow all over the room.

"Now then," she said as she arose and turned to the soldiers, who were earnestly engaged in a heated conversation, in their

native tongue, "I have prepared an excellent fire for you. Wont you come over and warm yourselves?"

The lieutenant had placed his left foot on a chair and was leaning both arms on his knee as he closely studied her every move. There was a lack of sincerity about her actions that aroused his interest. Her thoughts were not of their comforts and her mind had not been on them as she kneeled before the fire-place. He divined this from the trembling fingers which nervously grasped the poker and stirred the charred embers. Her actions were mere pretense to hide what was going on in her soul. As he noted the anxious look which came over her countenance as she spoke to his men he was instantly put on his guard. There was an unnatural eagerness about each move and it was evident that her thoughts were removed from them when she spoke. Then he grasped the whole situation as he caught her darting a swift, apprehensive look at the doors, as his men drew away and started towards the fire-place. He dropped his foot, and kicking the chair aside, walked over to her.

"Mademoiselle is a very clever actress," he sneered as he looked her squarely in the eyes. "Now then, men . . . Attention!"

The soldiers quickly shoved their pipes in their pockets and obeyed the command. They stood rigid, awaiting the next order. The lieutenant paid no attention to them, for his glaring eyes were fixed on the pale, frightened countenance of the girl before him.

"Forward . . . March!" he commanded. "Right about face! Aim! Now then, when I give the command, I want you to fire on those doors," he added.

The men carried out the commands, raised their guns and stood waiting for the order to fire.

"Stop!" And drawing away from the lieutenant, Jenevieve ran to the doors and threw herself against them.

"I thought so," grinned the lieutenant, as he nodded approvingly to his men. Then he glared at the girl, who stood defiantly awaiting his next move.

"We will have to trouble you to open those doors," he added as he started towards her.

"N—no, no. He's not in there, I tell you!" she cried hysterically. "You mustn't open these doors!"

"Unless you step aside, we will have to assist you," promised the officer.

Her eyes gleamed with hate as he said this, and pulling herself up proudly, she said: "Rather than have one of you touch me, I would prefer that you fire while I am here!"

"You must stop this nonsense at once!" shouted the lieutenant, who was growing tired of parleying. "I command you to open those doors!"

She was convinced now that there was no appeal from his decision. In a moment Jean would be taken out before her eyes and shot like a dog! Again, her soul cried out to heaven for mercy. Almost instantly it seemed her prayer was answered and her countenance radiated with a new light of hope. She dragged herself slowly away from the doors, and, looking the lieutenant squarely in the eye, she said:

"Very well. If you must know . . . He's in there. But, he's dead!"

She pronounced the last two words slowly and distinctly. Her only hope was that he heard them.

He did hear them. On the other side, Jean, who had heard almost everything which had been spoken since the soldiers entered, caught the message and prepared to act the rôle she had suddenly thrust at him. He placed the revolver he had been holding, underneath the blanket, and then straightened himself out. He looked just like a man who had breathed his last.

With terror in her heart and anguish reflected in her every movement, Jenevieve staggered to the doors and taking the key from her pocket, unlocked them.

An instant later they were thrown open and the lieutenant, followed by his men, rushed into the room. Prone on the cot before them was the bloody, silent form of Jean. His eyes were closed and he perfectly portrayed the rôle Jenevieve had given him. They glanced at him, and he enacted his rôle so well that there was no question in their minds but that this man, for whom they had been searching, had paid his debt to Germany.

They were about to leave the room when the lieutenant hesitated. "I think we had better fire a volley," he said after some reflection. "Do this outside! Then our report will be complete!"

Jenevieve, who had been leaning against the wall, just outside, weak from the severe strain she had undergone during the past few minutes, leaned forward as she caught these words. Instantly she recovered herself. She had failed in every move, up to the present, to gain the sympathy of these men, and, even tho she was not prepared for what she had just heard, she refused to surrender all hope. Stepping up to the lieutenant, she turned her pleading eyes up to him.

"Oh, cant you understand? . . . Cant you understand!" she cried hysterically. "We are engaged to be married. When the Germans came to Deschon they cruelly murdered my aged mother and father, and my brother, Henri. They destroyed our home. He was all I had left. He crawled here, shattered by your bullets! If you have one drop of sympathy in your veins; if you have ever known what it means to have some one love you dearer than all else in this world, you will not deny me the right to what is left of him now! I would have gladly surrendered my life to ease his pain. Every drop of blood he has shed has caused me anguish and sorrow, which you cannot understand, unless—unless you have known what it is to love."

"But, I must do my duty, Mademoiselle," interrupted the lieutenant with sternness. "This is war."

"He is nothing to you. . . . He is everything to me!" she went on, unheeding his words. "This is war—as you Germans know it. What a relentless, avenging, cowardly conflict you are waging against humanity. All you love to do, is destroy. But, thank God, this time you have been cheated! . . . Do you hear! . . . You have been cheated!" And she laughed hysterically. "I am entitled to what you have left of him. All I ask is that you leave him to me. It is not a very great thing to ask of you, and you have the power to grant it! He was not a spy. Even tho he was, would his death stop your maddening conflict? If I thought it would, I would surrender him to you. But it would not. It will go on until intellect takes the place of ignorance—which you call German Kultur!—and you are stripped of your selfishness. . . . Until charity takes the place of your greed. If you take what is left of him, the volley you fire will pierce my heart. Do you hear me! . . . It will pierce my heart!

"There must be a human note even in you. Civilization has receded, with you Germans, and law and order has become a thing of the past. Your men have returned to barbarism; your civilization has gone mad! But, there is a God, and there is a law. You desire to rob the world of its right to live. Thru your system of outrageous murders and miserable slaughters you hope to become the rulers of the universe. You're not satisfied to wage your war against our men. You're not punishing them alone . . . You're destroying the lives of the women of France! That's what you're doing! Do you understand what that means to our nation? What are you fighting for? You dont know. But, we women know, for we are the ones who are suffering; we are being called upon to pay the penalty for your ignorance. You have branded us with the Cross of Shame!" Then she tore open her blouse and revealed the mark on her breast.

The lieutenant drew back in shame and humiliation as he saw the emblem which had been burned into her flesh. The others stood silently gazing at the hysterical creature before them.

"Mademoiselle, we are not all as black as you seem to think," the lieutenant finally remarked. "I am Lieutenant Franz Thein of the 68th Prussians, and I shall report this . . . if you will give me the name of the man who did it."

"He cannot be punished, by man, for the crimes he has committed," she replied calmly. "I leave him to the mercy of God."

The Germans had listened to every word she had spoken. They had been affected by them, too. It had been months since they had seen a woman. As the lieutenant studied her countenance he admitted he had never seen a girl who possessed such remarkable beauty as the one who stood before him. Her wonderful face; her soft, clear complexion and her appealing eyes, together with the sweet and tender tones of her voice, touched a human note in his breast which had been discordant for a long time. Civilization had gone mad, but, this beautiful, tortured creature seemed to recall to him that there was a God; that there was a law. And, when she had finished, he solemnly lifted his dust-covered helmet and stepped out of the room. The others followed him. Jenevieve followed them and softly closed the doors.

"Thank God he is saved!" she murmured softly as she lifted her eyes to heaven.

The lieutenant paused as he adjusted his helmet. Then he turned to Jenevieve. "Pouvez-vous me donner à manger? We are very hungry," he remarked as he turned to his comrades.

"Oui, oui, M'sieur," she replied. "There are only a few loaves and some wine. You are welcome to that. I will bring it to you." Then she went to the cupboard, situated under the staircase, and brought out some bread and claret, which she placed on the improvised table, consisting of three chairs which had been placed together by the soldiers.

Eagerly the Germans partook of the bread and wine which Jenevieve placed before them. The loaves tasted good, for none of them had eaten since morning. The wine heated their blood and with each glass they became more appreciative of the wonderful girl who acted as their host. For, it must be remembered these men had not seen a woman in months. In fact their covetous eyes had never beheld such a beautiful creature as the one who stood before them.

Joyous with the thought that she had saved Jean from a fate at their hands, Jenevieve was not totally indifferent to their attentions. In order to keep them in good spirits, she had listened, with apparent interest, to their flatteries and

had taken their praises smilingly. She permitted the lieutenant to speak of her beauty, her charm, and was quite amused over some of the pretty things he said to her. But, when he tried to put his arms around her, she playfully pushed him away.

"Now that we've left your sweetheart with you, dont you think I am deserving of a kiss?" remonstrated the German as he staggered somewhat to his feet.

"You wouldn't want your sister or your sweetheart to be kist by a stranger, would you?" she inquired seriously.

"Damme, there's something about you that makes a fellow respect you," he muttered. Then, as he filled up the empty glasses he added: "Well, if you wont let me kiss you, then perhaps you'll drink to the health of the Kaiser!"

But Jenevieve poured her wine on the floor and filled her glass with water.

"There," said the lieutenant, as he pushed back his chair. "On your feet, men. To the health of the Kaiser!"

They were just about to raise their glasses when the lieutenant noticed the water in Jenevieve's glass. "What! You wont drink to the Emperor?" he exclaimed.

For reply, Jenevieve lifted her glass high above her head, as she glanced at them all. Each one of them stood silently and respectfully awaiting her words.

"You have all behaved as gentlemen," she said forcibly. "Here's hoping that all of you return safely home!"

They all stared at her for a moment in admiration. Then each extended his glass till it touched hers and then drank the contents in silence.

Suddenly the low rumbling of guns broke the monotony and the stillness of the night. The lieutenant put down his glass and went over to one of the front windows and looked out. The sky was reddened, like the reflection of a volcano, and great clouds of smoke were rising from the edge of the low, flat country miles away—where the heavens seemed to touch the earth.

"It looks as tho the French are launching a counter attack against us at Beaumont," he said excitedly as he turned from the window. "Prepare to leave, men," he added as he drew on his grey cloak.

The soldiers picked up their guns and took their positions near the door, awaiting his next order. The lieutenant stepped over to where Jenevieve was standing and raising her hand he bowed and touched it with his lips. Then he marched quickly to the door where he halted.

"Mademoiselle, we salute you!" he said loudly as he brought his right hand to the edge of his helmet. The others did likewise.

Then he opened the door and the others passed out.

"Bon soir, Mademoiselle," he said as he followed them.

"Bon soir, M'sieur," she replied.

The next moment she heard their heavy footsteps descending the steps of the porch. She waited until the sound of their heavy boots died away down the road. Then she ran to the door and bolted it. She heaved a sigh of relief as her eyes turned in the direction of the doors which shielded the man who was dearer to her than all else in the world; the one who had been in her thoughts every instant while the Germans had been in the room. The man she had saved!

In the distance could be heard the thundering of guns. They grew louder and louder, as she listened. The floor underneath her feet shook and trembled, and the walls seemed to rock with the vibration. She could hear the explosion of shells near the chateau. The sky seemed to be ablaze with fire and the red rays lighted up the earth for miles around. The room wherein she was standing became almost as light as day. The terrible noise, which broke so suddenly, filled her with fear and she stood for several moments with her back to the front doors as she listened to the awful rumblings without.

Then she finally shook off this sudden fear and rushed to the doors which separated her from Jean. As she was about to open them a terrible crash reached her ears. Everything in the chateau seemed to tremble. It forced some of the pictures from their hangings. They fell to the floor and were buried by the plaster which dropped from the ceiling. The chateau trembled and rocked as tho the building was about to crumple up and fall.

In terror, she flung open the doors and rushed into the room where Jean had taken refuge. On the small cot was the figure of a man in the uniform of a German soldier. A blanket covered his head and shoulders.

"Jean!" she exclaimed as she bent over him. "Jean! Jean! They have gone. Wake up, dear. We are alone!"

The room was dark, but she was able to distinguish the figure which remained silent and still. She hurriedly lighted a candle, which she found on the table, and with trembling hand held it over him.

"Jean! Jean!" she called. "Speak to me, Jean. You are safe. Jean . . . Oh . . . My God!"

She had turned down the blanket, which disclosed to her the remnants of a man whose features had been battered beyond recognition!

The walls of the room had been wrecked by a large shell and the floor was covered with debris. In the distance could be heard the rumbling of guns.

CHAPTER IV

It was thirty-five minutes before midnight when Captain Nivelle, attached to the staff of Colonel Beschard, entered the headquarters of the 136th Infantry, which was located in the ammunition room of Fort Beaumont, recently deserted by the Germans. The fort stood, camouflaged, on the green slopes of Hill 301 and afforded the commander an excellent view of the valley and the first line trenches of the enemy, which were then being held by the 68th Prussians and two regiments of Landwehrmen. They held the sector between Thiry Ridge and the Deschon Boundary, while the 136th Infantry were firmly entrenched from Beaumont to the eastern end of Hill 301.

The staff officer advanced towards the commander, who was seated at a small table in one end of the room, where he was engaged in writing. He clicked his heels as he came to the salute beside his superior.

The colonel looked up. "Nivelle?" he remarked by way of inquiry.

"A courier—severely wounded, sir—has just arrived inside our lines with this message, which he has brought from Colonel Bouchier," said Captain Nivelle, as he drew from his pocket a small piece of film and handed it to Beschard.

"This is interesting," remarked the colonel as he accepted it with an evidence of curiosity.

"He told us—just before he became unconscious, sir—that it was of the utmost importance, and then mumbled something about, 'defeat' and 'victory'," added Captain Nivelle.

As the officer was talking, Colonel Beschard had been closely examining the film. It was a piece of developed negative, about two inches long, containing several indistinct words, which he was unable to read in the semi-darkened room. Holding it up to the candle which stood beside him on the table, he was able to make out the following words:

Bearer entitled six days furlo escort him rear.—Cynthia.

The colonel studied the message for a moment and then took a small book from his pocket and turned over several pages, after which he paused. He held up the film before the light and as he read each word he wrote it down on a slip of paper. Then he glanced at the book and wrote another word beside it, and repeated this until he had rewritten the message. When he had completed this work he held the slip of paper up to the light and read the following:

Bearer	Prepare
Entitled	attack
Six	midnight
days	simultaneously
furlough	Rouvier's
escort	batteries
him	occupy
rear	Deschon
Cynthia.	Bouchier.

The colonel laid down the paper and turned to Captain Nivelle. "Notify the battalion commanders to have their companies ready to go over the top at midnight," he said. "We will advance under cover of Rouvier's batteries and capture the sector between Beaumont and the Deschon Boundary. I have been notified that the Huns have evacuated Deschon and are digging themselves in near the Boundary. We will make them fall back; chase them out of Deschon and then occupy the town."

"Very well, sir," replied Captain Nivelle as he started to withdraw.

"By the way," added the commander, "advise our men we will not take any prisoners." Then he reflected a moment. "You might send that courier to me," he said finally.

"He has been taken to the base hospital at Chaulnay, sir," the captain informed him. "It is doubtful if he will recover from his wounds."

"Brave man," mused the commander. "He must have gone thru hell to get here. Passed right thru the German lines. What's his name?"

"I didn't learn, sir. One of our outposts found him. He was wearing the uniform of a Landwehrman and the message was secreted in the sole of his boot. He spoke incoherently and after disclosing where the message was hidden, became unconscious."

"Poor devil," commented the colonel.

Then the captain left to carry out his orders.

Precisely at midnight Martin's howitzers, which were stationed behind that section of the French front held by de Billy's 63rd Battalion of Light Infantry, opened with heavy barrage firing, which continued for an hour; having as its objective the German positions along the Thiry Ridge. Under heavy cannonading the 108th Prussians held their ground with firm resistance for a time, after which they were compelled to fall back several hundred yards. The 63rd Battalion, however, rushed at them and succeeded in breaking thru their lines, exacting heavy casualties and taking a large number of prisoners.

(To be continued in the next issue)

Whimsical Wiles of Women

Vivian Martin's shoelace is a perfectly good reason for Eugene Pallette to go down on his knees

Howard Hickman is vampire-proof under difficulties

Will Wallace MacDonald answer that look? Ask Gloria Swanson

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

Margarita Fisher evidently believes in "Money Isn't Everything," for that is what she is playing in at present. The story is by Fred Jackson, originally called "Beauty to Let."

William S. Hart was the first star to finish a propaganda film to boost the Fourth Liberty Loan. Others making propaganda pictures are: Charlie Chaplin, Wallace Reid, Fred Stone, William and Dustin Farnum, Enid Bennett, Charles Ray, Dorothy Dalton, Lillian Gish, Sessue Hayakawa, William Duncan, Mack Sennett and George Beban. Each star assumes the expense personally.

Dorothy Gish has finished her first Paramount picture, called "Battling Jane."

A trade paper headline reads: **"Dorothy Green** Leading-Woman for Love." Are salaries at last getting down within reason? you ask. Not at all. They mean Montagu Love.

Ora Carew, who is playing leading-lady for Wallace Reid, recently did a leap from a burning building which James Cruze, her director, says was the acme of realism, as she leapt at the wrong time and received the full force of the hose.

"Dwellers in Glass Houses" is the title of a new four-act play written by W. E. Roberts and **Madame Petrova,** in which she will star on the speaking stage in October.

When life is just one serial after another, justly describes **William Duncan's** existence. Having finished "A Fight for Millions," he is now at work upon "The Man of Might." Edith Johnson and Joe Ryan will again support him.

"The Iron Test" is about half finished. This is not a chemical experiment, but is the Vitagraph serial in which **Antonio Moreno** and Carol Holloway are being starred.

A polo match which took place recently at Coronado Beach, with **Earle Williams** as captain of one of the teams, did double service. It provided a scene for Vitagraph's picture, "My Country First," and added to the Red Cross Funds, as real admission was charged.

MADGE KENNEDY

Can you imagine **Alice Joyce** in "Brickdust Row"? We cant, but then she is only playing in this famous O. Henry story. Her following picture will be from the book of James A. Cooper, "Cap'n Abe's Niece."

Madame Nazimova has started work on "'Ception Shoals," whose stellar rôle she also created on the New York stage. Charles Bryant, her husband in real life, will again be her leading-man in this picture.

Bessie Love's first picture for Vitagraph is "Sue," adapted from the stage play of the same name in which Annie Russell gained fame two decades ago.

Sessue Hayakawa means "successful fisher." Sessue is pronounced "Sess-you," with the accent on the first syllable.

You dont need to be told that "Irish Eyes" **Olive Thomas'** next screen play takes place in Ireland—but it is interesting to report that Director Frank Borsage has discovered a location not ten miles from Los Angeles which he swears so resembles the Emerald Isle that even a Sinn Feiner would think it was the land of the Shamrock.

"Has anybody here seen Kelly?" Why, of course, William J. Kelly, who is busy playing lover to **Olive Tell** in Metro's "Secret Strings."

Hale Hamilton and his entire company will go to Saratoga to take scenes on the famous Saratoga race-tracks for his first picture as a full-fledged Motion Picture star in "Five Thousand an Hour."

Wedding bells are still ringing for **Marguerite Clark,** who was married on Thursday, August 15, to Lieutenant H. Palmerston Williams, U. S. A., of New Orleans, at the Methodist Episcopal church in Greenwich, Conn.

Edith Storey's next is called "The Silent Woman." Needless to tell you this is a Motion Picture production, otherwise such a title would be impossible.

After spending a month visiting her sister, **Norma,** at her summer home at Bayside, L. I., **Constance Talmadge** has returned to California to continue filming her series of Select pictures.

Matt Moore will play opposite **Blanche Sweet** in the production of Harry Garson's screen version of Rupert Hughes' story, "The Unpardonable Sin."

In denying her reported engagement to Russell Palmer, **Theda Bara** says: "Frankly, I need a business manager, but not a husband. Nor do I mean to have one. I am wedded to my career."

Richard Barthelmess has departed hurriedly for the Coast, where he will play under Griffith's direction in a new picture featuring Dorothy Gish.

From out on the Coast comes word that Darrell Foss will again be leading-man for May Allison in "The Testing of Mildred Vane."

The Rex Beach story, "Laughing Bill Hyde," is being produced by Goldwyn, with **Will Rogers,** well-known lariat thrower of "The Follies," in the title rôle.

Mae Murray obtained a divorce from Jay O'Brien, a New York broker, who left her on their wedding eve. "Never again," says Mae.

Mary Pickford has leased a home in the Wilshire district of Los Angeles which is one of the show places of that city. It has fifteen rooms and five bathrooms.

Bert Lytell has made application for the Officers' Training Camp and, if accepted, will start upon the instruction period about January 15. He will study for a commission in the infantry.

"How Do You Get That Way?" is the title of the present picture upon which that human dynamo, **George Walsh,** is working for Fox under the direction of his brother, R. A. Walsh.

Alice Brady's day is thirty-six hours long. All day is spent at the Paragon studio under the direction of Charles Maigne, while her evenings are spent rehearsing her coming stage production, "Forever After."

Wanda Hawley has hit the trail—not Billy Sunday's, but "The Gypsy Trail," a screen adaptation of Robert Housum's play. It is to be a Paramount picture featuring Bryant Washburn.

LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Madame Yorska, who is producing at the Brunton studios, announces that her first picture will be made from a story written by Sarah Bernhardt.

Enrico Caruso has signed another new contract—this time it's a matrimonial one, the other party being Dorothy Park Benjamin.

Marshall Neilan has been made production manager of the Harry Garson pictures. He will also personally direct Blanche Sweet.

It has been decided that **Kitty Gordon** will not turn her famous back on movies in general, but will form a picture company of her own. There are to be six features a year, each from the pen of Wilson Mizner, while Mahlon Hamilton will be her leading-man.

"For Husbands Only," the Universal feature, will be shown in family theaters, its title notwithstanding.

Frances Marion, scenario writer for Mary Pickford, has given up her $50,000 a year salary for a commission from the Government to travel thru the allied countries in search of propaganda material.

While **Carmel Myers** was in New York recently, she received a flattering offer from A. H. Woods, theatrical producer, to star in one of his stage plays. However, Miss Myers' Universal contract keeps her silent until next May.

Charlie Murray says that Ben Turpin nearly lost his good eye at the Venice Bathing Parade.

Chester Conklin has received two samples from his bean ranch. One was larger than the other.

Because of her good work in "Pals First," Ruby de Remer has been re-engaged as **Harold Lockwood's** leading-lady.

"Buster" Keaton was given a purse of $100 as a send-off from the Arbuckle Company when he left recently to join General Pershing's personally conducted tour to Berlin.

Mary Pickford—you know, the Motion Picture actress—has no fewer than three leading-men in "Johanna Enlists."

King Baggot has been engaged to play opposite Emily Stevens in her new Metro picture, "Kildare of Storm."

Elaine Hammerstein can be seen playing "Her Man," released by Pathé.

Everybody's doing it—going into pictures. **James K. Hackett,** the former stage matinée idol, has completed a photoplay for the Graphic Film Co. called "Ashes of Love." Hackett was in once before.

PEGGY HYLAND

It is announced that **Seena Owen** has returned to pictures after a year's absence from the screen and will be seen as Charles Ray's leading-lady.

D. W. Griffith just finished taking some scenes in the House of Representatives, which is the first time such a thing has ever been accomplished. As a matter of fact, a new law had to be enacted to allow him to do so.

James Cruze has forsworn grease-paint and has turned to the megaphone as his visible means of support. At present he is directing Wallace Reid in what will probably be called "Some One and Somebody."

The Motion Picture industry has been declared essential by the U. S. Government. Several restrictions have been made, however, one being that only one camera is allowed to be used on a scene and that while producers formerly took 30,000 to 40,000 feet of film for a five-thousand-foot picture, this waste will have to be eliminated.

Ruth Stonehouse has at last returned to the screen. She is taking part in the new big serial featuring Houdini.

Anna Mae Walthall, sister of the well-known Henry—no, you're wrong, *not* the Ford—is cast opposite Harry Carey in his newest Universal special, "The Man Who Wouldn't Shoot."

Charlie Chaplin was slightly hurt while taking a scene for his new production, "Shoulder Arms."

It seems quite suitable that **Enid Bennett's** picture, "The Marriage Ring," should be directed by her husband, Fred Niblo.

"Wild Honey," **Doris Kenyon's** third production at the head of her own company, sounds like a mighty sweet picture.

William Fox and Frank Keeney are both after **Jewel Carmen's** services. However, she is going ahead and produce eight pictures a year with Mr. Keeney, as he maintains that the contract she signed with him last July, after her twenty-first birthday, is legally valid as against any contract she may have signed with Mr. Fox before maturity. **Sidney Olcott** has been engaged to direct her which augurs well for the success of the Carmen productions.

H. Tipton Steck, writing for Universal, has just completed a special feature, "The Wrong Side of Paradise" for **Mary MacLaren.**

Metro has another war picture in process of preparation. It is called "Wilson and the Kaiser."

And still they come. A new company has been formed called Screencraft Pictures, Inc. They will produce at the former Thanhouser studio in New Rochelle. **Mary Boland** and **Lucy Cotton** are to be the stars.

Bert Lytell has gone to Tropico, Mexico, for exteriors for his new play; the working title of which is "Making Good."

Dolores Cassinelli, who starred in "Lafayette, We Come," has been made a first lieutenant in the United States Army, 3rd Battalion, 152d Depot Brigade. Major J. B. Brandreith made the appointment because of services Lieut. Cassinelli rendered on behalf of the Red Cross.

Harold Lloyd is one of the few comedians who can get the laughs without make-up and farcical costume. His latest is called "Wanted Five Thousand."

The National Film Corporation is starring **Billie Rhodes** in "The Girl of My Dreams." Lamar Johnston is cast as the heavy, Leo Pierson as the juvenile, and Jack MacDonald as the character lead opposite the star.

Robert Gordon has enlisted in the army. His last screen appearance was in J. Stuart Blackton's "Missing."

Tom Forman, who was recently promoted to the rank of lieutenant, has been transferred, at his request, to the aviation service.

Hazel Fleming has been engaged as leading-woman for **Bill Desmond,** and Millicent Fisher for **Taylor Holmes** in coming Triangle features.

Ruth Clifford, who just recently bought a new car, has had three smash-ups in six days. Ruth escaped unhurt each time, but oh, the car!

Olga Grey has joined the William Russell company in San Diego for exterior scenes for "When a Man Rides Alone."

Who's Who in Starland

DUSTIN FARNUM—Born in Hampton Beach, N. H., May 27, 1874. Brown eyes, brown hair, 6 ft. tall, weighs 182 lbs. First stage appearance with Ethel Tuck Repertoire Co. Later with Chauncey Olcott Co. Starred in "The Virginian," "The Squaw Man," "Cameo Kirby," "Captain Courtesy." Joined Lasky Film Co. in December, 1913, appearing in "The Virginian," "Cameo Kirby," "Captain Courtesy." Joined Pallas, appearing in "The Gentleman from Indiana," "The Call of the Cumberlands," "Ben Blair," "David Garrick," "The Parson of Panamint," "Davy Crockett," "A Son of Erin." For Fox, made "The Scarlet Pimpernel," "The Spy," "Durand of the Bad Lands," "North of Fifty-Three." Recently formed the Dustin Farnum Feature Plays. First picture: "The Light of Western Stars," by Zane Grey.

JUNE ELVIDGE—Born in St. Paul, Minn., 1893. Brown hair, brown eyes, 5 ft. 9 in. tall, weighs 135 lbs. Early career: Concert singer. Stage career: Winter Garden "The Passing Show of 1914," played Jose Collins' part in road company. Joined World in 1916. Pictures: "The Lure of Woman," "The Butterfly On the Wheel," "The Sins of Society," "The Eleventh Hour," "Who Is Sylvia?" "The Parasites," "The Final Hour," "Love's Crucible," "The Page Mystery," "The Price of Pride," "The Crimson Dove," "The Waster," "The Guardian," "The Marriage Market," "Rasputin, the Black Monk," "Shall We Forgive Her?" "The Creole's Revenge," "The Way of the Strong," "Broken Ties."

DUSTIN FARNUM

JUNE ELVIDGE

BLANCHE SWEET

HERBERT RAWLINSON

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

BESSIE LOVE

KATHLYN WILLIAMS

Center—MARGERY WILSON

FRANK LOSEE

HERBERT RAWLINSON—Born in Brighton, England, 1885. Dark hair, blue-gray eyes, 6 ft. tall, weighs 165 lbs. First joined Shakespearian players; played in Belasco Theater Company in Los Angeles. Screen career: Joined Selig, then Bosworth. "Sea Wolf" best Bosworth picture. Later signed with Universal. Pictures: "The Black Box" serial with Ann Little, "The Spy," "The Vagabond," "Kid Reagan's Hands," "On the Verge of War," "Won in the Clouds," "The Law of His Kind," "Capt. Jenny, S. A.," "Across the Veldt," "Flirting with Death," "The High Sign," "The Eagle's Wings," "The Mark of a Gentleman," "On Six Cylinders," "The Ten-Cent-Store Lady," "Like Wildfire," "Come Thru," "Sky High," "Caught in the Act," "It's Up to You," "The Drag-Net," "The Flash of Hate," "The Man Trap," "The Love Claim." Recently joined Goldwyn, appearing with Mabel Normand in "Back to the Woods." Now appearing in J. Stuart Blackton's government picture, "The Common Cause."

BESSIE LOVE—Born in Los Angeles, Cal., 1900. Brown eyes, brown hair, 5 ft. 1 in. tall. Unmarried. No stage experience. First appeared in Triangle-Fine Arts pictures. Best productions: "The Flying Torpedo," "Wee Lady Betty," "Polly Ann," "The Sawdust Ring," "The Heiress at Coffee Dan's," "The Aryan," "The Good Bad Man," "Hell-to-Pay Austin," "A Sister of Six," "Reggie Mixes In," "Nina the Flower Girl," "A Daughter of the Poor," "Cheerful Givers," "His Daughter's Ring." Joined Pathé in 1916. Pictures: "The Great Adventure," "How Could You, Caroline?" "A Little Sister to Everybody." Recently signed to appear in Vitagraph Blue Ribbons.

FRANK LOSEE—Born in Brooklyn, N. Y. Brown eyes, gray hair. Married to Marion Elmore. Stage career: Stock in Chicago, Pittsburgh, Union Square Theater in New York, Boston Theater in Boston. Appeared in "Henrietta," "The Rose of the Rancho," "Dorothy Vernon," "Notre Dame," "Joseph and His Brethren," "The House Next Door," "The Hawk." Has always appeared in Famous Players productions on screen. Pictures: "The Moment Before," "The Innocent Lie," "Under Cover," "The Old Homestead," "The Eternal City," "Ashes of Embers," "Miss George Washington," "Great Expectations," "Sapho," "The Dummy," "The Valentine Girl," the Bab pictures, "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

BLANCHE SWEET—Born in Chicago, Ill., June 18, 1896. Blue eyes, blonde hair, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 135 lbs. Unmarried. At three appeared with Marie Burroughs in "The Battle of the Strong." At fourteen appeared with Gertrude Hoffman in "The Spring Song." Also in "Charlotte Temple." Screen career began with Biograph; played small part in "A Corner of Wheat" under Frank Powell. Leads in "A Man with Three Wives," "Judith of Bethulia," "Oil and Water." Went with Griffith to Reliance and Majestic Companies, playing in "Home, Sweet Home," "The Avenging Conscience," "The Escape." Joined Lasky. Pictures: "The Woman," "The Warrens of Virginia," "The Case of Becky," "The Captive," "The Clue," "The Secret Orchard," "The Secret Sin." Recently made "The Hushed Hour" for Harry I. Carson. Has now formed the Blanche Sweet Film Corporation. Work is under way on "The Unpardonable Sin," by Rupert Hughes.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN—Born in Louisville, Ky., 1889. Black hair, hazel eyes, 6 ft. 1 in. tall, weighs 195 lbs. Single. At eighteen began stage career in "Sam Houston." Played in "Brown of Harvard," "The Master Key," "The Road to Yesterday." Mother's illness brought about his association with pictures. Did "The Bitter Sweets" for Essanay. First person to be starred by American. Joined Universal, playing in "The Measure of a Man," "The Social Buccaneer," "The Master Key," "Samson and Delilah," "The Magic Skin," "Dread Inheritance," "The Relentless Spirit," "Payment Received," "A Night in the Pines," "The Code of the Mounted," "A Kentucky Idyll," "Son o' the Stars," "The Troubador of El Dorado," "The Ashes of Three," "The Call of the Open Range," "The Wanderer." Recently formed Warren Kerrigan Feature Company, releasing thru Paralta. Pictures: "A Man's Man," "The Turn of a Card."

KATHLYN WILLIAMS—Born in Butte, Mont. Blonde hair, blue eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. tall, weighs 138 lbs. Married to Charles Eyton. Went thru Sargent Dramatic School. Appeared in stock in Salt Lake City and Los Angeles. Stage career: "When We Were Twenty-one," "Mrs. Dane's Defense," "The Man of the Hour." Screen career: First picture a Biograph, with Marion Leonard and Dell Henderson, under D. W. Griffith. Joined Selig; appeared in first serial ever produced, "The Adventures of Kathlyn." Selig pictures: "Lost in the Jungle," "The Girl with the Lantern," "The Spoilers," "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "The Carpet of Bagdad," "The Rosary," "Back to the Primitive." Signed with Pallas. Prominent pictures: "Redeeming Love," "Woman of the Forget-Me-Nots." Later joined Paramount, playing in "Out of the Wreck," "The Cost of Hatred," "The Highway of Hope," "Big Tomboy," "The Things We Love," "The Whispering Chorus," "We Cant Have Everything."

MARGERY WILSON—Born in Gracey, Ky. Black eyes, Titian hair. Single. First stage appearance at fourteen; first prominent parts in "The Road Up the Mountains," "The Lion and the Mouse." At sixteen head of Margery Wilson Players in Cincinnati; toured principal vaudeville circuits with her sister in musical skit, "Wilson Twins." On vacation in California, took part of dancer in Thomas Ince picture; immediately joined that company. Played in "Double Trouble," "Wolf Lowry" and others.

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Bessie Love

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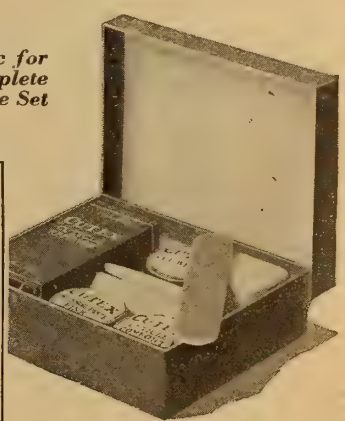

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How to be a Successful Scenario Writer—A Close-up of Agnes Johnston

By SUE ROBERTS

At the early age of six, did you write a book? Did you have the habit of writing plays when you were ten; were you writing scenarios at sixteen? Well, then cheer up, stick to it, for maybe it's a sign that you are destined to become a second Anita Loos, Frances Marion or Agnes Johnston.

Agnes Johnston is, perhaps, the youngest successful scenario writer in Motion Pictures. There is no other industry in the world which is so kind to youthful talent as the silent stage. Avariciously it gobbles up the youngest, freshest, most brilliant brains. Experience is a second consideration to ideas. It is the new-idea man or girl who succeeds in all branches of the movie world.

In order to create, one must have the enthusiasm that goes with a love of one's

THE LITTLE SCHOOLGIRL AS SHE FIRST APPEARED BEFORE J. STUART BLACKTON

work and the ability to work incessantly. And just as there is no industry which holds out such a warm welcome to the young genius, so there is no industry which rewards intensive efforts so magnanimously. Imagine a girl of nineteen drawing a salary of hundreds a week in cold cash!

And that brings us back to Agnes Johnston and how she did it.

From the time she was a child, Agnes Johnston thought in terms of writing. She cannot remember the time when she wasn't working out plots. Always she was planning to do the great American play, and as a natural brother of this first love of hers, she turned her talents to photoplay writing.

One day, when she was only a little past seventeen, she screwed up her courage to visit the Vitagraph studio. There she applied to Mr. Blackton for a position on the scenario staff.

Mr. Blackton looked amazed at the slender girl with the snappy brown eyes and the enthusiasm-lit face. She seemed nothing but a child.

"I am very sorry," was the Commodore's reply, "but we have no vacancy on our staff, but can you use a typewriter?"

"My brain was buzzing with an idea," said Miss Johnston reminiscently, "and it didn't take me two seconds to say 'Yes, sir, I can typewrite', altho all my previous experience had been two-fingered exercises on my own scripts."

Mr. Blackton engaged her as a typist, and Aggie, as her friends call her, set to work to become a model key-pounder.

While she typed and made copies of other writers' scripts, she studied their methods of continuity and the way the plot was worked out. Every time she could, she watched scenes being taken at the studio.

"After a while," said Miss Johnston, "the psychology of the scenario-that-would-sell came to me. I had previously studied all the books I could get hold of on photoplay writing, but that inside experience at Vitagraph did more for me than all the books I ever read."

Then she proceeded to work out an idea in scenario form. She called it "Tried for His Own Murder."

"You see," explained Agnes Johnston, "I wanted something novel and I couldn't think of anything more novel to write a story about than a man tried for his own murder."

Of course you have guessed by this time that Vitagraph accepted her scenario and liked it so well that they put her on their scenario staff, where "Scenario by Agnes C. Johnston" became a regular credential for a first-rate film.

And then Thanhouser came along with one of those wonderful money inducements you hear so much about and Agnes went to them. There she became even better known as a successful writer of plays for Gladys Hulette. "The Shine Girl," "Her New York," "Prudence the Pirate" are all from her pen—I might better say typewriter, for she never writes in longhand.

A Pathé staff position followed next with a steady increase in the popularity of her stories (and I might add, in her salary).

One of her latest scenarios is Peggy Hyland's "Persuasive Peggy," for which she was granted $500 in hard cold cash.

Now that her fortune is assured, Agnes Johnston is going after still more fame. She is attending the playwriting class at Harvard and expects some time to write the real American play.

Miss Johnston's advice to those who would write scenarios is to pick their star first and then write something suitable. This is the secret of finding a market for one's scripts.

This successful little girl's greatest charm is her enthusiasm, which glows perpetually, lighting the road to even greater and more interesting efforts.

"When I need a new hat," she says, "I take out my Corona and type off a new scenario."

It might be well to explain that nowadays Agnes always wears Knox hats and——

Well, girls, you might try it, anyway.

YAQUI CHIEFTAIN, THRU INTERPRETER, PROPOSES TO ANNA Q. NILSSON

With an interpreter as first aid to Cupid, a Yaqui chieftain proposed to Anna Q. Nilsson when she and Bert Lytell were at Arivaca, Ariz., recently. The players were on location, when the chief, who was a daily spectator, became smitten with Miss Nilsson's blonde beauty.

The chief, who gloried in the name of Proud-of-His-Nose, pestered Director Carewe to death, until he finally reached Carewe's ear thru a half-breed interpreter. The Yaqui swore that the pretty paleface, "with eyes like the stars," was the only woman he had ever loved. As an inducement he added that he had a thriving alfalfa ranch and owned twenty-two ponies.

"You tell Chief Proud-of-His-Nose that he's been drinking brandy and had a pony too much," said Carewe to the interpreter. "Miss Nilsson wont be anybody's squaw. She's already wedded to her art, and is afraid of the Indian sign, anyway."

Whereupon the crestfallen chief betook himself to the hills, and, for all that Carewe knows, is still in mournful solitude.

Amusing bits of conversation overheard one evening on the train leaving San Diego for Los Angeles. The train was full of soldiers travelling home for an over-Sunday visit and there was an informal atmosphere which invited speech without introduction. One of the boys said for the benefit of the admiring "gallery" consisting of all the rest of us, "Well, we've got Fatty Arbuckle for a godfather, and that's saying a whole *lot!*" A cynical-every-day-sortuv person vouchsafed drily, "Right you are, Bo, Fatty's a regular excursion all to his lone self." The other continued, "Maybe the boys don't enjoy his visits! Say, he can put more life into a company than gallons of Green River. Besides, he generally has a good feed for us. I betcha there's not another company that has as good a sponsor as we have."

He was twitched back suddenly and looked into the face of a guileless young person, one with sandy hair, a frank face and vivid blue eyes, one of those cheery beings from the cattle ranges to whom life, even in a California cantonment, was full of vivid surprises. The cowboy said good-naturedly, "Ah, quitcher braggin'. Do you know what *we've* got? Listen to me, when it comes down to parents, a godmother will put a godfather outasite, even if he does weigh heavy . . . " and the one blue eye winked quite unmistakably, the while its owner bent forward and continued impressively, "Our godmother is Theda Bara, get that? Huh! Yep, Theda Bara. And say, she dont have to talk, nor bring things nor act nor nothin', for when you get an eyeful of Miss Bara, you take it from me, you're *speechless* proud of Godmother!"

The funniest part was that the first one really was speechless because he couldn't think of anything in the way of a retort courteous which would still leave him victorious. Finally he said, "Well, if you just want to worship something kinda far off, maybe you've got the best of us, but us boys enjoy having Fatty right in our tents and getting acquainted and real sociable, and you cant do that with a godmother — leastways, not in Camp Kearny!"

The other walked off saying, "Glad you're satisfied, comrade. As fer me, I'd rather have Theda Bara look drekly at me for two seconds than talk sociable to anybody else for hours!"

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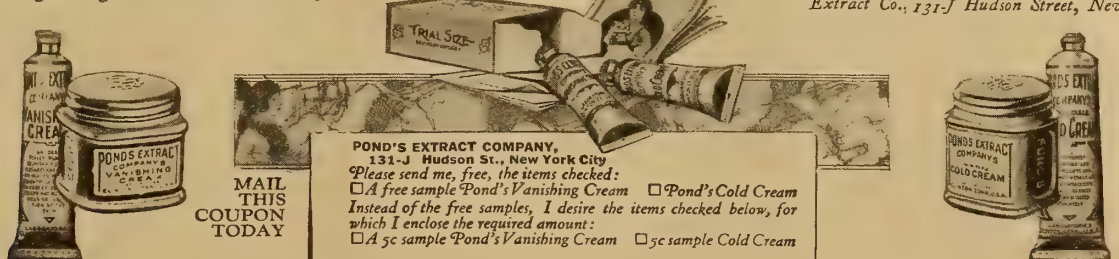

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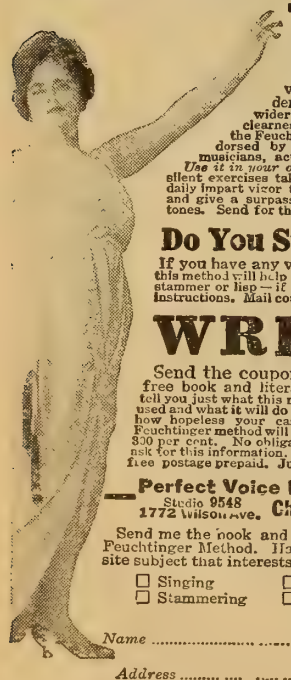

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The Plain Little Sparrow

(Continued from page 72)

"Oh, yes, sir!" repeated the little girl.

"All right," finished Donovan. "Come along, Fade-out." With that we exited. Donovan cranked his car without a single comment, and we rode off. I didn't say a word, waiting for a sub-title from Bill. Finally, what they call a Machiavellian smile lighted up his Irish face. "By golly," he said, offering me a cigaret, "it's a great idea! It'll fix Laemsky good and proper."

I just sat tight and waited. I knew Bill wouldn't spill it until he was ready.

Next morning Donovan started a new five-reel feature. "Fade-out," said he to me, "send some one out to the office. That queer little kid is waiting out there for her chance. Tell 'em to shoot her in."

A few minutes later the kid appeared. Every one looked at her kind of amused.

"What's your name?" growled Donovan. "Margaret Ryan," the kid answered, so faint you could hardly hear her.

"Rotten name—you'd never get by with that," continued Bill. "You'll be Marjorie Wilson from now on. Run along up to the dressing-rooms."

Then he shouted up to the wardrobe woman sitting on the steps. "Maggie," he said, "take Miss Wilson along. Fix her up. She's a tenement kid in the first scene we'll shoot today."

"What do you think of her?" Bill asked me.

I hated to crab the kid's chances, but I had to answer: "She may do as a type, but she'll photograph terrible. Ten thousand miles from a camera face. Nothing there, eyes, mouth, or nothin'."

"I know — I know," said Donovan, "but she's the star of our next drama."

With that my cork-tipped Pall Mall hit the cement. Pretty darned little can surprise a camera-man, but you could 'a' pushed me over right then with a make-up stick.

"Honest?" I gasped. "What's the game?"

"She's to be Laemsky's next star," replied Bill. "About three pictures with her and Laemsky can have his studio at about the time we're thru. Get me?"

Then the flood-light lit up my brain. "Some plan!" I said, admiringly. "Some plan! She'll be the biggest flivver that ever marred the celluloid."

"She'll settle the Flicker Motion Picture Corporation," chuckled Bill.

"I sure can see Laemsky iris out," I agreed.

What Marjorie Wilson didn't know about screen acting would have filled a couple of books. She had to be told everything. Poor Bill swore, but I could see him consoling himself with a mental picture of Laemsky's face when he gave the first production the once over.

In the first place, Marjorie Wilson couldn't be made to do the things in the way a film star does 'em. She didn't wear curls, and you couldn't get her to do what Brown called the kittenish stuff. In fact, she did everything just as if the camera wasn't there—matter of fact like.

"No animation," Bill said to me. "It's doleful. But I might as well let her run along in her own way. It'll make the thing as bad as possible."

"Are you going to follow Brown's script?" says I.

"Sure! Let Laemsky have the whole thing as she stands. I'm tired of creating punch for him. Let it go psychological."

"Right-o," I answered. "Psycho—whatever you call it, is good. This is going to be a bird!"

Maybe that five-reeler didn't seem to move slowly, altho it only took the regular four weeks. There wasn't a single big scene.

"I could put in a railroad wreck right here," Bill told me while we were working on one of the scenes, "but there's nothing psychological about a pile-up of locomotives. Anyway, the whole production is wreck enough."

Pansy Lovely, who was resting on salary while Donovan tried his experiment with the sparrow, wasn't in what you would call a good humor. She used to stand behind us during some of the scenes and make comments. "The kid's a stick!" she snapped to me one day. "I never saw such acting! She's walking thru the thing. My Gawd, did you see the way she read that letter yesterday? She just sat down and looked at the camera kinda sad. You'd 'a' thought it was a laundry bill instead of news that her mother had kicked in. I could 'a' slammed that scene over."

"She's awful!" I said, being the recipient of the confidences. "A waste of good celluloid. But the boss has something up his sleeve."

"I think he's gone nuts!" confided Pansy. "He's out o' focus somewhere."

"I'm telling you," I repeated, "he's up to something. That's all I can slip you."

Later on the kid got so's she would come around and talk to me between scenes. If it hadn't been for tipping Donovan's hand, I'd have up and told her. I began to feel kind of sorry for her. You see, she really thought the whole thing was on the level. She just worshiped all the starcsses of the movies and was so happy at bein' one she didn't know what to do. At that, she had determined ideas on things And she had a mother, I gathered from what she said, as just worshiped her.

We finally finished the five-reeler, "The Last Cent." Donovan supervised the cutting and assembling of the negative. When he finished, he treated the whole studio staff, every one from electrician to yours truly, at the little moisture emporium around the corner. Bill was certainly in good spirits. He registered satisfaction all over the place.

Finally, all the employees of the studio sat in at the first showing in the little studio projection room. The film play ground thru its five thousand feet. I never saw such a mild screen drama. No stunts and blamed little action.

When the lights were turned on again, Donovan turned to Brown.

"How'd it strike you?" he demanded, with what they call a sardonic grin in our best magazine fiction.

"I haven't recovered from the shock of recognizing a story of my own on the screen," said the scenario editor.

Donovan ignored the insinuation. "Awful, isn't she?" he asked. "The kid hasn't anything. Not a thing. I'd give a month's salary to see Laemsky's face when he gives this the double O. O."

"I'll be packin' up my things," said I. "The axe is going to fall in these parts."

"Bill," said Pansy Lovely, "I dont know what you're up to, but if you're trying to queer the company, you've done it." And Donovan grinned.

I turned to look for the kid herself. She sat 'way over in the corner, all alone. Pansy nudged Donovan to look.

Then we saw Marjorie Ryan-Wilson wipe away a little tear.

"Poor kid!" remarked Brown. Pansy giggled.

Only a day or so after this, Donovan sent me up to get a script from Brown. I found the little scenario department deserted and started to look around the desk for the manuscript. It was then I noticed a letter. It wasn't good manners, but somehow or other I couldn't keep from reading it. I wouldn't repeat it except that it's really a part of the whole story.

"Dearie," the letter read, "I'm afraid I'm not any nearer that wedding than ever. Big Donovan is trying to wreck the Flicker Corporation. Something is going to happen.

"Somehow, I dont care. I'm tired of grinding out reams of plots and seeing them torn to pieces by Donovan. You know a director has a city editor's conscience without his brain. What he doesn't know about art would fill all the trenches in Europe.

"He's just put a queer little kid in star parts, it being part of his double-dyed plan to send the Flicker on the rocks. He figures that the kid will be a terrific flivver. Somehow, she kind of gets me. Sort of appealing. But I guess I dont know anything about the game. I'm going back to reporting. At least, I wont be having nightly nightmares of directors, plots, murders and actors." That was all. Brown hadn't finished.

The completed negative of "The Last Cent" went on to New York, along with a positive print. Donovan started another photoplay with Marjorie Wilson as star. I could see he was almost joyfully awaiting a wire from the home office.

But none came. A week passed, two weeks drifted along, finally a month and not a word, save the routine checks. Donovan had started work on his third Wilson picture.

"Laemsky must be sick," said Donovan to me. "I dont blame him, either. 'The Last Cent' was shoved into a gap on the program last week. So we oughta hear darned quick on it. I'd like to see the letters that are coming in from exhibitors by this time."

The next thing we knew Pansy Lovely reported that Marjorie Wilson came to the studio each day in a rakish gray roadster, driven by a wealthy-looking young chap.

"The kid is covering ground fast," admitted Pan. "A month ago she couldn't get a job as an extra. Now she's a star with a millionaire John on her string. If I do say it myself, she aint in my class for looks. Yet here I've been a star for two years, and the best I get are admirin' letters from Wallawalla and Kankakee."

That night we piped off the roadster as the kid climbed in to be driven home. "She'd better nail him quick," said Bill. "The whole Flicker outfit—Marjorie Wilson included—will be canned next week."

It was exactly two days after that we heard from Laemsky. Bill opened the telegram with a grin on his face. Then the grin disappeared, and he handed the bit of paper to me with an oath.

"'The Last Cent' a sensation," said Izzy's telegram. "Marjorie Wilson real find. Congrats. Hook her up with a contract. Give her 25 more, hundred more for you. Exhibitors demand more Wilson films. Shoot 'em on."

"Hell!" exclaimed Donovan. "Is he kiddin' me? 'The Last Cent' a sensation! I'll be——"

But it was all true. That afternoon the trade papers arrived from the East with columns of raves about Marjorie

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Wilson. "The hit of the season," "Screen's newest star," "Marjorie Wilson steps into front rank of film stars," "A real find," "Supreme sincerity and naturalness," "Touches the heart," and scores of other superlatives. And darned little about Donovan.

Bill glanced over the press comments. "Take 'em away!" he snarled, finally, "and give me a telegraph blank."

"You aint goin' to resign?" I demanded.

"I should say not!" Donovan almost shouted. "I'm goin' to ask for a raise of three hundred. Izzy cant stall me with a piking hundred."

Then an idea dawned upon me. "How are you going to tie up the kid to a contract," I asked, "when she has this wealthy John ready to land? She'll never stick with a marble castle on the horizon."

"Leave it to me," said Donovan. Then we both rushed up to her little dressing-room. Bill pounded on the door.

"I've got good news," Bill began affably. "'The Last Cent' went over big. It all goes to prove my judgment in picking you. Laemsky tells me to inform you of a twenty-five dollar raise."

Then Donovan had his biggest surprise of the day.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Donovan," began the kid. "Perhaps you've noticed the car that comes for me afternoons. It belongs to Mr. Reynolds. He has asked me——"

"Say," broke in Donovan, "you aint goin' to sign up with him, are you, with a big career ahead of you? Think of what I can do for you. Dont decide hastily. You aint done nothin' yet, have you?"

"Yes, I have, Mr. Donovan. I signed up yesterday."

"You're married!" Bill exclaimed. "You aint goin' to let that stand in the way of your working, are you?"

"Married!" repeated the kid. "Married! I should say not! Mr. Reynolds is representative of the Famous Actors' Corporation. They saw 'The Last Cent' in New York and wired him to sign me up. I might add that I am to get four hundred a week for the first year, with a raise guaranteed for the second."

For the first time I suspected a sense of humor behind the Ryan-Wilson eyes. I told Donovan about it—some time afterwards.

"But you cant get along without me," Bill was remonstrating. "I've developed you. You'll need me."

"Mr. Donovan," said the kid, "I'd be tempted to believe you if I hadn't overheard you confiding in your cameraman, Mr. Fade-out, several weeks ago. I'm afraid I'll have to get along without you."

Donovan went out—and home—without a single word more. I was starting home when Brown called from his office and asked me to put a telegram on the wire for him when I reached town.

It was written on a sheet of paper, and I couldn't help reading it. It was addressed to a girl in New Hampshire. "The Famous Actors' Corporation," it said, "has just signed me at three hundred a week. We'll be married after I get my first week's salary. Meanwhile, send for all the automobile catalogs." It was signed "Wally."

I told Bill all about it when I got home. "How do you figure it out?" he growled.

"It all goes to show that you can never sometimes tell in the movies," said I. And I'm darned sure I'm right.

Florence Vidor Talks of Love and Other Things

(*Continued from page 74*)

love to me is like that—after strife, peace. Love is self-immolation, unselfishness, giving and forgiving, bearing and forbearing, and withal, sweet and compassionate; full of unknown or unsuspected surprises, joys unspeakable, sometimes, alas! disillusionments, but if it be honest and true, always compensating for whatever befall."

Now, I ask you, would Miss Vidor have talked like that to a man interviewer? Never! It's fine to be a woman—sometimes.

"This new picture in which you are working must give rise to thoughts about the war——"

She shook her head negatively. "What can one say? At least a woman? My heart goes out to those who must suffer and bear the burdens and the sorrows of it all. None of us is untouched. None of us but may help in some way, even a little way. I dont think there is much I may say on that subject. I am too full of it—we all are, you know."

"What are your ideas of acting for the screen?" The question was venerable enough to have almost the merit of novelty.

"To be natural—to become so absorbed by the character, to be so utterly the person you are seeking to portray, that you forget self entirely, no longer live your own life or think your own thoughts, but rather those of the one you are interpreting. Talk about dual personality—the actor lives many lives and has many personalities. He is good, bad, lovable, hateful, brave, cowardly, false or true, as the character leads him. He may lay aside the mantle of Thespis when once he has finished his work, but if he be truly a disciple of that master he will try to think and act in character until he has finished with it forever. There is much that is mechanical, purely technical, so to speak, but more that is ethereal, if I may use the word, about acting for the screen. Out of the air, if we be truly gifted with the art, we must gain much of what we do; much we may learn by study, much is the result of the instruction of the director. It is a combination—you see? I dont know if it is clear or if I express it correctly."

"That is very good," I said. "I take it you are rather serious-minded, Miss Vidor."

"Oh, at times I'm lively enough. But I do think a lot—one has to in this work and in these days. It's hard to live lightly with all that is going on in the world ever before one's mind. Perhaps, too, it was my upbringing. I was convent raised, you know. But I'm in love with my work, and I am very happy in it."

And I may well believe that Florence Vidor is happy, because she has every right to be so. She has the magic gift of beauty, the greater gift of personality, a charm that is irresistible and talent that is undeniable. Truly the cradle of this young girl, when first she came into the world, must have been showered with precious gifts from a dozen fairy godmothers who still keep watch and ward over her as she progresses onward thru the limitless land of make-believe.

So the little girl whose wistfully pathetic face stood out of Sidney Carton's last ride to the guillotine in "A Tale of Two Cities" is now well on her way to stardom. Opportunity helped—but Miss Vidor's success is based upon a solider foundation than mere chance.

"Hands Up"

(*Continued from page 78*)

a great wall of rock. Evidently thinking that there was some passage thru, Killman rode on, straight to the impassable barrier.

"Help!" the girl screamed again. But the sound of her voice was tossed back from the rocky wall, a helpless, forlorn echo.

At the very foot of the rocky wall Killman reined his horse. There was no passage thru, they had ridden into a trap.

"By ——"

Killman's oath was checked half-way by a sudden thought. There was another way!

"The rope bridge!" he said, half to himself, half to his prisoner.

Like a cobweb the bridge hung across the yawning chasm. It stirred with the slightest breeze; contrasted with the massive rocks, the great trees, the rugged landscape, it looked like some frail, tantalizing jest.

Killman dismounted and pushed Echo toward this swaying bridge of rope. For the first time, her intrepid courage deserted her; looking down at the canyon, seeing miles below, a wild panic clutched her.

"Please," she pleaded, clinging numbly to her captor, "we can't cross that. Please!"

But Killman, holding her fast with one arm, forcing her ahead of him, started down the rope. Echo ceased to struggle, nothing seemed so terrible to her as the fear of that yawning chasm just below them. So she did not see the Phantom Rider come to the edge and stand for a moment looking down at them.

"Get out of here," Killman snarled.

The silent figure only turned toward the rope bridge.

"Keep off this bridge," Killman warned, his cruel eyes gleaming above the mask-like handkerchief.

Still the other was silent, stepping down upon the bridge. Killman loosened his hold on Echo, drew a knife from his pocket and, bracing himself by two of the ropes, sawed at the third.

The Phantom Rider did not turn back. Sawed at last by Killman's sharp knife, one rope strand parted, he attacked another. Still the grim, silent pursuer came on. He was very near his quarry, when with a jerk the knife parted the last rope. The bridge dropped, the Phantom Rider on one side, Killman and the girl clinging to the other piece, the great chasm below, like open jaws, hungry for prey.

Killman gave a short, ugly laugh of triumph and began to climb upward toward the girl. But his triumph was short-lived.

Climbing quickly back up the ladder, the Phantom Rider reached the opposite side of the chasm again. From underneath his flowing wrap, he drew a lariat. With a skillful throw, he tossed it across the chasm, catching it around the wooden bridge support on the opposite side. Then he drew it tight, securing it on his side. He had another bridge across the void!

Hand over hand, he pulled himself to the opposite side.

"Catch hold there above! Hurry up, cant you?"

Killman tried to force Echo, but she was too much terrified to move. He had just seized her and the rope above her head when a sudden blow made him release his hold on the girl. With the quickness of a cat, the Phantom Rider had dropped his slender rope over the edge of the chasm and slid down it to Killman's level.

(*Continued in our next issue*)

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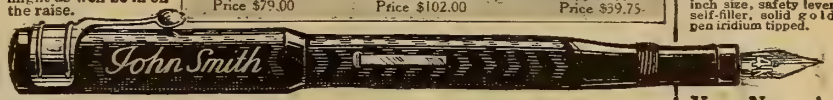

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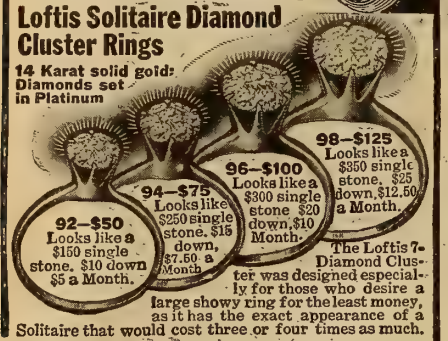
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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 91)

IRISH.—Hold on, there! Mme. Petrova didn't play in "The Dumb Girl of Portici." That was Pavlowa, the dancer. There is a vast difference between the two. June Elvidge was Joan and John Bowers was Norman in "Joan of the Woods."

QUEENIE.—You say it is too bad Jack Pickford married Olive Thomas. I doubt if he thinks so, nor she, either. Remember, selfishness is solitude. Margery Wilson was Ellen Shannon in "Marked Cards." So you like Wallace MacDonald.

GRACE L. T.—You want an interview with Robert Gordon. Good! So you think they should erect a monument in my honor. Since monuments are superfluous except to assist the memory, why? As Cato said, "I would much rather people ask why I have not a statue erected to me than why I had." Edwin August with Universal. Thanks for yours.

I. M. A., HOUSTON.—Believe me, Xantippe, it makes no difference to me whether you are a subscriber, newsstand reader or what not. Come on in and ask questions. You are forgiven. Humanity never seems so beautiful as when asking forgiveness, or else when forgiving another.

SUNSET.—Speaking of prohibition, moderation is the silken string running thru the pearl—chain of all virtues. Late statistics show that 10,000,000 persons attend the Motion Pictures in the United States daily, and one in ten for Canada. It is generally estimated that one-seventh of the population attends Motion Pictures each day. The industry ranks fifth in capitalization.

HELEN M.—No, I dont know where you can get a crystal for fortune-telling purposes. Perhaps some Hindu will come to you if you wish long enough. Did you see "Eyes of Youth"? They have one in that play.

NELLIE B.—No, I dont enjoy shaving. 'Course I have my nails manicured. Did you think I was a Chinese. I pare them once a week with a lawn mower and push back the cuticle with a shoe-horn. You know who practices what he preaches soon does little preaching; he's too busy. You think it's about time the Hall of Fame ended.

DOROTHY E. F.—Your jokes were good. Write me again.

MRS. M. M. S.—Why, William Hart was born somewhere between 1870-76. Now that you are married, if you keep your face always toward the sunshine, the shadows will fall behind you.

CHARLES L. C.—Your clever questions arrived after the contest was closed, for which I am sorry. Why not send by aeroplane next time?

BERTHA B.; GIRLIE; BEATRICE J. B.; KATHERINE C.; JENNIE E. D.; CLARICE H.; RUBY M.; BROWN EYES; FRANCIS L.; MARGUERITE B.; C. S.; C. K. Y. FOREVER; ISABETTE W.; MISS M. K.; FRANCES MC.; MISS STEDMAN; JOHN C. L.; JOSEPH O.; MARJORIE C.; FOSTER L.; D. R.; BABE; MARGARET B.; PEGGY E.; MAUDE C.; MARY H.; L. M. S.; and U. NO ME.—Send for a list of manufacturers and address all players at the studios.

BLANCHE.—Pearl White is not married.

CAROLINE.—Your letter was clever, but you asked no questions. Blessed be he who has nothing to say and insists on not saying it. Silence and reserve have helped many an idiot to pose as a philosopher. Say little and you will always be given credit for knowing more than you have said. Thanks for the kind remarks.

N. H. C.—It is impossible for me to give you a description of the plot here. Peggy Hyland was the girl in "Other Men's Daughters." Lawn tennis is an older game than golf, and was first brought into this country by a Bostonian in 1874, who brought the rules and implements of the game from England and had a court laid out at Nahant, near Boston, Mass.

JOHN E. U.—Vernon Steele in "Silks and Satins." Alma Rubens in "The Painted Lily." George Melford directed "Sandy," with Jack Pickford and Louise Huff. Phillips Smalley's last picture was "The Scandalmongers."

ANITA STEWART ADMIRER.—Anita Stewart did one picture for Vitagraph, "The Mind-the-Paint Girl," and future productions will, it is said, be released thru First National. So you dont think she was in love. Where to love is madness, 'tis folly to be sane. When Cupid hits the mark he usually Mrs. it. Sweet dreams! Turn me over, Jasbo.

GLADYS B.—Alma Tell in "Nearly Married." She has been playing in "Eyes of Youth" on Broadway. Norman Kaiser was Captain Crewe in "Little Princess." You bet love decreases when it ceases to increase.

NAV OF MO.—Madge Kennedy in "The Service Star." Yes, that was William Betchel, of Edison fame. Yes, I love to sleep. The sleep of a good laboring man is sweet. Stuart Sage in "Two Little Imps."

ELIZABETH M.—Selig produced that some years ago. The glass-house type of studio has a slanting glass roof. The turntable type has two open sides and is mounted on a movable platform. Pictures may be made with this turning platform from early morning until sunset, and the producer may have his light from the desired direction at all times. The exposure to rain and wind are the objectionable features of a studio of this type. Then there is a yard studio.

ALBERT.—Sorry I haven't the cast for "Will o' the Wisp." I have the casts for over 28,800 plays, but this is not among them. Yes, you're right; there are lots of folks who are exchanging their society for other people's gold. It's being done every day. I am not much of a society man and I am glad of it, for society is but a jungle, for has it not its snakes, its possums, its foxes, its lions, its hogs and its bores?

MISS ELIZABETH.—Why didn't you sign your last name? Yes, "The Eleventh Commandment" is a new picture with Lucille Lee Stewart. I cant advise you people who want to go on the stage, but there is one realm where woman has reigned at all times; that is the stage.

HALBERT C.—You just keep right on guessing who I am and you will hit it right some time, but I wont tell you. J. W. Johnston has recently been playing with Famous Players. He is in the first Jack Barrymore picture.

DILL PICKLES.—I didn't expect that from you. You say knee-short skirts have caused garter purses to go up. They might just as well go up, along with everything else, but since I dont wear them I am not worrying. Yes, an interview with Robert Leonard soon, I think.

MISS MONTANA.—Thanks for yours—always glad to hear from you.

G. D.—Write to the Projection Department of *Moving Picture World*. His name is pronounced Paderewski. Born in Russia.

F. C. M.—You are *bon diable*. All right, the hairs in my head are numbered, but I never counted them. Jewel Carmen was Jill Cummings in "The Fallen Angel." Charles Clary opposite her.

IRENE C. I.—You have plenty of gas but you're short on oil. He who frets, fumes and complains is like a creaking wheel, which wont last as long as one that is well oiled. We would gladly have used a picture of that child had she sent us one.

WILBUR F.—You want an interview with Frank Keenan and a picture of Douglas Fairbanks. Motion granted without costs.

ICCACCA A. H.—You say the Far West is half a mile this side of sunset. Clever, except that it makes Hoboken and Canarsie the Far West. Glad you wrote to the soldier-boy.

CYRIL B., ALBANY.—Say anything vile of me, but say not that I am slangy. You're right; some family arguments in "The Land of Promise." Bert Lytell is with Metro.

W. B. S.—Sorry your questions weren't answered. Stop in some time, and I'll sing "I'm Sorry I Made You Cry" to you. It costs a great deal more than you think to fire a torpedo. According to the figures compiled by the United States Ordnance Office, the material used in constructing torpedoes and the expert workmanship that is required to perfect them bring the cost of firing one torpedo up to $7,000. A torpedo must be accurate in all its parts to one five-thousandths of an inch or it will not work properly. Shells and shrapnel cost $20 apiece for the small ones, and the machine gun eats up money at the rate of $12 a minute, but it is left to the torpedo to burn up thousands of dollars for a single shot.

MISS B. G.—Gladys Leslie and Thomas Curran in "An Amateur Orphan." Yes, Richard Tucker.

SYLVIA M.—So you heard from Lieut. Roland Bottomley. That's a great thought of yours, and great thoughts spring from the heart.

MARGUERITE CLARK ADMIRER; BABSY DEAR; JOSEPH A.; MISS MONTANA; NILES WELCH ADMIRER; MARION T.; A. C. H. S.; ANNIE.—Look elsewhere for yours.

ALICE W.—Yes, I highly recommend the playing cards we sell. They are a very attractive card. The origin of playing cards is unknown, altho they appeared in Europe in 1350. It is claimed that the Arabs used playing cards at a much earlier date. It is estimated that over sixteen million packs of playing cards are made annually in the U. S. Monte Blue was Mexican Joe in "M'liss." Gloria Hope was the country girl in "Naughty, Naughty."

I. C. U. R. 2 Y's 4 ME.—Clever! You must not take disappointment as a discouragement, but as a stimulant. Warren Kerrigan and Vera Sisson in "The Storm."

BOB.—Thanks for the bit of green. Edith Storey and Wheeler Oakman in "The Chain." No, I'm not crazy about red ink, especially when the letters are red-hot. Cheer up. And cheer for the good news, too!

OVER THE TOP WITH BEVO.—What are you trying to do—advertise Bevo? You ask what I do with my whiskers when I drink soup. My dear, I eat soup with a spoon the same as the rest of you do. Did you think I had to take it thru a tube or drink from the plate? Thanks, I had a wonderful vacation up in the Catskills.

JUST FOURTEEN.—I like to hear from the young ones as well as from the old ones. Never too young to learn and never too old to yearn. You might just as well learn now before you get any older. Surely there is a Norman Kerry.

BILLIE E.—Christine Mayo and Anders Randolph in "Who's Your Neighbor?" Your letter was mighty exciting. Come again.

HAROLD LOCKWOOD FAN.—I have heard that Ben Turpin's real name is Benjamin Turpentine. We might call him "Turps" for short. Vera Sisson is not playing now. No, I never butter my corn on the cob, on account of my whiskers. Wouldn't it be unsightly to be seen at my desk with my wonderful beard all stuck up with butter and corn? Vera Stedman was the girl they were after in "Her Blighted Love."

I 2 M. 76.—I dont believe you. That was 127.

J. H. S.—Send along a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of manufacturers.

BETSY.—You say you notice that all American doctors have beards. Beards are to catch and preserve germs. Surely I print praise, but not mush. So you think I ought to get more than $9 per. No, I dont believe in high-salaried stars.

VIOLA DANA FAN.—Patience there, please. Your questions will be answered. Margarita Fisher was Susan.

KATHERINE G.—Yes, I liked "Prunella." It is true that Marguerite Clark is married to Lieut. H. Palmerson Williams, of New Orleans. The romance began which she was touring the country in the interests of the Liberty Loan. Carlyle Blackwell played in old Kalems, usually opposite Alice Joyce, and they were a very popular team.

JUST PEGGY.—Tom Moore has taken the tip and has had some pictures taken. You incorrectly sign yours, "Incoherently but eagerly, Peggy."

BETTY.—Yes, write direct to the companies.

D. W.—Donald Hall was born in Murree, Northwest Province, India, in 1878, educated in London, 5 ft. 9 in., weighs 170 lbs., light complexion, dark hair and gray eyes. Visit a studio some time.

GLORIA M.—Like everybody else, a manufacturer of Motion Pictures is known by the company he keeps. Dell Henderson is with the World Film Co. Well, if you call me a gloom-chaser, I will insist upon being merry. Ha, ha, he, he, and likewise ho, ho!

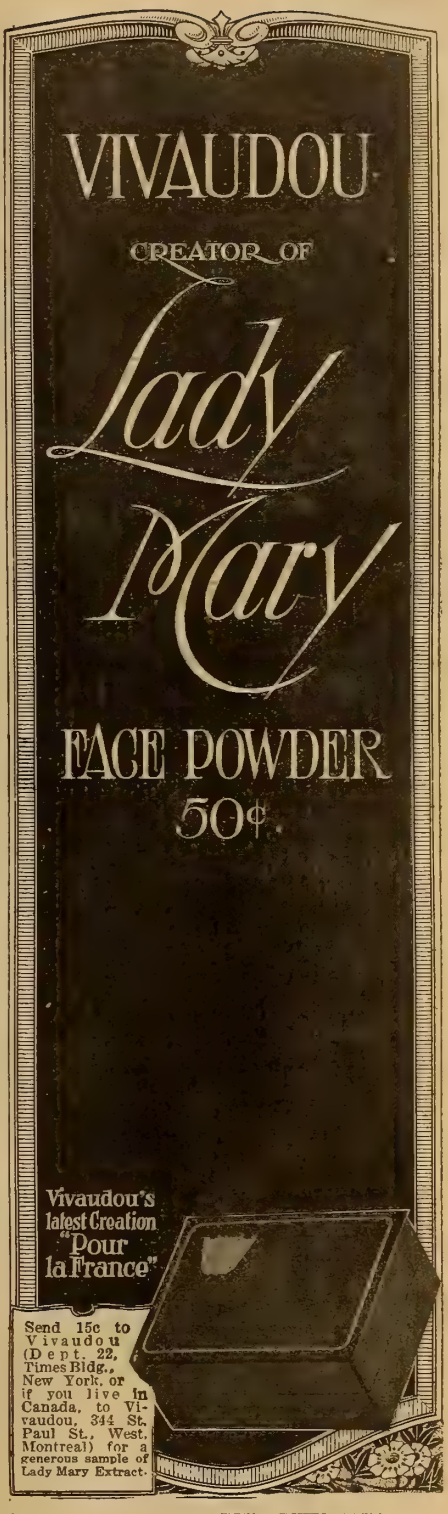
BILLIE.—Yes, Edna Purviance. What kind of hens lay the longest? Billie, that's old stuff. If your magazine is imperfect, send it back to our Sales Manager. No, it isn't pleasant to be a critic. We must either hurt the person criticized by telling the truth or hurt ourselves by telling what is not true.

PAT FROM IDAHO.—Yours was some letter, Pat. I am sure you dont know who I am and cant find out. You see. I am kinder ashamed of it, and they keep me in a cage, where thieves cant break thru and steal. I have three books of Thrift Stamps going just now.

HELEN F.—Cant tell who you are writing about. Dont you know the name of a picture he played in?

BUCYRUS.—You say, "Life is a farce in which we humans are the main characters, and the greater our mistakes and failures in this great play, the more pronounced is our success and reputation as the actors." That's good dope, all right.

MORENO FAN.—Pathé are making features. Antonio Moreno is not married. Remember what Cæsar said—"He who lives in fear of death every moment feels its torture; I will die but once." So why let a little thing like death worry you?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"Well, I'd sacrifice a month's pay for a good picture of Marguerite Clark," sighed Private Charles Newton.

What else can you folks at home do? Of course that's the cry of the universe just now. Everyone is anxious to think of something new and novel to send to the khaki laddie at the front. And here it is! Just the thing to help an energetic, red-blooded American pass away his few spare moments. Make John Stanton's wish come true—and Charles Newton's.

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Make some boy happy! Dont delay! His nerves may just need the diversion of a good game of cards. He is giving his all—65c means nothing to you. Help him out!

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P. S.—*Make it* $1.20, *and we'll send two packs, or* $2.00 *and we'll send four packs. Dont you want a pack for yourself? They're worth every bit of* 75c *a pack!*

PEG.—You think Norma Talmadge and Eugene O'Brien are the best team under the Cooper-Hewitts. Write to Carmel Myers and see. You think Goldwyn ought to try to get Wallace Reid because a Farrar picture is incomplete without him.

ELMO LINCOLN ADMIRER.—Why, his name is Eddie. George French was Binus. Well, I propose this toast: "Here's to the Kaiser! Long may he live in hell, and soon may he get there!"

LEGINSKA.—Your letter about Petrova was mighty interesting.

HAVELAND.—Hazel Naylor is going to write an article covering the subject matter of your letter. Watch for it.

GURP.—Alice Brady is going on the stage. So you think Paramount have all the stars. Well, a good many of them. Palpitation of the tongue is a disease that affects many women, but I know several young men who are afflicted with palpitation of the pen.

C. C. J.—At last, after many centuries of unexplained delay, "Mickey," famous Mabel Normand picture, will be released thru the W. H. Productions Co. So you were thinking of the same thing, were you? Great minds run in the same channel—especially if they are sea captains'. Heave ho, my lads, heave ho!

W. F.—You refer to Eileen Percy. Doris Kenyon is playing in "The Inn of the Blue Moon." They must mix up some great mixtures in that inn, since the moon gets full every once in a while and stays out all night. Bessie Barriscale in "Maid of the Storm."

HERBERT G.—Mary Pickford's next picture, "Johanna Enlists," is a Rupert Hughes story. May Wells was born in San Francisco and has dark hair and brown eyes. Frances White has never been in pictures. Your other questions are *hors d'œuvre*.

PEGGIE.—Mary Martin in "The Heart of a Lion." Wanda Petit, now Wanda Hawley, in "Iola." So you wish our Magazine was weekly instead of monthly. Zounds! I dont.

GERY HOP.—Say, lookey here, are you trying to have some fun with the old Answer Man? With you, courtesy seems to be more of an accident than an incident.

DOUGLAS.—Dont know; think it over. Douglas Fairbanks' last picture was "Bound in Morocco." Fox releases the Mutt and Jeff pictures.

OLGA, 17.—Hello there! No, indeed I dont go to no hair-dresser's. A hair-dresser is a linguist whose position in life enables him to do his head work with his hands, while I do all my handiwork with my head. I do my own hair-dressing, and it doesn't take me all morning, either, as yours probably does. Universal have reissued "Scandal" under the title of "Scandalmongers."

RUTH L. W.—See above. The first battle of the Marne was fought Sept. 6-10, 1914. The nearest the Germans ever got to Paris was about 26 miles.

PEG.—Your letter, full of golden memories for Kenneth Harlan, is O. K. You say my decision to shroud myself in mystery seems to have been an inspiration for a great many imitators to follow suit. Well, imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and I dont mind them one whit. No, it was Crane Wilbur Flossie liked.

WATTLE B.—Thanks indeed. I should say you were very charitable. Charity begins at home but ends when you reach the cook. Pauline Starke in "Alias Mary Brown." You say words are women and deeds are men. I dont know about the latter, but I'm sure of the former. Thanks for the picture.

Z. S. B. S.—Write to Paramount.

GEORGE S.—Good for you! You have my sympathy. You must subscribe in order to get the 80 portraits. Why not join one of the clubs? Cant suggest any games for you except dominoes and ping-pong. Speaking of games, life insurance is the only game which we would rather lose than win.

U-53.—But as I grow older I begin to think more of my fellow men—particularly the ladies! So you cant get used to the large-size Magazine. Well, you will when you grow larger. Why not wear the Palm Beach suit? U, you're unusually funny.

ROSE K.—Cant recommend you to a school for Motion Picture acting. Sorry.

ARLINE B. H.—You think we are a nervous and careless people to have named Manhattan Island after a cocktail. Your other questions would take up too much space here. Gladys Hulette and Creighton Hale in "Waifs."

IMA PEPPER.—Your letter does not indicate it. Speaking of pepper, did you know the empty pepper-box is always out of season? Exit smiling, says she. Alice Mann was with Essanay last.

VALENTINE B.—Charles Chaplin in "Shoulder Arms" for First National. Wilfred Lucas is directing May Allison for Metro. You want to know more about Edith Storey. You say you dont think you could act as good as Edith does, but you would follow her style. Halt! you're star-gazing there.

MYRON H.—Hear ye? You say if your father and mother had not married each other, which one's child would you have been? Why, probably been an orphan, or something like that. But, prythee, what has this sort of stuff to do with M. P.? See August 1916 issue.

ESTHER M. B.—Yes, Harold Lockwood played in that picture. Ignorance of a fact may excuse, but not ignorance of the law, which every one is supposed to be acquainted with.

BARRY B.—Hard work always stands at the top of the list of factors in success. (Publicity men, please note.) Edna Goodrich's pictures are released thru the Mutual program. Yes, Margaret Loomis.

BUSHMAN-BAYNE ADMIRER.—Champ Clark is the Speaker of the House of Representatives. You hope I live to answer heaps more questions. Yes, so do I, and I dont care how high they are heaped up, either, so long as I live to wade thru them.

ROYSTON C. L.—Jane Novak was born in St. Louis, 1896, and went on the stage when she was 14. Your philosophy on the war is good. War is death's jest. So Enid Bennett is your favorite.

EMMA E. B.—Just send along an International Coupon, which is good for 5 cents, the correct amount with which to post a letter from America to New Zealand. Got that clear?

MAUDE, 18.—I dont know, but Macaulay said that "Othello" was the best play extant in any language, but then he had not seen some of those Mack Sennett comedies. Watch for "Petticoats and Politics," with Anita King. Of course the Ebony Film Company ought to be made up of colored players. No camouflage, either. You want to be remembered to Olga.

HERBERT H. D.—Constance Talmadge played in "Good-Night, Paul." What little wit I do serve is put up in homeopathic doses, to be taken every now and then. Yes, she also played in "Up the Road with Sallie." That was some profound question of yours.

RUBYL.—You're excused. Shoo—keep off! Want to get me in trouble?

HALCYON.—You say Harold Lockwood is a true American gentleman, which is quite true. I never said he wasn't. You are a mighty fortunate girl. Yes, it is good for us to be here. You say most men after a hair-cut look as slick as a fiddle. I never have my hair cut by a barber, because I dont want to look like a fiddle.

KENNETH B.—Marvel Rae is with Mack Sennett. So you want to improve yourself. People seldom improve when they have no other model but themselves to copy after. Now, how would I do for a model? Gail Kane's pictures will be released thru Mutual, samezever.

VINCENTE.—No, I have never been in Porto Rico. Yes, I cook some of my own meals. No fancy cooking—which, by the way, is only landscape gardening. I know how to boil water excellently. Your 21 questions about Porto Rico can all be answered if you write to the Chamber of Commerce, asking for the facts.

MID CHANNEL.—Just you watch out and you will see that chat with Montagu Love. When you see a man who is successful, you can make up your mind there's a reason—unless he be a player, and then there may be no reason at all except publicity.

GRACE K.—You want a picture of William Desmond on the front cover. Yes, Grace, I have noticed that the fellow that is always in a hurry is usually late. I try never to lose my equilibrium.

CIGARET.—So you are striving for happiness. Dont try to be happy. Happiness is a shy nymph, and if you chase her you will never catch her; but just go quietly on in the way of duty and she will come to you. Gertrude Selby was Dixie in "Twenty-one." Dorothy Clark was Grace in "Humdrum Brown."

FLORENCE & LUCILLE.—Regret that I cant help you. See the clubs.

STANLEY M. F.—You failed to enclose a stamped, addressed envelope for reply. Henry Ward Beecher says, "Every artist dips his brush into his own soul, and paints his own nature into his pictures." And so it is with the player you mention.

LOUISE M.—You want an interview with Franklyn Farnum. Engaged? He might be. We dont record engagements, only marriages. Engagements are transient things and cannot be depended on. Marriages, too, for that matter. Gloria Swanson in "Shifting Sands," Triangle production. Address Violet Mersereau in care of Bluebird, Universal Co., N. Y. You say you are *femme sole*. I'm afraid that's no credit to you.

SPANISH FRIEND.—Write direct to this office for Magazines. Antonio Moreno is back with Vitagraph again. Oh, the buttermilk was fine this summer. Yes, "Queen of the Sea" is the Annette Kellermann picture by Fox.

M. L. B.—Get your pictures direct from the company. So you would like to be President. That's easy enough. All you have to do is to get nominated and elected. The next Presidential race will probably be between Wilson and Roosevelt—unless I consent to run.

HYSOCONOSTISTICATION.—You couldn't have selected a more simple name. See July, 1916, to September, 1917, for "How to Get In." I dont know but what perseverance is the root of all money, and money the root of all evil. Then give me plenty of the root.

WHILMA E. S.—Not yet is Bill Hart married! I cant travel any more—fares are too high. It costs a lot to commute now, so I live in the city. I cant understand why Uncle Sam discourages commuting. He should try to encourage country life and farming to relieve the congestion of the cities.

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Annette Kellermann	King Baggot	Alice Brady	Bessie Eyton	Viola Dana
Fritzi Brunette	Henry B. Walthall	Fannie Ward	J. Warren Kerrigan	May Allison
Mary Miles Minter	Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne
Pearl White	Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman
Ormi Hawley	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood
Edwin August	Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova
Kitty Gordon	Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli
Blanche Sweet	Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew
Anita King	Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew
Wallace Reid	Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton
Mae Murray	Dorothy Kelly	Marguerite Clark	Douglas Fairbanks	Carlyle Blackwell
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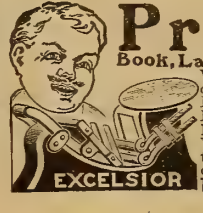

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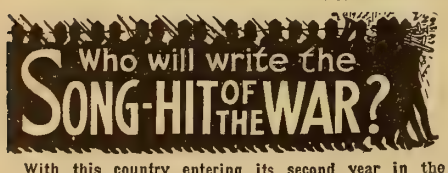

With this country entering its second year in the "World War" it is doubtful if the song which will be known as the "Hit of the War," has as yet made its appearance. While it is true that such War Songs as "Over There" and "Liberty Bell" have made some impression, have Our Boys adopted another "It's A Long Way To Tipperary," which has been the great favorite with the "English Tommies"? Inasmuch as several Commanders of our training cantonments have requested boys in the service to write such a song, it appears to be still wanting.

Have you an idea which you think might be used as the subject for a Patriotic or War Song? If so, you may secure some valuable information and assistance by writing for a Free Copy of our new booklet entitled "SONG WRITERS' MANUAL AND GUIDE." We revise song-poems, compose and arrange music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or outright sale.
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D. B. R.—Marguerite Clayton's last picture was "Hit the Trail Holliday."

IDON O.—Send to Paramount. You ask if an actress' life is very hard. I think it is seldom a bed of roses. Yes, I have blue eyes, and they say blue eyes are deceitful. Did you know the mind has its eye as well as the body? So you cant tell when you will be seeing things.

WALLY'S COUSIN.—You ought to make a great player. Constance Talmadge is about 19. Edith Johnson was Rosalie in "The Shuttle." That's like most women—they swallow at one mouthful the lie that flatters, and drink drop by drop a truth that is bitter. But God bless them, for we couldn't get along without 'em.

OREGON GIRL.—So you think my contest was a fake. My child, you proclaim me a faker. I shall see my lawyer. William Courtleigh, Jr., in "Neal of the Navy."

PEARL WHITE FOREVER.—So it takes courage to write to me, does it? Then I must have a courageous lot of correspondents, and they have learnt that I am as gentle as a lamb and eat out of their hands. Gordon Griffith and Elmo Lincoln in "Tarzan of the Apes." Glad to hear you are feeling better. The preservation of health depends principally on proper diet, early retiring, early rising, temperance in eating and drinking, proper exercise and perfect cleanliness. That's why I am young and strong at 78, with at least a quarter of a century more to go.

JOSEPH I. G.—Antrim Short and Ella Hall in "Jewel in Pawn." Signora Eugenie Tettori in "Last Days of Pompeii." Vivian Martin and Harry Hilliard in "Merely Mary Ann." Theda Bara and Fritz Leiber in "Cleopatra." You're welcome. Keep the change.

TWO LONESOME COW-GIRLS.—No, dont send the fudge; conserve the sugar. Couldn't very well give you the address of those 40 players here.

QUESTION-MARK.—Who is the George Creel you hear spoken of so much lately? Bring in the stretcher, man! Why, he is Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, Washington, D. C. You dont think the Classic is worth 20c? Then what will you say when it goes to 25c? Why does Doug Fairbanks wear a soft collar? Couldn't you try to guess? You must have gotten out of the wrong side of the bed this morning. That's a wig Dot Gish wears in "Hearts of the World."

MRS. REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Talk not to me about fashions. Fashion is the pest of the wise and the idol of the idle. Herbert Heyes in "Heart of the Sunset."

M. M. A.—Well, if you send a stamped, addressed envelope you will get your inquiries much quicker. If you send a stamp or other small remuneration, your questions will get preference. Otherwise, await your turn on the waiting list.

DONNA D.—Why dont you join one of the correspondence clubs? So you paint in oils. Perhaps some day you will be a George Inness—or our Editor. In life, beauty perishes, but not in art, and that's why I think art should be encouraged more than it is.

EDINE G.—So you want the Editor to put a picture of Billie Burke on the cover. Not a bad idea. Edwin Carewe is directing Harold Lockwood for Metro.

MERY D. B.—Your letter was mighty interesting. You say never be jealous of my neighbor's prosperity. I dont know my neighbor, but I hope he is prosperous like I B. I never will believe that our youngest days are the happiest.

JUNE S.—You think that Frank Keenan always looks as if he was smelling of limburger cheese. Say not so; he's simply disgusted with you people in front who dont appreciate him enough. Uneasy looks the face that wears the frown. Tefft Johnson? Why, he is directing Madge Evans in World Pictures.

ANGELINA C.—Come, now, let up; dont ask me who is the most beautiful actress. You know I dare not answer that. I'd have all the female players over to this little village of Brooklyn poste haste and into my hair.

TONY.—Edith Storey's picture in April 1917 issue.

KENNETH HARLAN ADMIRER.—Why, Mrs. Fairbanks was stopping with her father at Watch Hill. They say the lighthouse had to work overtime this summer watching Douglas Fairbanks' antics. Bertram Grassby in "Cheating the Public."

TRICOLOR OF FRANCE.—You will see that chat with Peggy Hyland soon. Also that interview with Baby Marie Osborne.

BILLY B.—That was a good joke of yours. They say that the reason animals do not talk is because they have nothing to say. If the same rule applied to women, what a quiet world it would be! Jean Sothern in that play.

JANE B.—So sorry to hear of your misfortune. That's usually the way; a woman who has a genius for doing something so often marries the kind of man who is an artist at doing nothing. Your letter was exceptionally interesting.

U-53.—You floating around again? Now you are calling me "Unk." I much prefer that to Old Rip Van Winkle and Santa Claus. You say you dont care for the stage reviews in our Magazine. But others do, nephew. Never mind; praise unspoken is like a smothered fire—it gives off more smoke than heat. Let 'er simmer.

JAMES J. S.—Glad to hear from you. Harry Morey in "Within the Law." Mitchell Lewis in "The Barrier." Norma Talmadge was born somewhere between 1897-1891. Your letter wasn't too long. It is an art in speaking and in writing to know when to stop. In other words, you're an artist.

DIXIE.—Hazel eyes are a sort of light brown. Robert Vaughn played in "Still Waters." Remember Isabelle Lamon of Lubin fame? Well, she and Robert Vaughn are supporting Alice Brady in her new stage play, "Forever After."

ANGELYN P. T.—The smallest actress? Guess it's a toss-up between Marguerite Clark and Mary Pickford. Yes, I understand Warren Kerrigan is leaving Paralta.

ESLMA K.—Mitchell Lewis in "The Barrier." Glad to hear you are happily married. You say, as the home circle is one of the greatest treasures in the memory of those who have known one, so the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE is the home of refined and delightful entertainment.

SOE.—Thanks.

C. E. D. X.—You refer to Margery Daw. Dont talk scandal to me. Scandal is the black sheep in the family of love. George Bunny is a brother of the late John Bunny. He is playing in "Friend Husband."

VIOLA.—Yes, Florence LaBadie is dead. Victoria Forde in "Western Blood." No, you didn't ask too many questions. Come again.

F. B., BROOKLYN.—Your system of tabulating sounds immense, but I'm afraid it wouldn't work out, inasmuch as I dont write out inquiries every day. You suggest engaging some high-school girl or boy to help me. Thanks for the suggestion, but I am getting along all right.

MARGARET S.—Yours was clever, but where were the questions?

ELIZABETH B. W.—You want a chat with William Fox. We dont interview the promoters—just the emoters.

(*Continued on page* 126)

Mabel in a Hurry

(*Continued from page* 33)

This staid maid hadn't yet adjusted herself to the mazes of studio life—or the chameleon personality of Miss Normand. "She told me that she had worked for several millionaires," Mabel explained, "but I told her that I wouldn't hold that against her." Then Mabel called over the amazed maid and introduced her as "Shanty Mary."

"Pictures are still in their infancy, or something like that," began Miss Normand, and then she started talking of her brother, Claude Normand, member of the 106th Machine Gun Battalion, now in France. Mabel went to Norfolk to see him off. When the presence of the screen star leaked out, Claude was the most popular lad on board his transport.

Between scenes I picked up other scraps of information. Mabel once lived for thirty days on ice-cream. I dont know why—or what flavor—but she did. I didn't have time to ask her. She thinks Charlie Chaplin the screen's greatest actor. She keeps scores of dime savings banks and is overjoyed when she fills them. Indeed, she chuckled at the mere thought of cramming one of 'em.

She likes any flowers that are purple. She 'fessed that she signs her letters "Me," and when she likes a person she calls that lucky one "Old Peach." (We expect a "Me" letter after this interview appears, but we doubt that any "Old Peach" graces its lines.)

She has a terrific weakness for black lace stockings. She would rather do drama than comedy—drama, that is, with a smile now and then. She always carries a tiny ivory elephant for good luck.

Which about completes our stock of information gained while Miss Normand dashed from studio floor to her mirror, close to which powder and eye-pencils rested on a chair.

It was 1:30. We had talked fully eight minutes in all the four and a half hours to the star. One's impressions aren't so very vivid after a piece-meal chat like this. Some one told us once that Miss Normand reminded them of a dancing mouse, whirling madly all the time, but without purpose. She admitted to us that, while she seemed gay most of the time, she really wasn't. "I get terribly blue and sad," she sighed. She does lead an exciting career.

"Life is such a rush," she said. We left her, while she dashed hurriedly thru a lunch brought in her limousine. Looking back now, our clearest mental picture is of a young lady in a great hurry—a young lady with wonderfully long eye-lashes.

"Good-by," concluded Mabel. "Gimme my grape-fruit and a gas mask!"

TO MISS MOVIE

By L. M. Thornton

Because she's a movie actress,
  Because she has made a hit,
She is finding the time and impulse,
  The courage to do her bit.
She is busy recruiting soldiers
  In her charming, gracious way,
With a word or a smile to hearten
  The boys for the U. S. A.

Because she's a movie actress,
  Because on the screen she's it,
She is taking her time from pleasure,
  She is eager to do her bit.
She is preaching the creed of Hoover
  In her dainty, womanly way;
She is saving the nation's foodstuffs,
  She is saving the U. S. A.

That's Out

(*Continued from page* 85)

of the recent Pickford films directed by Neilan a policeman kept his hat on his head while in the presence of a dead man. Most directors would have had the officer remove it and place it over his heart. But even "Mickey" Neilan couldn't get George M. Cohan over in "Hit-the-Trail Holliday." George is a few years ahead of his time.

Marguerite Clark is one star who will never run short of vehicles. The Green, Yellow, Blue and Red Fairy Books have never been touched by her yet. Then there's still Grimm and Hans Christian Andersen to fall back on.

Mme. Petrova says that screen players should be natural to succeed. Let's hope they dont all follow her advice. Many of them are too darn natural to make a hit with us.

HEARD AT A SHOWING OF "SALOME"

The Countryman—No matter how many times you go to these movies you never see the string that holds the beads bust.

The Schoolteacher (leaving and hastily pulling down her veil)—I'm so glad I came. It was very instructive—historically.

The Traveling Salesman—Aint she the fat little rascal!

The Searcher After Data—Now I know why they call her Bara.

The First-Nighter—I saw Geraldine Farrar in "The Woman God Forgot," but, after seeing "Salome," I think Theda is Bara than Farrar.

The Schoolgirl—I'm sure I look like her when I part my hair and when I'm soulful.

The life of an extra never was an easy one, but the rapid increase in the H. C. of L. has made things unbearable. Time was when they used to get two ham sandwiches and a cup of coffee in their day's fare, but now they are forced to pay for their own "grub." As the prices charged nowadays are pretty steep, and the wealth of an extra is not to be compared with that of William Fox or Louis J. Selznick, the "supes" are now doing their day's work on empty stomachs. And it is no easy matter "registering" supreme wealth and luxury at Mrs. Van Astorbilt's ball on an empty stomach. In fact it can't be did.

HE MUST HYPNOTIZE THE EDITORS

Willard Mack sold 27 scenarios in less than a year, says a news item. Sad to say, we know it's the truth as we had to sit thru most of them. But how does he do it?

MORE POPULAR SONGS FOR POPULAR PLAYERS

"The Alimony Blues."—Francis Bushman.

"I'm Going to Follow the Boys."—Louise Glaum.

"Fancy You Fancying Me."—William S. Hart.

"They Go Wild, Simply Wild, Over Me."—Crane Wilbur.

"A Dog-gone Dangerous Girl."—Baby Marie Osborne.

Poor Little Lila Lee! How could anyone get to the top from under the load of "gunk" that has been spilled over her? If she ever makes good she will be a marvel. It's a case of over-publicity.

A Close-Up

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The December Motion Picture Magazine

The Most Complete Publication Dealing with the Art of the Silent Stage.

The December issue of the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE will not only contain the most beautiful and exclusive portraits of the players in Picture-land but will cover every phase of the great industry of Motion Picture production in special articles. For instance:

History in the Making

In after generations our children and their children's children will not have to guess what the great statesmen of nineteen-eighteen were like. All of their mannerisms have been caught by the agile Motion Picture camera. Wouldn't you like to know how President Wilson poses for the movies? We thought you would, and so we have had a special article written by Edwin A. Halsey, Assistant on the Floor of the Senate, describing not only how our statesmen pose for the movies, but their views on the subject of screen art. This unusual article entitled "Statesmen as Movie Stars" is illustrated with rare photographs of President Wilson, Vice President Marshall, Speaker Champ Clark and other prominent statesmen.

Pauline Frederick

Perhaps there is no screen personality so truly deserving to be called "great" as Pauline Frederick. For that reason we consider ourselves exceptionally fortunate in procuring this star's autobiography. Miss Frederick has written her life history in an especially interesting way and has unearthed childhood portraits, girlhood portraits and portraits of her young womanhood that have never been outside the Frederick family before.

Louise Huff: Old-Fashioned Girl

Frederick James Smith recounts the *unknown* facts of Louise Huff's home life in this exquisitely tender story.

Bessie Barriscale and the Villain

Is the interesting title of a quaintly intimate personality interview with that beautiful blond Bessie. Elizabeth Peltret tells this story in her happiest style.

This is just a hint of the goodies in store for you in the December MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Epitomizing Ethel

(*Continued from page 42*)

was a modern version of "Leah Kleshna," which is to be called "The Girl Who Came Back," and is now making a second.

About the time people were telling Ethel she really had a future, she happened to meet one of those splendid, likable chaps, named Joseph Kaufman. Kaufman had risen by sheer ability from a property boy with a Denver stock company to become an excellent actor and a doggone fine stage director. He saw the future of the films and went with the Famous Players in the early days and learnt the business from the ground up.

When Ethel and Joe got into the film game they looked far into the distance and saw a very rosy future. So that they both could enjoy it together, they were married. It was one of those ideal marriages — the kind you used to read about in the old story books. Their interests were mutual; they were both young and both wanted to reach the highest rung of the ladder of success, and to attain this they talked and worked together and developed their ideas in unison. Together they were happy, and together they worked out their ideas. Joe was directing for Famous Players, and Ethel was finishing up her contract with another concern, but it had been arranged that when Ethel went to work for Paramount Joe was to be her director, and for months the two planned the productions they were going to do together.

Came the blizzard to New York and the fuel shortage. Joe contracted pneumonia, and in a few days a shadow passed over the entire theatrical and picture profession. It was a hard, dull, mysterious blow to Ethel. It was so unexpected, so seemingly cruel that it was weeks before she could realize that she was alone. Everything was gone. An impenetrable steel curtain had descended between her and ambition, pleasure, happiness. But Joe had planned for her a brilliant future. He had gone, but left his plans, talked over night after night in their cosy home. Came people who talked of cold, gray stone, of shafts, of plots, of urns, but Ethel pushed them all aside. Her request to be transferred to the California studios, away from it all, was granted, and there, amid the joy of the sun, the birds and the flowers, she is erecting her own monument to Joe as he would want it erected, with a firm foundation of undying ambition and a structure of thought, artistry and earnestness, and as each of her productions lifts her higher and higher, as each one adds another step in the photodramatic ladder, she knows, as do all who knew Joe, that she is building the memorial he would like best.

SUCH IS WAR

Finding twelve "perfectly devine" young dancing men for the ball-room scene in "The Return of Mary," a great "find" these days, May Allison decided she would use the same twelve in her next picture, "The Testing of Mildred Vane." What was the young star's disappointment, when the scene was actually staged, to find that her twelve good dancers had responded to the call of Uncle Sam and had exchanged the music of the jazz band for that of the bugles and the drums.

He Has an English Accent, But His Last Name's O'Brien

(*Continued from page 60*)

I am thirty-four, the draft makes us tell; but, in spite of that, I would be in the service long ago were it not for the fact that I feel I can do much more good right where I am. There has to be some one to pay taxes and buy Liberty Bonds, you know. I have seen so many of my friends, big men, who formerly made big money and paid big incomes to the Government, simply put at patrolling bridges in this country which another man could do just as well, or better, while their business goes to smash and the Government doesn't get its taxes. And so I figured it all out. I might better use what brains and talent I have making money for Uncle Sam while I can, for I'll only be good for a couple more years at most in pictures. Then my hair will be getting thin" — I smiled unbelievingly — "and I wont be worth a dollar in the only line I know anything about. Just the same, I haven't much respect for any man who isn't in uniform."

I told him that I was sure the public would want him for more than two years longer, but he refused to be convinced.

"Public favor is just like a woman—always fickle. It praises too much or not at all. I am as afraid of it as I am of a woman who talks too much, and a talkative woman, one who implies things, is devilishly dangerous."

"Then you dont like women?"

"Yes, indeed I do — girls who have brains and do things. The tired business man finds recreation with little frivolous dolls who simper, look pretty and giggle, but I like a girl who has real intelligence.

"I am glad I am a bachelor. I meet so many married couples who do not know each other at all that I say, 'Thank God, I am a bachelor!' Of course when one finds his real mate, that's different."

Reluctantly, I arose from the depths of his delft-blue davenport.

"You have to go? I am devilish sorry. I am afraid I've bored you frightfully."

Straight and tall, he stood there in the doorway, one hand, as is habitual with him, in his pocket, the other cherishing a cigaret. The light from his cozy lamp illuminated the waves of his light hair, while momentarily his eyes took on that dreamy expression of an idealist, then they chameleoned into every-day light-blue ones as he said in his English way:

"Oh, dear, I'm due at a formal dinner within an hour! Well, well, those that dont know what a formal dinner is have probably missed many a dull evening. Devilishly boring, eh, what?"

What a hero for a Robert W. Chambers novel!

AN INTERESTING REVIVAL

Cecil B. De Mille is reviving "The Squaw Man." This was the first picture he ever made. Mr. De Mille directed this picture on the wash platform of a garage on the corner of Vine and Selma Streets, Hollywood, Cal. The garage and platform still stand, but have long since been lost in the maze of stage and buildings which surround it, and the lot, 75 by 190 feet, has grown to cover ten acres of ground in the immediate vicinity.

The cast for the revival of the picture, "The Squaw Man," includes such stellar names as Elliott Dexter, Theodore Roberts, Ann Little, Raymond Hatton, Thurston Hall and Katherine MacDonald.

A Five-Pointed Star

(*Continued from page* 46)

the sturdy athlete, who was pacing his dressing-room by that time and looking as if he'd like to ride a wave once more.

"Frightened—no! But almost sick. Imagine eating a thing like octopus eyes and considering it a delicacy, as the Kanakas do!"

"You enjoyed doing 'The Lone Wolf' and 'Empty Pockets,' didn't you, Mr. Lytell?"

"Yes, and not the least enjoyable part of it was that Mr. Brenon was putting on 'The Passing of the Third Floor Back,' with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson, as he finished 'Empty Pockets,' and, while I believe the play unfit for filmization, I shall never forget the beauty of that artist's voice, his tenderness, his reading of the lines. I never knew acting could be so perfect—it was a revelation to me. I have felt inspired ever since to do better and harder work—it's a big thing for young actors to see the achievements of great actors, dont you say so?"

Once again the big, gray eyes grew tender and had the far-away look of the idealist. But one never knows what to expect next of Bert Lytell, and first thing I knew he was showing me a picture of himself with two Chinamen who played extras in "No-Man's Land."

"We had these two Chinks and never could remember their names, so I named one Charlie Shovel and the other Louis Pick, for they played parts requiring that kind of weapons. Well, one evening, after the day's labors had landed me in the dressing-room, Louis Pick rushed in and said, excitedly: 'Say, I gettum seventy-five dollah and give it to you big stick tykewood seculity, wotchusay, huh?' I couldn't imagine at first what he was driving at, but, after he measured off a section of the room about ten feet long and tried to show me that there were dragons at each end and marks all down the middle, I gathered that he had something in carved teakwood which he wanted to put up for a loan.

"I asked what he wanted the money for, and he replied: 'I lose seventy-five dollah las' night, play heap much an' lose 'um. You give Louis Pick seventy-five dollah tonight, Louis give tykewood security, tomollow you gettum seventy-five dollah, see? Louis play safe tonight, gettum one hun' fifty dollah—huh, huh!'"

"But I wasn't blessed with a hunch for nothing, so I answered: 'Not with *my* seventy-five dollars, you wont—no, sirree!'"

"Where did you go for location with those Chinks?"

"We camped at Catalina Island several weeks, and, as one of our extras is a wireless operator, I learnt something about operating because I had to make a good bluff at it in the play, you see. Later, they put me into a room with so many tools and nails that I looked like a hardware store, see?" One look at the still convinced me that knights of old had nothing on Bert Lytell, for he resembled the assembling of an armored cruiser.

"Were you ever hard up, really up against hunger and an empty pocketbook?" relentlessly I pursued the star with the twinkling eyes.

"I should say I was! Hadn't a cent left, and my best pal was a drug clerk who earned a very small wage in New Jersey. He suggested that we take a 'medicine show' out on the road, you know, try to sell patent medicines flanked by recitations, solos and jokes.

"I was with a stranded 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' company, and we were in Keyport, N. J. All day we sold powders on the street, while I stood in a wagon, recited everything I could think, told jokes and played the banjo. When night came, I had to play six parts, besides being treasurer and props for the show. I was pretty young then and not afraid of anything, so long as it turned an honest penny.

"We needed a hand-basin, I remember, and, dressed as the famous villain of that ancient drama, I went to the Chinese laundry and begged Ling to loan me a basin, promising him a couple of passes for the show. He refused me and insulted the show; said he wouldn't go to see it for money. That made me mad, and I peppered his heels with shots; but they were only blanks, you know. Anyway, he screamed and ran, and the story ran like wildfire about town, until by show-time it was reported that a Chinaman had been killed by a member of the 'Uncle Tom' company—you know how those things are! It was enough to fill the house.

"The sheriff came and hunted me up, and after I explained it all he said: 'We dont stand fer them kinduv doin's in this yere town. You jes' behave yourself after this.' Of course, I promised saintly behavior, but when the show was over and I had props loaded under both arms and a *segar*-box with dimes, nickels and pennies tightly clenched in my hands and was emerging via the front door of the Opry-house, the town bully stepped out and said: 'You're the guy wot killed the Chink, are you? Take that!' He nearly dislocated my jaw, and the worst of it was I could not defend myself without dropping the precious mazuma. I ran back to the boarding-house and witch-hazeled myself the rest of the night. Anyway, we did manage to make a living between selling powders and putting across the show on one-night stands in the land of mosquitoes. Later, I found that those powders, which were supposed to cure anything from rheumatism to eczema, were nothing but washing soda and powdered sugar!"

He isn't a bit hard to know, this five-pointed star, and his radiance shines out and illuminates even a trivial remark.

Come On In

(*Continued from page* 40)

They were waiting to pass thru the gate to the outgoing train when he came upon them. He acted grimly and well. And he had the Law with him. "I'm sorry, Emmy darling," was all he said.

There was great celebration at Upton when the gang of spies, headed by Bumstuff, were rounded up and properly dealt with.

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Putting It Up to "Props"

By STANLEY W. TODD

(*Continued from page* 55)

induced to rent a specimen. So he went out in the mountains and succeeded in capturing the real article. When the director saw the presumably stuffed owl blink, he thought he "had 'em"—and the "young" were there, keeping the mother company.

When Edgar Lewis was producing a picture called "The Fires of St. John," he handed out a requisition list several yards long. Among the hundreds of items needed for the scenes was an order for a rooster that would crow when the director gave the signal. The heroine, having spent the night in the fields, should discover that day had dawned, and this effect was to be put over by a close-up of the barnyard Caruso in the act of proclaiming the break of day. Half a dozen property scouts scoured the outlying districts of the city before a rooster that would obey orders could be located. But even at that, it was a temperamental bird, and the camera-men had a fine time of it making the rooster live up to his contract.

It takes talent and experience to hold down a job as Property Man in any of the big studios these days. Sam DeVall, head of the property construction department of the Lasky plant in Hollywood, has been in the game for thirty years; other well-known P. M.'s have seen anywhere from ten to twenty-five years of service in this line of work. It is a highly specialized phase of Motion Picture production and a great deal depends upon the judgment of the Property Chief in preventing anachronisms from creeping into the pictures. It never does to show things ahead of their time. But what the P. M. doesn't know about the clothes, customs, fopperies and furnishings of every age from the Year One would hardly fill a typewritten page.

If there is any doubt on the subject, local museums always prove the trustworthy aid of the Property Man, who may spend many hours there, studying out some little historical point that merely flashes by on the screen. The New York Aquarium has been of great help to the Motion Picture business in submarine or under-sea dramas. They have even gone so far as to lend tropical fish to aid in scenes, under a strict guarantee that the valuable specimens are returned in good condition.

The P. M.'s job is only a step away from that of the Technical Director, or the Art Director, as he is called in some studios. The supervision of the latter runs far beyond the confines of the Property Room, but you can take it for granted that he is a graduate from or an artisan in the mysteries of that hallowed place. Imagine the size of the job that faced the Property Man in the making of "Intolerance"! It must have been necessary for him and his assistants to unearth all the weapons and costumes of the Babylonian era. Watch the pictures yourself for the weird and strange things that some poor Property Man must have gone far and wide to secure.

Many directors are sticklers for accuracy, and "Props" seldom gets away with a cheap imitation or a clumsy camouflage. It must be the real thing or something so much like it that you couldn't tell the difference under a microscope. When "The Earl of Pawtucket" was translated to the screen, the P. M. had the rather pleasant task of examining an old Waldorf-Astoria register to find an original signature of the illustrious nobleman. No well-intentioned forgery would do. The Earl's signature was found and photographed, so that it could be exactly right on the screen.

Of course, there are limitations even to a Property Room, jammed as it may be with all the conceivable things on earth. There is always something new demanded by directors, which can neither be bought nor stolen, and there is no recourse but to make it on the spot. This may be outside of the province of the Property Man, who is simply a custodian of a photoplay company's studio accessories. But nine times out of ten the P. M. accepts the inevitable and makes it himself. Who could ever expect to locate any of the strange properties used in "The Blue Bird"? The Bread Loaf, the Sugar Cone, the Cat and the Dog all were products of the studio "Prop Room."

When you get into the realm of property construction, you pass into an absolutely limitless field; there is nothing in the imagination of any director which cannot be "faked" by studio properties. But they have to be made, and sometimes that calls into action the studio carpenters and scenic artists, who can hardly be classified in the Property Man's more or less exclusive category. It is largely in this work that the Motion Picture camoufleurs are able to practice their devices. And their work is all a story by itself.

Nor is the Property Man's work confined only to the studio. Outdoor scenes invariably require certain properties, the lack of which may be decidedly embarrassing, inasmuch as the locations are usually so far away from "civilization." When the need is serious and liable to hold up a picture, the director's assistants or the Property experts from the home studio use motor-cycles, automobiles and express trains—and in the future, airplanes—to bring back the missing "prop." Perhaps it is some article of costume which has been registered in some previous scene, and no other one will do. "Rush back to the studio and get it," is usually the order when that happens.

Nor are the demands for extra properties used in outdoor scenes more easily attainable. A director wanted some papier-mâché logs in a recent picture taken in the vicinity of San Francisco, and the woods had to be scoured for the kind required and these sent down to the Los Angeles studio so that "close-ups" to be taken there later would register properly. Another picture required 250 railroad ties at a time when such ties were needed by every road. Property scouts examined all the rails in southern California, to see if some couldn't be spared.

The province of the Property Man includes the actual furnishing of sets planned by the technical director, designed by the architect and built by the stage carpenter, with final decorations by the scenic artists and wall-paper experts. And the director must approve the set as it finally stands before the cast of players is called into action. It is, however, comparatively seldom that the director can improve upon the ideas of the Property Man, so expert is that gentleman in his particular branch of Motion Picture work. When anything is put up to "Props," you may take it for granted that he will be fully able to handle it.

The Girl From Wyoming

(*Continued from page 52*)

"My work at the Lois Weber studio is the greatest pleasure I've ever experienced in pictures. I realize fully the advantage of being under her direction—she is a wonderful woman and a true artist. I try, oh, so hard, to do just as she tells me, because she knows just what will make the best effect. And when she is pleased with my characterizations I am very happy."

I think Lois Weber has had cause to be "pleased" several times since she took the little girl from Wyoming under her wing. Mildred Harris' portrayal of the pathetic young shopgirl in "The Price of a Good Time" was one of the most realistic and human bits of acting I have ever seen, and her work as the heroine of Mary Roberts Rinehart's novel, "K," which was given to the public under the title "The Doctor and the Woman," showed unexpected poise for a girl of seventeen.

"Yes, 'K' is my favorite picture," she said. "I'm a great admirer of Mrs. Rinehart, and I wanted to do her heroine full justice."

Mildred has three chums in Los Angeles, Marjorie Daw and Lillian and Dorothy Gish, and these four form a charming coterie of girlhood. You will nearly always see at least two of them together, shopping, attending the showing of their pictures, teaing or motoring in the Gish car.

And besides their studio work and their good times, they are unusually active in war work. Mildred's particular work just now is for the relief of French and Belgian children.

"Out here in Hollywood where we live, so completely surrounded by beautiful, peaceful country, it is almost impossible for me to realize that there is so much suffering and desolation in a place that was once as lovely. One can hardly think of themselves now, when there are so many other things to take up one's mind," she said gravely, "and if my little efforts help those blessed babies just a wee bit, I am the happier for it."

Found by "D. W."—A Jewel

(*Continued from page 69*)

That, she said, is the way the cast felt when Mr. Griffith came to look them over! As for Jewel Carmen, it seems that the great director paused, looked at her for a moment, and then drawled to Mr. Siegmann, as if she had been a lamp-post:

"Is this the young lady who is going to play the part?"

Later, as leading-lady for Douglas Fairbanks, she appeared in "Flirting With Fate," "The Halfbreed," "Manhattan Madness" and "American Aristocracy." However, she had practically no opportunity to show her acting ability—until she appeared as Lucy Manette in the film, "A Tale of Two Cities." No one who saw this picture could ever forget it: the exquisite double portrayal of Carton and Everymonde by William Farnum; the masterly direction of Frank Lloyd; the tears of Lucy Manette would all be certain to linger in one's memory.

That was the first time Jewel Carmen ever cried in a scene and the first time she worked to music.

"But for all that," she said, "I almost flooded the place!"

So it happened that she became a star in her own right; and her first starring vehicle was called, "The Kingdom of Love."

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4. No portraits are to be entered until the official date of the opening of the contest is announced.

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Canning O. Henry in Celluloid

(*Continued from page 62*)

kills her lover and then commits suicide is called before a heavenly court for a hearing. Manifestly it would be impossible for us to try to picturize a heavenly court without danger of dropping into burlesque or falling far short of the mark. We finally determined upon a slight change in the script. Instead of the court scene we introduced O. Henry in his studio talking over with a friend the story he had just finished. He was shown telling his friend how he would have liked to have ended the story, but that the facts in the case compelled him to stick close to the truth. His idea of the other ending was conveyed in a series of visions, which, it seems to me, conveyed the same idea as the heavenly court and preserved the original spirit of the story.

"Another difficulty has been selecting the casts for the O. Henry stories. Many of the characters in these short-story masterpieces, such as Liz in 'The Guilty Party,' Dry Valley Johnson in 'The Indian Summer of Dry Valley Johnson,' Perry Rountree in 'The Lonesome Road,' Cork and Ruby in 'Past One at Rooney's,' present unusual difficulties for the average actor or actress, and it was always hard to fill these rôles.

"For this reason a large number of screen players have played the prominent rôles in these stories. Such players as Mildred Manning, Agnes Ayres, Patsy DeForrest, Betty Blythe, Adele De Garde, Jean Paige, Florence Deshon, Miriam Miles, Alice Terry, Nellie Spencer, Patricia Palmer, J. Frank Glendon, Evart Overton, Carlton King, Edward Earle, William Dunn, Chet Ryan, W. L. Rodgers, Walter McGrail, Webster Campbell and Duncan McRae have contributed their share to the work.

The finding of proper locations for these stories has not been so difficult, because the New York that O. Henry knew so well has changed very little in the years that have passed since his stories were written. In nearly every case it has been possible to lay the film history in locations typical of those described in the original story. Now and then a director has had some trouble in getting permission to take scenes in typical O. Henry locations. One day, while touring the East Side in search of a fitting location for an O. Henry story upon which he was working, Director Martin Justice found a spot which so nearly met the needs of the script that it seemed as tho it had been the spot described by the author in his original story.

The landlady was skeptical of Moving Picture people, however, and declined to permit Mr. Justice to set up his camera in front of her house, let alone invade its sacred precincts. The director was on the point of giving up his argument when a stray cat appeared and contentedly perched itself upon his shoulders.

Instantly the stony-hearted landlady experienced a change of heart, if not of mind.

"Well, a man who is kind to dumb animals cant be such a bad man, even if he is a Moving Picter man," she volunteered,

To date seventy-five of the best of the O. Henry stories have been filmed for the screen. This is said to be the record for the number of adaptations made from the works of a popular author, and it is being increased from week to week as new stories are added to the long list of successful O. Henry films.

"Sunshine" Mary Anderson's New Home

(*Continued from page 63*)

knowledge. "Bullets" and his brother "Givie" would soon rather forcibly convince the party making the intrusion that they were in the wrong house.

After her return from New York recently to resume her film work in California, Mary decided that the beach—where she could take her dip in the ocean daily all year round—was the only place to be. She made several trips to Santa Monica, until she saw the ideal place which had a sign, "For Sale," tacked on it. Two days later she had moved in, the home of "Bullets" and "Givie" was being built, and the interior of the bungalow was being decorated according to her own ideas and tastes.

Mary's home sees very little of her in the daytime, because she is either working at the studio or on the beach in front of her house, enjoying a dip in the ocean. "Bullets" and "Givie" enjoy the water just as much as their little mistress, only they have one advantage over her, because the sun doesn't bring out all those little freckles or tan their skin, which it does to Mistress Mary. She doesn't care a bit, however, because grease-paint hides them from the watchful lens of the camera, and they never show at all on the screen. As our readers may surmise, Mary is quite a swimmer. George, the well-known life-guard at Ocean Park, has coached her in the various strokes.

The increasing high cost of living does not worry Mary Anderson in the least. Being a vegetarian, she grows nearly everything that she eats in her little war garden, and the fruit-trees and berry bushes supply her needs in the fruit line. There is a large pear-tree outside her bedroom window, and one of the branches has grown right in thru the window. It is indeed an odd sight to be inside the room and see this branch hanging just inside the window. Mary explained to me that the reason for the branch growing into the room was because she always kept the window open. With "Bullets" and "Givie" on guard, no one ever dared come near the place.

"Just think," she laughed, "I will soon be able to sit up in bed and pick my breakfast off the tree."

The dogs are wonderful company for their mistress, and "Sunshine" Mary has loads of fun with them. She assured me that "Bullets" had an ear for music, and to prove it had him claw on her ukelele banjo. The dog seems to enjoy doing it very much and sings (Mary says it's singing) his own accompaniment. "Givie" merely looks on and howls his approval or disapproval, whichever it is; not understanding dog language, it is hard for me to say. Of course it must be approval, because it doesn't seem to offend "Bullets" in the least.

"Sunshine" Mary Anderson is all that her name implies, and you feel that sunshiny atmosphere whenever you are in her presence; she fairly radiates it wherever she goes and is the original gloom dispenser. I have yet to see her looking anything but happy, and haven't met any one who has either. She is always making others as well as herself happy, and this ideal little home of hers, with its garden, fruit-trees, berry bushes, and "Bullets" and "Givie" thrown in for good measure, is proving a well of happiness of such great depth for this little favorite that it hasn't a chance in the world of going "dry."

When a Ménage Becomes a Menagerie

(*Continued from page 65*)

beautiful, but this silvery Persian, with a ruff that would have made Queen Elizabeth turn a regular verdigris, was even more so.

"Caiius Brutus," explained Mr. Roberts. "We called him Caiius, for his father is Brutus, a world's champion Persian."

"Have you been upstairs yet, papa?" Mrs. Roberts strained her ears. "I suppose it's all right, isn't it?"

Mr. Roberts flew upstairs two steps at a time. Anyway, Theodore Roberts is lithe, alert, a splendid, straight figure and one of the handsomest men in private life ever photographed by eager photographers.

"Every one of the babies is all right," he announced, as he handed me a pup that would soften the heart of anybody with a speck of feeling. "We have the little mother in the spare bedroom. It is bright and cheerful there and she knows her babies are safe."

"We've eleven dogs on the place now," added Mrs. Roberts, proudly.

"Will you sell most of them?" I queried.

Mrs. Roberts exchanged glances with the head of the ménage. He was trying to look very decided and emphatic and for once in his life failed to register the proper emotion. "We cant keep eleven dogs *all* the time, and I suppose we ought to sell at least five pups, but Florence changes her mind about which ones we'll keep almost daily. I believe it's because she just wants to gain a little time until my heart is so wrapped up in them all that I'll do what she wants—keep the menagerie intact," he concluded ruefully.

Then we settled down to his life-history, and it was uncovered that Theodore Roberts began his real career as a ship captain, for his father deeded a fine schooner to Theodore, and the young man felt in duty bound to try to become the "ruler of a great navee!" The vessel plied between California and Washington, and while Mr. Roberts enjoyed life at sea for a time, he soon found it irksome. There was no real home, he faced the bad storms of the Pacific Coast constantly, was in numerous hair-breadth escapes via shipwreck, and thrown among undesirable companions, rough Portuguese and American seamen who could not become congenial pals for a college-bred youth.

Yet always the young man read extensively, studied Shakespeare, acquired a large library dealing with the stage and its people, and spent his evening at the theater whenever he struck port.

In 1880 Theodore Roberts finally decided that the lure of the stock company was too great to be resisted longer. He found no difficulty in getting a hearing, and not long after that played "Richelieu." He was successful from the start, traveled with Robson and Crane, of blessed memory, during 1881-82, later went again to California and had the joys of a barnstorming experience.

"Just what is barnstorming?" I asked.

"Stopping for one or two nights at a place, engaging anything from a barn to the city hall, or even the big dining-room of a frontier hotel—in fact, sort of storming the chief citadel of a village, see?" Mr. Roberts shook his head soberly. "There's nothing funny about it—oh, no! I've seen myself walk 125 miles right up this coast—we did it in three and one-half days and set up the scenery and played the night we arrived. We had wagons to pull the scenery about, but the cast had to *walk!* I've played in the early days when everything was done in reality as the Motion Pictures now reproduce it—played in Reno, Carson City, at the base of Mt. Shasta, in logging camps, gold-mine towns, and dear knows where I've not laid my weary head after a barnstorming tour!"

"I suppose most of the cast had to double, didn't it?"

"Yes, many did."

"Are any of the members of that organization now living except yourself, Mr. Roberts?"

"Oh, yes, I come across them occasionally, just a few—only a few. I hate to think of how the old boys have crossed the Divide! But there is Edwin Holt, and I might mention Frank Hatch. We played 'Arizona,' which made a hit for years. I was on the stage for thirty-five years before going into pictures, so you see I had more experience than most photoplayers. I'm the oldest in point of service at the Lasky studio, too."

"You were in the 'Girl of the Golden West,' weren't you?"

"Yes, Mabel van Buren and I were cast in it. Seems strange how we both drifted to Lasky afterward, doesn't it? And I did 'Uncle Tom's Cabin,' in which I was a very wicked Legree, and traveled for many years with my dearly loved great Dane, a dog who weighed 180 pounds and who created a sensation everywhere. You know I'm a pretty tall man, six feet two, and yet that dog would stand on his hind legs and put his front paws easily on my shoulders and kiss me. I had him ten years, and it was a terrible blow to me when he died last year. He was one of the finest, truest friends I ever had in my life."

Has it ever failed, I wonder? Have you ever known a man whom dogs trusted who was not a true friend to other men? I'd stack my estimate of Theodore Roberts' kindness against anything, just from the way a male Airedale pounced on him at that very minute, sure of a warm welcome from his master.

"Ask him to fetch his ball for you," whispered Mr. Roberts.

"Do you know where you left your ball, honey?" I queried obediently.

The handsome, intelligent Airedale ran over to a window and wagged his tail like a Dutch windmill. Well, of course, you know the kind of a tail an Airedale really has, but anyway, he did wonderfully—*considering.* Then he barked and looked at Mr. Roberts and out of the window again.

"So I did, boy, so I did," nodded Mr. Roberts. "This morning I was playing with him, and I threw the ball over into the next garden, and we've forgotten to go back for it. Poor fellow, he cant get it for you after all."

"What other pets are included in this menagerie?" I laughed.

"I have the most wonderful pigeons in the back garden. Do you want to see them? Each one is as big as a large chicken—wonderful! And we have an aviary, and some golden sardines are bubbling up that aquarium—excuse me, I must go and feed those children this very minute. You dont mind, do you?"

Just imagine the cruel monster who shocked you in "The Plowgirl" dabbling a tender hand in the clear water of a small aquarium, while fan-tailed fish foolishly fought for food from it. Truly, this is acting, for when a man can so utterly hide his real nature on the screen a great tribute must be paid to his histrionic powers.

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The Answer Man (*Continued from page* 118)

HELEN H.—When I say to write the players in care of the company, and you dont know their addresses, just send for a list of manufacturers.

LUCIA H. W.—The two best known machine guns are the Browning and Lewis. Great guns! General Enoch Crowder is supervising the administration of the draft. Not Charlotte Burton. Yes, Anna Walthall and Mrs. Dana in "The Truant Soul." Herrera Tejedde was Andre in "The Gown of Destiny."

SOM., 17.—So you are living on a ranch. You say some of my answers aren't very deep. What shall we talk about, the ocean? Tom Moore in "The Floor Below." No, I'm not cranky. I always keep on an even keel except when the weather is squally.

GEORGE J. F.—Your letter listens all right, but why dont you study at night? Music is very comforting. Dont you know that music and religion have at all times been inseparably associated for centuries? Every church in every land has had its characteristic service accompanied by some form of music, and that is why music is called the divine art.

CHARLOTTE J. B.—Robert Gordon chat soon. But philosophy teaches us to think; literature to express our thoughts. So you really think Francis Bushman was great in "Neatness and Dispatch." You think he is some comedian. No, I didn't see it. I enjoyed yours muchly.

MISS PHYLLIS LANE.—You think I am a case of perpetual motion, because I am the oldest Answer Man in captivity and go rattling on forever. The loosest spoke in the wheel rattles most, but the time finally comes when it rattles no more. Creighton Hale is with Metro.

LOUISE L.—Send a quarter and the picture will be forthcoming. Alma Rubens in "Cold Deck." Mildred Harris was the Little Sister. Vivian Martin is with Paramount.

FISH BAIT.—I have no motorboat nor car. The only means of locomotion I have are my feet. They haul me round the house, they hoist me up the stairs; I only have to steer them, and they ride me everywheres! Alice Lake is not Natalie Talmadge. You want to know what Billie Burke ever did with her adopted daughter, Cherry Watson. I never did hear.

P. L. W.—Oh, sure I believe in the truth. Truth once uttered strikes a vast sounding-board and echoes forever. That's why I need no monument. Carol Holloway is with Vitagraph. Al Ray is a brother of Charles. He is playing opposite Enid Bennett in "When Do We Eat?"

MISS BROWN EYES.—We had a picture of Carlyle Blackwell in the November 1917 issue. He played in "The Burglar."

LEAH G. W.—Please forgive me and ask the question over again. A fee isn't necessary to get an answer.

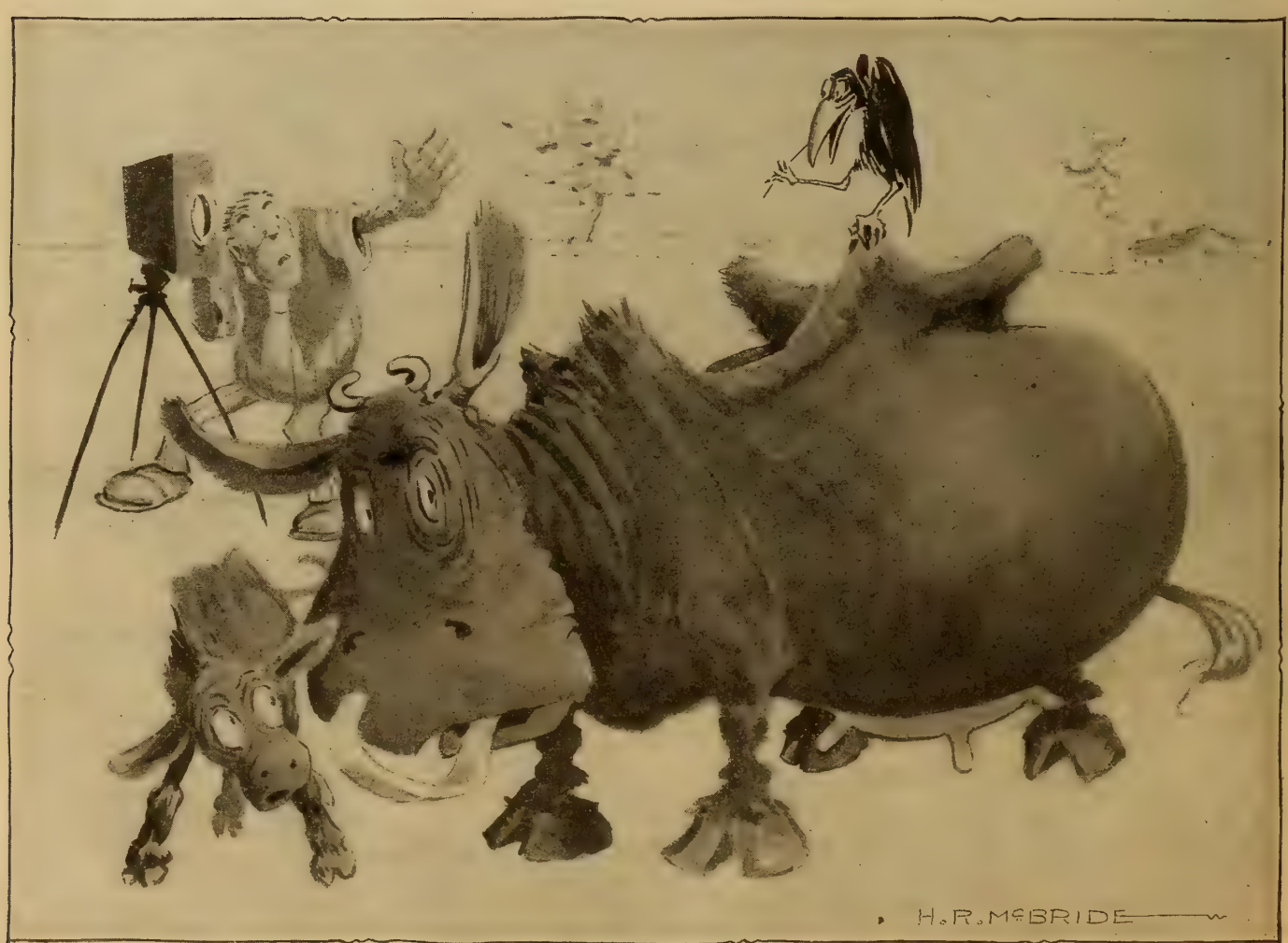
NORMA TALMADGE ADMIRER.—Fannie Ward's next picture, "A Japanese Nightingale," released thru Pathé. Claire McDowell is playing in Metro's "The Return of Mary." Well, if you are beautiful and seventeen you are half married, unless you outgrow it. J. W. Johnston in "Fifty-Fifty." Chester Barnett in "Law of Compensation."

LADY BUG.—You're quite a philosopher. In the seventeenth century it took an apple to determine the law of gravity—now it takes a peach to upset it. You're some peach. Harrison Ford and Vivian Martin in "Sunset Trail."

ETHEL B. G.—Why, botany treats of plants, their structure, growth, classification, description, localities and uses. Kathleen Connors in "Ace High."

CALIPATRIA.—That's as clear as a whistle to me. Why, the circulation of our two magazines is about 450,000, much more than all the others put together. When you have nothing to do, take your typewriter in hand and write me again.

DOROTHEA.—It is impossible to give you addresses you ask for. Dolores Cassinelli will support E. K. Lincoln in "Lafayette, We Come."



WHAT WOULD YOU CALL THIS?

Here we have the latest drawing from H. R. McBride, our artist at the front. He named it first. Then we renamed it. Neither exactly satisfied us, so we thought you would like to take a stab at it. Come one, come all—suggest a title. For the best title to this picture we will give $5.00, for the next best $3.00, for the next $2.00 and for the fourth best a year's subscription to the Magazine. Address your suggestion to the Puzzle Editor, Motion Picture Magazine, 175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

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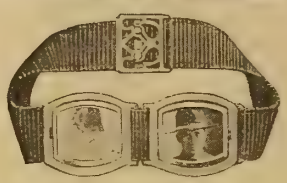

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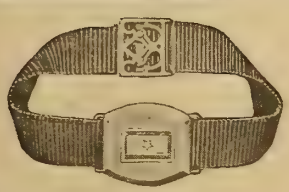

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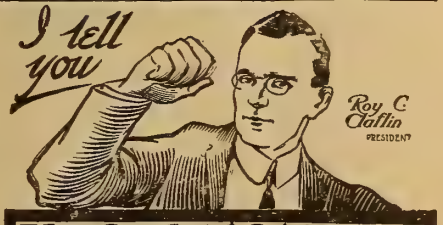

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Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

(*Continued from page* 94)

indeed. She simply stopped short, turned to the director and inquired:

"What did you say?"

"Stop the camera!" the director shouted to the camera-man. "We're thru for the day."

The next day we did the scene over again, but with a different woman. She was experienced. We made sure of that before we engaged her. The other had never faced a Motion Picture camera before, it developed. She got the engagement on her nerve, and her story of her experience was pure fiction.

Sometimes the newcomer in pictures is an officious individual. Two days after he is in on the job he wants to revise the whole scheme of things in the studio. Worse than that, he proclaims what he wants to do, proclaims it in a loud voice so that everybody can hear him, following which comes his downfall.

An officious youngster was put on at our studio as assistant property man and an hour after he was engaged he was telling the head property man how little the latter knew of his business. He told his superior that he was getting the wrong sort of "props" for the set he had to dress, that he was going to wrong places for them and that the prices he was paying for goods already received were entirely too high. "Props" saw that he had to cure his assistant of his bad manners and finally hit upon a plan to accomplish that result.

"Joe," he called to his assistant, "we're all out of sky hooks, and we cant 'shoot' the set until we have them. Suppose you run over to the Metro studio and borrow a half-dozen."

Joe obediently started out for the Metro studio and was referred to another studio. "Props" had telephoned ahead of Joe. At the second studio Joe met with the same experience. A telephone call had preceded him there, too. He was buffeted from one studio to another all over Hollywood and Los Angeles trying to borrow sky hooks. Wherever he went a telephone call preceded him. "Props" was carrying out his plan.

Finally Joe returned to the studio without his sky hooks and reported to "Props." Without a smile, "Props" told him to resume the search in the morning.

On his way out that evening Joe approached another member of the technical staff and inquired of him if he knew where he could get the rare sky hooks.

"Sky hooks?" the technical man asked. "There isn't such a thing."

"Thanks," Joe muttered, and started for home. The light had dawned upon him. After that "Props" had no more trouble with Joe. All the officiousness had been knocked out of him. In like manner many others have been taught their lessons.

Even when they have been "in" for a long period they sometimes make blunders, tho the incident I am speaking of now was not a blunder engendered by subterfuge, but by lack of knowledge of the English language.

We took on a camera-man who had lately arrived from Italy and whose English, naturally, was nothing to brag about except for vaudeville or musical-comedy purposes. As a player in either of these branches of theatricalism he would have been what is professionally known as a "riot."

He was a friendly sort of a fellow who wanted to be agreeable to everybody, particularly to the director with whom he was associated, a most competent chap who took great pride in his work and in his fine record for the production of successful pictures. However, our Italian friend's abridged vocabulary rendered it impossible for him to express himself, so he asked a stage hand with whom he rode home from the studio one evening to tell him how to greet the director in the morning.

The stage hand was more than willing to oblige and wrote down an expression of greeting for him. That night the camera-man studied the words for hours, continuing his studies as he rode to work the next morning, so that when he arrived on the "lot" he was letter-perfect in his speech, as they say in stage parlance when an actor knows his lines well.

The company had already assembled on the stage when the director approached, and the camera-man, seeing him, went forward to greet him.

"Good-morning, Mr. Smith," he began, reading from memory. "I think you are the rottenest director I've ever seen. Your pictures are so putrid they smell to the high heavens for vengeance. As for yourself, you're such a conceited pup you ought to be kicked off the 'lot.'"

You can imagine the effect the speech produced upon the director. His face turned from red to a purple hue. Without a word he turned angrily on his heel and started back for the office, leaving the poor camera-man gaping after him in amazement.

He knew something was wrong, but he didn't know what. For enlightenment he sought out another Italian, who was working in the boiler-room, and explained to him in their native tongue what had happened. The speech he repeated in English and the boiler-room attendant translated it into Italian.

Of course apologies were duly made and accepted and the director appeased. As for the stage hand who so generously wrote the camera-man's speech—well, he has never been seen at the studio again.

Psychic Virginia Pearson

(*Continued from page* 80)

"I am *not* posing. If you print this little talk, *do* emphasize that fact. I am willing to be convinced of all this as some natural phenomena — but I only know that I might be sitting here, as we are sitting now, and have about me a dozen little children, or the Ancient . . ."

"How do you *know* he — or she — is ancient?"

"Why, he *told* me so. He has lived eight hundred years. He has advised me to form a company of my own, and give to the world some tremendous things hinging about the psychic. Perhaps . . ." she looked—well, enigmatic at least, "I shall quite soon. Big, stirring things . . . human and psychic and all-embracing . . . I always get back to the psychic. You will think I am interested in nothing else. I am. I am enormously interested in *all* the big sciences—astrology, all sorts of research, everything of that sort. And you know—Lincoln was a spiritualist. So are Marconi and Thomas Edison."

And then, quite human-wise, I beheld her seated upon the running-gear of her limousine, distributing with free and lavish hand candy and photographs to a perfect horde of *very* physical-looking urchins. "I just love 'em!" she glowed. "The darlings!"

Now—*does* she or *doesn't* she believe herself? Food for thought!

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 83)

more unusual duo, while in his charming opposite, Lois Wilson, we discover the replica of Mary Pickford's profile, so similar as to be uncanny.

"THE STILL ALARM" (PIONEER)

In May, 1911, the Selig Company produced "The Still Alarm," and the play was fictionized in the June 1911 issue of this Magazine. Some twenty-five or thirty years ago this was the most popular of stage melodramas and enjoyed a long run in New York, London and elsewhere, due to two facts—its stirring story and its exploitation of New York's unique and remarkable fire department. With a great blare of trumpets, the Selig Company now announces "'The Still Alarm,' the greatest melodrama of them all," and the Loew circuit issues extra placards to emphasize its importance. The report that this is a reissue is false. The new film is the same story, but it has been entirely retaken. No doubt the fact that the whole cast is made up from the famous old group of Chicago players, including Thomas Santschi, Bessie Eyton and Eugenie Besserer, has given credence to the report, but the cast is entirely different from the old one. Besides, you have but to look at Mr. Santschi's girth and compare it with the trim figure who did one-half of that wonderful scrapping match in "The Spoilers" a few years back. Mr. Santschi needs more scrapping if he would regain his "girlish figure." Again, one has but to compare the film work of 1918 with that of 1911 to be convinced that the present production could never have been done seven years ago. Not only is the new "Still Alarm" cleverly done, it is up-to-date in every respect and wonderfully well put together. The fire scenes are quite as good as any that have yet been shown, and they are so dramatically placed as to suggest the best that Griffith does. The story is intensely interesting from start to finish and replete with melodramatic situations. The characters are all well drawn, and the story unfolds so as to bring each character in strong relief, each incident going toward a building up of the plot and adding to the tense situations. Mr. Santschi, the hero, might have been a little more youthful, romantic and picturesque, and the arch-villain might have been a little less so, but for all that the acting of both and of all is excellent. For those who want to be thrilled to the vertebrae, we can suggest nothing stronger than this new "Still Alarm."

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 88)

was in receipt of a letter from friends living in San Rafael, inviting her to be the guest of honor at a barbecue and out-of-door riding exposition, which was to be held while she was in the North.

San Rafael, which is about a half hour's ride from San Francisco, is Miss Sais' former "home town."

George Walsh is that most unusual of screen stars, one who doesn't like his good works to get in print. However, we discovered that George has been making a round of the camps, cheering up the boys with cheery speeches and staging boxing bouts for them. His most recent appearance was at the K. of C. Hall at Camp Upton.

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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
(Trade-mark Registered)

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

On sale at all newsstands on and after the first of each month

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THE JANUARY MAGAZINE

Begin the New Year Right—Resolve to Read Each Copy of The Motion Picture Magazine and Keep In Touch With the Film World

STARRING THE AUTHOR

Rex Beach has explained to Hazel Simpson Naylor just why more well-known authors do not write original stories for the screen. Authors are becoming more and more a recognized factor in the film world, and it is interesting to get the viewpoint of this famous American writer, told from the author's angle. This story throws light on many vague points of the industry and is instructive as well as entertaining.

EVELYN NESBIT REMINISCES

Frederick James Smith has given us an interesting chat with this woman whom the whole world knows. Evelyn Nesbit and her beautiful little son are playing in Fox pictures. Mr. Smith has written a wealth of information regarding her past, present and future. There are still a great many people who are curious regarding Evelyn Nesbit, and if they will read this article in the January Magazine, their curiosity will be appeased.

ALIAS PEGGY HYLAND

This story deals with the personality of the girl Peggy Hyland rather than that of the star Peggy Hyland—the girl Peggy, whose real name is Gladys Hutchinson; whose father is an English doctor with a love for his daughter's pictures and an infallible belief in her ability.

FRANK MAYO AS HE GREW UP

This is the history of Frank Mayo, who has lately been doing such fine work with Kitty Gordon and Louise Huff. Frank's father and grandfather were both actors of note, and the name of Frank Mayo is being passed down the annals of theatrical history with an A-1 mark beside it. While Frank is fond of the movies, his dream is to revive the one big play with which his name is connected. To tell now would be to spoil the story for you. Read it in the January Magazine.

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield St. Brooklyn, N. Y.

What Is Nerve Force?

NERVE Force is an energy created by the nervous system. What it is, we do not know, just as we do not know what electricity is.

We know this of Nerve Force: It is the dominant power of our existence. It governs our whole life. **It Is Life**; for if we knew what nerve force is, we would know the secret of life.

Nerve force is the basic force of the body and mind. The power of every muscle, every organ; in fact, every cell is governed and receives its initial impulse through the nerves. Our vitality, strength and endurance are directly governed by the degree of our nerve force.

If an elephant had the same degree of nerve force as a flea, or an ant, he could jump over mountains and push down skyscrapers. If an ordinary man had the same degree of nerve force as a cat, he could break all athletic records without half trying. This is an example of Muscular Nerve Force.

Mental Nerve Force is indicated by force of character, personal magnetism, moral courage and mental power.

Organic Nerve Force means health and long life.

It is a well balanced combination of Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force that has made Theodore Roosevelt, General Pershing and Charles Schwab and other great men what they are. 95% of mankind are led by the other 5%. It is Nerve Force that does the leading.

In our nerves, therefore, lies our greatest strength; and there, also, our greatest weakness—for when our nerve force becomes depleted, through worry, disease, overwork, abuse, every muscle loses its strength and endurance; every organ becomes partly paralyzed, and the mind becomes befogged.

How often do we hear of people running from doctor to doctor, seeking relief from a mysterious "something-the-matter" with them, though repeated examinations fail to indicate that any particular organ is weak or diseased.

It is "nerves" or "you are run down," the doctor tells the victim. Then a "tonic" is prescribed, which temporarily gives the nerves a swift kick, and speeds them up, just as a fagged-out horse may be made to speed up by towing him behind an automobile.

The symptoms of nerve exhaustion vary according to individual characteristics, but the development is usually as follows:

First Stage: Lack of energy and endurance; that "tired feeling," especially in the back and knees.

Second Stage: Nervousness; sleeplessness; irritability; decline in sex force; loss of hair; nervous indigestion; sour stomach; gas in bowels; constipation; irregular heart; poor memory; lack of mental endurance; dizziness; headaches; backache; neuritis; rheumatism, and other pains.

Third Stage: Serious mental disturbances; fear; undue worry; melancholia; dangerous organic disturbances; suicidal tendencies, and in extreme cases, insanity.

It is evident that nerve depletion leads to a long train of evils that torture the mind and body. It is no wonder neurasthenics (nerve bankrupts) become melancholy and do not care to live.

The noted British authority on the nerves, Alfred T. Schofield, says, "It is my belief that the greatest single factor in the maintenance of health is that the nerves should be in order."

If only a few of the symptoms mentioned apply to you, especially those indicating mental instability, you may be sure your nerves are at fault—that you have exhausted your Nerve Force.

Nerve force is the most precious gift of Nature. It means everything—your happiness, your health, your success in life. You should know all there is to learn about your nerves; how to relax, calm and soothe your nerves, so that after a severe nerve strain you can rebuild your lost Nerve Force, and keep yourself physically and mentally fit.

Paul von Boeckmann, the noted Nerve Culturist, who for 25 years has been the leading authority in America on Breathing, Nerve Culture and Psycho-physics, has written a remarkable book (64 pages) on the Nerves, which teaches how to soothe, calm and care for the Nerves. You should fill in the coupon below and order the book today. It will be a revelation to you and will teach you important facts that will give you greater Physical, Mental and Organic Nerve Force. If you do not agree that this book teaches you the most important lesson on Health and Mental Efficiency you have ever read, your money will be refunded by return mail.

The author of Nerve Force has advertised his various books on Health and Nerve Culture in the standard magazines of America during the last twenty years, which is ample evidence of his responsibility and integrity. The following are extracts from letters written by grateful people who have read the book:

"I have gained 12 pounds since reading your book, and I feel so energetic. I had about given up hope of ever finding the cause of my low weight."

"Your book did more for me for indigestion than two courses in dieting."

"My heart is now regular again and my nerves are fine I thought I had heart trouble, but it was simply a case of abused nerves. I have re-read your book at least ten times."

"The advice given in your book on relaxation and calming my nerves has cleared my brain. Before I was half dizzy all the time."

A physician says: "Your book shows you have a scientific and profound knowledge of the nerves and nervous people. I am recommending your book to my patients."

A prominent lawyer in Ansonia, Conn., says: "Your book saved me from a nervous collapse such as I had three years ago. I now sleep soundly and am gaining weight. I can again do a real day's work."

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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of the *Exhibitors' Herald and Motography*, a trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

Heart of the Wilds, with Elsie Ferguson—Good picture. Class this as Miss Ferguson's best production. Wonderful scenery and plenty of action. Played to week's satisfactory business.—Castle Theater, Chicago.

M'liss, with Mary Pickford—Altho 60 to 75 per cent of our patrons tell us they are getting tired of this star, yet she always draws good houses. This picture is fully up to her average productions.—Crystal Theater, Flandreau, S. D.

The Tiger Man, with William S. Hart—Good. Big drawing power.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

How Could You Jean? with Mary Pickford—Well liked. Extra big business.—Regent Theater, Bay Shore, L. I.

The Lie, with Elsie Ferguson—Easily this star's best yet. Good support. Wonderful acting and direction.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Tiger Man, with William S. Hart—About the same as the others. Nothing new about Hart. If we dont get something real good soon Hart wont draw anything.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

Selfish Yates, with William S. Hart—Star waning in popularity. Business poor. So many patrons say "too much the same; can always tell what the ending will be."—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Selfish Yates, with William S. Hart—Usual Hart. Same old story and sombre star, yet it seemed to please.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT

My Four Years in Germany—Extra big. Best of them all. Big business two days.—Opera House, Towanda, Pa.

Pershing's Crusaders — Played two days to capacity in town of 1,000, drawing 15 and 20 miles for this.—Star Opera House, Alexandria, S. D.

A Dog's Life, with Charlie Chaplin—I was late in playing this, for patrons were sick of star. However, this packed them in and put the only Charlie in good again.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

Pershing's Crusaders—To infrequent show goers this was fine. But to regulars who are used to seeing weeklies it was a disappointment.—Strand Theater, Robinson, Ill.

FOX

The Clemenceau Case, with Theda Bara—Star always draws. Packed them in all night.—Clifton Theater, Chicago.

Her Debt of Honor, with Peggy Hyland—Up to Fox standard. Fox is losing out with my people. He only makes a money-getter now and then.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

A Daughter of the Gods, with Annette Kellerman—Many compliments. Good business.—Gem Theaters, Bigheart and Avant, Okla.

Her One Mistake, with Gladys Brockwell—One of the regular Fox spicy kind. Some picture.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Spy, with William Farnum—More compliments than on some pictures costing four times the money.—Gem Theaters, Bigheart and Avant, Okla.

The Fallen Angel, with Jewel Carmen—No drawing power, but good picture.—Clifton Theater, Chicago.

Durand of the Bad Lands, with William Farnum—A great picture with a big star who always draws and pleases.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

The Soul of Satan, with Gladys Brockwell—Good.—Bijou Theater, Laurel, Ind.

Blue-Eyed Mary, with June Caprice—Not as good as some we have had of this star. My patrons didn't seem to like it.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Six-Cylinder Love, with Tom Mix—Great. Best comedy of the year.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

Betrayed, with Miriam Cooper—Very fair. Pleased most patrons.—Bijou Theater, Laurel, Ind.

GOLDWYN

The Fair Pretender, with Madge Kennedy—Good comedy drama. Entirely satisfactory to patrons. Good business, despite intense heat.—Crystal Theater, Little Rock, Ark.

Dodging a Million, with Mabel Normand—Went big. Patrons very fond of Mabel Normand. Good picture and well directed.—Hunt's Theater, Wildwood, N. J.

The Floor Below, with Mabel Normand—Sure-fire money getter. Played to capacity business at nearly every performance of two-day run.—K. of P. Theater, Greensburg, Ind.

The Danger Game, with Madge Kennedy—Recommend to all exhibitors. Capacity business at nearly every performance during run.—Rex Theater, Virginia, Minn.

Spreading Dawn, with Jane Cowl—A good picture. Business fair. Star unknown here.—Royal Theater, Ashdown, Ark.

Back to the Woods, with Mabel Normand—A dandy comedy. Drew big business. The kind of entertainment people like everywhere.—Orpheum Theater, Twin Falls, Idaho.

The Service Star, with Madge Ken-

nedy—This is better than the average Goldwyn—Regent Theater, Bay Shore, L. I.

For the Freedom of the World (Ira M. Lowry production)—A good patriotic picture. Played a return date to very good business—Royal Theater, Ashdown, Ark.

All Woman, with Mae Marsh—Good story and good acting. Went over big at every show. Mae Marsh is a big favorite.—Liberty Theater, Hugo, Okla.

The Fair Pretender, with Madge Kennedy—Not as big an attraction as "Baby Mine," but seemed to please big crowds. —Zoe Theater, Houston, Tex.

Dodging a Million, with Mabel Normand—Very good show. Pleased large audiences. Mabel Normand splendid in her rôle.—Palm Theater, Collingswood, N. J.

The Cinderella Man, with Mae Marsh —Big business. Expect to repeat on it soon.—Angelus Theater, Spanish Forks, Utah.

Blue Blood, with Howard Hickman—Fine picture for high-class audience. Too deep for any other kind, but will make hit in the right house.—Princess Theater, Springfield, Ill.

JEWEL

Smashing Through, with Herbert Rawlinson—An old-fashioned melodrama put over with a bang. Will please everybody. Drew big business.—Orpheum Theater, Twin Falls, Idaho.

The Kaiser, the Beast of Berlin, with Rupert Julian—Great. Record-breaking crowds two days.—Opera House, Towanda, Pa.

The Geezer of Berlin—About as funny as a cry for help. Too much money.—Clifton Theater, Chicago.

KLEINE

The Warrior, with Maciste—A real novelty. For feats of strength this has them all beaten. Besides the many clever stunts this picture has fine photography and beautiful scenery. Packed the house for me and made patrons talk.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

METRO

To Hell with the Kaiser.—Did a big business in a terrific rainstorm. Liked by patrons.—Gem Theaters, Bigheart and Avant, Okla.

The Only Road, with Viola Dana—Very good subject. Photography fine. —Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

The House of Gold, with Emmy Wehlen—Not as good as this star's former work. Business average.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Riders of the Night, with Viola Dana—Best regular program picture in some time. Business good.—Royal Theater, Ashdown, Ark.

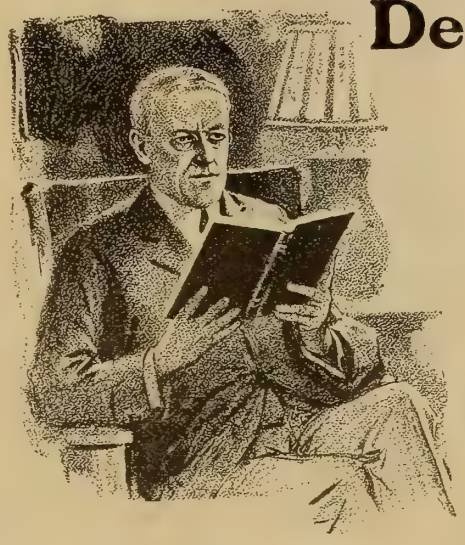
Revenge, with Edith Storey—A good Western.—Grand Opera House, Madison, Ind.

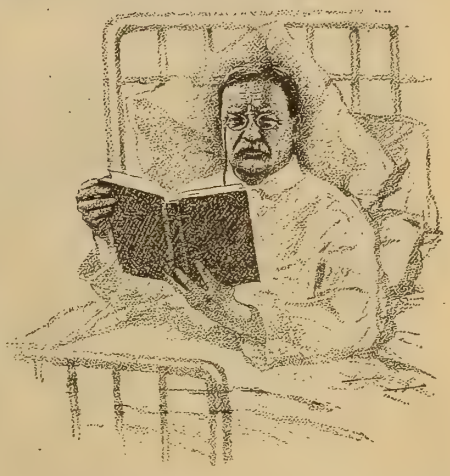
Lend Me Your Name, with Harold Lockwood—Star great. Support fine. A wonderfully clever comedy-drama of the kind that makes you want more like it.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

A Pair of Cupids, with Bushman and Bayne—Stars' recent marriage stirred up curiosity and I talked to my patrons, who said they do not care for stars any more, yet they came to see this picture. It contains many bits of humor and business was good on a rainy night.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

No Man's Land, with Bert Lytell—Good story, but star does not mean anything.—Clifton Theater, Chicago.

They Both Like a Good Detective Story





President Wilson's Blessed Intervals

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MUTUAL

Impossible Susan, with Margarita Fisher—Fair. Not as good as usual.—Isis Theater, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

A Hoosier Romance, with Colleen Moore and Thomas Jefferson.—One of the best. Good business.—Isis Theater, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

PARALTA

Wedlock, with Louise Glaum—Business good on a lightless night. Star does not assume the "vamp" rôle in this picture. It will please your patrons. I heard no complaints on it.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

An Alien Enemy, with Louise Glaum—Good picture. Business good. Star doesn't draw very well.—Royal Theater, Ashdown, Ark.

Blindfolded, with Bessie Barriscale—A crook story. Just the kind that majority of our audiences dont care for.—Orpheum Theater, Twin Falls, Idaho.

Madame Who? with Bessie Barriscale—A good picture. Business good. Fine photography.—Royal Theater, Ashdown, Ark.

PARAMOUNT

The Kaiser's Shadow, with Dorothy Dalton—Spy picture. Patriotic in its appeal. Public is tiring of these pictures bearing on the international conflict. Star plays her part well. Business average.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Out West, with "Fatty" Arbuckle—Something new for "Fatty" to get away from Coney Island and dining-room stuff. A good comedy, with many clever stunts.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Biggest Show on Earth, with Enid Bennett—Good.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

The Firefly of France, with Wallace Reid—Drew an extra large house and all were well satisfied.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Still Waters, with Marguerite Clark—A repeat of Marguerite Clark's best pictures. Pleased 'em just as much as ever.—Grand Theater, Anamosa, Ia.

Jack and Jill, with Jack Pickford—Feature deserved better title. A rousing good program offering.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

Antics of Ann, with Ann Pennington—This is good and will get many laughs and go over with any audience. My people thought it great.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

Bab's Matinée Idol, with Marguerite Clark—Very mediocre Clark and one would do, but three would kill.—Home Theater, Rantoul, Ill.

Mysterious Miss Terry, with Billie Burke—A return date. Did more business than on four-fifths of the new ones.—Star Theater, Decorah, Ia.

The White Man's Law, with Sessue Hayawaka—This star does not appeal to our patrons, altho this subject interested them very much. A good average entertainer.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Prunella, with Marguerite Clark—Business poor. People walked out on this.—Regent Theater, Bay Shore, L. I.

Keys of the Righteous, with Enid Bennett—Good. Pleased a fair house.—Centennial Theater, Warsaw, Ind.

The Seven Swans, with Marguerite Clark—Shelved this and played a real picture. Cancelled Clark contract since they insist on putting her into fairy stuff and "Uncle Tom's Cabin."—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

The Firefly of France, with Wallace Reid—Well received and a good drawing card.—Regent Theater, Bay Shore, L. I.

Keys of the Righteous, with Enid Bennett—Extra fine. Everybody pleased.—Opera House, Towanda, Pa.

The Call of the East, with Sessue Hayakawa — Wonderful production. Splendid acting. Good staging. Money-getter.—Home Theater, Rantoul, Ill.

Sunshine Nan, with Ann Pennington—Not as good as "The Antics of Ann," but a good program offering.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

The Kitchen Lady (Sennett comedy)—A real comedy and will please all classes. Wish we could get more like this.—Grand Theater, Anamosa, Ia.

The Fair Barbarian, with Vivian Martin—A dandy comedy that drew well. Star's pictures show great improvement.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

The Price Mark, with Dorothy Dalton—Dalton is a better actress than Frederick ever thought of being and will soon be a better drawing card.—Grand Theater, Anamosa, Ia.

Jack and Jill, with Jack Pickford and Louise Huff—This is better than usual for Pickford and Huff. It will stand a little extra advertising.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

Good Night Nurse, with "Fatty" Arbuckle—Great. Kept them laughing nearly all the time. "Fatty" is a big drawing card here.—Gayety Theater, Payson, Utah.

Resurrection, with Pauline Frederick—Did not please. Picture handled well, but these stories do not get by any more. Poorest Saturday business in months.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

PATHE

The Hillcrest Mystery, with Irene Castle—Pleased large houses.—Strand Theater, Robinson, Ill.

The Yellow Ticket, with Fannie Ward—Good drawing card. Fair picture.—Regent Theater, Bay Shore, L. I.

Allies' Official War Review—These government films are truly wonderful. Every exhibitor should use them.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

Little Miss Nobody, with Gladys Hulette—A good picture and pleased, as Miss Hulette is a favorite.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

SELECT

Sauce for the Goose, with Constance Talmadge—Fair picture. Have seen better of this star. As a money-getter only ordinary.—Bijou Dream Theater, Chicago.

Scandal, with Constance Talmadge—Fair. Star not known.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

The Claw, with Clara Kimball Young—A poor one. Clara is slipping fast. Makes no difference what you were. It's what you are today.—Iris Theater, Belle Fourche, S. D.

The Studio Girl, with Constance Talmadge—A favorite type of picture. Will surely please any audience. It is refreshing.—Brown Theater, Salinas, Cal.

Ghosts of Yesterday, with Norma Talmadge—Fine production.—Orpheum Theater, Orwigsburg, Pa.

The Marionettes, with Clara Kimball Young—Very good picture. Star is drawing card.—Olympic Theater, Calmar, Ia.

De Luxe Annie, with Norma Talmadge—A splendid picture that drew in spite of extreme heat.—New Lyric Theater, Redfield, S. D.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplay-wrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies', just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Astor.—"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy and one of the best that New York has seen in many a moon. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. (Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.)

Liberty.—"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

Broadhurst.—"Maytime." A dainty, touching comedy with music. It has a real plot, following the life of a young couple from youth to old age, interspersed with tuneful music and some dancing.

Forty-eighth Street.—"The Woman on the Index." War theme again, but this time a Turkish spy instead of a German. Contains several tense situations, excellent acting, and a strong plot.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from Houdini to performing elephants, from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Playhouse.—Mark Swan's "She Walked in Her Sleep," a near-risqué farce of the "Parlor, Bedroom and Bath" type. Built around a pretty somnambulist who wanders into strange rooms clad in a white silk nightie. Entertaining, but not riotous. Alberta Burton is the decidedly pretty lady-who-walks-in-her-sleep.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

ON THE ROAD

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"The Little Teacher." A charming play, full of human interest, and played by a company, every one of which makes a hit. Mary Ryan is superb, as usual, and her support is unusually excellent.

"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

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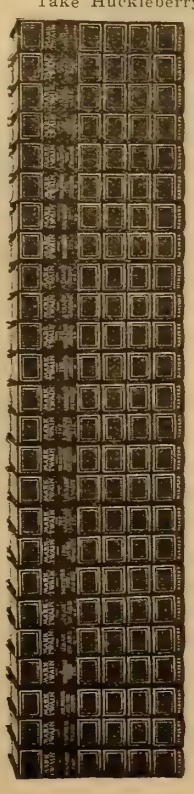

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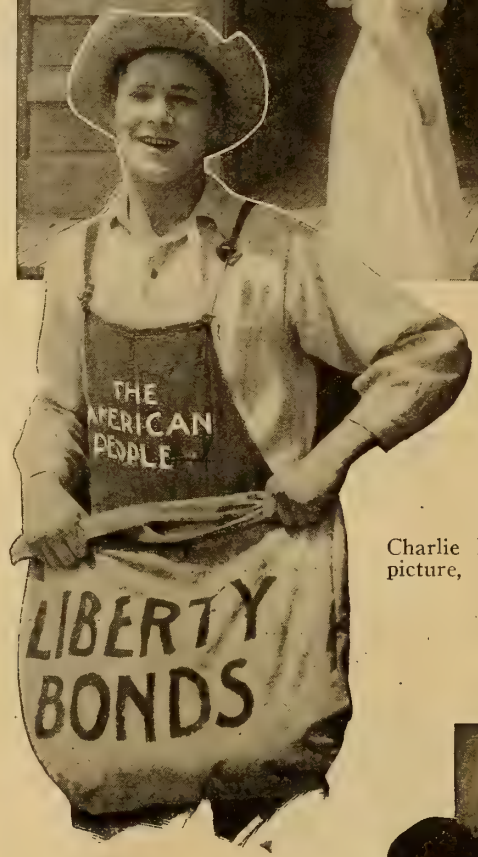

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"The Motion Picture Hall of Fame"

The Whirlwind Finish of the Greatest Motion Picture Contest Ever Conducted

WE extend our heartiest congratulations to the victors of this contest and only regret that we could not include more than twelve players in the triumphant list, for many who are half-way down the honor roll are deserving of more than passing favor.

It is interesting to note that seven male stars and only five female stars reached the coveted twelve positions. Mary Pickford, all-deserving, kept her first place from the start, with Marguerite Clark closely following. During the last month Theda Bara managed to pass Francis X. Bushman, and, altho Mary Miles Minter's friends rallied to her standard nobly, they could not push sturdy Bill Farnum from his well-earned seat of honor.

Constance Talmadge, Elliott Dexter, Eugene O'Brien and May Allison all made remarkable strides, which fact proves that they have been doing appreciative work during the past few months.

The most unusual backing, in the last two months, was had by Norma Talmadge. During the early months of the contest this exquisite little player was permitted to fall below the coveted twelve-line mark, with the result that she could not be brought up, no matter how hard her friends worked at the last. The first twelve players received the average support, but nearly every ballot in the last month had a vote for Norma Talmadge. Many letters came in with these ballots, and one from Sausalita, Cal., is so particularly fine that we cannot refrain from printing it:

"I have taken great pains in choosing the players whom I think deserve places in the Hall of Fame. I spend a lot of time seeing pictures, and I am trying to give all our stars credit, altho some go down, some stand still, and some are better to the eye each time. I am a young girl with very little education, but understand the ways of this old world, so I place these actors and actresses as I see life and the beautiful way Norma Talmadge plays it."

We are indeed sorry that all could not win—in this case, perhaps, it is not true that "the best man wins," for there are many "best men" below the golden line of victory.

We give you below not only the first twelve winners of the Hall of Fame Contest, but a complete list of every player voted for:

1.	**Mary Pickford**	159,199
4.	**Marguerite Clark**	138,852
2.	**Douglas Fairbanks**	132,228
8.	**Harold Lockwood**	129,990
	William S. Hart	129,565
3.	**Wallace Reid**	119,466
	Pearl White	114,206
	Anita Stewart	102,876
	Theda Bara	93,684
	Francis X. Bushman	93,608
	Earle Williams	93,426
	William Farnum	93,318
	Mary Miles Minter	93,090
	Clara Kimball Young	88,576
	Norma Talmadge	88,040
	Pauline Frederick	87,231
7.	Charlie Chaplin	86,192
	Vivian Martin	85,648
5.	Billie Burke	79,908
	Ethel Clayton	78,919
	Beverly Bayne	73,699
	Jack Pickford	72,665
	Warren Kerrigan	72,217
9	Alice Joyce	71,762
	Henry B. Walthall	70,887
	Geraldine Farrar	70,395
	Alice Brady	69,799
	George Walsh	65,486
	May Allison	63,335
6.	Mae Marsh	63,290
	Dustin Farnum	63,225
10	Charles Ray	63,023
12	Bessie Love	62,601
	Violet Mersereau	62,564
	Mae Murray	62,244
11	June Caprice	61,130
	Carlyle Blackwell	60,820
	Bryant Washburn	60,560
	Olga Petrova	60,424
	Louise Huff	55,184
	Antonio Moreno	54,800
	Dorothy Dalton	54,513
	Mollie King	49,060
	Sessue Hayakawa	48,201
	Owen Moore	48,054
	Olive Thomas	48,000
	Viola Dana	47,632
	Bessie Barriscale	47,229
	Creighton Hale	47,183
	House Peters	46,845
	William Desmond	46,609
	Crane Wilbur	46,406
	Edith Storey	43,634
	Tom Forman	38,146
	Robert Warwick	38,116
	Blanche Sweet	37,864
	Earle Foxe	37,726
	William Russell	37,689
	Harry Morey	37,615
	Fannie Ward	37,603
	Thomas Meighan	37,507
	Jackie Saunders	37,429
	Ruth Roland	37,393
	George Beban	37,340

Lillian Gish	37,340	Charles Clary	16,827
Helen Holmes	37,111	George M. Cohan	16 787
Tom Moore	37,086	Franklyn Farnum	16 778
Mary Anderson	37,080	Alfred Whitman	16,770
Stuart Holmes	37,039	Richard Tucker	16,762
Irene Castle	36,926	John Bowers	16.755
Madge Evans	36,864	George Larkin	16.755
Grace Cunard	36,669	Jack Mulhall	16,718
Eugene O'Brien	35,877	King Baggot	16 707
Ben Wilson	35,784	George Fisher	16.702
Montagu Love	35,717	Lenore Ulrich	16,690
Gladys Brockwell	35,663	Wallace MacDonald	16,678
Ann Pennington	35,643	Alla Nazimova	16,668
William Duncan	35,570	True Boardman	16,662
Peggy Hyland	35,416	Annette Kellermann	16,662
Kathlyn Williams	35,214	Margarita Fisher	16,654
Marie Osborne	35,164	Valeska Suratt	16,646
Virginia Pearson	35,097	Ruth Stonehouse	16,634
June Elvidge	26,907	Anna Q. Nilsson	16,631
Louise Glaum	26,897	Charles Richmond	16,618
Dorothy Gish	26,807	Mabel Taliaferro	16,610
Mary Fuller	26,649	Billy West	16,604
Ann Little	26.641	Seena Owen	16,602
Irving Cummings	26,613	Grace Darmond	16,594
Mahlon Hamilton	26,601	Bert Lytell	16.593
Ralph Kellard	26,598	Francis Carpenter	16,586
Niles Welch	26,554	Bobby Connelly	16,585
Conway Tearle	26,544	Robert Harron	16,581
Harry Hilliard	26,518	Lionel Barrymore	16,562
Theodore Roberts	26,405	Frank Mayo	16,556
Frank Keenan	26,345	Sidney Drew	16,549
Jewel Carmen	26,325	Richard Barthelmess	16,533
Shirley Mason	26,321	Charles Kent	16,530
Vola Vale	26,260	David Powell	16,522
Marie Walcamp	26,240	Cleo Madison	16,516
Dorothy Phillips	26,237	Ruth Clifford	16,487
Mary Maurice	26,236	Florence Malone	16,485
Edward Langford	26,221	Francelia Billington	16,484
Maxine Elliott	26,191	Sylvia Breamer	16,481
Herbert Rawlinson	25,180	Charlotte Burton	16,469
Doris Kenyon	23,767	Arline Pretty	16,464
Elsie Ferguson	20,121	Juanita Hansen	16,463
Julian Eltinge	19,743	Maurice Costello	16,452
Constance Talmadge	19,634	Mary MacLaren	16,445
Mabel Normand	19,605	Edna Purviance	16,440
Lillian Walker	19,562	Edna Goodrich	16,432
Virginia Lee Corbin	19,530	Arthur Ashley	16,421
Marie Doro	19,527	Edna Mayo	16,420
Elliott Dexter	19,505	Alma Rubens	16,417
Henry Gsell	19,499	Thomas Santschi	16,416
Neva Gerber	19,478	Emily Stevens	16,396
Eileen Percy	19,463	Mrs. Sidney Drew	16,373
Edward Earle	19,457	Kitty Gordon	16,368
Jack Holt	19,449	Katherine Lee	16,364
Francis MacDonald	19,448	Leon Barry	16,357
Florence LaBadie	19,448	Raymond Hatton	16,356
Roy Stewart	19,426	Allan Forrest	16,355
Enid Bennett	19,414	William Schay	16,351
Billie Rhodes	19,355	Leo Delaney	16,348
Carol Holloway	19,325	James Morrison	16,337
Monroe Salisbury	19,306	Mary Thurman	16,328
Carmel Myers	19,287	Henry B. Warner	16,328
Milton Sills	19,200	Rockcliffe Fellowes	16,322
Hazel Dawn	19,169	Dorothy Davenport	16,321
Marguerite Courtot	19,144	Hobart Bosworth	16,319
Francis Ford	19,123	Vernon Steele	16,318
Corinne Griffith	19,120	Lottie Pickford	16,317
Roscoe Arbuckle	19,107	Arthur Johnson	16,315
Emmy Wehlen	19,089	E. H. Sothern	16,308
Ella Hall	19,087	Edward Arnold	16,303
John Bunny	19,066	William Courtleigh, Jr	16,291
Gail Kane	19,057	Jack Gardner	16,290
Marguerite Snow	19,056	George Periolat	16,282
Chester Barnett	19,056	Fred Church	16,280
Paul Willis	19,055	Roland Bottomley	16,271
Mary McAlister	19,051	Nell Craig	16,253
Charles Gunn	19,044	Jack Richardson	16,240
Kenneth Harlan	19,039	Glenn White	16,228
Thelma Salter	19,019	Anita King	16,226
Wilfred Lucas	19,010	Allan Hale	16,220
Madge Kennedy	16,999	Donald Hall	16,220
Winnifred Kingston	16,962	Tyrone Power	16,220
Miriam Cooper	16,949	Lois Wilson	16,219
Grace Darling	16,946	John Barrymore	16,212
Louise Lovely	16,945	Robert Walker	16,208
Gladys Hulette	16,900	E. K. Lincoln	16,200
Marc MacDermott	16,885	Enid Markey	16,199
Kathleen Clifford	16,861	Marshall Neilan	16,197
Jane Lee	16,835	Evelyn Nesbit	16,195
Eddie Polo	16,832	Marion Davies	16,194

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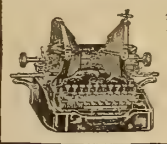

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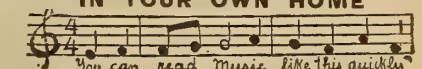

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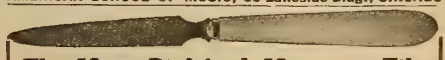

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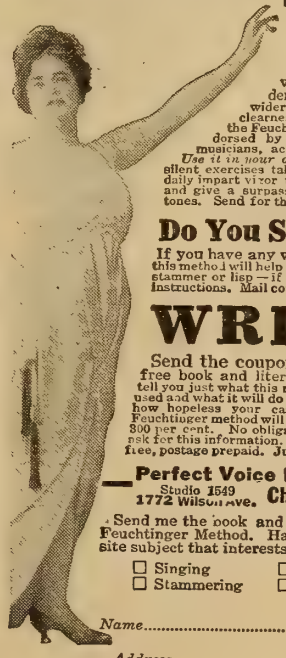

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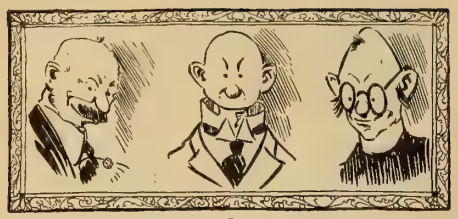

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Mildred Harris	16,191	Lee Moran	16,029
Florence Vidor	16,189	Stanley Forrest	16,028
Frank Losee	16,189	Helen Green	16,028
Victor Sutherland	16,184	Ruby DeRemer	16,028
Sheldon Lewis	16,182	Frank Mills	16,027
Olive Tell	16,179	Sally Crute	16,026
Vivian Rich	16,177	Juliette Day	16,026
Florence Lawrence	16,177	Mabel Trunelle	16,026
Lillian Lorraine	16,177	Denton Vane	16,026
Anne Schaefer	16,175	Augustus Phillips	16,025
Elaine Hammerstein	16,172	Edwin Carewe	16,025
Evart Overton	16,171	Beatrice Michelena	16,025
Edward August	16,170	Anthony Kelly	16,024
Naomi Childers	16,168	Chester Conklin	16,024
Robert Edeson	16,166	Genevieve Hamper	16,024
Ethel Grandin	16,166	George LaGuere	16,024
Hobart Henley	16,165	Zoe Rae	16,024
Frank Morgan	16,165	Alice Lake	16,023
Mignon Anderson	16,165	William Clifford	16,022
Jack Livingston	16,164	Frederick Warde	16,022
Marie Prevost	16,158	David W. Griffith	16,021
Dorothy Kelly	16,157	Philo McCullough	16,021
Claire Whitney	16,156	Virginia Valli	16,020
Eddie Lyons	16,156	Nell Shipman	16,020
Lon Chaney	16,154	Max Linder	16,020
Allan Holubar	16,150	Edward Coxen	16,020
George Ovey	16,148	J. W. Johnston	16,020
G. P. MacGowan	16,148	Larry Peyton	16,020
William Parke, Jr.	16,147	Florence Turner	16,019
Barbara Tennant	16,146	Brownie Vernon	16,019
Harry Carey	16,144	Julia S Gordon	16,019
Robert Leonard	16,140	Ethel Teare	16,018
Webster Campbell	16,132	Lois Weber	16,018
Tom Mix	16,113	Earle Metcalfe	16,018
Wheeler Oakman	16,100	Priscilla Dean	16,017
Leah Baird	16,097	Ilean Hume	16,017
Myrtle Stedman	16,087	Rowland Lee	16,017
Marjorie Daw	16,086	Jay Belasco	16,016
Jean Sothern	16,084	Thomas Commerford	16,016
Harrison Ford	16,078	Alec B. Francis	16,016
Gladys Leslie	16,075	Marjorie Rambeau	16,016
Jack Holt	16,075	Sir Herbert Tree	16,015
Rudolph Cameron	16,074	Marie Wayne	16,015
George Fawcette	16,072	Violet Radcliffe	16,015
Frank Campeau	16,070	Doris Peyton	16,015
Hazel Daly	16,069	Boyd Marshall	16,015
Warner Oland	16,068	Murdock MacQuarrie	16,015
Marin Sais	16,066	Betty Howe	16,015
Lou-Tellegen	16,065	Jack Hall	16,015
Winifred Allen	16,065	Olga Grey	16,015
Dorothy Bernard	16,062	Tom Chatterton	16,015
Howard Hickman	16,061	Jeanne Eagles	16,014
Harry Northrup	16,061	Doris Grey	16,014
Frank Borzage	16,061	Shorty Hamilton	16,014
Rupert Julian	16,060	Jay Morley	16,014
Marguerite Clayton	16,060	Jules Raucort	16,014
William Garwood	16,058	Edith Roberts	16,014
Nigel Barrie	16,058	Fred Stanton	16,014
Ann Murdock	16,057	Valkyrien	16,014
Henry King	16,056	Winifred Westover	16,014
Emory Johnson	16,054	Eugene Strong	16,013
Herbert Standing	16,053	Blanche Ring	16,013
Muriel Ostriche	16,051	Kittens Reichert	16,013
Mary Charleson	16,050	Jack Mower	16,013
Jack Dean	16,050	Harry McCoy	16,013
Stella Adams	16,046	William Christy	16,013
Florence Reed	16,045	Ambrose Mack Swain	16,012
William Stowell	16,044	Louise Beaudet	16,012
Adele DeGarde	16,042	Edward Jose	16,012
Corene Grant	16,041	Vera Sisson	16,012
Lina Cavalieri	16,041	Fay Tincher	16,011
Lucille Lee Stewart	16,041	Eleanor Woodruff	16,006
Mary Garden	16,040	Jack Conway	16,004
Matt Moore	16,039	Joyce Fair	16,003
Mildred Manning	16,039	Sarah Bernhardt	16,002
Cleo Ridgely	16,038	Wanda Hawley	15,041
Nance O'Neil	16,037	Zena Keefe	15,025
William Hinckley	16,037	Robert Gordon	5,058
Alma Hanlon	16,036	Charles Bryant	5,028
Betty Compson	16,036	Norman Kerry	5,028
Jane Cowl	16,036	Agnes Ayres	5,019
Irene Fenwick	16,035	Hedda Nova	5,018
Clara Williams	16,034	Katherine MacDonald	5,015
Harry Benham	16,034	Jane Novak	5,015
G. M. Anderson	16,032	Virginia Norden	5,012
Colin Chase	16,032	Edith Johnson	5,012
Robert McKim	16,031	Lila Lee	5,010
Ormi Hawley	16,031	Vivian Reed	5,009
Taylor Holmes	16,030	Elmo Lincoln	5,009

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By ANTRIM ARNOLD

Clara Kimball Young and Blanche Sweet are both back on the Coast and busy working at the Sunset studios.

John Gilbert, the popular juvenile, has been placed in Class 1A of the draft and expects to leave at the completion of his present picture for the Vitagraph opposite Bessie Love. Jack has married Olivia Burwell, of Ebenezer, Mississippi, and Mrs. Gilbert, who owns a cotton plantation at Ebenezer, will be producing gun-cotton for the U. S. while her young husband is fighting the Huns.

Charles Ray's new car has all been fixed up until it looks like an extra million dollars.

Mary Anderson has left the Ince studios and journeyed over to the Metro Pictures Corporation, where she will play opposite Bert Lytell.

Frances Burnham writes us from New York that she was sent to the hospital twice during the making of her last picture with George Walsh for the Fox Company.

Alfred Whitman is now doing his second picture with the Colin Campbell company at the Universal, opposite Marie Walcamp.

Herbert Heyes is now playing the leading rôle in Helen Keller's feature, which is being produced at the Brunton studios. There is hardly any well-known female star that Heyes hasn't played with.

Dorothy Gish has completed her third Paramount feature under Elmer Clifton's direction, "The Hope Chest," by Mark Lee Luther. Dick Barthelmess has the leading male rôle in the picture. A great many scenes were made on the various concessions at Venice, California.

Claire Du Brey is playing a heroine instead of a villainess for the first time in many months at the Diando studios. She and Baby Marie Osborne succeed in foiling a band of Hun plotters in her latest film, which is just the reversal of her usual line of parts. Claire is always picked for the German spy who is foiled.

Bill Russell and his company ran into the Barnum and Bailey circus while they were in Bakersfield taking scenes for "When a Man Rides Alone," his latest starring vehicle. Director Henry King took them all to the circus, and furnished the pink lemonade and the necessary bag of peanuts.

Al Ray has finished his picture opposite Mildred Harris at the Lois Weber studios and is now playing the lead opposite Ruth Clifford in her latest Bluebird release, "Home, James."

The Motion Picture War Service is making splendid progress. Their salvage department is working in fine shape, and they realize quite a tidy sum every month, to help carry on their work. Plans have all been completed for the big hospital which they are going to build and then present to the government.

Fannie Ward's Lovely Eyelashes

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THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

GENERAL FOCH

GENERAL PERSHING

PRESIDENT WILSON

FIELD-MARSHAL HAIG

Portraits from the pages of our glorious past:

GEORGE WASHINGTON
ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Art Gravure print of the famous painting:
"THE VISION OF JOAN OF ARC"
From the Metropolitan Museum, New York

Portraits and pictures of the living, pulsating present:

PRESIDENT WILSON
GENERAL PERSHING
COMMANDING GENERAL FOCH
FIELD-MARSHAL HAIG
THE ATLANTIC FLEET ON GUARD
A BIG FRENCH GUN IN ACTION

From the irretrievable past:

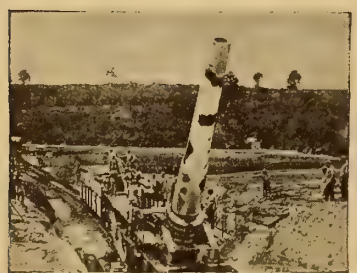
The Cathedral of Malines (before its destruction)
The Cloth-Hall of Ypres " " "
The Cathedral of Reims " " "

This group of pictures is done on rich India Tint Paper by the beautiful Rotogravure Process. Their size is ten inches by twelve inches each. They are fit for any frame, or unsupported will decorate any room where the occupant wishes the spirit of patriotism and human ideals echoed by the walls that surround him.

CATHEDRAL OF MALINES

CLOTH-HALL OF YPRES

CATHEDRAL OF REIMS



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OCT 28 1918

CONTENTS

DECEMBER, 1918

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

Shirley Mason has been on the stage ever since she can remember. She was so cunning that she attracted the attention of William Faversham, who engaged her for the part of Little Hal in "The Squaw Man." This was followed by other child parts, and she understudied her sister, Viola Dana, in "The Poor, Little Rich Girl." Shirley starred with the Edison Film Company and later in the McClure series of "The Seven Deadly Sins." She is now appearing with Ernest Truex in the Emerson-Loos Productions.

		PAGE
Stage Plays That Are Worth While	*"Junius"*	9
Motion Picture Hall of Fame		12
Gallery of Popular Photoplayers		19-28
Rotogravure photographs of Mae Murray, Marion Davies, Blanche Sweet, Mabel Julienne Scott, Herbert Rawlinson, Douglas MacLean, Sylvia Breamer, Myrtle Stedman, Francis Ford, Lillian Walker.		
One Short Hour	*W. S. Crawford*	31
Statesmen as Movie Stars	*Edwin M. Halsey*	32
How the President and members of Congress act for the camera.		
A Personality Pursuit	*Gladys Hall*	35
"Getting" Edna Goodrich.		
You Cant Keep a Good Man Down	*Adam Hull Shirk*	37
The story of Fred Stone's rise to fame and fortune.		
Playing the Biggest Rôles of Their Career. (Pictures)		39
Chinese Stuff	*Frank V. Bruner*	40
How the correct atmosphere was provided for Norma Talmadge.		
Welcome William Faversham	*Peggy Lincks*	42
Doris Kenyon	*Lillian Montanye*	43
Correctly called little Miss Happiness.		
The Hell-Cat. (Fiction)	*Gladys Hall*	45
Retold from the Goldwyn picture starring Geraldine Farrar.		
Marcia Manon, Film Sphinx	*Media Mistley*	51
"Oh, for the Life of a Pirate Bold"	*Lila Lee*	53
Impressions by the newest star in screenland.		
David Powell	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	54
A personality story which tells the why and wherefore of this popular leading-man.		
Louise Huff—Old-Fashioned Girl	*Frederick James Smith*	56
Some new facts about Miss Huff.		
It's All in the Make-Up	*Sue Roberts*	58
On the Big Lasky Lot. (Pictures)		60
The Story of My Life	*Pauline Frederick*	63
A Hoosier Scenarist. The Biography of Monte Katterjohn		67
All the World Loves a Lover. (Pictures)		68
Hands Up	*Gilson Willets*	70
Betty Blythe Gives Thanks	*Gladys Hall*	74
War Activities Over There. (Pictures)		76
Across the Silversheet	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	78
The screen in review.		
At the Hollywood Red Cross Ball. (Pictures)		82
The Cross of Shame. (Continued Fiction)	*H. H. Van Loan*	83
"That's Out"	*Tamar Lane*	89
A department of up-to-the-moment observations on film conditions.		
Driving the Huns Home	*Marie Wardall*	91
A day in J. Stuart Blackton's French village.		
Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location	*Harold Lockwood*	93
The Answer Man	*By Himself*	95
A department of wit, wisdom and information for the fans.		
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views	*Duetted by Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts*	98
Nazimova Answers Our Question, "Does Old Age Hold Terrors for You?"		101
Diving Into Drama	*Fritzi Remont*	102
Gloria Swanson's experience.		
Greenroom Jottings		106

WATCH FOR
Kenneth McGaffey's answer to "Have the Movies Fulfilled Their War Obligations?" in the January issue.

READ
"How Bill Duncan's Daring Developed," in the next issue.

Posed by Martha Hedman, the famous actress, especially for Pond's Extract Company

Miss Hedman says: "I have never had a cream as delightful for cleansing as Pond's Cold Cream"

Of Pond's Vanishing Cream, Miss Hedman says: "If my face becomes the least bit roughened by out-door exposure, Pond's Vanishing Cream helps it immediately"

Why harsh cold winds hurt your skin

To restore to the skin the softness and loveliness cold and wind take from it, you need two creams

IN cold, windy weather, you notice that your skin becomes harsh and dry—your lips and hands are chapped—but do you know why?

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Just before going out give your face a light application of Pond's Vanishing Cream. Rub it in gently. At once it disappears, and leaves no trace, no oily shine. With this protection you can keep your complexion soft, smooth, free from attack by wind and cold—free from redness, roughness and chapping. For chapped skin, one application does wonders.

For cleansing and massage, every normal skin needs an oil cream

In winter, more than at any other time, your skin needs cleansing and massaging with a pure cold cream made with an oil base. Pond's Cold Cream has exactly the consistency which masseurs demand in a massage cream.

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Instead of the free samples, I desire the items checked below, for which I enclose the required amount:
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Street .....

City ..... State .....

Test both Creams on your hands. See what each does for your skin

Gallery of Photo Players

MAE MURRAY

Like many other screen stars, Mae started in the famous Ziegfeld Follies ranks. Then the dancing craze came along and Mae became a terpsichorean star in the varieties. After that the screen beckoned and ever since Miss Murray has been devoting herself to the celluloid art.

MARION DAVIES

Marion gained fame as a stage beauty in the Ziegfeld Follies, "Oh Boy!" and other light and frothy pieces. Then the screen beckoned and she was presented in "Runaway Romany."

BLANCHE SWEET

The screen year has brought nothing more welcome than the return of Blanche Sweet. Since the palmy screen days when she was just "the little blond," Miss Sweet has been beloved of film fans. Here's hoping for another "Judith of Bethulia!"

MABEL
JULIENNE
SCOTT

Mabel has been coming right along in the celluloid world, having a number of unusual characterizations to her credit. Her latest is the lead in Ivan Abramson's "Ashes of Love"

HERBERT
RAWLINSON

Rawly was born in England and migrated to Canada. He started doing odd work with a circus, worked his way up to actor in road shows and was persuaded to go into the movies by Hobart Bosworth, then directing for Selig. Success has been smiling upon Rawly ever since.

DOUGLAS MACLEAN

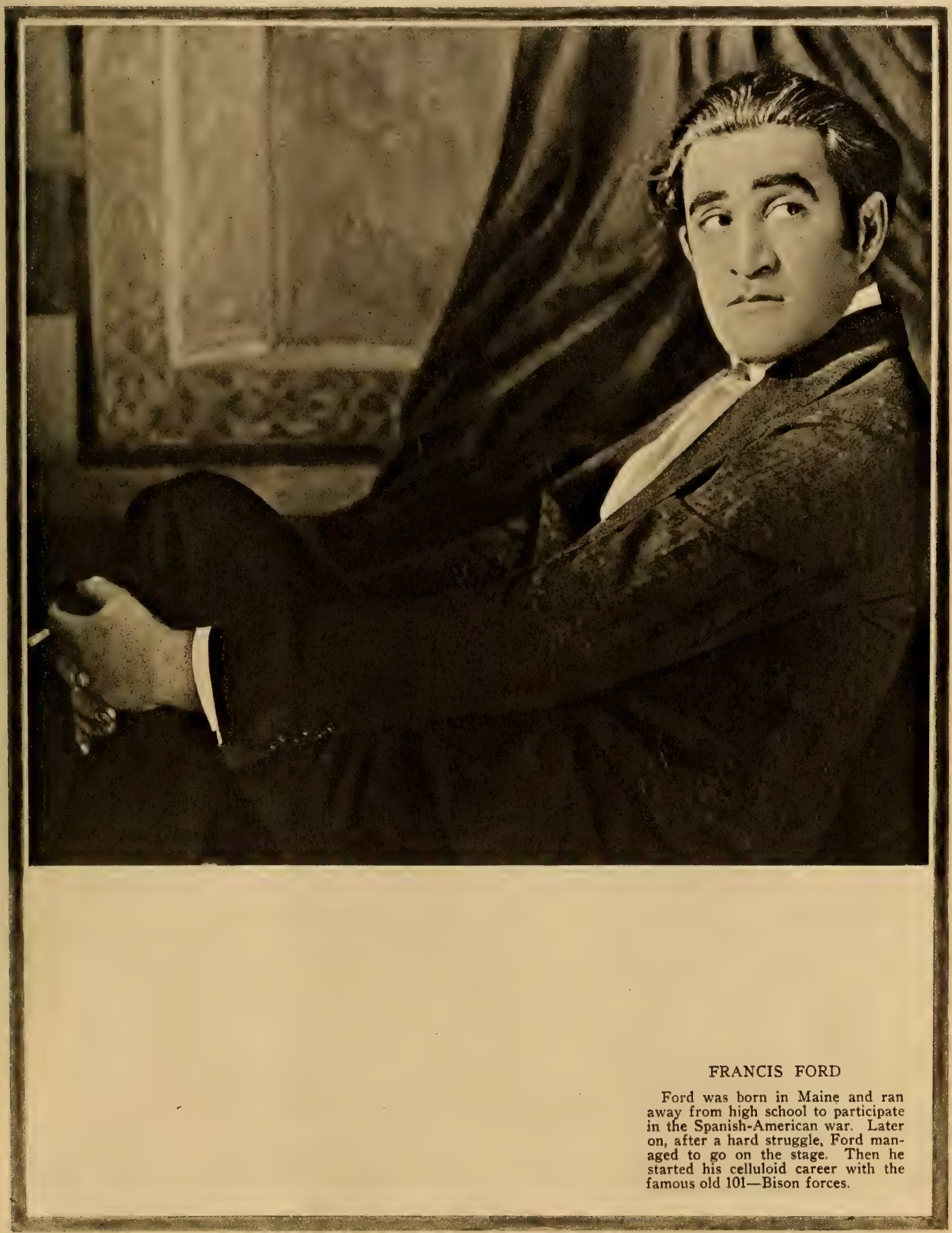
Douglas hails from Chicago and he is a college graduate—Northwestern Academy of Evanston, Ill., and Lewis Institute of Technology, Chicago. He started his stage career with Maude Adams and invaded the screen with World Film in Alice Brady's support. Recently he appeared with Mary Pickford.

SYLVIA BREAMER

Sylvia is an Australian and she played on the stage down in the Antipodes before she invaded the States—and the screen. 'Member "The Pinch Hitter"? She made her film début in that Charles Ray hit. She has been advancing steadily and now she's playing the lead in Maurice Tourneur's "My Lady's Garter."

MYRTLE STEDMAN

Myrtle was born in Chicago and made her stage début at the mature age of twelve as a dancer. Later on Myrtle became a musical-comedy prima donna, leaving the stage to join the old Selig Company, where she remained for four years. Which, of course, makes her a genuine film pioneer.



FRANCIS FORD

Ford was born in Maine and ran away from high school to participate in the Spanish-American war. Later on, after a hard struggle, Ford managed to go on the stage. Then he started his celluloid career with the famous old 101—Bison forces.

LILLIAN WALKER

Film fans will be unusually interested in Lillian's return to the screen in her series of "Happy Pictures." The famous "Dimples" of the old Vitagraph forces still holds a place in the affections of screen lovers. Once Lillian was a Ziegfeld Follies girl, back in 1910, before Commodore J. Stuart Blackton discovered her.

[*Reprinted from letter of May 25 to Committee on Public Information, and incorporated in War Activities Report of National Association of Motion Picture Industry*]

"The people of the country who are working at high pressure to win the war need some form of recreation, and to a vast number of our people moving pictures are the only form of recreation within their means. The majority of the moving picture theatres of the country have placed themselves unreservedly at the disposal of the Government for the furtherance of Liberty Loans, War Savings, and other Government movements, and deserve the thanks of the country for their patriotic attitude."

(Signed) W. G. McADOO, Secretary of the Treasury

The Crystal of Life

THE motion picture is like the magician's crystal. You gaze into it and you see life.

Life alight with gaiety and purple with dreams, life astride the champing steed of adventure, life careless of death.

By what test have Paramount and Artcraft motion pictures emerged crowned monarchs in this art?

By the test of the *faithfulness* and *clearness* of their crystal-reflections of life!

By the sheer vitality of their foremost stars—by their sheer *beauty*—by their sheer *charm*—often by their sheer lovableness—by their *LIFE!*

And nowhere else is there such *directing* as in *Paramount* and *Artcraft*, such gorgeous presentation, such superb understanding of the story's artistic atmosphere, such closeness to *life's richest hues!*

In *deed* as well as in *name* are these motion pictures—*Paramount! Artcraft!*

Paramount and *Artcraft* Pictures

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These two trade-marks are the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures — and the theatres that show them

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION
ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*
NEW YORK

"FOREMOST STARS, SUPERBLY DIRECTED, IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

The color that "comes and goes"

What keeps you from having its charm

HAVE you ever thought that your skin *can* be changed? Every day your skin changes *of itself.* Old skin dies, and new forms to take its place. It depends on you to keep this new skin clear and colorful.

You can stimulate a dull, colorless skin by using the following treatment every night:

How to rouse a sluggish skin

Just before retiring, wash your face and neck with plenty of Woodbury's Facial Soap and hot water. If your skin has been badly neglected, rub a generous lather thoroughly into the pores, using an upward and outward motion, until the skin feels somewhat sensitive. After this, rinse well in warm, then in cold water. Then rub your skin for thirty seconds with a lump of ice, and dry carefully.

The very first time you use this treatment, your skin will feel fresher and invigorated. Within a week or ten days, you will notice an improvement in your skin. But do not keep up the treatment for a time and then neglect it. Only the *steady* use of Woodbury's will give you the clear, radiant skin you long for.

You will find that the 25c cake of Woodbury's lasts for a month or six weeks of any Woodbury treatment as well as for general cleansing use for that time. It is for sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada. Get your cake today, and begin at once the treatment your skin needs.

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet of famous treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

Send 6c for a trial size sample cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury Facial treatment) together with the booklet of treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1312 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

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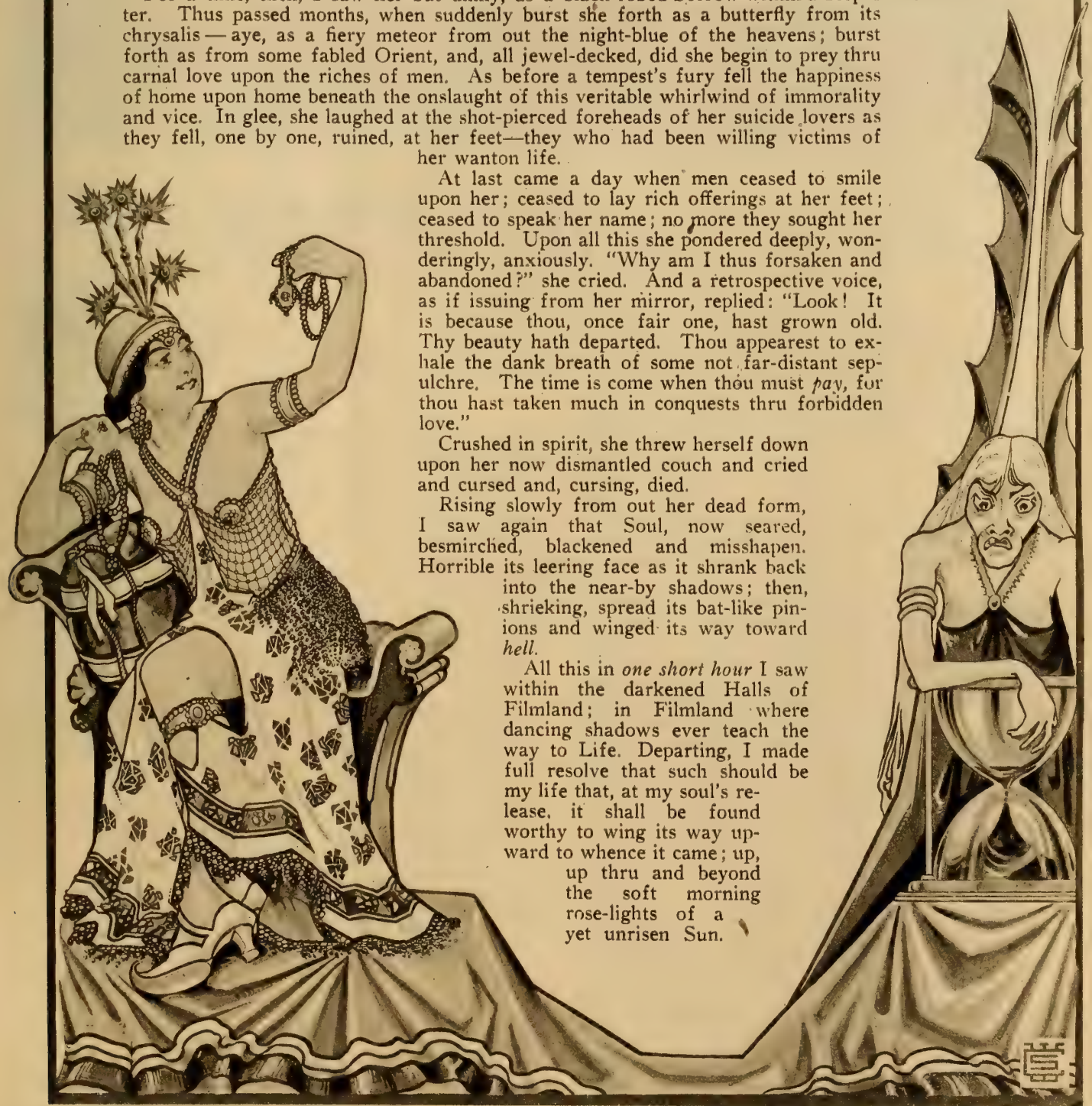
IF YOUR SKIN IS VERY TENDER

there is a special Woodbury treatment for the care of it. You will find it in the booklet wrapped around your cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap

ONE SHORT HOUR

HIGH up among the soft, rose-tinted rays of the yet unrisen Sun I saw a pure and shining Soul, winging its way toward earth. Onward and nearer it came, thru varying lights, ne'er pausing in its measured flight until its journey's end, where, for a brief moment, it paused in mournful meditation above a new-born form. Slowly the Spirit entered therein, thus fading from my sight, whereupon the earth-born one did straightway live and move. Then rapidly did its life-course pass in review before my eyes. I saw it in its infantile helplessness, ever the center of fond parental gaze, ever the object of parental affection. Then a schoolgirl thru successive years, admired, lauded, honored. As a débutante, upon whom were ever fixed the eyes of admiring friends and aspiring lovers. But, now, athwart her life falls an appalling shadow. In somber robes of grief, she consigns to the tomb, one by one, those two whose love had called her to earth.

For a time, then, I saw her but dimly, as a black-robed Sorrow within a deep-darkened cloister. Thus passed months, when suddenly burst she forth as a butterfly from its chrysalis — aye, as a fiery meteor from out the night-blue of the heavens; burst forth as from some fabled Orient, and, all jewel-decked, did she begin to prey thru carnal love upon the riches of men. As before a tempest's fury fell the happiness of home upon home beneath the onslaught of this veritable whirlwind of immorality and vice. In glee, she laughed at the shot-pierced foreheads of her suicide lovers as they fell, one by one, ruined, at her feet—they who had been willing victims of her wanton life.



At last came a day when men ceased to smile upon her; ceased to lay rich offerings at her feet; ceased to speak her name; no more they sought her threshold. Upon all this she pondered deeply, wonderingly, anxiously. "Why am I thus forsaken and abandoned?" she cried. And a retrospective voice, as if issuing from her mirror, replied: "Look! It is because thou, once fair one, hast grown old. Thy beauty hath departed. Thou appearest to exhale the dank breath of some not far-distant sepulchre. The time is come when thou must *pay*, for thou hast taken much in conquests thru forbidden love."

Crushed in spirit, she threw herself down upon her now dismantled couch and cried and cursed and, cursing, died.

Rising slowly from out her dead form, I saw again that Soul, now seared, besmirched, blackened and misshapen. Horrible its leering face as it shrank back into the near-by shadows; then, shrieking, spread its bat-like pinions and winged its way toward *hell*.

All this in *one short hour* I saw within the darkened Halls of Filmland; in Filmland where dancing shadows ever teach the way to Life. Departing, I made full resolve that such should be my life that, at my soul's release, it shall be found worthy to wing its way upward to whence it came; up, up thru and beyond the soft morning rose-lights of a yet unrisen Sun.

President Wilson allows moving picture man to snap him when he greets the Postmaster General of Japan at the time of the Inauguration of the Aeroplane Air Service between Washington and New York

★ STATESMEN AS

★ By Edwin

THE screen-drama hero might well look to his laurels should statesmen determine to lay aside their vocation of steering the ship of state, and take up starring for the screen as an occupation. Moving pictures have come into their own, and their educational value, while at first not appreciated by official Washington, has now been established beyond the question of doubt.

History is being recorded so that future generations may not only read, but may see it as it occurred. Great would be the pleasure of millions of the citizens of this country should actual scenes from the life of Lincoln, of the battles of the Civil War in which Grant and Lee took such distinguished parts, or could the stirring scenes of our own Spanish-American War be brought to view in these times. Future generations will have this great advantage of this modern day, as the great events in Washington, where international affairs whose telling will last for years to come, the recounting of which will prove of interest, are being daily recorded for the cinematograph. The great men of the Administration—President Wilson, Vice-President Marshall, the Presidential Cabinet, Congress, are all converted to the educational value of the moving picture. Not only does it serve an educational purpose, but it gives a clear and distinct impression to the country at large of what is transpiring in Washington.

Vice President Marshall plants a tree while President Pro Tempore Saulsbury (with cane) sees the job well done. Vice President Marshall gives plenty of action with spade for the movie man

President Wilson, tho at first somewhat adverse to being registered upon the moving picture film and while still there are times at which he does not wish to be photographed, yet when the occasion demands and the educational viewpoint or interesting value of the event appeals to him, he enters into the spirit of posing for the movie. It was only just recently at the congressional baseball game, in which the Democratic members played a select nine from the Republican side of the House of Representatives, for the benefit of the Red Cross, that President Wilson threw the ball out the second time because the moving picture man failed to get it when he tossed it out to open the game. The movie men, noticing that they had missed an important event, requested that the President throw the ball out the second time, to which he smilingly acquiesced.

Secretary Daniels, of the Navy, recently at an inspection

Highest Congressional Officials buy War Savings Stamps before the "movie camera" and then posed for a "pam." Reading from left to right, Senator Gallinger of N. H., Republican Minority Leader; Postmaster Chance of Washington, D. C., Vice President Marshall, Speaker Champ Clark, Representative Gillette, acting Minority Leader of the House; Senator Overman, chairman of the Rules Committee; Senator Saulsbury of Delaware, President Pro Tempore of the Senate; and Representative Shirley, chairman of the House Appropriations Committee

MOVIE STARS ★

M Bairey ★

of the Marines at Quantico, donned the "gas mask" a second time as one of the moving picture operator's film ran out just as he was getting the Secretary putting on the mask.

Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Military Affairs Committee of the Senate, repeatedly shook hands with one of Pershing's veterans, the man who fired the first artillery shot against the Germans, who were here for the last Liberty Loan, because of the fact that the moving picture men arrived at different times and wanted action in their picture. The Senator obligingly shook hands several times to accommodate them.

Secretary of War Baker, when the great lottery of the draft was filmed in the Senate Office Building, obligingly posed for the movie men and moved very deliberately so that the camera would be sure to register this very important event.

There is no directing genius other than the cameraman to the short news scenario which is acted and not written, of these historical events. There is no news value of importance occurring out of door in Washington in daylight but what the news film man gets with the same accuracy and intelligence of the newspaper reporter. The House and Senate both have respectively posed in groups upon the Capitol steps for the movie man.

Secretary Daniels, Secretary Baker, and the Speaker of the House, are three of the most prominent of officials Washington frequently photographed in Motion Pictures. Vice-President Marshall believes in the value of the moving picture film for enlightening purposes. Not long ago, for the enterprising Frederick Haskins, who is illustrating his book "Uncle Sam at Work," the Vice-President acted a scene representing the opening of the Senate, in which could be seen the falling of the Vice-President's gavel, the Chaplain opening the session with prayer, the clerks reading the journal, and the general activity of those on the rostrum in the Senate Chamber.

Speaker Clark signed the Food Bill before the Motion Picture camera, and President Wilson has signed

Speaker Clark made an address at the time the movie actors sold bonds from the Capitol steps.

many great bills of historical interest while the shutter of the camera clicked.

With the coming of the Congressional campaigns in the various States, and politics not having adjourned altogether, scenarios with statesmen as heroes will be brought forth to enlighten the waiting voting populace as to the great legislative achievements of their Representatives and Senators in Congress, who will shortly come before their people for approval and re-election.

The Capitol esplanade with the magnificent dome silhouetted in its grandeur is a studio unequaled by any, which the statesman finds most pleasing for his purposes.

But aside from any views which may be taken for campaign purposes, the stirring scenes of the strenuous life of the statesmen have been recorded in actual historical events and posterity will be benefited by the presence of the Motion Picture man and the preservation of these films.

Senate Leaders posing for Moving Picture Camera on Capitol steps, at the time Motion Picture is made of the War Senate. Reading left to right—Vice President Marshall, who is the President of the Senate; Senator Willard Saulsbury, President Pro Tempore; Senator Martin of Virginia, Leader of the Senate; and Senator James Hamilton Lewis, the Democratic "Whip"

Donning Civil War attire two Veteran Senators march in parade in honor of drafted men, along with the Senate as a body, and then posed for the moving picture camera. Reading left to right—Senator Chamberlain, chairman of the Senate Committee on Military Affairs; Senator Bankhead, Confederate Veteran; Senator Nelson, Union Veteran. The two veteran Senators are each over seventy years of age.

Such scenes as the visit of Pershing's veterans to the Capitol being received by Chairman Chamberlain and the members of the Military Committee of the Senate—the visit of the Imperial Japanese Commission to the Senate, headed by Viscount Ishii—the coming of the Archbishop of York to the Capitol to open the session of the Senate with prayer was photographed with President Pro Tempore Saulsbury on the Capitol steps. Vice-President Marshall, Speaker Clark, President Pro Tempore Saulsbury, Senator Overman, of the Senate Rules Committee; Minority Leader Jacob H. Gallinger, of New Hampshire; Chairman Shirley, of the House Committee on Appropriations; Minority Leader of the House, Representative Gillette, are shown in a Motion Picture as they purchase War Savings Stamps from the first booth of its kind ever opened in the Rotunda of the Capitol.

When the daylight saving bill was finally passed, the author of the bill, Senator Calder, of New York, along with Senator Robinson who reported the bill, and with President Pro Tempore Saulsbury, presiding officer of the Senate at the time, were taken showing them directing the turning of the clock ahead one hour, before the old clock in the Capitol which has been in use there for one hundred and sixteen years.

Recently ten of the Senators who are over seventy years of age posed for the camera-man, showing them laughing and chatting and as frolicsome before the camera as kids leaving school.

The first time the Senate and the House ever paraded down famous Pennsylvania Avenue in a body in honor of any occasion, was when these bodies of Congress followed the President in a parade in honor of the drafted men, and they held their flags at the proper angle to give the movie men a good picture for preservation. The statesman of the present must indeed be an accomplished screen actor!

A Personality Pursuit

Or "Getting Edna Goodrich"

By GLADYS HALL

DEAR HAZE:—

The day you went vacationing you said, "Get Edna Goodrich for me, Gladys—her personality—her"—was it her "ego" that you said? 'Member? You said it glibly, just like that. Easily. Like water rolling off a duck's back.

I called her once. I called her twice. And then—I called again. Mamaroneck, y'know.

The "again" time I got her. "Meet me tomorrow at the Knickerbocker," she said. Her voice was nice. Throaty and softish.

I went to the Knickerbocker. On the way over I presupposed, which on an interview is one of the eleven things tabooed by the Seven Idiot Gods. Likewise, it is chronic and incurable.

She slaughtered my presupposings at a glance.

First place, I had imagined her *older*. Of course, I didn't ask the lady her age, Hazel, but I didn't have to. She is young—just young—and youth requires no explanation. I didn't expect her to be *really* old, of course. But I thought of her being one of the Missis Nats, and having thrust her hands straight into the mud and the blood of Flanders fields, and I sort of pictured a dimming, a lessening of splendor. I was wrong.

She wore old blue. And she looked quite marvellous in it. Sort of regal and sumptuous and queenly. And her eyes are sloe-black, and her mouth, which, next to her eyes, is her best feature, is very tender and appealing, and a bit wistful. Her hair reminded me of the folded wings of a bluebird. And she has a rather subdued and whimsical humor. Such as my bewailing the fact that the subway delayed me, promising that I would return her pictures and other little data of the sort.

Edna Goodrich is regal, sumptuous and queenly

She has done two things in the past year aside from shining brightly in the Mutual heavens. She has built a home at Oriental Point, Mamaroneck, which is, she says, "Moorish without and just *me* within." This she inhabits with her mother, whom I glimpsed, and who looks, as the present-day mother has an astonishing faculty for doing, like her Big Sister.

Then—the War. She was right *in* it, Hazel. An emergency nurse. She says she didn't eye-witness any of the so-termed German atrocities, but just the general conditions of the poor lads who were wounded was enough—atrocious enough.

It has done one big thing for her, she told me. It has taught her—not just immediately after, as a reaction or anything like that—but for all time—the vast unimportance of the trivial things. "Nothing ever annoys me any more that used to," she said. "I have got entirely over fussing and fuming over petty troubles, business or personal. They just simply dont *matter*. It makes me happier, in a sense—and sadder, in a sense."

Of course, as she said, one cannot stand knee-deep in the raw conflict of life and death and then return to fume over the color of one's car, a new hat, even a job or a contract.

Moreover, she wants to go back, Hazel, and if she doesn't sign up some new contracts before next winter, she will return. There are so many things she didn't do, she says. Now that she has been away—now that she has perspective—she sees so much she could have done. She was in Belgium the day before the invasion. Pretty close.

You will want to know what she is *doing*. "But what is she *doing* now?" I can hear you ask, plaintive-like.

She is in-betweening, dear heart. Having just finished her contract with Mutual she is—ah—*pending*, I believe that is the word. And you may be interested to hear that she likes the screen better—*lots* better than the stage—because of the scope, she says, which she considers infinite—almost.

And let me see—what else will you ask me?

Personality? Ego? She has submerged considerable of the latter, as she tells me the women over there have submerged *everything*, in the immensity out of which she has come, never to be the same, think the same, nor feel the same again. She says she feels, just naturally nowadays, as one feels who stands atop the Woolworth Building and sees beneath him a myriad—are they *ants?*—and says to himself, sadly, contemplatively, "Yes, I am one of them. Neither more nor less. Neither greater nor smaller."

Edna Goodrich has sloe-black eyes—and a mouth that is tender and wistful

Which, when one is Edna Goodrich, with achievements which have, no doubt, been heralded in Peru, is traveling considerable. "But then," as she says, "'Judy O'Grady and the Colonel's lady'" . . . and it is War that has done it. War, that, an item among its multitudinous enormities, has caused Edna Goodrich to strip off her diamonds, don linen rather than lace, and drop to her knees in a base hospital in Flanders to scrub from its corridors the muck and filth, not hateful, for it came from martyred feet. Many a lad has "gone West" within the shelter of her arms—so much more at peace for the sheltering. Many a man, shattered to less than that, has been made whole thru a patience and a strength which has conquered repulsion by pity not un-akin to the divine. She has seen life in the re-making and death stripped to bleakness of its flowers. She has touched realization and found thru contact the unimportance of the individual as compared to the nations of the earth struggling for a foothold. And she has emerged, saying, "neither greater nor smaller, neither more nor less . . . just *one* of them . . . struggling and bleeding and suffering—winning and dying . . . humanity!"

But personality? *Personality*, Hazel? Ah . . . rather . . . Well, I should say, judicially and likewise atmospherically, rather Florentine, if you know what I mean . . . perhaps a bit bizarre . . . olden yet very modern . . . reminiscent of purple remoteness shot with orange seen in an old cathedral . . . perhaps in ruined Rheims . . . with a shading of wistfulness . . . a suggestion of the sombre . . . a determined . . . one feels it is determined . . . effete suavity and lightsomeness. A *rich* personality, I should say, one redundant with potential things . . . tempered, made finer, by just a touch of the austere,

(*Continued on page* 123)

"You Cant Keep a Good Man Down"

The Rise of Fred Stone

By ADAM HULL SHIRK

THOSE who philosophize upon the vocational training of the young have long ago recognized the fact that it is at least inadvisable to oppose a natural inclination in childhood until the individual has been given an opportunity of trying out the predisposition toward a given occupation.

For example, had Fred Stone's father —as so many men have done—refused his young hopeful the opportunity of following the circus life, there would, probably, be no famous comedian of that name today. Fortunately for all concerned, including the public which has been so much the gainer

by his choice, Stone, Sr., placed no obstructions in the way of young Fred's cherished ambitions and the result has more than justified his judgment. What the playgoers have enjoyed for so many years—the inimitable grotesqueries of the artist and athlete —the screen patrons will shortly see in pictures, for Fred Stone spent the summer making three pictures.

To the followers of the legitimate stage, so called, the life of Fred Stone may be more or less familiar; his new audiences, however, with some exceptions, of course, are probably less acquainted with the genesis of a star who combines so many arts in his work that it is hard to say whether he is a better athlete than actor, a greater comedian than both, or simply a remarkable combination of all three.

I wish I could picture to you the man himself as he told in his singularly modest and unaffected manner the story of his adventures. It is in the personality of Fred Stone, aside from his genius and skill, that one finds so much to admire. He is of that quiet temperament which holds so much reserve energy; a worker who never loses his enthusiasm and seemingly never wearies of his work. At middle age he preserves the fires of youth, the interest, the energy that so many men lay aside when the first span has been passed in the gulf of years.

There was a perceptible twinkle in the eyes of the actor at times, while he reviewed his career; sometimes a sadness as he recalled an incident concerned with some one gone before, for Stone is, one needs not be told, a staunch friend and a faithful.

"I was born," began Mr. Stone, quite in the fashion of the autobiographical story-tellers of a decade or so past, "on a ranch at Valmont, Colorado. My earliest years are a record of flittings from one town in that state to another and into Kansas, often by means of prairie schooners, and it was at Wellington, Kansas, that I received my first schooling. It is from that point, when I was approximately nine years old, that my story properly begins.

"Even at that tender age I was, in common with most children, fascinated by the theater and used to haunt the opera house in the town when the traveling shows came, give out playbills and work industriously to gain access to the show.

"Here, I might say, is where the desire to emulate these joyous entertainers first entered my own head and it may not be amiss to say that the first part of my initial Motion Picture, 'Under the Top,' mirrors some of my youthful aspirations in this direction and the experiences that fell to my lot."

Fred Stone began his career in a circus

Fred Stone paused briefly and smiled reminiscently. Then he went on:

"One day a sort of modern mountebank came to town. A chap who could do various things, but his best stunt was the high-wire ascension. This he did across the street from our school and you may imagine that I was one of the first to stand agape watching his feats. One thing struck me forcefully. First he took an old-fashioned cheese-box and knocked the bottom out of it. This was to be his *pièce de résistance*, so he passed the hat just before commencing the stunt. I did not see how much he collected. Then he got on the wire and placed his feet in the bottomless box. In this way, he walked the slender wire while we stood at awed attention.

"I was fired with the desire for emulation. Some spangles from his gaudy if faded suit of tights fell to the ground and these sequins I carefully gathered after he had gone and took to my mother with the earnest request that she should 'sew tights on them.' My mother indulgently acceded to my childish whim, probably unaware that I meant to do all that the wonderful visitor had done and more. In my back yard I rigged up a rope and started practicing in my improvised costume. I wont recount the falls I had, but in a year or less I had learnt the art of rope-walking.

"On July 4th, a celebration which included a country fair was held at Wellington and among other attractions there was a greased pole climbing contest. My younger brother and I made up our minds to master this feat and began practicing on the telegraph poles in the vicinity. This practice rendered us adept at climbing and gave strength to small muscles. But the grease we could not experiment with in advance. The great day came and we waited till some of our competitors had tried the pole and wiped off some of the hot grease. Then I sent up my brother with pockets full of sand which he threw on the pole above him, as far as he could climb. There was some complaint about this on the part of the committee, but it was overruled and finally on my second attempt I reached the top of the pole and placed a small American flag in the hole provided.

(*Continued on page* 120)

Fred Stone and his daughter Dorothy

Playing the Biggest Rôles of Their Career

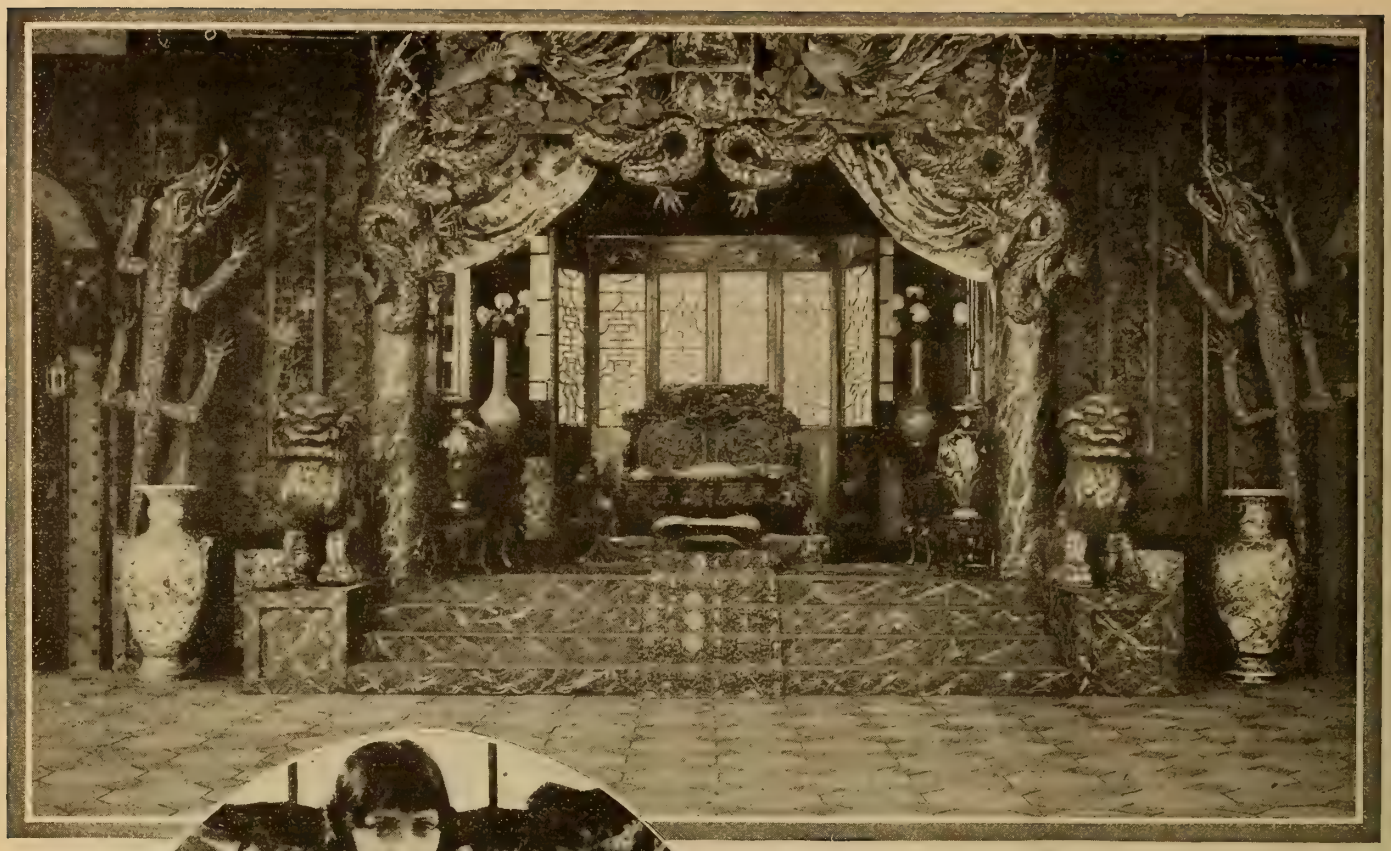
Sergeant Raymond McKee, Medical Corps, U. S. A., recently stationed "Port of Embarkation," Newport News, Va., but by the time this reaches print, "Over There"

Pilot Nigel Barrie, R. A. F., Seaside Camp, Toronto, Canada

Lieutenant Tom Forman, recently transferred to the air service, being stationed at the Vancouver Barracks, Wash.

Captain Robert Warwick and Lieutenant Earl Metcalfe "Somewhere in France"

Edward Langford, Corporal, in Co. K of the 107th U. S. Infantry, on active duty in France



Above: A reproduction of a corridor in the Emperor's Palace
Below: Norma Talmadge as San San

Chinese Stuff

ONE day last spring the general manager of the Norma Talmadge Film Corporation called to a conference in his office, the director, assistant director, technical and art directors, scenario editor and various other heads of departments at the studios at 318 East 48th Street, New York City.

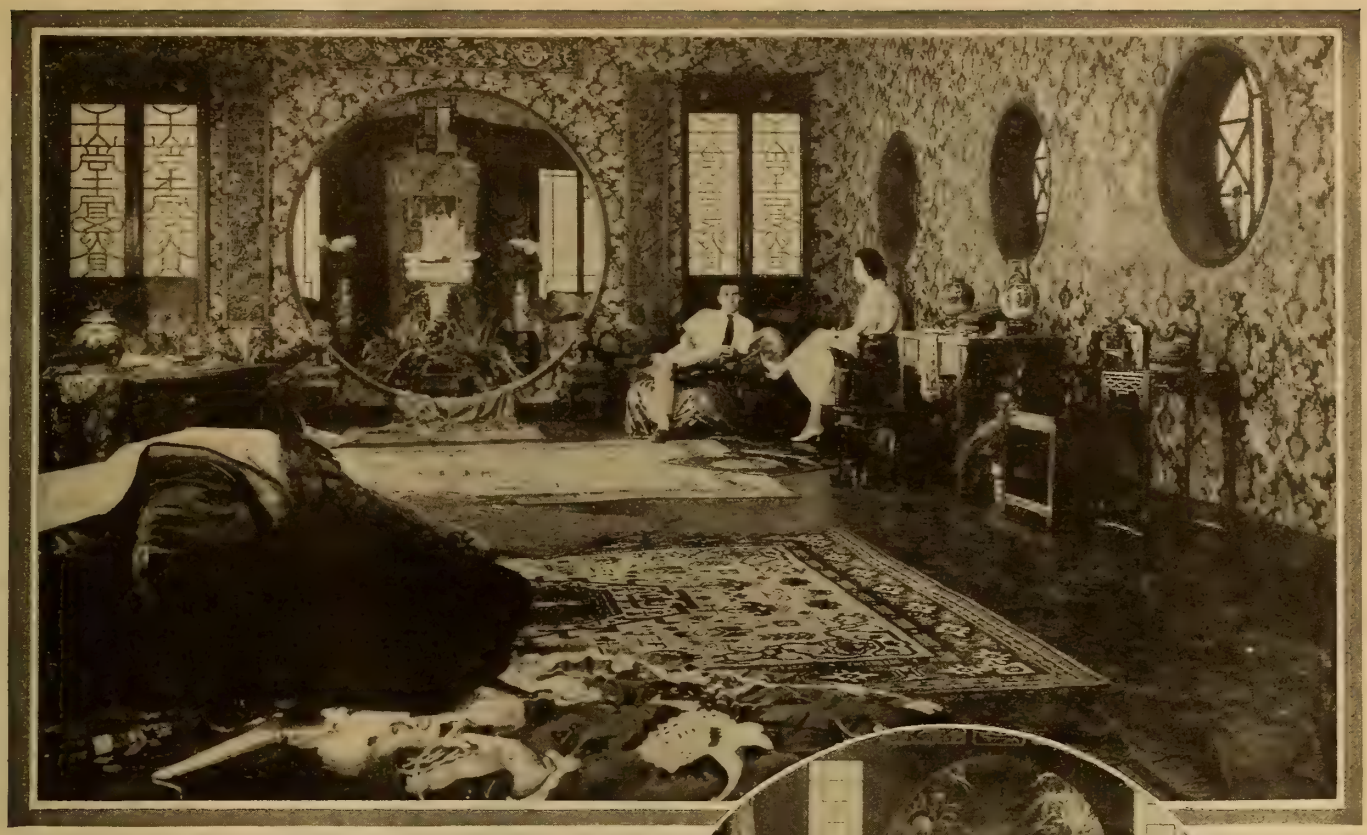
"Folks," he said, "we are going to do a Chinese picture. Here is the synopsis we have just bought from George Scarborough," and he threw a blue bound pamphlet on the desk in front of him. "Now get busy."

And this "getting busy" meant a lot more than the average person who will watch this Chinese feature on the screen, can ever realize. It started when the scenario editor, technical director and art director hiked at once for the Public Library and called for every volume on China, and Chinese customs, in the place. They read the books and gazed at many illustrations for a week and then returned to the studio and called for help. "Give us an expert," they cried. "This China stuff is the worst proposition we have run up against yet."

So one Chinese expert was engaged and before they had finished the preparation three experts were busy night and day.

For nowadays a picture has to be absolutely correct as to detail and custom. Ten years ago a Chinese picture could have been made with a few pigtails, a dozen Chinese blouse-and-skirt costumes, some chopsticks and a bowl of rice, with a red dragon or two for background. Every foot of the 5,000 odd in this picture had to be absolutely correct. The Chinese customs which had to be adhered to in making the production are the queerest in the world.

China, so the director found out, and the experts declared, is the real land of Topsyturvydom. It is a land where a bridegroom sees the face of his bride and learns her name only after he is entirely tied to her, where a man greets you by clasping his own hands instead of yours, where he shaves the front of his head and grows a pigtail down his back, where white is worn



By FRANK V. BRUNER

for mourning and the head is covered as a mark of respect, where the left is the place of honor, where books are read backward and their names printed at the bottom of the under cover, where women wear trousers and the men skirts, where the women smoke and the men use fans, where the chopsticks are attached to the belt instead of side arms, where criminals in prison are forbidden to shave instead of having their hair cropped, where a coffin is presented to a father by his son as a mark of filial duty, and the official feather is worn pointing down instead of up, where a man will commit suicide on his neighbor's doorstep to spite him, where the needle of the compass points south, where the men fly kites while the boys look on, where the game of battledore and shuttlecock is played with the feet instead of the hands, and where they talk of a place being west-north and the wind in the east-south.

Into this maze of crazy folklore and labyrinth of queer custom the scenario editor and technical and art directors plunged with their three Chinese experts for six weeks before they were able to walk into the director's office and announce that the first "set" was ready to be "shot." This set in itself was simply the visualization of a horrible custom of the old Chinese court. It was called the "Hall of Flashing Spears." Miss Talmadge played San San, a Chinese girl, daughter of a mandarin in disgrace at court. This mandarin believed that he could be reinstated in the Emperor's good graces if he would present San San to his monarch as an addition to the royal harem.

Here again one runs into a Chinese custom. This was not a species of white slavery at all. It was perfectly proper for a Chinese father to present his daughter to his Emperor, and in fact most of the beautiful girls in China were sent to the Emperor as a mark of loyalty on the part of their fathers. But in this instance San San had been secretly married to an American consular attaché and when the Emperor's soldiers brought her to

Above: Miss Talmadge and her director, Sidney Franklin, between scenes in the Japanese set
Below: In the "Hall of Flashing Spears"

(*Continued on page* 122)

Welcome William Faversham

Noted Actor Brings a Wealth of Theatrical Knowledge to the Screen

By PEGGY LINCKS

William Faversham, stage matinée idol, comes to the screen

GRADUALLY our most famous people are being inoculated with the Motion Picture germ. This is indeed fortunate for the general public, for, where once the isolated farmer or fisherman could merely read press notes concerning the successes of certain famous folk, now they can really see them in some of the old popular plays thru the medium of the camera.

William Faversham, long recognized as one of the best actors of the age, and one of the biggest matinée idols the stage ever knew, has just signed a contract with Famous Players, and will be seen on the screen in several good old plays. His first picture will be "The Silver King," which made a tremendous hit in London in 1882, and again in New York in 1883.

William Faversham's career has been an unusually interesting one. Tho thirty years a very conspicuous figure on the American stage, he was born in Warwickshire, England, in 1868. After he had completed his education at Essex and Hillmartin colleges, he served for a brief but thrilling period in a Warwickshire regiment in India.

Upon his return to London, he studied for the stage under Carlotta Le Clerq, and on November 19, 1885, appeared as Sugden in "Retained for the Defense." He toured the provinces a short time and then came to New York, appearing at the Union Square Theater in 1887 as Dick in "Pen and Ink." During that same season, he also appeared with E. H. Sothern in "The Highest Bidder." This was followed by "A Sad Coquette," "She," "The Wife," "Sweet Lavender," "All the Comforts of Home," and a few others, after which he joined the Pitou Stock Company at the Union Square Theater. Following a season with Mrs. Fiske in "Aristocracy," he joined Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Company, playing in such noteworthy productions as "The Younger Son," "The Importance of Being Earnest," "The Councillor's Wife," "The Conquerors," "Lord and Lady Algy," "Romeo and Juliet," "Brother Officers," "Diplomacy," etc.

Mr. Faversham became a star in August, 1901, when he appeared at the Criterion Theater in "A Royal Rival." Stellar appearances followed in "Imprudence," "Mr. Sheridan," "Letty," a revival of "Lord and Lady Algy," "The Squaw Man," and "In Old California." In 1903, he married Julie Opp, who appeared with him in "A Royal Rival." He then toured with "The Squaw Man," returning to New York to appear at Daly's in "The World and His Wife."

In 1908, Mr. Faversham embarked on his own producing and managerial career, putting on "The Barber of New Orleans." This venture was very successful, and he followed it consecutively with "Herod," "Julius Cæsar," "The Fawn," "Romeo and Julie," "Othello," "The Hawk," and "Getting Married." Since then, he has appeared in another revival of "Lord and Lady Algy." Last season he produced "Misalliance," with an all-star cast, and recently produced "Allegiance" at the Maxine Elliott Theater.

Doris Kenyon, Little Miss Happiness

By LILLIAN M. MONTANYE

THIS is a real interview with no stage setting whatsoever except the living-room of an old-fashioned apartment in an old-fashioned house in the West Eighties in New York. There was no liveried doorman at the downstairs entrance and no gilded elevator to convey one skyward. Unmolested and unquestioned I walked two flights up, found the door with the name plate I was looking for and touched the bell.

The door was opened, not by the usual correct maid, but by Doris Kenyon herself. "Come in," she invited, ushering me into the living-room and proudly presenting to me her handsome mother and her dignified, author-poet father, James B. Kenyon.

Despite the atmosphere of old-time simplicity and repose, that Doris Kenyon's home radiates, there is nothing old-fashioned or especially reposeful about Doris. Quite modern and up-to-the-minute is she, and a living embodiment of the creed "Let joy be unconfined" so unreservedly does she abound with youthful exuberance.

Doris Kenyon smiles because she is happy

However, that's mostly on the surface. Underneath the "froth and frivol" we found not only a regular girl, but an exceedingly clever and level-headed one, and her "glad I'm living" attitude, combined with one of practical seriousness, speaks in her work and in her ideas of Motion Pictures. But—to get her to settle down to express an idea—that's almost another story.

First, a big pile of pasteboard boxes behind the piano engaged her attention, reminding her of the precious time she had to spend buying clothes, having them fitted and then posing "just for a fashion magazine" when she would so much rather be doing something else.

"For instance?" I said.

"Driving my car straight down Broadway lickity-split," she said promptly.

"Doris!" came reprovingly from Mother Kenyon.

"I just *love* to drive my own car, and the other day I was arrested for speeding—" here she stopped, noting the shocked disapproval on the face of her one-time clergyman father.

"What was I to do?" she defended. "I was late and I just had to get to the studio. And," gleefully, "Mr. Dietrich, president of the company, and Crawford Kent, my leading-man, were arrested the same day. They were late too!

"Oh, well!" she subsided—"what *can* I say that is fit for publication?

"I have said so many times that I was born up-state in dear old Syracuse. Always, I loved music, and my teachers told me I had a quite remarkable voice—so I decided on nothing less than grand opera. Aim high—is my motto—if I dont hit the mark I may come somewhere near it. Then we came to New York, and I kept

Doris Kenyon's latest portrait

on studying very hard. I was soloist in two churches—" here the business of interviewing was held up by the entrance of two young women who had evidently been out in Miss Kenyon's car; and, with much bobbing of curls, gay laughter and vehement gesticulation, Miss Doris related a joke that they had played on the chauffeur earlier in the evening.

"Pardon me," she said, trying to resume her dignity—"where did this interview leave off?"

"Oh, yes! I was church soloist, but," turning to the other girls, "you should hear the McConnell girls who were in my last picture, 'Street of Seven Stars'—Marie is a concert pianiste, and Harriet has the most wonderful contralto voice; you must hear her sing right now."

"Yes," I murmured, politely, but firmly, "but first, you must talk about yourself."

"Oh, very well"—she resumed resignedly: "Er—er—a church soloist—then, I was given a part in a Broadway musical-comedy, 'Princess Pat'—quite a jump, wasn't it? I thought I was on the road to fame and fortune, but it was my first and only stage experience. A movie director came around one night and offered me a part in a production, and as the lure of the screen—also the salary—was greater than that of the stage, I accepted.

"My first picture was with Alice Brady in 'The Rack.' Others were 'The Man Who Stood Still,' 'The Man Who Forgot,' 'The Great White Trail' and the Pathé serials—some thrillers they were," she reminisced.

"And now," I said while this energetic young person was getting her breath — "you are heading your own company. Dont you feel important and responsible?"

"It was another of my aims," she said, "to head my own company — and I'm gratified at having accomplished it. But I dont feel important—how is it done? As for responsibility, I select or rather suggest the cast of players, then I let Mr. Dietrich or Director O'Brien say the final word—so I shift some of the responsibility," she said with refreshing candor.

Far fields and wide places and Doris—a suitable combination—

"I want so much to go to France," she said, wistfully—"not because there is 'somebody' over there, but I would like to go over and sing for the soldier laddies and cheer them up a bit.

"But I cant go," she concluded, with cheerful practicality. "My bit is to make pictures and to be as happy as possible."

The Hell-Cat

Narrated from the Goldwyn Production

By GLADYS HALL

Pancha O'Brien

STRIP man of his sophistications, tear from him his tinsel trappings, peel his conceits from him, put him where he can hear the yelping of coyotes, the warning of the rattler, smell the raw black earth, look above him and see only the rolling panorama of the heavens, then let him look upon a woman with the Garden of Eden in her eyes and the serpents thereof in her hair and you will find—the lust to love and the lust to kill. Neither greater nor less.

Under certain, effete circumstances, one could look upon such a woman, greatly desire her, and—employ politics. Diplomacy, at least. One could play a carefully calculated, very pretty game, with a fair chance of winning. One could calculate one's moves, hedge, counter, feint and feign. But the circumstances out in Wyoming are not effete, the men there have no knowledge of politics, still less of diplomacy, and Pancha O'Brien would not in the least have understood either even had they been brought to bear upon her. Fortunately, or perhaps unfortunately, they were not.

Pancha O'Brien came into existence of a Spanish mother and an Irish father. The Spanish mother had pure Castilian ancestry and a passion for dancing with castanets, both of which failed her, and left her stranded dangerously near the Barbary coast. The Irish father, having disgraced himself in every county in Ireland, and being possessed of an unconquerable wanderlust, landed likewise, still questing high adventure, near to the Barbary coast. Whatever else he may have found, he found Pancha's Spanish mother, and, evidently considering her adventure enough, migrated to Wyoming, there to raise sheep and alfalfa. Pancha's mother died when Pancha was born. She inherited her Spanish mother's midnight hair, her Irish father's lake-blue eyes, and the blood of them both made her mouth glow like a throbbing wound. The Irish in her had never been tempered by English rule, the Spanish in her had escaped the semi-decadence of long life there, and the tang of the West whipped her native tempers till they stung like rawhide thongs.

Many men had loved her—or perhaps I should say, wanted her. Love as we know it, who are effete, is rather too hothouse a flower to gladden the deep breast of Pancha O'Brien. To all of them she had meted out the same—now in Spanish—now in Irish brogue—now in broad Western vernacular—but to the effect that they had better move on, if they valued the puny breath in their miserable, drivelling, totally worthless bodies, and when she talked her eyes flashed, her white teeth gleamed and her strong body swayed, and they moved on.

Then came Jack Webb to be sheriff of a county sorely in need of one. He came from the East—from New York. The past season he had been in love with a débutante who had taken more interest in *his* interest in the brokerage firm he worked for than she did in his state of health, and who finally returned to him his ring and heart with a thin little smile when an uncouth get-rich-quick Pittsburgh merchant proffered her his unwieldy carcass.

Jack Webb hadn't known he was a man until that day

Jack came straight from the atmosphere of thin little icicles and shams and frauds into the aura, hot and quick, of Pancha O'Brien. He hadn't known he was a man until that day. He hadn't really known what a woman was, despite the fact, futile now, that he had considered himself something of a student feministic. He laughed in her face and knew she must think him an imbecile, because he

"There's only one way to take *you,*" he said, and sprang at her

caught himself thinking of the débutante, sallow now, beside Pancha. Everything he had ever wanted, all those unnamed yearnings and discontents and aspirations that harrow and perturb the human heart, concentrated and centered in the vigorous person of Pancha O'Brien.

But all he did was look at her, from under level brows, and think, largely, that he would never forget scarlet and yellow and flagrant purple, nor ear-rings big as the hooples the children back in the park used to roll, nor a red rose at the nape of a strong white throat—never forget them—how wondrous they could be.

And of course he did not know—not then—that Pancha stood still by the fence long after he had gone, with her strong chin in her strong hand, and that all the lovableness of the wistful Irish crept into her face, and softened it, and that when she went indoors she was humming a gentle tune, and her father, rearing up his head, asked her what she was croonin', it sounded like a lullaby thing, and she said, "So 'tis," serene-like, and kept right on with it.

Of course he did not know these things—not until some weeks later when he met her one day at the far end of the corral—and far off the mountains were black, and over head the sky was gashed with deep red like the soft breast of a woman brutally wounded, and they spoke to one another, just briefly. And all at once she was against him, and her mouth was crushed to his, and he and she, and earth and sky, reeled, and stood still, and were one.

Pancha O'Brien didn't know anything about "crownin' moments," nor climaxes, nor anything psychological. She didn't know whether she went toward him, nor he toward her. She didn't think about it at all. It happened. It was big. Tremendously big. She could have told you that. It must be big when the sun reeled in the heavens, the earth swayed and grew black, and in her ears there was the sound as of the rushing of many waters. She had lived in Wyoming for many years, thru many storms and upheavals, but

"Yes, you've got me," snapped the hell-cat and swore at him again

She realized that all trace of her was burned out

such a thing had never occurred before. She believed it was due to Sheriff Jack Webb. Men had kist her, too—horrible, fleshly things. This was different. This might be classed along with the opening of heaven in Revelation—or one of those mighty cataclysms of nature when mountainous rocks are gorged up from the bowels of the earth and flung about like marbles—when the lightnings rip the belly of the heavens and the flood-gates are let loose.

Pancha kept silent on the subject. Occasionally, her father heard her crooning the strangely incongruous gentle little tune, that was all.

Otherwise, she ran quite perfectly true to form—such as engaging in fistic encounters with whomsoever dared to cross her path—bargaining shrewdly and none too delicately with shearers, buyers, etc.—running her father and generally overseeing the ranch.

It would take a psychologist, which term applies neither to Pancha, nor to her humble chronicler, myself, to digress upon strong love and violent hate. I do not know why Pancha loved Jack Webb so inordinately, nor am I prepared to say why she hated Dike so ferociously. By the same token, it is impossible for me to state why Dike went stark out of his wits over Pancha O'Brien, in view of the fact that she looked on him with palpable disdain. No doubt all of these states of emotion have their quite logical explanations—and no doubt you who read may see it all quite simply—in which event it would be superfluous for me to deduce, anyway.

Deductions notwithstanding, Jim Dike, dickering over some deal with Pancha's father, saw Pancha and went up in a whirl of flame. Long living with an Indian squaw on a lone ranch had neither pruned nor cultivated what slight subtleties he may have been endowed with at nativity, and he let Pancha know the exact temperature of his ardors some fifteen minutes after his eyes alit upon her.

Before he left the ranch that evening he knew that he would have to fight like a wildcat for this woman, who was part wildcat herself, that he was prepared to do so tho he stain the State of Wyoming with blood from corner to corner and also, that one dead body must be that of Sheriff Jack Webb.

Some nights later Pancha and her father found the throats of their choicest herds sliced across. "It's Jim Dike!" said Pancha, and she bared her teeth, and said things under her breath fit for no débutante to hear.

She might better have offered up the sheep as a burnt sacrifice—or a slaughtered sacrifice as the case might be. She might better have known that one pays some sort of

"THE HELL-CAT"

Cast of characters

Pancha O'Brien	Geraldine Farrar
Sheriff Jack Webb	Milton Sills
Jim Dike	Tom Santschi
Wan-o-mee, his squaw	Evelyn Axzell
Pancha's father	William W. Black

Written by Willard Mack
Directed by Reginald Barker

a toll, some sort of a price. If she had, Jim Dike's squaw might reasonably have held her Big White Chief by the purchase of a new string of beads or a red feather and tragedy have been averted. As it happened, Pancha and her father enlisted Sheriff Jack Webb, with the result of Dike's band of Mexicans being imprisoned, and Pancha's father, coming out of the ranch-house to investigate a suspicious noise the night of the jailing, receiving a knife thru his heart.

Wan-o-mee was suffering, suffering horribly—but the Pale-Face must die

Before the advent of Jack Webb, Dennis O'Brien had been the sole affection of Pancha's fierce inner life. Her mother's grave had held her somewhat, but Pancha was too vital to sentimentalize greatly over graves. She had, therefore, to subsist upon Dennis. And she loved him powerfully.

Which only goes to show that some philosophy is necessary in love. Had Jim Dike schemed and contrived to win the undying hatred, repulsion, aversion of Dennis O'Brien's daughter he could not have done so any more surely than he did.

"You did it!" said Pancha, when, going back into the kitchen, Jim Dike followed her in. She did not see that the lust to kill was not so strong in his blood-shot eye as the lust to love.

"Yes, I did it," he said roughly, and raised his stained hand as tho to push aside a minor thing; "I did, it, girl, for *you.*"

"For me!" Pancha snarled at him; "you killed my Dad—for *me!* You are a fool—a fool——" she threw back her head, and laughed, shrilly, a trifle wildly.

Jim Dike saw only the strong pulse disturbing the column of her throat. He thought of Wan-o-mee, his squaw, and berated himself for an imbecile for going so long without what this woman stood for. Jim Dike! He could buy 'em white as milk—and he had been a squaw-man. Woof! And he hadn't forgotten, completely, the smell of the asphalt on Broadway, the commingling of perfumes, the dimness of lights, the huskiness of a woman's laughter. No, he hadn't forgotten. And now, he would never forget. Dress this woman right, and what a furore *she* could make on Broadway. How it would raise its jaded head and inhale the damp sweet Wyoming winds for patchouli. Broadway had spit him forth, true. He had been too yellow for even its subterranean byways—but this woman—this snarling, yellow-eyed, glorious hell-cat would be his return ticket of admission. He could slink in, anywhere, anytime, at her side. All in all, it sounded pretty well.

"There's only one way to take *you,*" he said, and sprang at her.

Pancha O'Brien had fought a mountain lion, and bore only, as the outcome, a jagged tear across her arm. She had wrestled with young pines, rounded up the fiercest rams, struggled with the soil. She had even whipped men from her presence—but she was no match for Jim Dike, who had done all these things, and more, who was a male, and who was further abetted by the lust that burned in him like a raging flame.

She used her nails and tore at him, her teeth and bit at him, her legs and feet kicked and lunged at him. She tore at his hair, his eyes, his loose, carnivorous mouth. She panted and sweated and swore terrible, man's oaths. He laughed at her and dug the sinews of his arms into her flesh till her ribs jellied and she collapsed against him like a rubber thing. Had it been Jack Webb she might have gloried in the combat. But Pancha was a one-man woman.

"Have I got you?" Dike asked her, as he bore her to his buckboard.

"Yes, you've got me," snapped the hell-cat, and swore at him again.

Near the home-ranch Dike spoke again. "The boys have burned your home down," he said, gruffly, "and the old man is dead. All trace of you, my girl, is burned out; you're mine, mine, by God! and you might better make the best of. You may not think so, full of softness as you are for that sky-pilot of a sheriff, but I know how to treat a woman. You'll be a queen if you keep a civil tongue in your head, at Dike Ranch. You'll live as the women live back East. I'll chew up the dust around your feet and string you in colors like the rainbow—I'll——"

But Pancha wheeled on him and struck him across the mouth, and then she hid her face in her bruised arm, and wailed like a coyote lost in the dark of the prairie. And Jim Dike, hearing, thought of the Irish banshees that wail for their sorrowed dead, and remembered her Irish parentage, and shuddered and was afraid.

When a man makes a woman love him, makes a slave and a doormat of her, makes her his thing, his possession, he is putting not the woman, but himself, in everlasting bondage. For, while he has taken from her her birthright of self-respect, her peace of mind and heart, her, if she be religious, hope of a joy everlasting, he has given her, in their stead, the instincts of a sleuth, the cunning of a cat, the menace of the knife that comes in the back when the moon is under a cloud.

There are no exceptions. Which brings us to Wan-o-mee, who, since, slender as a birch, clear red as the juice of a berry, young as the brook cutting the desert like a young blade, had been Jim Dike's sub-servile thing. She had loved him first because he was white, the Pale-Face; secondly, because he was her mate; and thirdly, because of the tiny papooses, who, strangely, did not live any longer than to twine their lemon-tinted hands about her heart-strings and tie them faster and faster to his.

When he sent her away to make a visit to her people, he said to her, tho he did not know it, "I am bringing another woman here. She is a white woman. You are no more for me."

Wan-o-mee was a fatalist. She accepted the White Chief's dictate as she accepted all things in life, all things sad and glad. But she vowed too, a deathless vow. The white woman should not live. If Jim Dike wanted to take to his breast a livid corpse, he should do so. But he should take no woman who would answer to his lips, by her fathers did she swear it.

It is the better way—to say little with one's lips—to think hugely with one's heart—and to act accordingly with one's—say, knife.

Whether it be an attribute of her people or no, I am not prepared to say, being, probably to my loss, nothing of a student of Indian lore. At any rate, Wan-o-mee was possessed of a singular sense of justice.

Peeping thru the windows when the moon rode the heavens astride, paddling her slender birch canoe over the tiny rippling waters, feeding on the herbs and berries as her fathers had before her, she heard the Pale-Face Woman scream, and the screams made her blood congeal, and made her mutter, with an amazement, a fierce delight, "She does not love Dike. She does not love Dike. He compels her to his way. He compels her to his way."

And then, because of her justice, she determined to put her knife to the test. She felt that the Pale-Face Woman was not at fault, but she didn't quite see her way clear. That she should live there, in that cabin, with Jim Dike, was obviously one of the impossible things. That cabin was hers, Wan-o-mee's. It might, in the order of things, cease to be hers, but, ceasing, it should never be any one else's.

That night she crept to the window of the room, where, for so many years, she, Wan-o-mee, had lain under the changing moon. The Pale-Face Woman was lying there now, and there was a gash across her smooth cheek, and her wrists were cut and ugly and a frown troubled her brow, as quite often Wan-o-mee had seen a tiny black cloud trouble the smooth brow of the moon.

Wan-o-mee was minded of the long-ago day Jim Dike took her from out her tribe. She had fought, and bit, and scratched, too, then. Possibly all women did—at first. But after awhile, even as she had done, they found it was no use. And then, perforce, they fought in the opposite direction—for leave to stay, to cling and cleave—not to go. It would be so with the Pale-Face Woman, for all she looked so fierce, so lithe and tigerish, so like the sleeping wildcats whose cold eyes gleam at one even in sleep.

Wan-o-mee felt troubled, but she was suffering, suffering horribly. She felt that Jim Dike had used this woman to tear a wound open in her heart, and that it was gaping wider and wider, and that, very soon, she must die of it. Palpably, she must not be the one to die. Jim Dike needed *her*.

And when the excitement was over—Jack Webb found Jim Dike dead across the driver's seat

Pancha had something of the instinct of the mountain-cat, even as Wan-o-mee had dimly suspected. She caught the knife from the squaw's hand as it would have ripped open her breast. And she lost no time in telling the stricken creature the story of what Jim Dike had done to her.

"Then," said Wan-o-mee slowly, and as tho the words were drawn by agony from her mouth, pale as a Pale-Face's now, "it is Dike—he must die. He must die."

It was like a chant of death. It was still, but it was final. Pancha felt the savagery of it, but she concurred.

"He is a dog," she said, "a skulking dog. He must die. You leave it to me, Wan-o-mee."

When Wan-o-mee left that night she had agreed to go across the desert and summon Sheriff Jack Webb. "He will make it all come right," promised Pancha, and, for the first time, the cruel look died out of her eyes, and her lips curved tenderly. But Wan-o-mee, creeping like a shade across the desert, shook her head, and sobs made havoc of her sapling body. "It not come right for Wan-o-mee," she said, over and over, "never again—never again—"

It never did.

make 'em gape. I'll buy you a house and one of them buggies run by gas. I'll do right by you. We'll take the Limited, and we'll have a honeymoon worth recordin'. What do you say?"

Pancha saw hope in the removal from the cellar of the cabin where Dike had seen fit to imprison her. It was a long trail to the nearest station. It was the same trail over which Wan-o-mee had gone, and Jack Webb must, perforce, return.

She stretched languidly. "Go ahead," she said, slowly,

"Dear hands—dear eyes—dear heart—" he murmured

When Jim Dike came in to Pancha the next morning he found her lifeless and inert. A fear stabbed him. Suppose she had killed herself. Suppose, in some way, she had managed to end it all. It would be like her. She was a she-devil. She would ring in hell itself to defraud him.

He said: "What have you done?"

"Nothing. You must always be a fool. You murder whom I love and sicken me to death, and you think to make me love you. I do not even hate you—there is hope in that—for there is blood and fever. I feel a sickness for you that is strangling at my throat."

Jim Dike drew near to her. "Listen, my girl," he said, "for you are going to be mine, and looks like you're getting used to takin' it tame. But for all your hell-cat tricks I love you right, and aint going to do you harm. On the contrary, I'm going to take you back East. To New York. Going to make a Broadway queen of you. String you up in glass—deck you out in rocks. You'll

"get ready. No use in me talking. I know when to shut up."

Jim Dike wet his dry lips. So she was to be his. He was going to live and love as no man had ever lived and loved before. Had he been dead? For, of a surety, only now was he alive! He had scoffed at women—in the saloon in the "town." Made light of them. He had been a fool. The world was a woman. This woman was the world. So had Wan-o-mee been once. But he'd forgotten that.

Pancha was a clever actress. Or rather, she was a scheming woman, which, to the initiated, is one and the same thing. She showed, thruout Dike's rather summary proceedings for departure, an admirable reluctance, a complete inertia. Dike dared not touch her. She seemed ill and very strange.

Had he been less infatuated he might have thought, a bit regretfully, of Wan-o-mee who had cooked for him so long and so faithfully, who had given up her heathen

(*Continued on page* 124)

Marcia Manon
Film Sphinx

by Media Mistley.

Marcia Manon is as exotic as an orchid —the riddle of the ages is in the unfathomable depths of her dark eyes

WHEN one first meets and talks with Marcia Manon, one is fancifully reminded of the stories of Balzac, De Maupassant, Poe—one feels that weird, mysterious sensation that arises from reading an Arabesque tale of some old master, and, as one gazes into the unfathomable depths of her dark eyes, one seems to read therein the riddle of the ages—but not its answer. Nor do I say this with the slightest disrespect to the young actress who is creating rapidly a reputation for her wonderfully effective work in Artcraft pictures.

Miss Manon is exotic as an orchid, with the temperament of a diva, the beauty of an Egyptian princess, the languorous grace of a black panther. She is foreign by birth and parentage—her mother was a prima donna—so that she comes naturally by her characteristics.

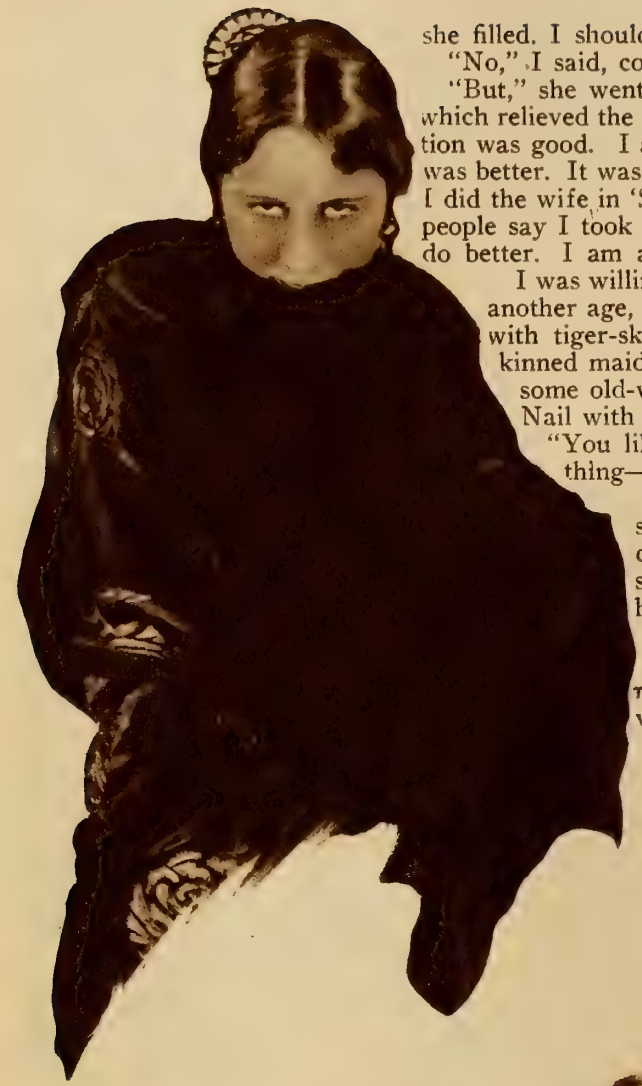
"And how," I asked, rather abruptly, "did you like the rôle of Viola in 'Old Wives for New?' "

She glanced at me from heavy-lidded eyes and her dark lashes swept her cheeks.

"The character is fair," she observed, after a bit. "But the girl herself—well she was too complacent to suit me."

"Just how do you mean?"

"She lacked moral character—too, she lacked the energy to escape from her life; she surrendered herself quite utterly to it. Of course, she did rise to a love for Murdock, and perhaps, if he had returned the passion, she might have achieved something more in life than the position



she filled. I should never have surrendered to such a state of affairs, myself."

"No," I said, considering her. "I dont believe you would."

"But," she went on, with a trace of enthusiasm, noticeable in the slight flush which relieved the pallor of her ivory cheeks, "the opportunity for characterization was good. I am glad. And the opportunity of working under Mr. DeMille was better. It was a liberal education in dramatic art and screen portrayal. When I did the wife in 'Stella Maris,' with Miss Pickford, I had another fine chance—people say I took advantage of it. Still, I know I can do better. I feel I shall do better. I am ambitious—"

I was willing to grant that, yet as I looked at her I felt that she belonged to another age, another clime. I seemed to see her reclining on a divan spread with tiger-skins, black slaves kneeling about her and somewhere a dark-kinned maiden playing upon a lute. Again she seemed a fitting figure for some old-world drama of the Arabian Nights. Or perchance an Ouled-Nail with corslet of golden sequins, in a coffee house in Biskra . . .

"You like—pictures?" I asked the question more to be saying something—something that would distract my mind from these dreams.

"Of course. They are full of possibilities. I seem always to be seeing something just beyond the pale. I dont know if I make it clear to you—but there always seems to be a fourth dimension or something of the kind to the pictures—I expect something odd to happen—I dont know what."

"You're going to continue film work?"

"Assuredly. It gives me a splendid chance to develop ideas of my own and to create characters at short notice. It doesn't mean waiting for weeks as in a stage production. Yes, I like the

(*Continued on page* 123)

Marcia Manon and Elliott Dexter in a Cecil De Mille production

"Oh, for the Life of a Pirate Bold!"

By LILA LEE

"I'd like to wed a man like Captain Kidd!
When I think about the awful things he did,
It makes my blood run cold—my, but he was bold,
And think of all the treasures that he hid!"—*Old song*

Lila Lee in her first picture, "The Cruise of the Make-Believe"

SOME one the other day asked me what my second Paramount picture would be, and when I told the person it was to be all about pirates, he looked at me in surprise.

"Pirates?" he asked.

"Yes," I returned, firmly, "pirates."

"But what do you know about pirates? You're only a child, and a girl besides, and——"

I stopped him there, on the spot. "I am not a child," I reproved him. "I'm a star."

"You're a child star."

"No, I'm not. I'm a star—a—a lady star. Well, anyway, I'm over my kid days forever."

I suppose he was "kidding me," as they say, but anyhow, I didn't like it a bit. Of course, I'm not old, but I'll never see fourteen again so there. Well, this set me thinking. If I'm to do a pirate picture—and of course it wont be a real pirate picture, but just a comedy idea about pirates—if I'm to do this I thought to myself, I'd better read up on the subject.

(*Continued on page* 123)

David Powell

Whose Star Is in the Ascendant

David Powell.

To wait or not to wait, that was the question, whether 'twas better to sit and scan each face or—by departing miss him . . .

SUCH was my soliloquy as I waited in the promenade of the Hotel Astor, appointment bound to meet David Powell.

His voice had been nice and kindly when he had discussed the subject of an interview over the telephone—he had even offered magnanimously to wear a pink rose in his buttonhole so that I would know him—but I had assured him that, of course, there was no need, for I would recognize him at once.

Gradually, however, that assurance had ebbed away. Nine out of every ten male bipeds that passed me wore a little mustache on their upper lip—and (whisper it gently) it was upon that little mustache that I had pinned my faith of recognizing David Powell.

Hamlet's problem could never have been worse than mine, and I was just hesitating between a taxi and "Home, James," or a session with Mr. Bell's well-known invention, when I spied the hero of my predicament.

Swiftly he came down the corridor, swinging a businesslike looking cane and scanning the numerous feminine countenances as anxiously as I had the masculine ones for the last hour. I was too eager to learn his life history to permit him to wait long in doubt about my whereabouts—and so I literally pounced upon him.

"Mr. Powell—?"

"Miss Naylor? I *am* sorry. I hope you will forgive me for keeping you waiting, but it was the beastly ferry, dont-you-know; we got stuck in a jam of cars coming over from Fort Lee and I thought I never would get here."

Realizing the sincerity of his plea inasmuch as I know the Fort Lee ferries to my sorrow, I easily forgave him and told him about my Hamlet's soliloquy, "To wait or not to wait."

His rather sensitive mouth smiled curiously. "That's funny," he said, "very funny. It was Hamlet's soliloquy that I first recited when the impulse came upon me to go on the stage."

"Do tell me all about it," I pleaded, as we sought a secluded corner.

But the nice man—nice is the most fitting adjective to describe Dave Powell—with his kind brown eyes, sensitive mouth and general aspect of a poet—only quite too human to be really Poesque—was ready to converse on every subject in the world, but himself—which was quite "unactory" you will admit.

Left: Dave Powell as he appeared in "The Lie" with Elsie Ferguson.

Below: His latest picture with Billie Burke in "The Make-Believe Wife"

It was music that finally brought our pleasantries to personalities.

"To be a musician was my one great desire—but I practiced so hard that I had a nervous breakdown. I even used to try to put feeling into scales," he confessed.

It is an

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

interesting story, this story the young Englishman, who is an American by adoption, at length recounted.

David Powell and his five brothers were all born in England. David had a way of putting all his strength, and his reserve strength, for that matter, into whatever interested him. He was in a fair way to become a second Paderewski, only he gave too much of himself, he put too much vital force into his art, with the result of the aforementioned breakdown.

When he recovered sufficiently he started to play the piano once more, but his nervousness began to return. His nerves jangled and leapt after being forced to endure hour upon hour of practice, until at length his elder brother, a doctor in London, informed Dave that unless he gave up the piano at once he would be nothing but a nervous wreck.

And so the man with the musician's soul went into a broker's office, where day after day he sold bonds. And strangely enough it was because he wanted more money that he adopted the stage as a profession and at length found the proper outlet for the justification of his existence.

In spite of the fact that his family thought he was quite mad, because there had never been a Powell who had had the slightest desire for stage life, David applied for entrance in the Beerbohm Tree Academy in London.

"They told me to go home and learn something to recite, and if I did it well enough to suit them I would be allowed to pay thirty dollars as entrance fee and enter the school," recounted Powell.

Dave Powell has the sensitive mouth of a musician

"And you learnt——"

"Hamlet's soliloquy, 'To be or not to be.'"

But something of the practicality of a business man must have entered the character of the musician, for the night before his test David Powell went to see Sir Henry Irving's performance of "Hamlet" and the next day, when he recited his speech with great gusto, the master of the school stopped him after six lines.

"That's enough."

"But I know the rest, what's the trouble?" said Powell.

"That's enough, you are accepted, report tomorrow at nine."

After his period of training, his first engagement was in Tree's production of "The Sign of the Cross." He was chosen out of a company of twenty-five applicants for the reason that when he was told to

(*Continued on page* 125)

Louise Huff—Old-fashioned Girl

In private life Louise Huff is Mrs. Edgar Jones

WE have long since schooled ourselves to encounter the aunts, the mothers and even the husbands of ingénue stars without being seriously perturbed. But when Louise Huff introduced us to her daughter, Mary Louise, aged three, we must admit that our poise tottered perilously in the balance.

Louise Huff the mother of a three-year-old daughter! Shades of all the sunset fade-outs of 1918!

We might well have anticipated an evening of surprise, for, upon arriving at the Huff-Jones apartment in the "Hendrik Hudson" at Riverside Drive and 110th Street, we found the star reading Henri Barbusse's "Le Feu" ("Under Fire"), that grim study of the trenches.

We talked of the war, literature and the movies. Somehow, interviewing Miss Huff carries us back to the days when we used to unearth our most carefully pressed Kuppenheimers, buy a pound of beribboned New York candy and seek a dark street to Her house. For Miss Huff is girlish and wholly unmovieized. Very blond, very blue-eyed and very untheatrical. And very old-fashioned.

She told us the whole story—ranging up to Mary Louise—and told it with a delicious Southern accent.

Miss Huff was born in Columbus, Ga. Her early years were the usual years of a little Southern girl—youthful beaux, parties and so on. "Gracious, what serious love affairs I had," laughed Miss Huff, "but even then I longed for a public career. Not as an actress—or a singer—dear, no—but as an acrobat. Honestly!"

We stifled our amusement. The very lady-like Miss Huff an acrobat in ti—er——

"I know you think it highly funny," continued Miss Huff, "but you didn't know me then. I was a tomboy. Really. I used to perform on a trapeze in our back yard. Hanging by my toes—and everything! We all used to give circuses back of the old house."

"Impossible!" we murmured.

Louise Huff's greatest possession — her very own little Mary Louise

By
FREDERICK
JAMES
SMITH

Louise Huff is very blond, very blue-eyed and very untheatrical

"Then we moved to New York and circumstances changed and I tried the stage. Small roles and stock engagements started me. In stock in Utica once I remember staggering upon the stage as a wronged person, all in black with two husky babies in my arms. The audience went into shrieks of laughter. Finally I played Esther in 'Ben Hur,' then on tour for its 'steenth time. Thomas Holding had the name part. I was just about to go on tour in Viola

© Ralph Willis Brown

Dana's original role in 'A Poor Little Rich Girl' when my first movie opportunity came to me.

"By this time my sister, Justina, was trying for the stage, too. We were both in an agent's office when we met two representatives of the old Lubin Company, of Philadelphia. They were looking for players. One of them was impressed with me, I guess, but the other liked my sister better. As a result they signed us both. Altho my sister was the elder, I transacted all the business, being the experienced actress of the family.

"Down at the Philadelphia studios we started our screen work. Justina finally married a Philadelphia physician, but I kept playing for the films. Ultimately it was a question whether I would go into the companies of Harry Myers or Edgar Jones. Fate decided that I play with Mr. Myers, but reversed herself the last second and I began playing opposite Mr. Jones. I've been playing opposite him in real life ever since. It's odd how our future life depends upon some slender little decision, isn't it?

"I became of age while playing out on the Coast with the Famous Players-Lasky." All of which shows that Miss Huff isn't an elderly mamma by any means. "Playing with Jack Pickford was interesting. Jack and I used to compare names. I was a Jones, you know, and he was really a Smith, since Smith is the actual Pickford family name. Rather unromantic team names."

"Aren't you afraid that this announcement of Mary Louise will make film fans think you elderly—and everything?" we warned.

(*Continued on page* 125)

It's All in the Make-Up

By SUE ROBERTS

© Alfred Cheney Johnston

Anthony Merlo made up as one of the Three Musketeers

MANY have been the methods, means and manners advised as the way to success in screen work, but it remained for Anthony Merlo, formerly a young juvenile of the creeping celluloid, and at present assistant director to Maurice Tourneur, to demonstrate a new angle that has hitherto been overlooked.

Said Mr. Merlo, "It's all in the make-up."

And it so happens that it is Anthony, better known as Tony, Merlo's exhaustive study of make-up that has been the direct cause of his being so much in demand to supply the convenient and immaculate masculine coat-shoulder for the feminine star to emote in—or on.

"One cannot expect to screen well if one fails to pay proper attention to one's make-up. It is just another instance of a workman making use of the proper tools."

One rule of Tony's gained from the experience of playing opposite such stars as Theda Bara, Alice Brady, Kitty Gordon and many others, is: "Always notice what type of make-up your star uses. If she favors a pure white make-up like Theda Bara, dont appear in a tan one yourself. If she uses a medium yellow powder like Alice Brady, never affect a startlingly white one; always remember that you are working for the artistic effect of the whole and that, as a supplement of the star, it is up to you to help that star appear as attractive as possible."

All of which sounded so unusually sensible that I urged Mr. Merlo to give me a few definite sets of rules for make-up, and here they are. Those who aspire to enter screen work will find a study of these invaluable; those already on the screen cannot but be equally benefited, for they are the result of five years of study and experimentation.

"For a straight make-up, that is, to make the most of yourself and not for a character make-up," said Mr. Merlo, "the first thing is for the actor, either man or woman, to make a close study of his features and the color and texture of his skin; then use a grease-paint whose color harmonizes with the complexion. If the proper tint cannot be purchased, one should blend the grease with color until the desired effect is obtained.

"In applying the grease-paint, a sufficient quantity should be put on to cover the face, ears and neck. This should then be massaged, using the fingers so that the

Anthony Merlo Describes Some Secrets of That Fine Art

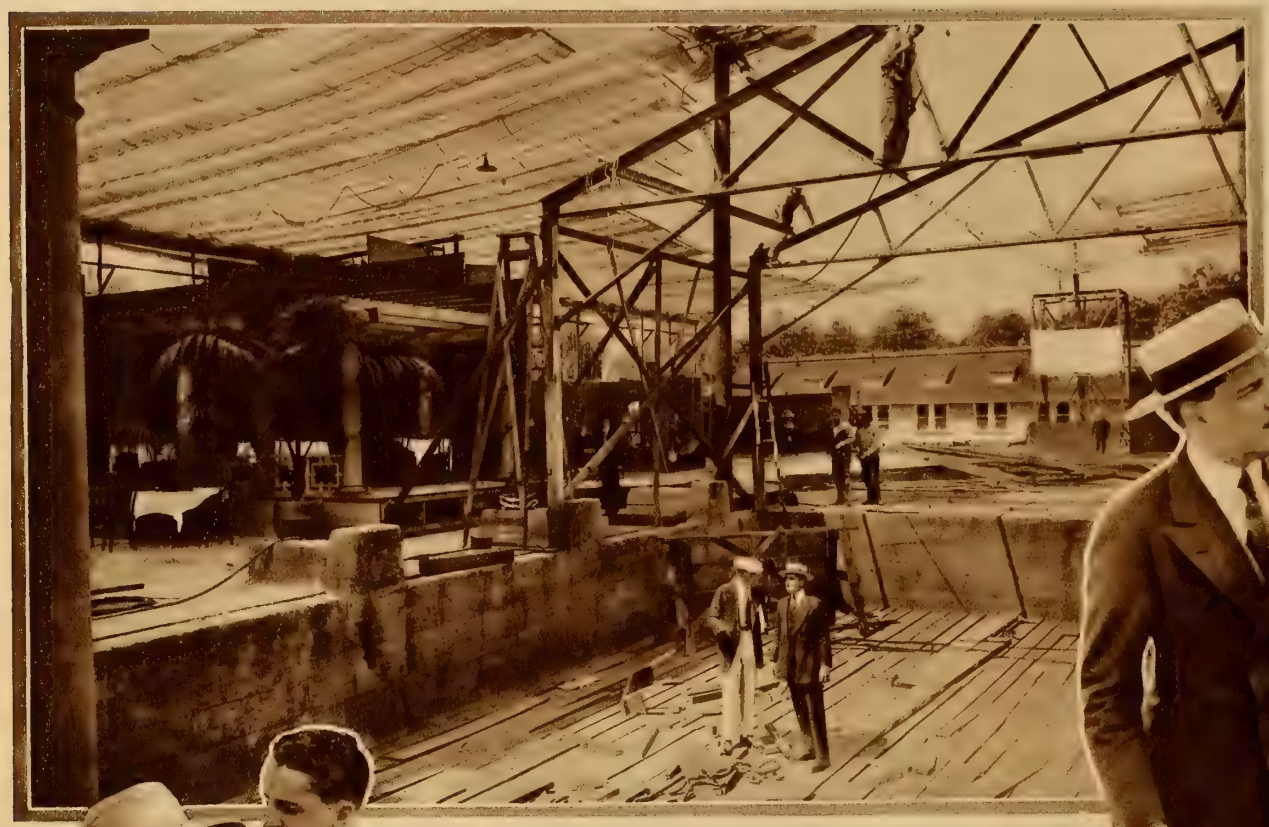
heat from the skin will soften the grease and allow it to be spread easily and smoothly. Then pat down with the finger-tips to do away with any streaks which may have been caused by the massage.

"Next, the features must be

(*Continued on page* 126

Anthony Merlo applying the crepe hair bit by bit

A perfect replica of a young Arab



With Director G. Butler Clonebough as guide, Bryant Washburn takes a bird's-eye view of Stage 4, at the Lasky Studio

Bryant Washburn comes upon Bad Man Jack Holt in one of his most villainous moments

Jeanie MacPherson, author of "Till I Come Back To You," takes Bryant Washburn aside to explain the rôle he is to play

"What you tink of this hold, Bryant?" said Bull Montana, as he caught Spike Robinson and effectively turned him from the camera

On the Big

Hollywood,

"Have a drink—ot water," said Elliott Dexter, hospitably

Lasky Lot

California

"Let's do something unique," said Doug. So they did this

"It's a good part," says Cecil B. De Mille. And Our Hero seems to think so, too.

"Since when did you become one of those ambisextrous performers?" said Bryant, in astonishment, as he examined Fred Stone's roller skating costume. And Director Donald Crisp looked on reproachfully

"The stage hands are an actor's best friends," says Bryant. A reunion with Frank Keegan, a pal from Essanay days

"Not in dry Los Angeles," said Bryant, when Rhea Mitchell, who used to play leads with him, offered him a drink from a suspicious looking brown bottle

"This photo," says Bryant, "is sent as an evidence of good faith and also to illustrate the fact that as a typist I'm a one-finger artist

addressed to Hands Up. But its commonplace exterior betrayed the importance of the message it bore. The cowboy's turn had come—in the world struggle—he had been called to the colors—he must play his part in keeping the Star Spangled Banner floating proudly over distant battlefields. He called "Two Gun," a fellow cowboy, whose manners might be tough, but whose comradeship and loyalty were pure gold.

"It's up to me now," Hands Up told him, "to go over and take a pot shot or two at Fritz. So I guess it's up to you to take care of my girl for me while I'm gone."

"All right," said Two Gun.

That was all that was said, no heroics, no solemn pledges. When there is such trust between friends, few words are needed. Hands Up knew that he need think only of the country that needed him, that his friend would give his very life to guard the girl he left behind him.

Killman stabbed the Regent and made away with the jewels

Sharing his responsibility, Two Gun soon found that he had an unknown ally, the mysterious, black-coated, hooded Phantom Rider. The stranger's motives were as mysterious as himself, but it soon became clear that he was protecting the girl. Very soon after her lover had ridden away, Echo learnt how false was the peace, the sense of security which she had thought was so real at the Strange Ranch. Danger had marked her for its own.

The Incas, still eager for her marriage to their mysterious prince, believing that that alone would restore them to power in their native, long-lost Peru, were a constant menace. One day they dragged her from a stage-coach as she was on her way to the nearest town, and she found herself a prisoner in their stronghold.

"It is only by your marriage with the missing prince and then being made a living sacrifice that the Incas can be saved," the Indian Regent told his prisoner.

Echo was silent. The Regent swept her beauty with eager hungry eyes.

"There is another way," he whispered. "Be my wife and I will save you."

"You would play the traitor to your own people?" Echo asked unbelievingly.

"For you—yes."

"Never," said Echo. "I am at your mercy, you can take my life, but I will not give myself up."

"And you will, perhaps, warn my countrymen of——"

A coward's fear swept over the Inca and for a moment he became panic-stricken.

"You will never tell—you will never tell!" he snarled, stretching murderous hands toward her.

Echo shrunk backward and suddenly the door opened. Between her and the Inca stood the mysterious stranger. How he should have obtained entrance to this stronghold, nobody knew, but there he stood black-robed, inscrutable. For an instant only, the dumfounded Regent stood staring at the intruder. Then he hurled himself upon the Phantom Rider.

There was a brief struggle, but the Inca was not strong enough to match the strange rescuer. The Phantom Rider bound the Regent and by a passage he seemed to know well, dragged his prisoner out of the castle. There was a long silent ride across the hills, then he left the bound Regent and Echo in the hands of Two Gun. In the excitement of the cowboy at finding Echo safe, her mysterious rescuer disappeared as tho swallowed up in his own mysterious hills.

It was Two Gun's idea to hold the captured Inca as guaranty of Echo's safety. So the Regent, a strange barbaric figure in his dazzling jewels, his strange headdress, remained for a time among the cowboys, held prisoner in a nearby mountain cabin.

Killman, returning from an unsuccessful visit with Judith, happened across this tiny mountain cabin and at the sight of the Inca's jewels, all the respectable-ranchman veneer with which the outlaw disguised his true calling, vanished. At the sight of such rich plunder he became again the highwayman.

The Regent, accustomed to the kindly tho rough cowboys, was wholly off his guard and Killman found it easy to stab him and make away with the jewels. He fled at once to Judith, leaving his booty in her keeping.

"Meet me at the train tonight," he whispered. "By that time I'll have made good on your bargain. I'll get rid of your cousin all right this time. And then——"

"And then——" Judith echoed, holding the stolen jewels.

Approaching Echo in his respectable guise, Killman found it easy to persuade her to walk with her ranchman neighbor.

"There's a fellow out there on the hills," Killman told the girl, "who traps mountain lions for the zoo. What do you say to sauntering out and taking a look at some of his pets?"

"Fine," Echo agreed enthusiastically.

They passed the corrals, the ranch-house. Killman waited only till they were out of the reach of the protecting cowboys. Then he tossed aside his pretense of friendly respectability as tho it were a mask. He was himself, ruthless, murderous. One glance told Echo of the terrible mistake she had made. She would have turned back, but Killman only laughed, a ruthless, murderer's laugh.

"No, we'll go up and take a look at the lions," he said.

Helpless to resist, Echo was led to the shack where the trapper lived. Before Killman had insisted upon leading her to the edge of the pit where the lions were kept, Echo knew what he was planning to do. She was prepared, but helpless to defend herself.

Dressed as a bride of the sun, Echo was led before the Inca priest

The cage was in a pit beneath the shack. Dragged to the edge by Killman, Echo looked down fascinated at the terrible beasts, pacing hungrily up and down their narrow prison. With a triumphant leer, Killman pushed the girl over the edge.

For a moment, the lions seemed stunned by this unexpected event. Then, they crept toward her.

Echo closed her eyes. At last, it was over. After these weeks of danger, death had found her, it was useless to struggle—she could only wait. She closed her eyes that she might not see the lions crouching, coming nearer. And in that silent moment of suspense, she said good-bye, not to life, but to love. Against her lids she saw a dear familiar face—dying might not be so hard, but it meant saying good-bye to Hands Up forever.

She felt claws tearing her dress, wondered dully why they did not reach her flesh. She wished the end would come quickly. Suddenly it flashed across her mind why these sharp claws did not strike thru. She was wearing a coat of mail!

She had laughed at Two Gun when he had insisted on her donning this armor. Perhaps—could she really save herself!

She no longer waited for the lions to gash her body, no longer lay limp, praying only that it might be over soon. Instead she fought—fought like some primitive, hunted woman, struggling with the strong claws, her hands torn and bloody. Bloodthirsty, flesh-hungry animal faces breathed hotly almost against her own.

It was a gallant fight she made—but a losing one. Her suit of mail might protect her slender body, it could not guard her for long against the animals' tremendous strength. Suddenly above the snarling, the struggling, came a sharp shot. The lion nearest the girl dropped his threatening claw, slid heavily to the floor of the pit. A slender rope ladder dangled over the side of the cage.

As tho she were in a horrible nightmare, Echo clutched at its ropes, felt herself drawn up—to safety. Beside the pit, holding the ladder, stood the Phantom Rider.

As before, he spoke no word; as before, they rode silently over the hills. Judith stared at her cousin, wide-eyed.

"You here?" she gasped. *"You?"*

Echo told her cousin of Killman's perfidy. Judith listened as tho horror-stricken. Over and over she was thinking:

"He has failed again. I will not go with him tonight."

CHAPTER XII.

At the station, the midnight train came thundering in. Killman did not board it. He had waited for Judith and she had failed him. He had kept his word—for it did not occur to him that Echo had not been killed in the lion pit—and Judith had failed him. He would kill Judith.

The ranch-house lay still and dark, but he knew which room was Judith's. Silently he crept along the hall. A quick knife-thrust and it was over. Judith had paid for her treachery with her life.

The Inca's jewels, which were found in Judith's room after it was all over, suddenly changed everything. For the Regent, slowly recovering from Killman's knife-thrust, had said that if the stolen jewels were returned to him safely, he would annul the edict requiring Echo to marry his Inca prince.

So Echo, escorted by the faithful Two Gun and two other cowboys, accompanied the Regent to the Inca castle so that, before all his followers, the Regent might free her from the danger that had tracked her for so many weeks. At the gate of the castle, they suddenly faced a small band of outlaws.

"They have robbed the throne-room!" screamed the Regent.

The cowboys drew their revolvers, shots were exchanged. One outlaw lurched forward and fell to the ground. When his mask was removed, Echo stared into the dead face of Killman. The two people who had stood for treachery and violence in her life would imperil her no longer.

It was a solemn time in the Incas' castle. The real prince had been found—it was the day on which their

records said the great meteor would fall. And if the prince and princess should be wed that day, and the princess should die on the fire of sacrifice then, so their oracles said, they would come back to their place of dignity among nations, would rule again in their lost Peru.

Two Gun and Echo followed the Regent into the castle, the cowboy escort remaining outside. Once within the walls, the Regent turned to Echo.

"You will prepare yourself for the sacrifice," he told her. "The appointed day has come!"

"But—but I was to be freed—your jewels—your promise——"

"I cannot keep my promise," said the Inca. "My people demand your death. The day has come—it is for the honor of the Incas."

Echo turned helplessly to Two Gun—he, too, bound and gagged, was helpless. Echo was led down the stairs—in the pit of sacrifice, the fires were being kindled!

None of them knew that over the hills a little Indian girl, Starlight, whom Echo had often befriended, was riding madly to carry the news of Echo's peril to the cowboys.

In the great ceremonial hall, the Incas were gathered. The stranger was there, too, the mysterious, hooded, black-coated Phantom Rider. He, too, was a prisoner.

Dressed as a bride of the sun, Echo was led before the Inca priest. The real prince was there, too—poor lad!—more frightened than the girl. As it had been in the lions' den, the hopelessness of it all had given Echo a strange bravery, the calmness of despair.

Suddenly, above the drone of the priest's voice came the sound of shots. The cowboys, warned by little Starlight, had come to Echo's rescue. All the ranchers for miles around had sent their best men to help. Already they were storming the gates.

Instantly, the ceremonies ceased, the worshippers turned fighters. Inside the outer wall, the struggle began; pressed backward by the rescuers, the Incas retreated slowly until the battle was being fought in the inner shrines of the temple, in the very light of the sacrificial fires.

Neither side gained much then, both holding their own.

Then suddenly, as tho fate, weary of so long a conflict, had decided to take a hand, the room grew dark. The firing ceased, the darkness grew blacker—both the cowboys and the Incas became suddenly still, as tho petty human conflict could not exist in the face of this strange supernatural shadow.

"It is the meteor!"

The shriek of the fanatic priest rose piercingly above the awed silence. Had the Inca prophecy been right? For it was a meteor that crashed upon the roof of the temple, crushing it in like a pasteboard box!

Great walls tottered, pillars of heavy stone fell crashing to the floor. Awe-struck, too terrified to move, these men of different races stood humbled by Nature's terrible strength. The prince of the Incas stood still by one great pillar, and when it too tottered and fell, his slender figure was buried in the ruins. His life had paid for Echo's.

When the last loose stone had fallen, the last frightened human being had fled the ruined temple, Echo found the hooded rider at her side.

Killman demands payment of Judith

"You are safe now," he told her in a voice that was strangely familiar. "Their prophecy has passed, their prince is dead. It is too late now for their dreams to come true. They will never harm you again."

"But you—who are you? You have been my friend always. Who are you?"

Silently the Phantom Rider raised his hood, flung back his cape. Echo gazed full into her brother's face.

"Roy!" Her voice was hushed as if in prayer.

Then he explained why he had chosen to guard her, unknown to all. Feared alike by the outlaws and Incas, he had been a double guard. His mystery, with its weird touch of the supernatural, had set him apart—he was thought more powerful than other men. And knowing of her peril, he had become the lonely, hooded, Phantom Rider of the hills that his sister's life might be safe.

It was months afterward—peace had really come to Echo, slowly the very memory of terror was fading away—that her lover came home.

He was not the bold, sturdy Hands Up who had ridden away so gaily to "take a pot shot at Fritz." Fritz had shot first.

(*Continued on page* 121)

Betty Blythe

By GLADYS

FOR the tooth which she bought and paid for. Right in the front, too.

For the husband she hasn't got (and doesn't want).

For the fact that her family no longer give her advice nor point out to her the way in which she should go, having long since decried the folly of both.

For the four months in N. Y. during which, jobless, penniless but never ambitionless, she did the starvation act, leanly and enduringly (and on Riverside Drive).

That she no longer treads upon her ears with her feet, which feat (pun unintentional) she accomplished thruout at least sixteen years of her not so much longer span of life.

For her family, which, advice, etc., notwithstanding, are "statesmen, diplomats, ministers of the gospel, lawyers and devils like that."

For *food,* which, she declares, is at least an essential three-fourths of her most essential life, and of which, when not partaking, she dreams—possibly because of the Lenten four months aforementioned. Or her height, which is considerable.

For her brand-new house which she bought in its ducky-doodlum entirety from a bride, who, having dwelt therein for the protracted period of one week with her no doubt complacent bridegroom, departed for realms unknown with, the probability not to Betty, a somewhat abortive Tertiam Quid.

For her photographer.

For her housemaid, who, she enumerates, "shines my silver till it bears no resemblance to that metal, scrubs my floors till I gaze upon the ceiling beneath, washes my dishes past and beyond any floral design—and is older than God."

For her wardrobe mistress who has the soul of Lucille.

Because she can "warble" (I

Betty Blythe is decidedly ornamental

Gives Thanks

HALL

understand that it is singing *plus*) and thus rid herself of much surplus "pep"—of which she has an obvious and undeniable quantity.

Because she is so healthy that, "my dear, I am disgusting."

For the house of a friend in Greenwich Village which, "after one manages to evade the rats, battles with cobwebs thick as blankets, climbs with seven-league boots over dirt undisturbed since the time of Noah, is most artistic, really, my dear."

For the Movies. And all appertainin.'

Because she is ambitious. Ambitious most of all to be a great tragédienne.

For Fifth Avenue—hats—and the color red.

For men.

For clothes—colorful ones—and for near-clothes—which, witness pictures accompanying, are equally or unequally—it's a matter of taste—becoming.

For parties.

Because of her experience prior to the Vitagraph—which consisted of an act (her own) in vaudeville, and stock.

Just because she is alive and jolly well aware of it.

These are the things she gives thanks for—specifically. There may be others. Doubtless there are. There are several others for which she *should*. Insistent and very obvious others which demand her immediate appreciation. There can be no harm in suggesting them, so that, on the day of Thanks, she may remain longer upon her bended knee registering gratitude. To wit....

Her sense of humor—which is magnificent, perpetual and delicious, and which does not, as is the case with most of us, fall shy of herself.

Her philosophy, which is buoyant and largely unconscious.

Her total unselfconsciousness . . . a sweet thing in a star.

The fact that she is a bully good sport.

Betty Blythe's new winter outfit

13786—American Army in France. Typical French farmhouse and billets of —— Machine Gun Co., Division ——, France

War Over

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13857—Wedding at Headquarters A. E. F. Chapel, Lt. ——, Medical Corps, and Mary Butler. The bride and groom leaving the chapel after ceremony, ———, France

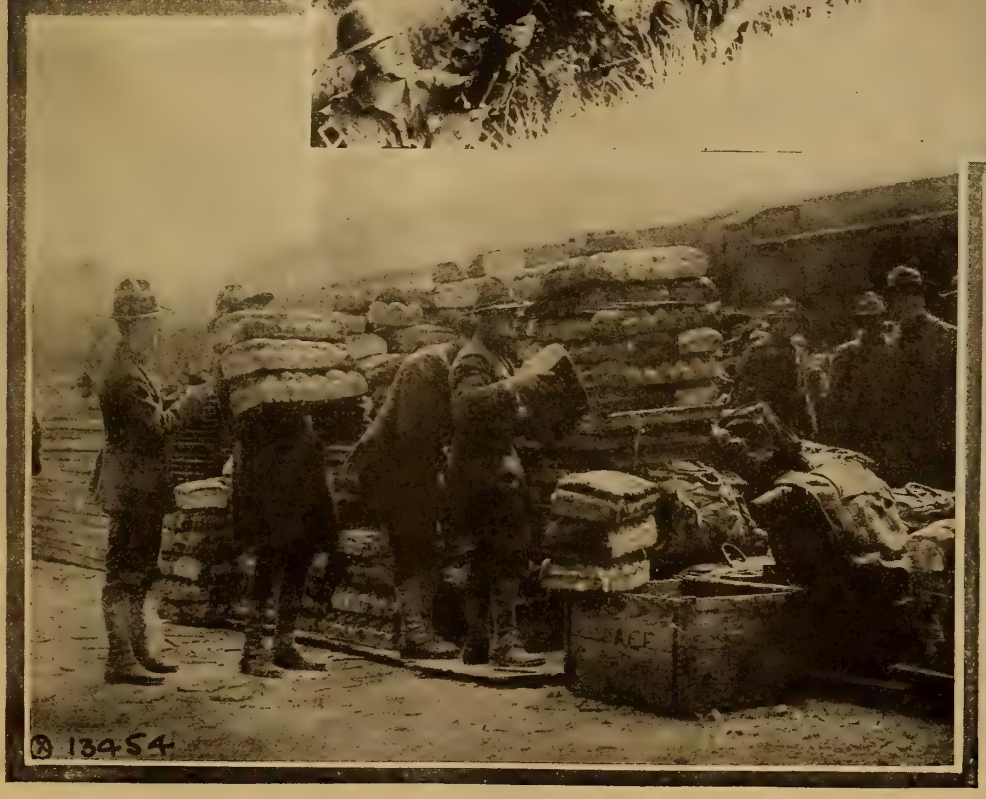
12959—Infantry: The American soldier going over the top with the automatic Chanchat French rifle

[Photos from the Official War Review released by Pathé]

13809—Americans just landed in France, cheerfully giving some cigarets to wounded Tommies ——, France

Activities There

BY THE COMMITTEE ON INFORMATION



13014—Infantry: A squad of rifle-grenadiers ready for action

13454—Bread for troops in training, France

Edith Storey makes "The Silent Woman" (Metro) possible

Florence Reed's vivid personality helps "Wives of Men" (Pioneer) to be the best play of the month

Across the

Leading Screen Plays

Reviewed by HAZEL

IN spite of the fact that I shall be called trite, I am going to make the observation once more that if pictures are to advance, better stories and more original ones must be procured. This statement is on the plane with the equally well-worn one that pictures are in their infancy; the only difference being that the first is true, the second questionable. However, as constant dripping of water will wear away a stone, perhaps the constant repetition of the phrase "pictures must have more original stories of character analysis" may at last reach the ears of the producers with sufficient clarity of warning at length to make them sit up and take notice.

Charles Ray is somewhat miscast in "The Law of the North" (Paramount)

Picture producers remind me of blind men, self-made blind men at that, who, groping in the dark, at length find that for which they have been tirelessly searching, directly under their noses.

It is the present policy to spend thousands of dollars for a popular star, more thousands for a skillful director, and still more for scenery and settings on—what? Stories that have already appeared in novels, in magazines, on the stage—yes, even revivals of done-before photoplays.

The very best of photography has been secured by expensive experimentation, technical detail of production has been improved to the point where there are mighty few flaws; the story alone, barring exceptional cases, has not progressed.

"WIVES OF MEN" (PIONEER FILM CORP.)

Is the exception that proves the rule. And the queerest thing about this fact is that the name of the author of the story does not appear upon my program. Nevertheless it is the best story of the month, in fact of many months. We are introduced to the chief characters, Mr. and Mrs. Emerson, on their wedding day. The bride discovers her husband looking lovingly at a photograph of a young girl on which is written "To my husband, from Grace." At this moment her bridesmaids and the wedding guests flock in upon them, and woman-like she thinks of what the world will say, and departs on her wedding journey with—her husband? For twelve long years the two live together, the wife's unasked and unanswered question has raised an invisible but ever present bar between the two. In their luxurious home, they live, strangers. There enters the other man, a Paul Harrison, and the wife merely uses him as a tool to find out what her husband really thinks of her. But the husband takes it seriously and threatens divorce. Out of a winter storm, a child seeks refuge in their home, and later searching for his parents, the wife discovers a similar picture of Grace and the story of her life. It is not unlike that of other weak women except that Emerson had really loved Grace, and had wished to marry her, but was prevented from so doing by his promise to the present Mrs. Emerson. The child, a boy, turns out to be the son of Emerson and the dead Grace and is eventually the means of reconciling Mr. and Mrs. Emerson. This is the story in brief, on the screen it has been told with splendid power of conflicting motives under the very able direction of John M. Stahl. Florence Reed's vivid personality is perfectly fitted for the rôle of Mrs. Emerson, Frank Mills is satisfactory as the bone of contention, Mr. Emerson; while Grace Davison as Grace gives a screen portrayal that holds promise of a great future.

"The Cruise of the Make-Believes," (Paramount) proves Lila Lee a refreshing new type of ingénue

"By the World Forgot" (Vitagraph) is the most interesting adventure story since "The Island of Regeneration." Hedda Nova and Frank Glendon have the leading rôles

Silversheet

of the Month

SIMPSON NAYLOR

The child, or rather boy, is excellently played by Charles Jackson. All in all "Wives of Men" is quite the most vivid screen production we have viewed in some time.

"THE RETURN OF MARY" (METRO)

Of an entirely different type of production, from "Wives of Men," "The Return of Mary" is nevertheless a very close second for the honor of first place. And it is by far the best Metro production seen in a long while, the only fault being that the part of John Graham has been frightfully overplayed, thus lending an air of unreality to a melodramatic plot which otherwise would have appeared more probable. May Allison, the star of the picture, displays a keen sense of the dramatic, combined with a screen whimsicality, and charm that we have seldom before seen equaled. Her beauty in this picture is more striking than ever. Darrell Foss is pleasing opposite the star.

"THE SOURCE" (PARAMOUNT)

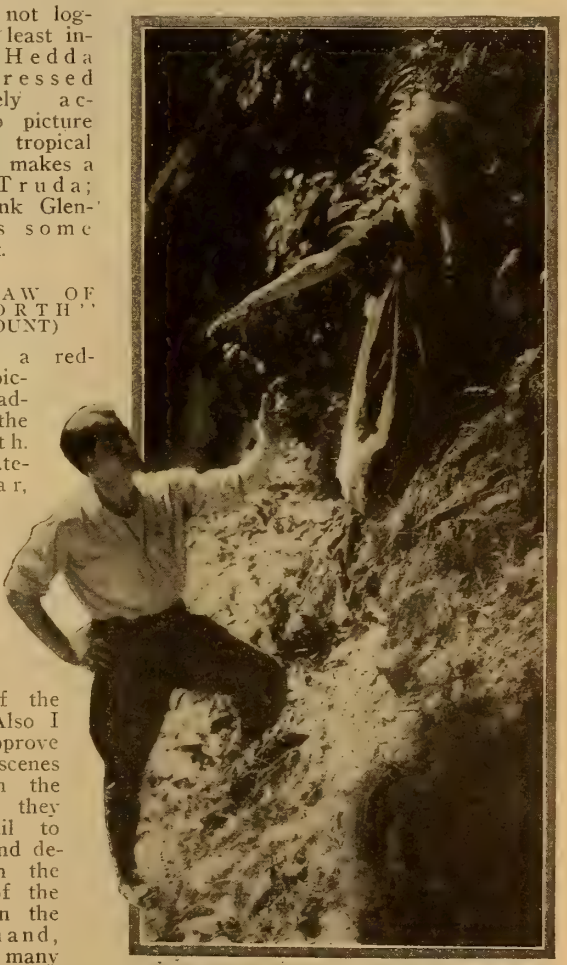
This is the latest Wallace Reid release and has a corking good background of lumber camp scenery for the vivid story of the reformation of a weak lad addicted to drink. In the first two reels the star got across an excellent characterization, which was somewhat hampered later on by the spotless linen he acquired when he removed his vagabond rags. Entertaining, tho overplayed bits of comedy, are contributed by Raymond Hatton, while Ann Little makes as usual, a pretty heroine.

"BY THE WORLD FORGOT" (VITAGRAPH)

Not since the days of "The Island of Regeneration" has a shipwreck story so interested me as this "By the World Forgot." Perhaps it is because it is an unusually good adaptation of a favorite book of Cyrus Townsend Brady. J. Frank Glendon does very well with the part of Derrick Van Beekman, who is shanghaied, shipwrecked, and afterwards cast up on a tropical island. Here he discovers a lovely white girl called Truda. The resulting story of how he discovers the origin of her tribe and the tale of their rescue, if not logical, is at least interesting. Hedda Nova, dressed picturesquely according to picture ideas of tropical costuming, makes a pleasing Truda; while Frank Glendon does some good work.

"THE LAW OF THE NORTH" (PARAMOUNT)

This is a red-blooded picture of adventure in the far North. Unfortunately its star, Charles Ray, is miscast and never seems quite ferocious enough for the purpose of the picture. Also I cannot approve of snow scenes taken in the studio, as they utterly fail to convince and detract from the sincerity of the whole. On the other hand, there are many beautiful exterior scenes which are the real article and



Gladys Leslie is the one bright spot in "The Nymph of the Foothills" (Vitagraph)

Any one who doesn't thoroly enjoy "Till I Come Back to You" (Paramount) has something wrong with his cosmos

bolster up the picture considerably. Robert McKim is good as the villainous "Wolf," who kills the "Eaglet's" (Charles Ray) father, steals his sister, thus necessitating a fight staged in a snow-covered fort. Gloria Hope and Doris Lee, the one as the daughter of the "Wolf," the other as the sister of the "Eaglet," are quite satisfactory photographically.

"ON THE QUIET" (PARAMOUNT)

The most important thing about this picture is that it denotes the return of that very able actor, John Barrymore, to the silversheet via the Paramount route. It is rather a waste of time and money to display the unusual talents of an actor like Barrymore in an ordinary farce of the "On the Quiet" type. The story is simply that of a young man inclined to sow his wild oats and yet disinclined to give up the girl, whose guardians unreasonably enough demand that he should reform. However, the action is snappy and the final situation, where Barrymore and the girl descend to the bottom of the sea in diver's uniform, is original at least. Lois Meredith is unconvincing in the rôle opposite the star.

"THE TURN OF THE WHEEL" (GOLDWYN)

This picture interested me greatly. In the first place it is Geraldine Farrar's début into silent drama under the Goldwyn standard. Secondly, it has a story which, altho frankly melodramatic, dealing, as it does, with the fate of a young man accused of murder, and the methods employed by the girl who is in love with him to prove his innocence, has been invested with splendid suspense by the director, Reginald Barker, so that one never quite guesses the real solution until the end. Thirdly, the acting of Violet Heming is so remarkably vivid as to nearly overtop that of the star; fourthly, the way Herbert Rawlinson lends distinction to a too small part.

"THE CRUISE OF THE MAKE-BELIEVES" (PARAMOUNT)

In which that much advertised young lady, Lila Lee, one-time Cuddles of the vaudeville world, makes her début upon the silent stage. The story is that of a poor little scrub girl with an inebriate father, whose only pleasure is derived from a make-believe ship she has rigged up in her back yard, until one day a rich young man vaults the back yard's fence and—brings wealth and happiness into the little lady's life. Lila Lee *is* a refreshing type of ingénue, but is not yet able to sustain emotion for a great length of time; which results in the picture being a series of quick flashes. At no time are we given a good look at Lila Lee without having her position shifted. Harrison Ford is very convincing as the rich young man.

"THE PRUSSIAN CUR" (FOX)

Yet another in the series of pictures dealing with the atrocious habits of the Hun and the royal family of Berlin. Raoul Walsh, the director, is at his best in the tenement house scenes, while Miriam Cooper is a bright and welcome light in an otherwise somewhat depressing picture. Horst Von der Goltz, a real German spy who takes the part of the spy in the picture, proves himself a very clever actor.

"HE COMES UP SMILING" (ARTCRAFT)

Every one who has seen this seems agreed upon one point, namely that it is the best Fairbanks yet. The story is an unusually good one, being about a young man who feels himself caged in a small-town bank whose chief duty is taking care of the President's pet canary. One day the bird flies away and so does Doug, becoming a knight-of-the-road. He steals a rich man's clothes, and being taken for him is invited to the home of a rival financier in order to prevent him from reaching the stock market. Of course Doug overcomes the whole bunch and wins the girl—oh yes, there was a girl, while the old President of the bank conveniently dies, leaving Doug his money so he can marry her. The whole is beautifully produced and the heart interest sustains the foolery well; however, we do think that the running up and down and all around the place is carried to excess and belongs more properly in a Chaplin film than here. However, perhaps it *is* fitting as Fairbanks seems to be becoming more Chaplinesque than Chaplin with each release.

Wallace Reid has an excellent play in "The Source" (Paramount)

"A NYMPH OF THE FOOTHILLS" (VITAGRAPH)

Gladys Leslie is the bright little star of this screen play, and we might say the only bright thing about it. It is typical pastoral stuff about the little country girl who meets the city fellow, marries him, is made fun of by his family, misunderstands him, but eventually all is well. The actor who played opposite Miss Leslie was astonishingly camera conscious and awkward.

"THE HUN WITHIN" (PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT)

This is Dorothy Gish's contribution to the spy fever. If these plays continue we shall be suspecting bombs at any place at any moment, which, you will admit, will do away with the element of suspense attached to the terror if such things should ever happen. All joking aside, this is a decidedly exciting picture, dealing, as it does, with the naturalized German father who is for our country and his son who is a typical German and spy. Douglas MacLean is pleasing as the American lad, while Charles Gerard does some excellent acting as the German-spy son.

"'TILL I COME BACK TO YOU" (ARTCRAFT)

Any one who can see this picture—in spite of a few minor improbabilities—and not be thrilled must have something radically wrong with his cosmos. Supposed to take place in Belgium, it is the story of German atrocities to Belgian children

and the thrilling rescue of a whole orphanage of them by a young American at the expense of ruining the American plans. Bryant Washburn is the likeable young hero, Florence Vidor the heroine, and little Georgie Stone quite the star of the piece.

"PALS FIRST" (METRO SCREEN CLASSICS)

There is nothing especially striking about this latest Lockwood offering, except that it has a rather well worked out surprise ending. Harold becomes a knight of the road and raises a growth of whiskers. Then he enters a home, is mistaken for the master and saves the girl from having her fortune stolen. He is accused of being an impostor, but proves in the end that he is the real thing. Ruby de Remer has the rôle opposite Mr. Lockwood, while James Lackaye makes the rôle of Harold's pal of the road a real characterization.

The talents of John Barrymore might be better exploited than in an ordinary farce like "On the Quiet" (Paramount)

"KILDARE OF STORM" (METRO)

King Baggot and Crauford Kent make such vivid characterizations of the bad man and the good man of this piece that it is an engrossing screen study. Emily Stevens is the star and the woman both want. Had the last reel been less lengthy an even better effect would have been obtained.

"THE BELLS" (PATHE)

Not since the days of Henry Walthall's first work with Griffith have we seen a photoplay that so thoroly engrosses the attention as "The Bells." Frank Keenan has given us a character delineation that will never be forgotten. His work is so forceful that he haunts you long after you leave the theater. "The Bells" is intense, a drama indeed, yet there are enough bright comedy touches thruout to relieve the grimness of Keenan's fine emotional work.

"DESERT LAW" (TRIANGLE)

Altho Jack Richardson stars in this offering of Western life, Alfred Whitman's work stands out the sharpest. Invariably you find yourself centering your attention on Whitman. The story is like thousands of other Western tales—murder and a cabin fight—but the scenes have been handled so intelligently by Director Jack Conway that you lose sight of the fact that it is old stuff.

"THE TALK OF THE TOWN" (UNIVERSAL)

This is by far the best little set of reels we've had from the Universal shop in some time. Dorothy Phillips gives a very convincing impersonation of a young girl whose ideas on life are all wrong. While the plot of the story is the usual triangle affair, there is a decided twist to the ending, which is the real punch of the story. It is encouraging to find such an original

"The Hun Within" (Paramount) with Dorothy Gish and Douglas MacLean is a thrilling spy-drama

twist once in a while. It proves that "while there's life, there's hope," and that some day we may see films written by newcomers with fresh ideas.

"THE RAINBOW TRAIL" (FOX)

This is a sequel to "Riders of the Purple Sage," the novel by Zane Grey. Bill Farnum takes a dual character, one of the man imprisoned in Sealed Valley, and the other that of a kinsman. This picture will prove a fascination to those who like real Western stuff—with a good share of Bill's usual fighting—but, as a whole, "Riders of the Purple Sage" excels it. While the photography is good and the scenes realistic, there are too many shots of the same thing; because of this the action of the story drags. Bill Farnum fans will like it, however, for Bill is his usual fighting self.

"MR. LOGAN, U. S. A." (FOX)

A photodrama woven around a German plot to blow up a mine which is filling Government contracts. Tom Mix, in the title rôle as a secret service man. The story is fair, the acting excellent, the photography splendid. Mr. Mix, as usual, does some wonderful work as a daring rider and is fast gaining an enviable reputation in this kind of work. His only rival is Douglas Fairbanks, but their work is entirely different. Fairbanks is always smiling and does his "stunts" in a good-natured, almost clownish fashion, while Mix is always serious. His last effort is more serious than ever. It is a melodrama, full of interest and thrilling in every reel.

"THE MATING" (VITAGRAPH)

Early in the season we picked Gladys Leslie as the coming star at Vitagraph. With each release she has, in spite of ordinary stories and mediocre support, proved us correct. In "The Mating" she is even more promising than ever, for she has the advantage of a story that interests and an unusually good supporting cast. The story is pastoral in character, which seems to be the Vitagraph tendency in scripts at the present moment. However, Miss Leslie fits ideally into the rôle of the little girl who has to mother her inventor father and two small brothers and sisters. In the house next door she discovers a young man who she thinks is a thief, but he turns out to be the owner and a young author. Herbert Rawlinson makes a mighty attractive hero opposite Miss Leslie.

"LAUGHING BILL HYDE" (GOLDWYN)

Taking everything into consideration—direction, action, continuity, titles and acting—this is the very finest film released under the Goldwyn banner. "Laughing Bill Hyde" serves as the film début of Will Rogers, and his performance would have been a credit to any veteran in the business. Director Hobart Henley has certainly been turning out some splendid productions of late—splendid from big points of interest to the most minute detail, and any one witnessing one of his films may expect a good hour of entertainment. Rex Beach has added a big item to the Will Rogers' début by writing some excellent titles.

At the Hollywood Red Cross Ball

Film Notables Who Danced at That Patriotic Event

Ann Little | Billy Mason | Rhea Mitchell | Nell Craig | Mrs. H. C. De Mille | C. B. De Mille | Mrs. C. B. De Mille

Ann Little and Charles Ray

Norma Manning and Mrs. Bryant Washburn.

The Cross of Shame

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

[*This story has been picturized with Dorothy Dalton in the rôle of Jenevieve and will be released by Paramount under the title of "Vive La France."*]

Lieutenant Jean Picard, camera-man, receives and executes valorously, a risky commission. Colonel Bouchier calls him one of "war's unsung heroes." When the Big Job comes along Picard volunteers. It is to carry an order of tremendous importance to Colonel Beschard some distance away under steady fire and straight thru the German lines. "No one can help you now but God," says his Colonel as Picard starts out.

In the meanwhile Jenevieve Bouchette, who is a film star in America, and affianced to Jean Picard, hears of the ruins of her native village Deschon and comes to France to find both of her parents have been brutally murdered by the Germans, and her only brother dead. She is taken prisoner and threatened with the Cross of Shame if she refuses to comply with the advances of the Boche lieutenant. Upon her persistent refusal she is imprisoned in a half-ruined chateau, and there, upon his mission comes Jean Picard, wounded and exhausted. He and Jenevieve have a brief, ecstatic reunion, and then, hearing the Germans, Picard dons the uniform of a dead Hun and hides in a room nearby. Jenevieve entertains some six or seven of the officers, hoping to avert their suspicions It is in vain. The commanding officer orders his men to fire thru the doors surrounding them. Jenevieve, frantic, declares loudly that they are too late—their prey is dead. She trusts to Picard to hear this. The Huns force the doors and find she has spoken the truth. She begs them to leave what is left of her lover to her. Touched by her great beauty, they comply and leave her. She goes to Jean, "We are alone," she whispers, and pulls back the sheet that shrouds him. "My God!" she cries in horror. A remnant of a man stares up at her—dead indeed. She faints.

ROUVIER'S Batteries simultaneously opened an attack with the French 75's on that section of the German lines east of Thiry Ridge, and poured a continuous shell-fire on the trenches held by the 22nd Bambergers. He was joined by Arnaut's machine-gun batteries which caused frightful losses on the German side, as the enemy fought desperately to force back the onrushing infantry. They held their lines, doggedly resisting Beschard's troops which charged at them with shot, bayonet and hand grenade, and finally forced them to retire to the eastern outskirts of Beaumont.

Within two hours after the battle started, the enemy was being engaged all along the front, extending from Hill 301 to Calleaux, and Thiry Ridge and Beaumont were in the hands of the French.

Later the 136th Infantry forced them to retreat from their temporary positions, and drove them thru Deschon to stronger fortified positions, three miles east of the town, which they had previously prepared in anticipation of just such a defeat. Following his instructions, Colonel Beschard then moved his army into Deschon and occupied the town.

When morning came the Allied Front had been straightened to the Damloup Road; communication along the entire French front had been re-established and they were much nearer their supply bases, which had been the essential reason for the attack. In addition to this, they had captured many big guns and several hundred prisoners. For the attack had come as a complete surprise to the Germans, and the French had rushed at them furiously, and forced them back before they had time to bring up their reinforcements. Several counter attacks were attempted by the Germans, but the French resisted them strongly, and their lines remained steadfast and unbroken, with comparatively few losses.

Back at the Chateau de Geantit a different scene had been enacted during the French offensive of the night before. Jenevieve had gazed in horror at the mutilated remains on the cot, before her, and with a cry of anguish, fell to the floor in a dead faint.

She recovered presently. For some time she kneeled staring at

She tore open her blouse and revealed the mark on her breast

the silent, motionless form, as great sobs tore at her breast. She was dazed and heartbroken and the terrible shock had rendered her speechless. This then was the reward for what she had suffered in the past! The long months of waiting...The tragedies at Deschon...The way he had come to her...And the manner in which she had saved him from the men who trailed him like blood-hounds! He had been saved—for this! Fate had played a miserable trick on her. As her thoughts recalled all these things, she wondered if there really was a God! If so, where had He been when she called upon Him, and why had He not listened to her prayer? Why had He spurned her thus? She laughed bitterly, hysterically.

Finally she recalled what Jean had told her of the message he carried. It was important—to France. Then she seemed to regain some of her self-control. She must not permit her beloved country to suffer more than was necessary. It had suffered enough in the past: it would probably suffer more in the future, before this dreadful war was over. If she could prevent it from suffering now, even just a little, it was her duty to do so. She must get that message to the French troops...to Colonel Beschard.

Having decided on this, she unbuttoned the dead man's coat and searched his pockets for the valuable papers. Presently she found them. Without looking at them she nervously placed them in her bosom and left the room.

She could never pass thru the German lines, dressed as she was in her woman's clothes. She searched every room and closet

on the first floor, without being rewarded. Then she ascended the staircase to the second floor. She shivered with the chill autumn air which was keenly felt because of the great hole in the roof of the chateau, which had been made by a German shell. As she glanced up thru the opening she saw the sky had been dyed crimson by the red glare of battle. For an instant it faded, as the rumbling of guns ceased, and she caught a glimpse of the stars which were making an effort to shine thru the bleeding heavens.

The second floor of the chateau had been devoted to sleeping-rooms in the past. But now they were blank and cold; the whole top of the house was unheated and deserted. Everything of value had been taken by the Germans. All they had left in each room were a few pieces of furniture. The beds had been used by General Von Strohm and his staff; he had made the chateau his headquarters during the German occupation of Deschon. They had remained undisturbed since his departure and were untidy and covered with dust and dirt. But, even the evidence of neglect and the filth which rested on everything was unable to hide traces of the luxury which had abounded here before the war.

Many of the elegant tables, chairs and mantelpieces had been broken by the Huns, in their mad desire to destroy, while all the big, handsome mirrors had been smashed before the enemy had taken its departure, and were scattered over the floor. Empty wine bottles were lying about and a general atmosphere of dissipation, destruction and drunkenness pervaded each room. The chateau retained only here and there a reminder of its former beauty and attractiveness. All the French paneled windows had been broken; the expensive tapestries had been torn from the walls, which were now covered with blasphemous words, scrawled there by the Germans.

In one of the rooms Jenevieve discovered a German uniform which had been discarded by a lieutenant of the Prussian Guard. It had been thrown carelessly on the floor by its former owner who had probably requisitioned a complete new outfit; for close by she found a pair of mud-covered boots and a faded cap, dusty and stained. Her only hope of getting thru the German lines rested in this disguise.

She recoiled as her fingers touched them, for the contact stirred more than ever the hatred in her breast for everything German. But she quickly threw off this revulsion and prepared to put on the uniform. It had evidently been worn by a stout, squatty Hun; for the trousers were much too short for her, and what they lacked in length were hidden by the big boots, which were much too large for her slender legs and her particularly small feet. The coat fitted loosely over her decidedly attractive figure.

When she had completed her change of clothes she unloosened an abundance of dark brown hair, which dropped half way down her body. Then she gathered it up and arranged it neatly on the top of her head. After this she adjusted the small, greenish-grey cap and tucked the stray strands of her hair underneath it. As she glanced at the reflection of herself in a broken piece of mirror which she picked up off the floor, she was not altogether displeased with her appearance, even tho she detested the uniform. Many times she had been called upon to play exactly the same rôle she was enacting now. She had often tried to portray before the camera such a part as fate had thrust upon her during the past few hours. But, now she realized how incompetent she had been in the past. The suffering and sacrifice she had endured of late would no doubt improve her work in the future. She shuddered as she thought of the price she had paid! The psychological explanation of this, she knew, was that in moments of great danger, of great strain and tragedy, people are simple and natural; they do not act, in the theatrical sense of the word.

The sound of firing, from the direction of Beaumont, attracted Jenevieve's attention as she descended the stairs. It was deafening, and the roar of the artillery, which was keeping up an incessant fire, together with the whistling of shells and bullets around the chateau, made strange, weird music. In the midst of these terrible noises, with the crackling of rifle shots, the steady chuck-chuck-chuck of machine guns, which sounded like the riveter on a New York skyscraper, she could hear the beating of hurried heels on the road in front of the chateau. She discerned the harsh, guttural accent of a people she had come to know so well! And she listened with a heavy heart. Going to the front door, she placed her ear against the crack in the door in order to make certain she was not mistaken. Yes, they were Germans!...Their voices were loud: they were excited!...They were running!

Her spirits rose as she stood there, for, she realized the significance of the excitement out there on the road. It meant the Germans were retreating! The French were coming again to Deschon! As the truth dawned on Jenevieve, she heaved a sigh of relief. It was the first cheerful sound that had reached her ears since her arrival in France, and it lifted, just a little, the sorrow which weighed so heavily on her soul. Then, as her thoughts turned to the silent man in the next room, whose body had been mangled and torn by the Germans, she knew she could never be happy again, and the smile had gone out of her life forever.

She walked slowly over to the doors, now open, which led into the death chamber, in order to take one more look at the man who had been so much to her. Pausing on the threshold, she leaned wearily against the doorway and stood there for some moments in deep meditation. The deafening noise without, and the depth of her own thoughts, prevented her from hearing a French squad, led by a lieutenant, as they dashed into the room.

The lieutenant saw her, and mistak-

For some time she kneeled staring at the silent motionless form

ing her for a German officer, he started towards her. As he reached her side, Jenevieve looked up and saw him staring inquisitively at her. She was also conscious of the revolver he was holding in his hands, the muzzle of which was pressed hard against her side.

"You are a prisoner," he said calmly.

He was a young Frenchman—not more than thirty—and his voice was very pleasing to Jenevieve, who had become so accustomed to the harsh words of the Germans that she felt quite at ease now, and failed to consider the seriousness of her position.

"Mon Dieu!" she exclaimed as she turned and faced her countryman. Then she glanced from him to the others who stood silently watching her. There was something uncanny and weird about them all. They looked like an army of ghosts. Chalk dust overspread them from head to foot. It had gathered in their hair, eyebrows and unshaven faces. They had sweated in the heat and burden of fighting and their faces had become so streaked that even their own brothers would not have known them.

"M'sieur is our prisoner," repeated the lieutenant. "Search him!" he commanded, as he turned to a couple of his squad.

"M'sieur, ne comprenez-vous?" she urged, somewhat troubled. "I am a daughter of La France!" And then, to the amazement of all she snatched off her cap and revealed herself to them.

Consternation and surprise swept over the countenances of the soldiers as they glanced at each other. But, the lieutenant retained his calm composure, and as he looked at her he added: "Mademoiselle, I presume you realize this is a serious matter and it is our duty to search you."

"Continuez!" she replied as she threw up her arms.

The lieutenant quickly shoved his revolver into its holster and unbuttoning her coat put his hands into the inside pocket. His fingers felt the bulky envelope she had placed there, and his eyes instantly lighted up over his discovery.

He drew out the package and hastily tore it open, as his men gathered around him. It contained a large sheet of wax paper, which had been folded several times. And on the outside was stamped the French crest! He unfolded it, and there, spread out before him were the complete plans of the French positions from Hill 301 to Beaumont and from Beaumont to Fort Douaumont!

"What do you say to this?" he asked as he turned and held the paper before her.

"I do not understand, M'sieur," she replied weakly, her expression somewhat dazed.

Glaring at her with extreme hatred, the lieutenant shook the paper before her as he replied· "Mademoiselle probably knows what this paper contains; it is the plans of the French army!"

"Plans of the French army?" she repeated slowly after him. "Oh, Mon Dieu!...Mon Dieu!" she sobbed as she staggered back against the wall.

"Mademoiselle is either a member of the Wilhelmstrasse or a traitor to France!" he hissed at her, with utter contempt. "In either case, the penalty is death!"

But, she did not hear him. Her thoughts were of Jean Picard. Could he ...Had he died a traitor to his own country!...No..no..no! It could not be...He was too noble, too loyal to France...He had come to her wounded ...wounded for France!...His face was too loving, too kind...No!...Jean Picard would not sell his honor to a country which had exacted so much from his people. And yet, here were the papers she had taken from his pocket, herself. They did not contain, as he had told her, a message to Colonel Beschard; they contained plans which were exceedingly valuable to the Germans! Oh, if he had only been spared!...If he were only here now, she felt that he could offer some explanation. Finally, she raised her head; her countenance a picture of despair.

"M'sieur, I am a daughter of France," she said faintly. "I have suffered much for my beloved country. But, I am willing to suffer even more," she added as she drew herself up proudly. "I am not a German; neither am I a traitor. In justice to some one—who, if he was a traitor, has paid the penalty, and, if not, has died gloriously for France—I cannot explain how I came by these papers. I will prove to you now that I am a Frenchwoman!" And with this she tore open her blouse and showed him the Cross of Shame on her breast.

The lieutenant and his men stared at the branded badge with horror and in silence.

Finally, the lieutenant spoke. "Mademoiselle, we salute you, in the name of France," he said calmly as he stood erect. His men did likewise, and then each of them raised his hand to his cap.

CHAPTER V

Six weeks had passed since the Battle of Douaumont and the defeat of the Germans. They had been pushed fifteen miles beyond Deschon and tho the Huns had made many counter attacks in their mad efforts to regain some of the ground they had lost, the French were able to hold them in check with comparatively small sacrifices.

With the French occupation of Deschon, the beautiful little town, which had always been the pride of its people and a delight to the tourist, began to repair its injuries. The majority of its houses bore evidences of the anger of the Hun. Those not entirely destroyed were scarred by great shell holes and the little town looked as tho it had been shaken by a severe earthquake. The streets were filled with debris, making them almost impassable. The soldiers realized their vast undertaking when they attempted to restore the town.

Many of the refugees, upon learning that the Germans had been compelled to evacuate Deschon, returned to the ruins of their homes and with renewed energy started to repair their losses. Jenevieve was among them. The quaint little cottage which had been the home of her parents for so many years, and where she had known such happiness in the past, had been spared complete destruction. A huge shell had shattered one side of the upper story and covered the first floor with its debris; the rest of the building remained intact.

The troops, under Major de Billy, which had captured the town, were more than kind to Jenevieve and they assisted in the repairing of the damage to her home. This was not only true in the case of Jenevieve but in many others. The soldiers worked diligently to restore Deschon. The town was cleared of the debris, which choked its streets; the yards and gardens were cleaned and before many days had passed Deschon began to look natural again. Some of the shop-keepers—with the return of the refugees—came back to their little shops in the Place de la Loi. They found the Germans had left but little on their shelves, but, they were not disheartened, and with that grim French courage, which has won for France the admiration and respect of the entire world, they began all over again. And so, six weeks after the Germans had been driven thru Deschon, the little town proved its stubborn persistency to return to its former peaceful life.

Resolved never to part with her home, Jenevieve had decided she would rent it after it had been placed in order, and then return to America and take up her work. The Le Gai's, who had been neighbors of her parents for many years, had agreed to take the place from Jenevieve, and, for a small payment of rent —enough to keep it in order—would attend to the needs of the property while she was away. For, everything they possessed had been destroyed by the Germans when they came to Deschon.

When these details had been arranged, Jenevieve prepared to leave. The grey mists and drizzling rains which had hung over the town for many weeks had been followed by beautiful days, which brought sunshine with them. They seemed to fill her with new hope and reminded her of the bright days the future held in store for her. She had suffered much since her return to France. At times she had been bitter towards God and His world, but, now that the time had arrived for her to go, she felt a desire to remain. And this, despite the fact that she had often vowed she never wanted to see the place again.

A couple of days before she was to leave for Bordeaux, word came to her that President Poincare, General Joffre and Colonel Bouchier were to review the troops which had taken part in the Battle of Douaumont. She learnt of this Monday evening as she was on her way to one of the shops in the Rue St. Gudule. A soldier was tacking up a notice on the shutter of a deserted house, as she was passing, and she paused to read the announcement. It stated that the review was to take place in the Place de la Loi on Wednesday morning. It added that after the troops had passed in review medals were to be bestowed on those who had performed deeds of valor during the Battle of Douaumont. Then followed a list of those who were to be thus honored. Almost unconsciously her eyes glanced down the list until she reached the last name. Then, a look of keen surprise swept over her countenance, for, there her gaze rested as she stared at the name of "Jean Picard!" Opposite each name was a short description of the deed performed by the soldier which merited the bestowal of each particular medal. Some were for the capturing of prisoners, single-handed; others for unusual bravery in holding a number of the enemy at bay until reinforcements arrived, and still others for holding portions of the line against great odds, and so on. But, the greatest honor of all was to be bestowed upon the memory of Jean Picard, "whose nearest of kin will receive the Medaille Militaire for his gallant deed, in taking a message from Colonel Bouchier thru the German lines to Colonel Beschard, the delivering of which resulted in the French troops administering a crushing defeat to the Germans and permitted the Allied Front to be straightened to the Damloup Road!"

As Jenevieve read this her heart filled with happiness and tears of great joy dimmed her eyes. It was true...Jean Picard had not been a traitor to his

country!...He had died with honor...A hero! Then she grew perplexed. He had come to her from Colonel Bouchier. The message had not been delivered. He was killed before he had delivered it. She had found it on his body, herself. Then she recalled what the message contained and the suspicions of the French lieutenant when its contents were revealed. It all grew more complicated and confusing as she turned these things over in her mind. Her troubled mind failed to solve it. She decided she would learn the truth; she would go to the headquarters of Colonel Bouchier which had now been moved to Calleaux.

Jenevieve arose early the next morning, following a restless night, and after partaking of a light breakfast, prepared for her journey to Calleaux. Pierre Le Gai had succeeded in borrowing a horse and cart from old Louis Dupierreux, who had returned and opened up his little grocery shop in the Rue St. Gudule a few days before. He could remember when Jenevieve couldn't reach the counter in his shop. From the hour she was born he had loved her with a fatherly affection, eclipsed only by the devotion of Armand. When some little childish sorrow upset her she had always gone and told him all about it, because he was so generous with his sympathy and seemed to understand. She would never forget the tears which came to his eyes the day she left for America. The love she held for him had been born in her childhood, and such love usually endures.

It was a wonderful morning. And, as Jenevieve rode along, silently feasting on the beauties about her, she knew this was God. Deschon was nestled in the Valley of the Meuse, where the narrow, winding stream picked its way along the foot of Mount Hérent, the larger of the two impressive hills, which stood one on either side of the valley. On the opposite side of old Hérent, Calleaux was situated, one of the oldest towns in northern France.

The sun had spread its golden cloak thru the valley for them to ride upon, and its rays fell upon the mist that overhung the low-lying ground.

A part of the way was rough, but soon they passed the crest of Mount Hérent and slowly descended the slope towards Calleaux. On this side of the hill there was a stretch of stump-land where the Germans had poured their shells and left a trail of desolation behind them.

As they approached Calleaux they passed small detachments of troops plodding along the dust-covered road. They were reserves from Beaumont which were being moved a safe distance behind the front lines. A little later Pierre and Jenevieve rode into the town. Pierre pulled up a moment to parley with a poilu, who was scuffling along lazily with his gun on his shoulder. He informed them that Colonel Bouchier had established his headquarters in the village inn, which was situated in the center of the town, on the main thorofare. It was a large building, and its two stories of rough stone had stood there since the Napoleonic era; in fact, the oldest residents of Calleaux declared that the great Emperor had, on more than one occasion, broken his journey here in order to quench his thirst with a flask of Burgundy.

Jenevieve entered the place rather timidly and inquired of a portly gentleman, with florid complexion and dirty apron, the way to the headquarters of Colonel Bouchier. After placing some glasses and a bottle of wine on a table before two thirsty looking peasants he led her to the stairway at the rear of the room. He ascended the steps, Jenevieve following closely behind him, and then down a dark, narrow passage. At the end of the hallway a French soldier stood on duty at the entrance to a big room, the doors of which had been thrown open. As they were about to enter, the soldier thrust himself before them.

"Mademoiselle—" he said, courteously, by way of inquiry.

"I have come to see Colonel Bouchier," she replied as she stepped back.

"Will Mademoiselle please explain the nature of her visit?" he continued politely.

"It is most important," she informed him, with a slight evidence of irritation.

He swung on his heels and walked to the doors at the rear of the big room. After tapping lightly, he opened one of the doors and disappeared. Returning almost instantly, he informed her the Colonel would see her at once. Whereupon the innkeeper departed. The soldier then led her into the presence of the man whose name was at that moment on the lips of every one in France.

The Colonel, who was seated behind a table in the center of the room, arose to meet her as she entered.

"Mademoiselle—" he said, as he extended his hand.

"Jenevieve Bouchette," she added with a faint smile as she looked up into the handsome features of the brave warrior.

"Ah, Mademoiselle Bouchette," he remarked pleasantly. Then, placing a chair in front of the table strewn with papers, he added: "Please be seated, Mademoiselle."

"Thank you, M'sieur," she said a little nervously as she seated herself.

"Now then, what can I do for such a gracious lady?" he went on, as he sat down opposite her and gazed with admiration on the pretty creature before him.

"I have come to ask you about Jean Picard," she said, faltering, as she looked into the pleasant countenance of the Colonel.

"Jean Picard...Jean Picard," repeated the Colonel thoughtfully as his gaze wandered over the table. "Ah yes," he added presently as his eyes met hers. "He was the brave cinematographer who succeeded in getting thru the German lines."

"Yes, M'sieur," said Jenevieve as she leaned forward expectantly.

The Colonel was quick to note this, and a shadow crept over his big brow. He was troubled. "Was he a relative of yours, Mademoiselle?" he finally inquired.

The gaze of the girl dropped to her lap and she toyed nervously with the fingers of her gloves as she slowly replied: "He was more than that to me."

"I understand," he said softly as he shifted his eyes to the window just behind her and studied the sloping roof and the French gables of the house across the street. He had experienced similar scenes before, and he found the din of battle was much more to his liking. No foe on the field of battle could arouse fear in the soul of this brave commander, but, when sweethearts, wives and mothers came to him and wanted to know what he had done with their men it stirred in him a feeling of cowardice.

"He is mentioned for the Medaille Militaire," continued Jenevieve as her countenance lighted up with pride.

"When I reported his valorous deed to General Headquarters, our brave commander, General Joffre, decided what Jean Picard had accomplished was worthy of the Medaille Militaire," mused the Colonel calmly.

"Then he is still alive?" inquired Jenevieve with fresh eagerness.

"It seems that he succeeded in reaching the French lines," continued the commander. "He was severely wounded and after handing the message to one of Colonel Beschard's men he lapsed into unconsciousness. One of the staff officers delivered the message to his superior and the 136th Infantry was able to make a rear and flank movement against the Huns which undoubtedly won for us the Battle of Douaumont. Jean Picard was taken to the base hospital at Chaulnay and was later transferred. Altho I have endeavored to find some trace of him since then, I have met with little success." Then he paused a moment, after which he added in a tone hardly audible: "One of my staff officers has since informed me that he is down among the missing."

The brave girl before him had listened to every word and her hopes rose as he continued. However, when he had finished the last sentence her head drooped slowly as her gaze returned to her lap. Her breast heaved with the sorrow which welled in her soul, and tho she struggled bravely to suppress her tears she was too weak and heart-broken and they filled her eyes and trickled slowly down her cheeks.

Nothing in the world affected this hard battle-torn Colonel like a woman's tears, and he pushed back his chair and cursing the cruelties of war beneath his breath, stepped over to her.

"I know, my child," he said soothingly, as he laid his big hand on her shoulder. "This war is always hurting some one. All of us have suffered. It has taken from me two sons; all that I had left. But, it was for France. We all have to suffer for the ignorance of others, and I suppose it will always be so," he mused as he shook his head thoughtfully.

"Yes, it is for France," she finally said, gaining control of herself. "Vive la France!"

"Few of us receive the much-coveted Medaille Militaire," the Colonel reminded her as he returned to his seat. "It is the greatest honor France bestows on her heroes."

"But, where one has given his life in the performance of the deed?" inquired Jenevieve.

"Then the medal is sent to his nearest kin," returned the Colonel.

Jenevieve remained silent a moment. Then, as she looked at the man whose gaze was resting kindly on her, she said: "I would like to ask a special favor of you, M'sieur."

"You are entitled to every consideration, Mademoiselle. You have but to ask," he assured her.

"When Jean Picard is called, tomorrow, at Deschon, I want some one to respond to his name," she pleaded. "Let me answer, for him. I want the world to know there is some one near, who loves him; some one who cherishes his memory and desires to keep his name before us all; to fire with enthusiasm the men who are still fighting for France! Permit me to receive the Medaille Militaire in honor of the memory of Jean Picard? Let me answer for him? It is the only request I have to make; it is the greatest tribute I can pay him."

"Has he any relatives in France?" inquired the Colonel.

"None. They are all in America. I shall consider it a divine privilege—the greatest mission of my life—to deliver the medaille to those in that far-off country, who are patiently, anxiously awaiting for his return. I know the sad news of his death will hurt them," she mused.

"But, he died a noble death...He was not a traitor!...He died that France might live!"

"I think it can be arranged," said the Colonel, encouragingly. "But," he added thoughtfully, "I will have to obtain the consent of the President of France."

"Thank you, so much, M'sieur," she said as she arose.

"I am sure the spirit of Jean Picard must have reason to feel proud of such a noble creature," he said as he rose. "You are a true daughter of France, Mademoiselle." Then, as he followed her to the door he added: "Do you live in Calleaux?"

"I live in Deschon, M'sieur," she replied.

"Very well, Mademoiselle," he said as he smiled. "If you are in the Place de la Loi tomorrow, you may answer to the name of Jean Picard!"

She paused on the threshold, and, as she raised her head, he saw the deep appreciation which spread over her sorrowful countenance and the faint light which came into her sad eyes as she held out her hand. "I cannot express my gratitude," she said, softly. "I do not know how I can repay you for your kindness."

The Colonel raised his hand. "It is due you, Mademoiselle," he avowed calmly. "In behalf of France, I am simply making a very small payment on a debt she owes to you, and which can never be paid in full." Then he raised her hand, and, bowing his head, pressed his lips to it. "Bonjour, Mademoiselle," he said as he stood erect.

"Bonjour, M'sieur." Then she went out.

He watched her as she disappeared thru the doorway of the outer room, and then slowly closed the doors and returned to his seat behind the table covered with papers. There were tears in his eyes, too.

CHAPTER VI

Jenevieve was awakened the next morning by the tramp, tramp, tramp, of heavy boots on the road outside her window. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes and listened. Then she threw aside the pretty white covers and slipping her dainty pink toes into the sandals beside the bed, she reached for her dressing-gown and put her arms thru it as she hurried to the front window. Her heart was thrilled with patriotic joy as she leaned against the sash and watched the passing troops. They differed a great deal from the mud-covered, weary-faced Germans who had staggered tiredly over that same road but a few days before. There was a look of courage on the face of every one of these French soldiers, and a cheerfulness in each eye that the grimness of battle, with its hardships, had not been able to dim. Their French blue uniforms were neat and clean and the buttons on their coats glistened under the rays of the morning sun, while the little crimson cap, placed rakishly on each head, gave them an air of carelessness and nonchalance which was typical of their people. "France will never be crushed," mused Jenevieve as she watched them pass. For, she knew, behind this apparent carelessness was an indomitable, irrepressible persistency which the Hun would never be able to subdue. The courage and light-heartedness which dominated the souls of these men of France covered a hatred for the Germans which would never be erased until the ugly serpent now gnawing at her vitals had been crushed.

Column after column, company after company and battalion after battalion marched past her window with swift step and a precision which revealed excellent training.

After the long lines of infantry came the machine-gun batteries, followed by both light and heavy artillery, whose guns groaned and squeaked as they moved slowly over the dry, dust-covered road.

Upon arriving at the Place de la Loi the columns were broken and the men fell out to await the hour of the grand review. Some of them, in little groups of four or five, started for the shops which skirted the square to spend a few centimes for souvenirs and sweets, while others made their way to the wine cellar of Madame Jusserand, just around the corner, in the Rue St. Gudule.

The few inhabitants of the town, who had been aroused by the bands of music, the fifes and drums and the pounding of feet on the little narrow streets, had rushed excitedly from their homes and followed the soldiers to the Place de la Loi.

Just before noon a bugle sounded in the Place de la Loi and the soldiers thruout the town immediately rushed thru the streets to the public square. From the little balcony which ran along the front of the house, on the second floor, Jenevieve watched them assemble. It was all strange and interesting to her. She had witnessed many ceremonies in that old square. When a child, she had played around the fountain which stood in the center of it, and she had marched thru it many times, on festival days, in her choral robes, when the Church of Mary Magdalene held its annual celebrations. In those days, it was transformed into a market-place, in the morning, and the peasants would journey into the town long before the sun poked its nose above the eastern horizon; their carts heavily ladened with fruits and vegetables.

Since then the Place de la Loi had been deserted; for the life of Deschon had been distorted, like many other towns in France, since the war began. Not in four years had this town been filled with activity as it was today. The Place de la Loi was fast filling with troops, which were now standing several columns deep. Some of the battalions had formed in the Rue St. Gudule, the Rue Madeleine and other streets, off the square, and then marched to the center of the town.

Suddenly the clear notes of the bugle echoed thru the town again. Instantly, every man came to "Attention" and gripped his rifle, whose bayonet glistened in the rays of the sun. Then a band started playing "La Marsellaise" as the officers took their places at the head of their commands.

Presently, Jenevieve saw a big limousine swing into the Place de la Loi, from the Rue St. Gudule. It was a beautiful, drab-colored car, with the tricolor of France draped over its hood. Beside the chauffeur, on the front seat, was a soldier who sat erect with arms folded and his gaze fixed straight ahead of him.

The car slowed down as it turned into the square, and, as it passed the line of troops, each company presented arms. The small group of townspeople immediately recognized the occupants of the car and doffing their hats they broke into loud cheers: "Vive la President!" "Vive la Joffre!" "Vive la France!"

The cheering continued until the car reached the center of the Place de la Loi. When the car stopped, the soldier jumped off the front seat and running to the door, opened it. The first one to alight was Colonel Bouchier, and he was immediately greeted with tumultuous cheers, which he acknowledged as he gracefully raised his right hand to his cap. Then came the beloved hero of the Marne. As soon as the robust figure of the grand old man of France appeared at the doorway, the little square shook and echoed with the cheers and applause of the inhabitants of Deschon. He was dressed in a dark blue uniform and army puttees. His cap, covered with gold braid, sat low on his head, almost hiding his snow-white locks, and shaded his eyes from the distant spectators.

As President Poincare alighted he was greeted with cries of "Vive la President!" "Vive la President!" He responded by lifting his silk hat, as he bowed graciously to the right and left.

Jenevieve had now caught the spirit of excitement which swept thru the town and she descended to the lower floor of the cottage. She stepped into the street, started up the road towards the Place de la Loi. She made her way slowly thru the gathering throng, pausing now and then to speak to some of the neighbors, who, upon seeing her, pushed their way thru the crowd, in order to give her a few words of cheer.

Finally she reached the shop of Pierre Michel, and from where she stood she could see a long line of cars entering the Place de la Loi.

As the hour approached for the Grand Review, the troops gradually left the Place de la Loi and retired to the side streets, where they formed. Then the members of the reviewing party, who had lunched at the inn, returned to the center of the square, amid the shouts and cheers of the vast throng, which seethed forward to points of vantage. Instantly, upon their arrival, a bugle sounded in the Rue Madeleine, followed by the rolling of drums.

Then a band struck up a martial air and the sweet strains drew nearer and nearer as they marched down the Rue Madeleine towards the Place de la Loi. Jenevieve saw them swing around the corner and she gently forced her way nearer the outside line of spectators, with the result that she was quite near the procession as it passed.

First came the band, and, after that Colonel Beschard, who was mounted on a beautiful charger, which pranced with the music and caused the little tots to gaze at the beast in admiration, and yet draw back in fear. The crowds cheered as they recognized the commander of the 136th Infantry. This regiment was to be decorated later; for, it was due to the manoeuvres of these troops more than anything else, that the Allied Front had been straightened to the Damloup Road. Despite the hard battle they had fought at Thiry but a few days before, they looked rested and refreshed. They wore the regulation, light blue uniform and steel helmets and carried all their equipment.

These were followed by Major Jolivet, who rode at the head of the 72nd French Grenadiers. They had been mustered in at Amiens and had distinguished themselves at Verdun, Aisne, Arras and again at Douaumont.

Next came Major de Billy, riding on a horse in front of the 95th Light Infantry, now known as the Rheims Guards. It was this regiment that had routed the Prussians from Deschon during the Battle of Douaumont and had occupied the town since the enemy evacuated. The assistance these troops had rendered the townspeople would never be forgotten, and they were given a rousing cheer as they passed thru the square.

Then came the fife and drum corps, followed by the French Guards—Colonel Bouchier's regiment—one of the crack or-

ganizations on that section of the west front. They were to France what the Black Watch Regiment was to Germany; the Waterloo Guards to London and the 71st Regiment to New York.

All this was an inspiring sight to the civilians gathered in the Place de la Loi, and, as every column passed before the Reviewing Committee, composed of President Poincare, Field Marshal Joffre and Colonel Bouchier, the officers dropped their swords and the men turned their heads to the left in salute.

Then came the inspection and President Poincare, General Joffre and Colonel Bouchier started down the long lines of men, who were now standing at "Attention." They walked slowly in front of them, scrutinizing each man; sometimes pausing to speak to one on whose breast were pinned medals of honor.

The men who were to be presented with decorations had now fallen out of line and had taken their places in the center of the place where they waited for the return of President Poincare, who was to present them with medals. There were eight of them, and they stood proudly—somewhat nervously—in full view of the multitude which gazed at them with profound admiration.

The first man honored on this day was a private in the French Guard, who, according to the announcement read by the President, "had risked his own life, before Douaumont, by going out and bringing in a wounded comrade, in full view of the enemy." He was a young man, who didn't look more than a year or two over twenty, and, as he listened to the words of the President, and felt the gaze of the huge crowd, he grew timid and his countenance flushed as he looked downward with considerable nervousness.

When President Poincare finished he stepped up to the soldier and turning to Colonel Bouchier accepted a Medal for Bravery which he pinned on the breast of the hero. Then he kist him on each cheek, after which General Joffre and Colonel Bouchier gripped his hand warmly, as the crowd of spectators broke out in tumultuous cheers.

The next hero was a lieutenant in the 136th Infantry, who had lost his right arm while urging his men to the attack in the face of heavy enemy fire. Despite his wound he had refused to turn back until he had captured three Germans, whom he brought in, single-handed. For this he received an Honor Medal.

Two gunners with Martin's Howitzers were decorated with the Croix de Guerre for refusing to desert their guns during a terrible attack of the Germans before Thiry Ridge, but remained at their posts until reinforcements arrived and the enemy was held in check.

A captain of the French Grenadiers was given a War Medal for exhibiting splendid courage by standing upright on the parapet of the trench and calmly pointing out their way to his men with his sword. He was the last man on the line of heroes and when the President had pinned the medal on the captain's breast and kist his cheeks, he stepped back a few feet, his eyes still studying the paper in his hands.

He raised his head for an instant as his gaze wandered over the multitude. Then his eyes rested on the huge sea of faces as he spoke in clear, distinct tones, which could be heard by the majority of those in the square.

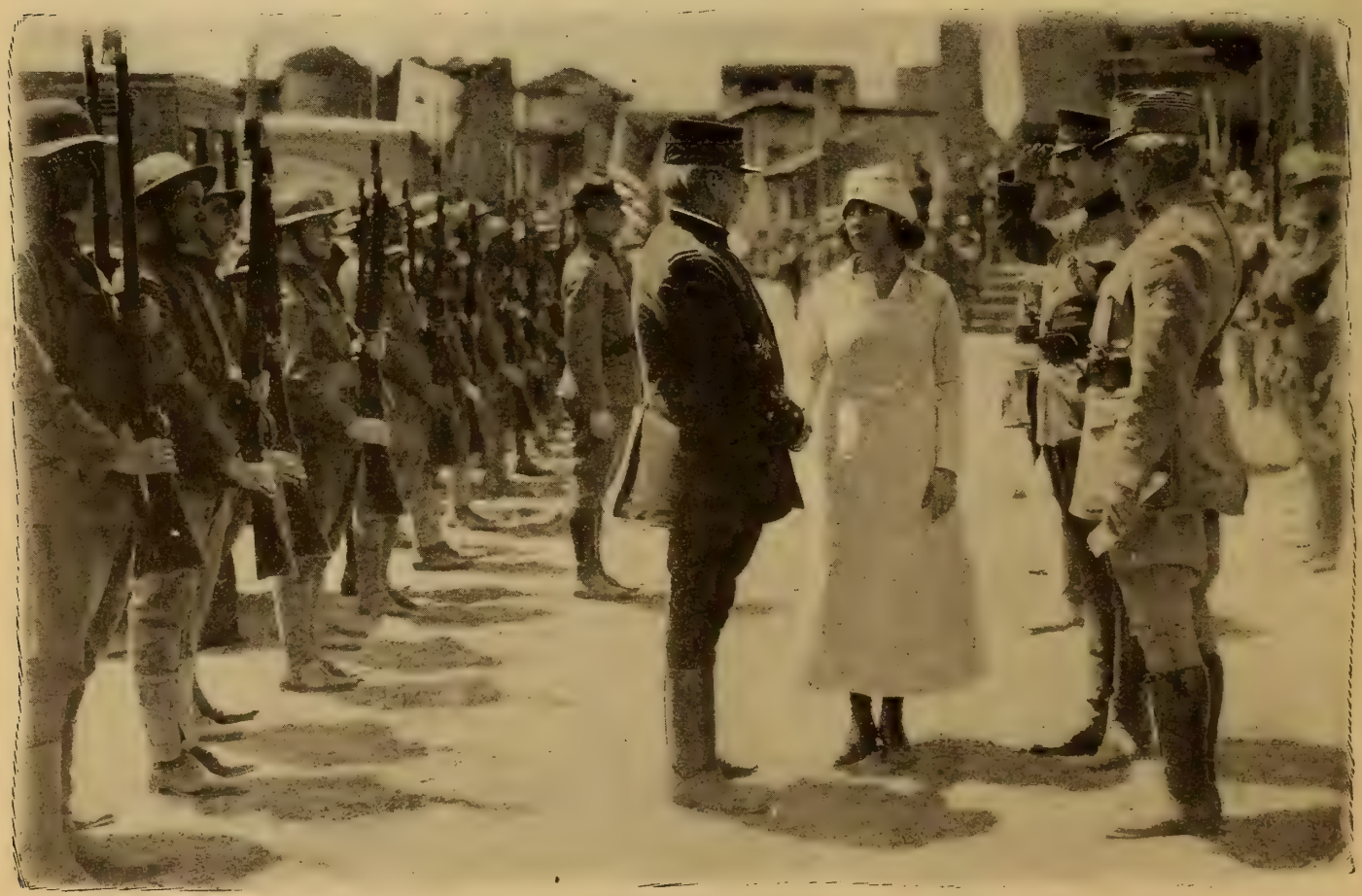
"Lieutenant Jean Picard!" he announced as he glanced at the paper. "His nearest of kin will receive the much-coveted Medaille Militaire. The gallant deed of this hero, in taking an important message from a Division Headquarters thru the German lines to Colonel Beschard, resulted in our troops administering a crushing defeat to the Germans at the Battle of Douaumont; thus permitting the Allied Front to be straightened to the Damloup Road!" Then he added: "He was severely wounded while making his way thru the enemy's lines and is reported among the missing. It is to such men as Jean Picard that France has entrusted her fate, and to such men she will owe her existence, her freedom and her liberty. It is such brave men, born of women, who will crush the German serpent with their heels, as we go marching on to victory!"

There was no cheering on the part of the spectators, when he had finished, altho they had craned their necks; leaned forward their heads and bent their ears, in their efforts to catch every word.

A grim silence had come over the great gathering in the Place de la Loi; for at that moment, the eyes of every individual were turned in the direction of a slender creature, with the gracefulness of a Greek goddess, who had quietly forced her way thru the dense crowd and was walking slowly towards the three great men in the center of the square. Those who stood near her as she passed, discovered lines of suffering beneath her wonderful dark eyes, which enhanced the beauty of her countenance.

Among those who gazed in deepest admiration at the beautiful young woman, who was adding such a romantic touch to an already inspiring scene, was a handsome young officer, in the uniform of a lieutenant of the French Guards,

(*Continued on page* 128)



She quietly forced her way thru the dense crowd and greeted the three great men

"Oh, but now listen!"

"That's Out"

Up-to-the Moment Observations of Film Oddities

By TAMAR LANE

THE Motion Picture business has brought forth many new things which have received so much publicity that every one is familiar with them, but one of its products which is very little known or spoken of is that strange malady, distinctly peculiar to the picture business, Studionitus. There is something contagious floating about the atmosphere of a film studio from which very few persons are immune. To escape this affliction the individual's mentality must be physically perfect. The symptoms of Studionitus are intolerance, arrogance and conceit.

As soon as an individual enters the film business he suddenly realizes his full importance and becomes a superior being. The closer the connection to the studio the more wonderful the realization. Then the chronic ailments of the malady set in: stiff-neck, which prevents him from looking from left to right; near-sightedness, which prevents him from seeing anything but bright objects; and short-windedness, which prevents him from speaking but a few words to persons not also afflicted with Studionitus.

It is apparently a wonderful sensation, but the one discouraging fact is that it is almost incurable. However, there is no sense in being too critical as we expect to contract Studionitus ourselves some day.

Now that Germany has entered the film business it is expected that Kaiser Bill will feature himself in a series of plays adapted from the Bible. "Peck's Bad Boy" should make him an ideal vehicle.

Producers are kind and thoughtful enough to state at the beginning of their plays, the author of the story, the writer of the scenario, the supervisor, the director, the art director, and the camera-man. But why stop there? Why not include the names of the prop boy, the wardrobe woman, the janitor's wife and the head carpenter and electrician? The public is just dying to be let in on all these choice bits of information.

MR. EDISON PLEASE WRITE.

Where, oh, where is the talking picture that was going to "revolutionize" the Motion Picture business? Just where it should be; on the shelf. It talked itself to death.

We are not a misogynist, and the dear-old-screen-mother can draw tears from us any time, but it seems only fair that some one should say a good word for father once in a while. A good screen father is about as scarce as pork at a Jewish picnic. Authors always make poor pa do all the "dirty work." He has to kick the hero out the front door, lock up Hortense in her room, and insist that she marry some oil-can with barrels of dough. For a change why not let ma take this end of the stick and allow pa to draw a little sympathy?

Apparently D. W. Griffith, along with a lot of other producers, believes that "sugar will win the war." He advertises "Hearts of the World" as the "sweetest love story ever told." Now we dont know whether he means that as a boost or a knock.

FANNY FILM SAYS:

Some directors would make great aviators—they go up in the air so easily.

Two old pests of the legitimate theater are nullified when they enter the picture show. One is the fiend who crunched bonbons thru every act, and the other is the man who always gave a loud a-hem just when one of the players was delivering an important speech. However, we have the fan who has seen the film before, and the ignoramus who reads the titles aloud, to make up for them.

HOW COULD YOU, JEANNE?

It must be rather difficult to write accurately of the great war without having visited the front, but we cant forgive or excuse Jeanne MacPherson for transplanting the American forces from France to Belgium without saying a word about it. In her latest story, "Till I Come Back to You," the American Army is apparently entrenched in Belgium, altho as far as we can learn the Yankee forces are really working in France, miles south of Belgium, and have never operated in the celebrated little country.

That was bad enough, but the way the doughboys tunneled for miles under the German positions was marvellous. At the rate they went they could finish the New York subway in six months.

Question: Does six feet of hulk and wavy black hair make a hero, and four feet of curls and a sweet, sweet smile make a heroine?

Answer: Yes, Reelly it does.

Our greatest ambition had always been to be casting director for Mack Sennett comedies, but after seeing Irving Cummings in "Merely Players" we realized that we could never be happy until we became just a dramatic critic. Irving couldn't be classed with such small fry as Channing Pollock, Rennold Wolf or Alan Dale. He was too busy lounging at the Billionaires' Club or rubbing elbows with the 400 at Mrs. Stryker Van Astorbilt's reception to bother about writing "copy."

May Allison in the mode of 1878 poses for one of those "we-just-got-married" photographs in "The Testing of Mildred Vane"

IT MUST HAVE GONE SPECIAL DELIVERY.

A dispatch says that "The Mysteries of Myra" has already reached India and has opened with big success. How they will enjoy "The Diamond From the Sky" when it gets there!

Speaking of dramatic critics reminds us that these otherwise admirable gentlemen have a habit of getting bilious every now and then. When such a thing occurs the dramatic critic writes from his stomach instead of from his pocketbook. The latest to have a bilious attack is the estimable George Jean Nathan, who as a rule shovels out pretty good junk in *Smart Set Magazine*. George wasn't feeling well so he dashed off an attack on "the movies," which outside of exposing downright ignorance didn't do him or anybody else any damage. While George may be a brilliant and competent dramatic critic he isn't mentally equipped at present to appraise the silent drama any more than an expert sign painter is capable of criticising a Rembrandt or a Raphael.

IT CANT BE DID.

Now that George Beban has formed his own company it is said that he will attempt the difficult feat of impersonating an Italian without the use of a red neckerchief.

While the producers are willing to waste a heap of films on names which are of no interest to the average fan, in other respects they have begun to Hooverize unnecessarily. Why have they stopped running the title of the play upon the captions? When Selig inaugurated this clever idea it was heartily indorsed by all, but now one by one the companies have dropped the custom with no apparent reason. Persons coming in late are obliged to watch thru a picture without even knowing the play they are viewing.

"Give us better stories," is the cry from all picture companies. Which is equivalent to saying that the material submitted to them or at their command is not of the best. Yet the works of practically every great author or playwright, past and present, is accessible to the film producer. A situation is a situation and a story is virtually the same in whatever form it is presented; the only difference lying in the adaptation. The virtues of a plot are alike in book, play, film or real life, but results and effects on the individual may be different according to the manner presented. Picture producers must learn how to present their stories more effectively, that's all.

Now that the brewers, headed by Jacob Rupert, have entered the film game with the probable intention of bottling it up, we will perhaps at last find what ails the industry (very deep.) And "The films that made Weehauken famous" wouldn't be such a bad slogan either.

Who says there is no art in the movies? How about:
Theodore Roberts' beard.
Dorothy Dalton's dimples.
Robert McKim's mustache.
Charlie Chaplin's feet.
Doug's smile.
Mary's pout.
Warren Kerrigan's permanent wave.
And Bill Hart's haircut?

It's hard to see how the Work or Fight law can affect movie extras. They have to fight to get a job and then work three days to get one day's pay.

Driving the Huns Home

A Day in J. Stuart Blackton's French Village

By MARIE WARDALL

FOR some time the desire to sail the briny deep for the firing-line had burned in me a consuming fire. I exprest myself on the subject to the editor of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. We talked the matter over and concluded that it would be quite as exciting and much safer for me to visit the French village that J. Stuart Blackton has erected for the taking of his latest and perhaps his most interesting production, "The Common Cause."

Mr. Blackton informed me that if I would be at the big studio building at Avenue K and Ocean Park Boulevard by ten in the morning, he would see that I got out to the village in one of the buses. Of course, I promised to be on time.

But as luck would have it, I arrived at the studio about five minutes after the last bus had left for the French village. How to get there? I pestered everybody I met with inquiries.

Many were the directions offered me, but no two of my guides could seem to agree upon the exact latitude and longitude of that village. Finally a modern St. Peter in the uniform of a private policeman came to my rescue with:

"Would you object to riding out there in a Ford delivery bus?" Anything from a wheelbarrow to a flying machine would have been acceptable, and I told him so. Consequently, the next delivery bus that came along was put at my disposal. I climbed up beside the driver and away we went.

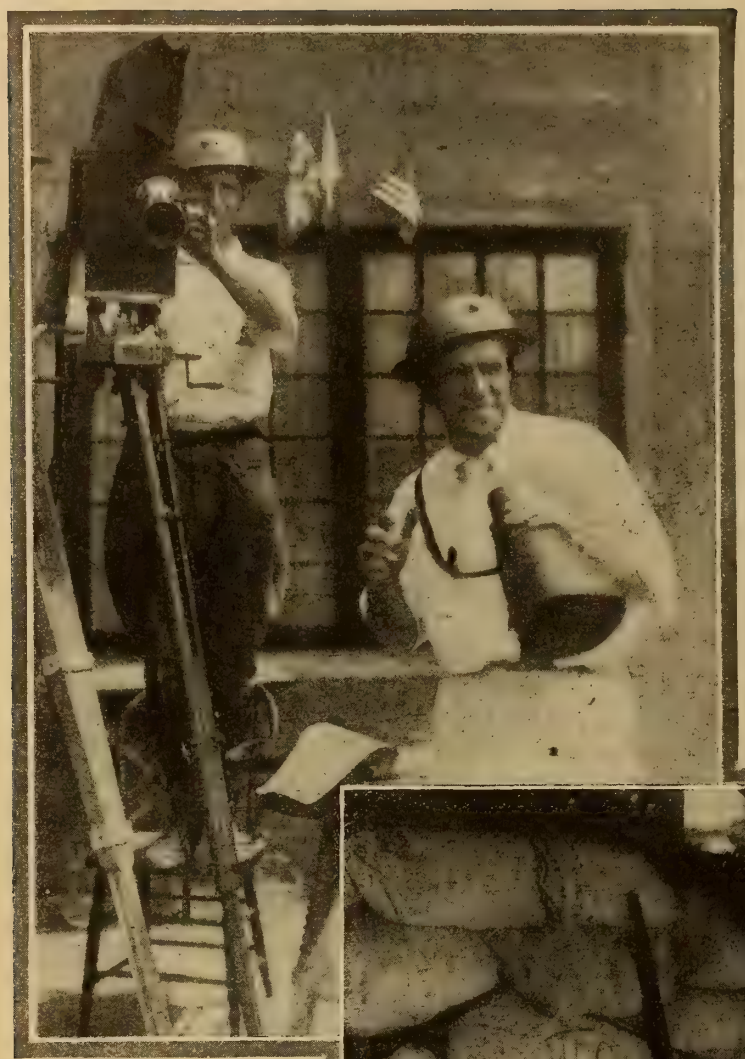
In the middle of an undulating Land of Nowhere we came suddenly upon a sure enough French village, low-roofed and straggling, shell-rent and remarkably picturesque.

I shall never forget my first impression of the place. All those red-tiled and thatched roofs, torn and begrimed as if the realest of cannon had blackened them and driven out their peasant folk!

In the shade of a quaint and crooked street lounged a group of Huns. Their voices came to me indistinctly, so that I could easily fancy myself in some little *ville* captured by Germans. If only the director and cameramen had kept out of the way a few minutes longer the illusion would have been perfect. But just as I had begun to believe that America had been left several thousand miles behind me, an incongruous-looking crowd emerged from the *hôpital* at the terminus of the main street, and a voice unmistakably Yankee yelled:

"Germans to the church!" Both the living and the dead arose to obey. From the *hôpital* and *café* a squad of Fritzie boys fairly leaped to their positions in the doorway of a ruined church.

Looking cool and self-possessed in his white flannels,



J. Stuart Blackton directing "The Common Cause"

Fourth to the right Herbert Rawlinson, hero of "The Common Cause"

Mr. Blackton took his post as film army commander-in-chief. His eagle eye scrutinized the tableau in the church door and approved of it. He issued a few perfunctory orders. Somebody suddenly called:

"Pete!"

In answer an insignificant-looking little fellow crept from the blackened beams of a shell-torn cottage.

"Pete, smoke up!" shrilled the cameraman.

Pete ignited his sulphur brand, and lo! the drowsy American cornfield was transformed into a European battlefield.

"Camera!" shouted the director, and fired a pistol. The action began. From their vantage on the church steps three Germans shot into the Allies. The German nearest the camera, being shot at, fell inert. The next German fired his last blank cartridge.

In the lower street a crowd focused upon a lonely figure who had stepped from an upper window of the village inn onto a balcony. Below the balcony had been thrown a mattress.

"When I fire the gun, you're to fall over the balcony onto the mattress. And dont forget to fall head-first," shouted the director.

The young man on the balcony maintained a noncommittal silence. He gazed down at the mattress, and by the look in his eyes one could surmise his thoughts.

"Come on—get some grit into your bones—it's only about twenty feet," soothed the director. But the young man shivered.

"Must I fall *head*-first?" he questioned.

"Make it realistic. Your head's hard enough not to crack!" But again the German soldier shivered.

"Not for two dollars a day!"

"What! You refuse?" shouted the harassed director. "Say, what do you fellers expect besides exemption?" But the German stood his ground and repeated:

"Not for two dollars a day. If you want me to risk my life, it's worth at least fifteen dollars!"

The scene was cut out and the throng shifted to a dismembered house across the street.

(*Continued on page* 124)

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

By HAROLD LOCKWOOD

IF Shakespeare had lived in our period of time he might have obtained some perfectly good material for his "Comedy of Errors," if he wished, from the technical digressions made in the early days of film production.

I dont want to infer that errors were the proverbial rule. On the contrary, considering the achievements of our pioneers, their mistakes were comparatively few. Yet, like the chronic borrower who persistently reappears after you have been firmly convinced that he is a thing of the past, mistakes cropped out every now and then, much to our alternating annoyance and amusement; annoyance because we had to work doubly hard to remedy the error and amusement when the humor of the situation dawned upon us.

I remember one particular happening that was both distressing and humorous—it all depends upon the point of view. It was really an accident, tho, and not an error, as you shall see.

Harold Lockwood owns two species of conveyances—a Fleetwood Packard and a fleet horse

A company had traveled something like a thousand miles to get a background of some picturesque old ruins, which were to be blown up (by permission of course) toward the end of the story. The making of the picture had progressed nicely up to this point and the day on which the explosion scenes were to be photographed arrived. Naturally enough, elaborate preparations had been made to insure the success of the work. The ruins had been wired and there were to be four plungers at different points with a man stationed at each one ready to send the sparks which would blast the dilapidated structures into smithereens. Two camera-men were also to be on the job, each one setting up at a different angle some hundred feet apart from one another and about two short city blocks from the ruins. The signal for both the camera-men and the men at the plungers to begin their respective duties was a wave of his handkerchief by the director. At the first wave one plunger-man was to send his spark, at the second wave the second man was to do likewise, and so on until the ruins had been completely leveled.

The plunger-men, well rehearsed in their duties, had already assumed their stations, and the camera-men were setting up their machines, when the director, who was suffering from an unusually annoying cold, unconsciously whipped out his handkerchief. Believing it a signal, plungerman number one immediately got into action. There was a tremendous roar followed by a cloud of

Harold "emoting" to music—or Pauline Curley, as you will

dust and a spray of débris falling all over the place.

A gasp escaped the director's lips and he began to gesticulate wildly with his hands, one of them holding the handkerchief high over his head. Bang! More noise, more dust, more falling débris. Plunger-man number two had caught the signal.

Meanwhile the camera-man nearest the director was working for dear life to get his machine set up, his film threaded and his lens focused. The faster he tried to work the less he accomplished. The director shouted instructions to him to hurry up and in trying to do so he almost knocked his machine over.

As if pleading to the heavens for a turn of fate the director shot his hands upward, handkerchief still clutched in his fingers. "Ah!" evidently thought plunger-man number three, "that's my signal." For in the next instant another portion of the building toppled over.

By this time the director was displaying almost every form of emotion. He stamped up and down and invoked the camera-man nearby to get at least what little of the explosion scenes remained to be filmed. Once again his hands and handkerchief went skyward and immediately after the action a fourth blast followed.

Tears welled up in the director's eyes as he viewed first the leveled ruins and then let his eyes rest upon the camera-man who hadn't exposed a foot of film. He was a picture of abject misery as he sat down on a log to meditate over his dire misfortune.

The plunger-men advanced, their faces expressing a sense of duty well performed. As they came up to him the director arose and wrathfully demanded to know why they had not waited for the signal. The plunger-men looked at one another in amazement, then explained that the signal had been given. One of them pointed to the handkerchief still clutched in the director's hand.

As the truth of the situation dawned upon him, laying him entirely to blame, the director dropped back as if stunned by a blow, and muttered forceful accusations upon his own head.

"What's the matter?" demanded the second camera-man who, camera on his shoulder, came up in time to hear the tail end of the director's diatribe.

"Matter?" came back angrily. "We didn't get a single foot of the explosion stuff."

"Who said so?" the second camera-man demanded.

The director stared at him with that pitiful expression of hope against hope. "Did you——?" he began, almost afraid to finish the question.

"Sure, I got all, every bit of it," the crank grinder vouchsafed cheerfully, "and what's more, it's good stuff."

The next day a certain camera-man entered a tailoring establishment and ordered for himself an expensive suit of clothes, which he had charged to a certain director.

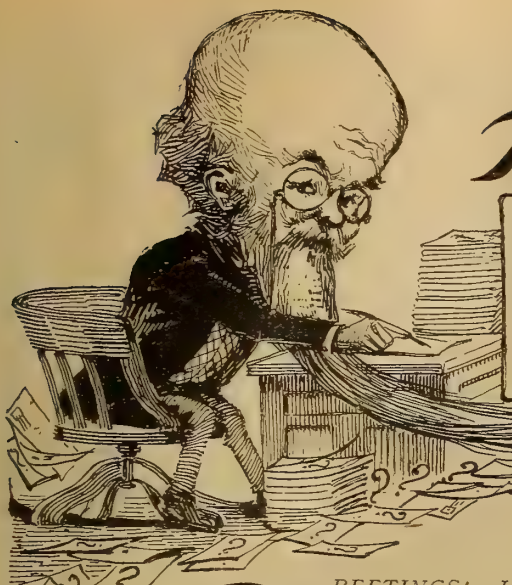
The Motion Picture business is not a place for a bluffer, particularly if the bluffer happens to be a camera-man. He may get his position thru his ability to speak well for himself, but that qualification will not hold his place. A camera-man makes either a good or a bad negative, and as photography is an art a bluffer must naturally fail in his first attempt, as witness the experience of a grinder whose talk was better than his work.

When this camera-man reported for work he immediately set himself up before his co-workers as a man who knew more about photography than all the experts of the past, present and future. There wasn't a trick he didn't know, he proudly declared and, as most of his tricks were new, he wouldn't think of giving away his secrets.

His employer obtained the rights to photograph a big automobile race and our friend, the bluffer, was among a group of six camera-men chosen to put the race on the celluloid. When the contingent arrived at the race-track nothing but the best set-up would suit our friend—for wasn't he the best man in the bunch by his own admission? Being peacefully inclined, his co-workers permitted him his own way and "shot" the race from the next best points they could find.

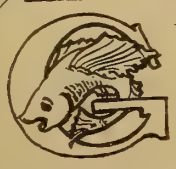
Each of the negatives was marked with the name of the camera-man when it was turned into the laboratory and a print was made of each immediately. The boss himself went down to the projecting-room to see them run off. Five of them were satisfactory in every way, but the sixth showed the cars running along the track with the speed of a toddling child.

(*Continued on page* 127)



The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.



REETINGS! Here's to the merry old world, and the days—be they bright or blue; here's to the Fates, let them bring what they may, but the best of them all—that's you!

MAUDE AND MABEL.—Milton Sills is about 30 years old. Douglas Fairbanks played in "He Comes Up Smiling." Wilfred Lytell is a brother of Bert, and they look enough alike to be twins. You say that when a nice girl marries an ugly old man with a wart on his nose, love is a wonderful thing. It's more than that, but you know, Mabel, love is blind. But now, supposin' an ugly mole began to grow on her face! Then she could sing: "A little mole is growing, John, just here beneath my chin; it gives me so much trouble, John, I'm growing pale and thin; and so I want to ask you, John, will your love grow cold? Oh, whisper to me, darling, will you love me when I'm moled?"

HARTFORD.—Didn't see "Masks and Faces." Yes, Gertrude Robinson was Nina in "The Woman of Impulse." So you dont believe I get only $9 per! I'll leave it to the Income Tax assessor.

SILVER SPURS.—You were crowded out last month. It's beyond me to tell you why the good players dont stay in one company. They seem to become inoculated with wanderitis, and off they go.

MARY H.—No, I dont play piano, neither by note, by ear nor by feet. Those who play by ear usually give others the ear-ache. The Lee children played in "Swat the Spy." That's his correct name.

ANTOINETTE C.—How could you say that? You say woman was the last thing God made. The product shows both his experience and fatigue. God love 'em! Yes, Florence Vidor is a very capable player. Come and see me again.

PEGGY.—Haven't heard of "The Definite Object" being done in pictures. Heard of a definite article tho, but that's not it. Cleo Madison is playing in "The Flame of the West" for Universal.

DOUG FOREVER—I believe "The Lamb" was the first picture Fairbanks played in. Catherine Calvert was Eileen, David Powell was Jack, and Thomas Holding was Carter in "Marriage." Harry Carey in "Three Mounted Men." It is very impossible for you to know my name quite. *Qui tres.* I'm not much on politics. Hot air is mighty and will prevail in politics.

D. H.—You say you cant understand why Roy Stewart isn't more popular. Neither can I. Herbert Hayes in "The Lesson" and Dick Le Strange was Bob in "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine." Casson Ferguson in "The Only Road." Juanita Hansen and Jack Mulhall in "The Brass Bullet." You're welcome.

HELEN K.—You have given up school, have you? Well, the whole formula of education is that it is more important that we understand than that we remember. There is nothing deep, difficult, nor profound when it is once understood. Monroe Salisbury's latest, "That Devil, Bateese." George Forth was Herb in "Our Little Wife."

YEOMANETTE.—Salute! It is natural to be proud, but it is better to do something to be proud of. Pat Rooney will be seen in Nestor comedies now.

GLADIOLA.—William Scott in the Pickford play. Surely, I like phonographs. You know, some people are like a phonograph—they talk when you start them, but they have no originality. Dont cry, or I'll surrender. Tears are a woman's greatest weapon. Why dont you take a walk in the park?

LOIS H.—Surely, go in to win. There'd never be a bet made if either gambler thought he was going to lose. Success never shakes hands with a lazy man. Yes, Richard Barthelmess. Baby Osborne is seven years of age. Elaine Hammerstein in "The Argyle Case." Melbourne MacDowell was the father in "The Biggest Show on Earth."

T. G.—Thomas Edison is quite hard of hearing, because, when a boy, traveling on a train, it was wrecked in an accident, and whilst trying to put out the blaze he received from the conductor a severe box on the ears, which resulted in a persistent deafness. I have met and talked with him. Charles Richman and Anna Nilsson in "Over There."

A. K.—Shoot away—cold facts often cause heated language. You bet I wouldn't part with my whiskers, not after they kept me warm all summer. Henry King in "Joy and the Dragon."

NILES WELCH FAN.—But why worry? The space in our brains which we reserve for worries is always filled with tenants. Yes, that was Gerda Holmes in "Gales of Gladness."

E. V. H.—So you want Wallace Reid always to play opposite Geraldine Farrar. They say that absence makes the heart grow fonder. True, but a five-pound box of chocolates and a dozen American Beauties are sometimes more effective.

MRS. TYLER.—I read every word of your letter with interest, but just a friendly little tip: Wives should never forget that they must be their husbands' companions, or that some other woman will be. George Walsh in "On the Jump." I have never met him personally, but Miss Naylor says he is all to the merry.

KIRKLAND ADMIRER.—Please dont ask me to write personal letters. I would like to, but come in and take a look at my desk some time. Why do you go, then? Sleeping in church may not be a sign of insanity; it is sometimes accepted as an indication of weakness on the part of the pastor. Sure thing; there is a play, "When Paris Green Saw Red," Universal comedy.

MAHLON HAMILTON FAN.—A chat with him soon. He's married now. From what I understand, the greatest distance ever covered by a shell fired from a long-range cannon is about 75 miles, from Gobain Forest to Paris.

PETROVA ADMIRER, BABY MINE, BUSHMAN-BAYNE FAN, MARGARET T., GLEN B. S., VICKY VAN, MARGARET F., ANNA K., MARY P., DOROTHEA F., C. K. Y. TULLY.—See elsewhere for your answers.

A WORSHIPER OF W. R.—Flora Zabelle was Mrs. Raymond Hitchcock. She is playing with Mabel Normand in "A Perfect 36" for Goldwyn. Just the Magazine and Classic.

The Answer Man

VIRGINIA W. M.—All the world's a stage, but most of us are badly cast. Indeed, Zena Keefe is still in the ring; she played in "Challenge." You say life nowadays is just one drive after another. True, but we're driving them home, aren't we?

FARMERETTES.—Pretty soon we wont be able to see a man with the hoe. Yes to your second. Thanks; dont send me a bushel of onions, or I'll have to sing, "Why Did You Make Me Cry?" Naomi Childers is playing with Ethel Barrymore in "Lady Frederick" for Metro.

HELEN K.—Why, the kaleidoscope is an instrument with which we see beautiful forms, and comes from the Greek words *kalos*, beautiful; *eidos*, form, and *skopeo*, I see. One can quite simply be made at home. No, Maude Adams and David Warfield have never played in pictures.

STUYVESANT.—Yes, indeed.

LUCY T.—You have some facts, but they are twisted. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Gladys Coburn and Art Acord in "The Battle of Life." He is no longer the Lost Acord. Montagu Love and Helen Chadwick in "The Challenge." No, I dont think there is a chance in the world for you.

JOY D. C.—Violet Palmer was Evelyn in "Rough and Ready." George Cohan played in "Seven Keys to Baldpate." Oh, Joy! So they tell you you are a beauty. Well, Shakespeare says beauty is a flower that dies when it begins to bud, so you better watch out. Dont get discovered.

DAFFODIL.—Your letter was refreshing and restful. Write us again.

CLARICE W.—Dont call me a woman—dont! Woman's eternal prayer is, "Love me and tell me." They want something all the while. They not only insist on being loved, but on being told so frequently. That's one reason I never married. It must get very monotonous after a while. Louise Huff is playing in "The Crook of Dreams."

ISABELLA P.—All right, let's get acquainted. Montagu Love and June Elvidge in "The Quickening Flame." June—Love's flame. Director: "We'll all sing 'Keep the Home Fires Burning.'"

MRS. B. J.—Why, the Brest-Litovsk Treaty is the peace treaty signed by the Central Powers and the Bolshevik Government of Russia. You refer to Louise Beaudet in "Battle Cry of Peace." Thanks; I have fountain pens of my own that dont work. Eugene O'Brien is not married and Lowell Sherman is on the stage now.

PAWNE.—Try humor on him. Laughter is a weapon employed by all good strategists. Make your man laugh, and your cause is won. Laura Oakley you refer to. Thanks for the compliment. If you want an answer in the Classic, please write at the head of your letter "Classic," otherwise you will get answered in the Magazine.

DOROTHY.—Yes; but, Dorothy, no man can be all a woman wishes him to be. Gordon Griffith and Norman Kerry. Mary Anderson is playing opposite Henry Walthall in "False Faces." Can you picture her? Fox has produced "The Prussian Cur."

PHYLLIS.—Well, I'll keep my weather eye open for him. Every woman likes to boast that she had her husband trained before she married him. You can reach Norma Talmadge, 318 E. 48th St., New York City. Conway Tearle was John in "Stella Maris."

ALL ABOUT ANITA.—Of course Anita Stewart reads her own mail. Do you think I read it? You say your idea of a beauty parlor—an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth.

CREOLE BELLE.—But the most ignorant people are the most proud. No, I have never spoken to Marguerite Clark, but she sent me a handsome autographed picture of herself which I prize highly.

ANNETTE.—So you have a new baby in your home; rosebuds dropped from heaven's garden of love to blossom on earth. Flowery thought! Why, George Chesboro is acting sergeant at Camp Kearney. Exit stage, enter Motion Pictures—Evelyn Nesbit says she is going to stay in pictures. Grace Cunard is not playing now.

Y. Z.—William Faversham will play in Artcraft pictures. Look for "The Silver King." So you are a salesman; then you know whereof you speak when you say you can sell a woman anything if you convince her it is a bargain.

LADY BALTIMORE.—I guess you're pretty near right when you say a man with money needs no introduction. That's why I know so few persons. Oh, Lady! Lady! You say alimony is the payment a man makes on his liberty bond. And still the cry: "Give me liberty or give me death!" Drop in again some time, when you're feeling funny.

YVONNE.—How do I know whether he was a milkman before he went into pictures? He never delivered milk to my hall-room. Nor buttermilk, either. I have to go after it. Harry Northrup is playing opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "Arizona." He is in California. Stuart Holmes, the villain, is with Francis Bushman.

W. R. T.—Why, Mollie Malone was born in Denver, Colo., in 1897, and Mary Miles Minter in Shreveport, La., April 1, 1902. Sure thing; write each of them.

MISS CAMOUFLAGE.—But your happiness depends upon the standard you set for your ideals. However, write again. Ethel Clayton? I did say she was with Paramount, but "A Soul Without Windows" is her last World picture.

O. STONY, DALLAS.—Well, I believe that if you never do more than you are paid for, you will never be paid for more than you do. Do you follow me? You think George Fisher ought to have his hair cut, for he looks like a wild man. Yes, the same Ann Little, of "The Black Box" fame.

OLGA, 17.—Hello, girlie! An interview with Conway Tearle? Certainly; one coming. You say, "The Lode bress his sole and hart." That's simplified, all right. So Crane is a back number with you. Crane, wherefore art thou?

BARRY, PHILA.—Thanks for the button and pictures. You can reach Bull Montana at Paramount, and Bull Durham at United. Send a stamped, addressed envelope for a list of the correspondence clubs.

MARY PICKFORD FAN—Thanks for the tintypes. They look just like you. Well, if you cant be good yourself, the next best thing is to teach others how to be good. That's me.

MONTIE.—Last I heard of Romaine Fielding, he was living in New York. Haven't heard of that Farnum. Yes, I like Mary Johnson's tales of stirring romance. Dr. Lavender was one of the personages who really lived in Old Chester, the town in Pennsylvania developed by Margaret Deland.

T. G.—We expect to have an article soon giving the names of the boys in service. It has never been recorded.

JEAN S.—Well, not always does love do more harm than good—quite the reverse. You ask me to can that $9-a-week stuff. You mean you want me to save it? Why, Herbert Brenon is a major and is going in the army after his picture is completed. William E. Shay isn't in either of these plays.

PEARL WHITE FAN.—Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also, be it gold or sweetheart. You do me great honor, and I thank you. Rockcliffe Fellows was Ethel Clayton's leading-man in "The Man Hunt."

MARIE AND LOUISE.—Pearl White has light red hair. A barrage artillery fire is a curtain of fire directed behind the enemy first lines to prevent him from bringing up reinforcements.

H. A. M.—Thanks for the fee. Yes, Anna Held died recently. Write all players in care of the company. Yes, they are brothers. Eugene O'Brien is 34, Harold Lockwood 31, James Morrison 30. I'm 77.

CURIOSITY JANE.—Oh, it would take up too much room to print that cast. Jane and Katherine Lee. It is very difficult to visit the different studios. William Farnum in "Riders of the Purple Sage," released thru Fox.

G. B. M.—Oh, but Aunt Eliza says you cant get away from yourself by walking out in the country. There is a monument of Christopher Columbus in Central Park, New York City.

The Answer Man

VIOLET, 23.—Oh, yes, Alice Mann is not playing now. Henna is used for dyeing the hair. I haven't John McCormack's home address. He's out of my reach. Yes, it does cost money to have a book published. Didn't you ever try it?

AMBER.—The Egyptians invented the manufacture of carpets at a very early date, for Homer (about 1000 B.C.) mentions them and calls them Tapeta, from which is derived tapestry. The Egyptians, however, made their carpets partly of linen and partly of wool. Stuart Holmes is with Metro. Yes, I have met him, but he is not mine

MILDRED OF OREGON.—Yes, Guy Empey has enlisted as a private. Peggy Hyland in a story of war and love, "Bonnie Annie Laurie." Fannie Ward is playing in "A Japanese Nightingale," released thru Pathé. I have never met Fatty Arbuckle, but I hear he is all right personally, and is all fat and a yard wide.

JOSEPHINE L.—Thanks for the service stars. Yes, write direct to each of them. The charm of a player to be great is to be natural. It is the natural which makes works live and which makes them loved.

THE MYSTIC ROSE.—*Charmante.* So you dont think June Caprice will ever be a complete actress? Yes, indeed, I have been racing thru the streets fanning myself with my birth certificate for identification during the rounding up of slackers.

MISS RUPERT.—We cant send you a picture without compensation.

DEUX FILLES.—I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Letter following.

BIG GUN.—You say if food goes any higher, you're going to have yours served on Pike's Peak. Come down off there! Why dont you pay your debts and keep your friends? G. M. Anderson's pictures released thru the William Sherry Service, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York. William Bailey was Von Lertz in "Eagle's Eye." Yes, the same one. Try World Film Co. Evelyn Brent is with Weber Co.

AMERICA FOREVER.—Ethel Clayton was interviewed August, 1916. Yes, I guess Mary Pickford. But if we are not as happy as we desire, we are not as wretched as we deserve.

EUNICE THE FLAPPER.—No, I never get that way. Unhappy the man who knows it all with nobody to tell it to. You refer to Casson Ferguson. But then again, too much concentration makes you nearsighted.

VIVIETTE.—You salute me "Dear Old Movie Encyclopedia." Well, that's a compliment of which I am quite worthy. I admit it. Oh, I put in about seven hours' sleep every night. Well, you're going to be one of my regular correspondents, I can see that now. Roy Stewart is 34. Rodney LaRogue is with Goldwyn. Yes, I understand.

REX TOD.—Your ink is O. K. If wisely directed, a drop of ink will make millions think. Elaine Hammerstein in "Her Man," released thru Pathé. Mary Miles Minter is 16. Santa Barbara, Cal. American. Jane Novak with Paramount. William S. Hart is 42. Thanks.

DORIS.—Make use of your friends not by using them, but by being of use to them. I thank you for the gum Yes, Nazimova is a great actress; some think the best. Mahlon Hamilton, Rita Spear and Helen Montrose in "The Dance of Death." But then again, women admire power and strength, and men beauty.

ANGELA MCG.—Thanks for the change; I had the soda—chocolate, too. Wallace MacDonald and Wheeler Oakman both in service. But woman's rights will never settle men's wrongs. Paramount are reissuing "Wildflower" with Marguerite Clark and Harold Lockwood.

MARGARETTE K. T.—You're afflicted with the jinx. There's no hopes. Yes, Ethel Lynn. One pound of experience is worth ten pounds of learning.

PETROVA FAN.—So you dont like the way the fans are conducting the "Hall of Fame Contest"? It is swinging better than ever now. Jack Mulhall is with Universal. Gertrude McCoy and Montagu Love in "To Him That Hath," released thru World.

J. M. S. R., CAL.—Vernon Steele in "Little Lady Eileen." Arthur Hoops. Conway Tearle and Matt Moore. Teddy Rutherford in "In Again—Out Again." Pat O'Malley in "The Telltale Step." Robert Harron in "The Wharf Rat." You're welcome, I'm sure.

CHATTERBOX.—I refer you to Proverbs 17 and 28, where you will find these wise words: "Even a fool, when he holdeth his peace, is counted wise; and he that shutteth his lips is esteemed a man of understanding." A parrot talks a lot, but says nothing.

FREDERICK THE GREAT.—Thanks for the fee. "Zaza" was released November, 1915, and is being reissued. Last chat with Pauline Frederick was in December, 1917. Your suggestions were very good. You want Hazel Naylor to chat Pauline Frederick. You suggest voting for the best department in the Magazine. Do you all approve?

LONESOME FROM VIRGIE.—Thanks indeed for the pressed flowers. Mary Pickford has no children. Well, if loving interferes with business, marry. I never was bothered that way.

RODERICK B.—I wish I could advise you, but these are not the times. How many pictures have I seen in my life? Well, I cant think back that far. Yes, Evelyn Brent. Paramount.

A. B., Box 959, Auckland, N. Z., would like to correspond with some of our American girls.

H. G. L.—Thanks for the Thrift Stamp. They are mighty acceptable. William V. Burns was with Essanay last. Eugene O'Brien in the "Safety Curtain." That was Harry Ham. Have you not heard it said full oft: A woman's nay doth stand for naught?

JEANNE MARIE.—I cannot account for it except on the theory that feathered bipeds of similar plumage will live gregariously—in other words, birds of a feather will flock together. Ann Pennington was born in Wilmington, Del., 1895. Try Paramount.

A FREDERICK FAN.—Pauline Frederick was born in Boston, Mass. Ormi Hawley will appear in Caruso's second film. You say two heads are better than one, but not if they are blockheads. Charles Ray will be seen in "Dreamy Dub." He is quite a rural chap now.

SHIRLEY F.—He who wants to work can find work, but there is no chance for you in the movies. And besides, 15 is too young to be thinking of theatricals. Stick to school.

ANTOINETTE G.—Jack Mower in "Primitive Woman." Your letter was very beautiful and you have my deepest sympathy.

GRACE A.; FLORENCE AND LUCILLE; MARY E. H.; GERALDINE F.; ANNETTE; IRENE M.; BESSIE MCE.; RITA M.; NORA; ELIZABETH H.; DOWLING; L. S., BOSTON; VIOLA M.; DOROTHY T.; C. J. N.; GRACE D., and JANICE W.—Sorry, but your questions have been answered before. If you write to the Classic Answer Department you will get an answer post-haste, for I'm not so crowded for space there.

HILDEGARDE.—Yes, that's right; some men are husbands merely because women dislike to be called old maids. John Hines in "As Ye Sow." Holbrook Blinn in "The Ballet Girl." Jack Sherrill in "Then I'll Come Back to You." Harry Benjamin in "The Dancer's Peril." Well, you can buy popularity, but you cant buy it and have it last. Only merit counts in the long run.

FLO H.—Write direct to Paramount. I do not know what size collar Fatty Arbuckle wears nor its height. He often wears none. Some people wear high collars because they cover a multitude of chins. Thanks for yours. Lubin is not producing, but his old studios in Philadelphia and Betzwood are working.

NELLIE I.—No, the draft law did not get me, but the temperance law does. Dennis Terry was Ernest in "Mr. Triplet." Gladys Cooper was Mabel. Why, Ellen Terry is dead. She was the wife of Sir Henry Irving. Lubin used to be in Philadelphia. Dont know where he is now. I do not know where he was born, but I remember that he speaks with a strong German accent.

(*Continued on page* 114)

Our Animated Monthly News and

Duetted by FRITZI REMONT and

ONE of the most interesting spots in Coast studios is the wardrobe-room at the Triangle studios. Almost everybody knows "Peggy," who designs all the costumes, and her articles have appeared in newspapers over the entire country. Peggy's genius for making over costumes without cutting the valuable materials has made her famous. Nothing but the best materials are bought and by careful planning and draping they may be used over and over again.

The wonderful wardrobe of Clara Morris, once famous actress, hand-embroidered and beaded in foreign convents, gathered in Spain, Italy, France and England, was bought some years ago by Triangle. Satins which fairly stand alone glisten as brightly as when Miss Morris allowed them to swish across the boards. Many of these creations have been made over for Miss Rubens. Peggy not only designs to suit the wearer and the play, but she goes on location daily to study environment, so that frocks may be sure of harmonizing with the backgrounds as well as the star's beauty.

In a corner hang six cute little Quakery frocks for Olive Thomas, mostly in soft grays, the comic-opera sort of Quaker garb made famous by Leila McIntire. There's nothing severe in these garments, they blend well with that anemone prettiness of Miss Thomas. Right up against these twilight grays, hang resplendent sunbursts of color—the gorgeous evening dresses designed for Alma Rubens. I was astonished to find the amount of work put into a single girdle, one is so accustomed to thinking that few colors are employed for gowns to feature in films, but in a black net, heavily garnished with sequins and beads on the skirt, the girdle was composed of maline in seven shades.

Handsome Bill Desmond is doing Western stuff; *à bas* the drawing-room, says he! He has a handsome outfit, too, and likes these togs better than clawhammers. He's become a good trick rider, too.

Over at the Vitagraph they are having a dance for the Motion Picture War Service Association, the admission being one dollar a couple, which includes all amusements, vaudeville, light refreshments, and dancing on the new electric stage. Antonio Moreno is out here, you know, looking utterly unlike himself. He is doing thrillers, a Western serial story, wearing a pongee shirt and old trousers.

Nobody ever knew that demure Sylvia Breamer had been married, and she surprised every one by her September divorce suit against Edwin W. Morrison, a prominent

Will Rogers, the famous
Rex Beach's "Laughing
Henley, his

The Metro studio is
a peaceful abode.
Viola Dana presents
the newest Metro
star, Olive Tell, with
—some—studio cam-
ouflage?

# of Movie Views

SALLY ROBERTS

theatrical manager of Australia, whom she married about four years ago. She is suing on grounds of desertion.

At the same time another youngster in the films is getting ready for a wedding, and giving up a fortune which was to be hers provided she remained single until her twenty-first birthday. Beulah Booker, Paralta leading-lady, aged eighteen years, met Kenneth O'Hara, a very successful publicity writer and newspaper man, and it was love at first sight. Mr. O'Hara has been at a Texas aviation field, but came to Hollywood to be married at St. Stephen's P. E. Church. Only the bride's mother and a very few intimate friends were invited. The queer part is that Beulah's intimate pal, Gertrude O'Connell, a screen actress also, has just married Aviator Alfred G. Phipps, also of Kelly Field, Texas. Both young men are seeking an extension of furlo so that the double honeymoon may be fittingly celebrated.

But that isn't all. Now Douglas S. Dawson, of Vitagraph, and Peggy Booth are planning their wedding and Madge Kirby and Jeannette Parks are to be bride's attendants. They plan to be married just before the ball given at Vitagraph studio, and Earle Williams, Bessie Love, Carol Holloway, Patricia Palmer, Grace Darmond and William Duncan will be there to see that all the pomp and joy of a real wedding are manifested.

The gypsy is telling Margaret Shelby something nice which the future holds in store for her, while George Periolat is trying to get a little advance information

cowboy wit, makes his screen début, in Bill Hyde." Here he is shown with Hobart director, securely roped

Lew Cody appeared at the Symphony Theater, Los Angeles, in person, to tell something about "Leading-Ladies I Have Led" and surprised the audience by the absence of his mustache. He recited some very pretty bits of French-Canadian dialect verse, and shows that he is just as good-looking and clever face to face as on the silversheet. Mr. Cody has gone to New York for a brief business trip.

Kathryn Adams, leading-woman for William Farnum, was ticket seller for the benefit dance given by members of the Radio School of the Naval Reserve Training Station, San Pedro. Miss Adams wasn't lonely, however, for an escort of twenty sailors and the Naval Reserve Band stood nobly by her as she barked for ticket-sales. The proceeds will be devoted to supplies for the school.

Douglas MacLean, the very clever juvenile of the Morosco Stock Company, who supported Vivian Martin lately, has just been engaged for Enid Bennett's new vehicle. He has played opposite Maude Adams and Margaret Anglin and has a snappy, up-to-date style which is very attractive.

Carpenters and prop hands have been on strike at Lasky, for, while they are paid for overtime, they say they cant get acquainted with their families under the stress of work which makes them keep at it night and

Bill Hart rattled this rattlesnake for his next picture —and it cost him 20 plunks

day, completing new sets. They want to be released from night work hereafter, and all other studio mechanics threaten to follow suit. People in Hollywood have kicked for some time against the nightly disturbances, too. Shows how popular pictures are, if one must work the entire twenty-four hours in order to complete endless productions on time.

The new Ince Studio at Culver City will cost a half million and covers 9½ acres of ground. Thos. H. Ince broke ground for it, turning the first spadeful of earth, and being followed by J. Parker Read, Jr., and Harry Culver, the youthful father of that dizzy little Western burg.

A funny make-believe was used for Pauline Starke, who was supposed to be locked up with *rats* in an old closet—the play "Irish Eyes." Having no rat actors at hand, white mice were darkened with lampblack, and since they're never vicious, Miss Starke had the pleasure of entertaining two dozen sociable little rodents who snuggled into her hair, crawled up her sleeves and—but no, there are secrets too sacred to be revealed even here!

May Giraci has made a reputation for herself ever since she did child-parts for Mr. Griffith. Her great adaptability has made her a featured child-artist in many screen successes, and she's very popular at Triangle Studios. The other day she received an embroidered handkerchief from her uncle in France, Frank Massenove, formerly of Los Angeles. This handkerchief bears the allied flags embroidered as only Frenchwomen seem to do it, plus an appropriate inscription in that language. In a snap taken of May with Ethel Fleming and Roy Stewart, the peculiar resemblance of Miss Fleming to Mary Pickford was noted. Even the pose suggests the famous little Mary.

Rosemary Thebe has gone over to Triangle and is working under E. Mason Hopper, being at present on location on the northern California coast. She is featured in "Out of the Western Seas," a French-Canadian story.

Cyril Harcourt wrote "A

Gloria Hope and Al. Ray know a good thing when they—read it

Lady's Name," which Constance Talmadge is now producing at Morosco studios. He's the author of a "Pair of Silk Stockings," you remember.

Didja know that Lila Lee is as good a mimic as Elsie Janis? One day she was asked to do a scene in "The Secret Garden" which calls for an imitation, for Lila steals the wig, frock, shawl and bonnet of the old housekeeper. So cleverly did Miss Lee mimic Fay Holderness who does the stern caretaker, that it seems almost a pity she forsook vaudeville, in which she gave such clever impersonations.

Niles Welch is now leading-man for Vivian Martin, he having just arrived from the East.

(*Continued on page* 119)

Nazimova Answers Our Question, "Does Old Age Hold Terrors For You?"

"WHO-TOROK" HOUSE
KING STREET, PORT CHESTER, N.Y.

June 12/15

My dear Editor ——

thanks for your letter & please forgive the delay. ——

No, old age has no terrors for me because I don't believe there is such a thing as old age for me. So long as my heart & mind can respond to human joys & sorrows — I am young. But if ever I should notice that I can see & hear, and am not capable of feeling, then — well, then let me be cremated, — and quick!

Nazimova

Diving Into Drama

Gloria Swanson's Experience

THE dressing-rooms at Culver City Triangle studios resemble a two-decked vessel, with the mere males scattered about the first deck, and the ladies looking triumphantly down upon them from a breezy porch above. After one has landed French heels on about thirty stairs, there's a reward ahead, for right in the middle of the tier of feminine dressing-rooms a door stands hospitably open, and bright cretonnes are so bewitchingly arranged that it is almost impossible to be polite to Gloria May Josephine Swanson.

Gloria calls herself a brunette, because her hair is wavy brown, but she has the most luscious big gray eyes, the sort of eyes that make every one at the studio say, "Did you ever see anything like Gloria Swanson's eyes?" Nobody asked me if I thought her pretty, tho one man did vouchsafe the information that he thought she had the cutest scent inhaler *he'd* seen since he entered pictures. Her mouth is beautifully shaped and quite serious, rather belying her ability as a comédienne, for everybody remembers the many comedies she did with Bobbie Vernon.

Gloria is nineteen and has been working before the camera two and one-half years, having met no opposition and gotten her own "job" with the Essanay by simply applying for it and letting a director appraise her facial assets thoroly. Indeed, Gloria's parents were "indifferent to her career," she states, and when she left convent life in Florida and Puerto Rico, and finished at a private school in Chicago, she was left to her own devices as far as vocational direction was concerned.

Her very first prominent rôle was given after a small part to introduce her to the work, and was played with Dick Travers and Ruth Stonehouse. Actually, Gloria's five-foot-one height was clothed to represent a *vamp!*

The day I called, Miss Swanson was a "ringer" for that picture of Queen Louise, for she wore a chiffon veil caught about the turban and around her neck in swathing folds in the fashion of that famous painting. I found her exceedingly naïve, easy to meet and talkative.

There is a sweetseriousness about Gloria Swanson

"I'm so excited! I just received a card from Dad, who is a captain of a labor battalion, just landed in France. Isn't this great?" It was just a brief message,

By
FRITZI
REMONT

Gloria of the big gray eyes

but the safe arrival of her soldier-father was better than the whole bunch of letters from admiring fans which she was sorting over. Miss Swanson lives here with her mother, and—well, I knew who else was in that home, for, you see, I'd studied the queer chart which every applicant for work at a studio must fill out. Gloria's answers were right to the point, too, and I had copied a little of her quaint writing. Here's just a sample of the Triangle form filled out correctly, for fans all over the world may have the opportunity some day of making application for future stellar honors, you know.

Q.—Are you fond of animals? Have you any? If so, What?"

A.—French bull-dog, Persian angora cat and kittens expected.

Q.—Do you ever intend retiring? If so, to what will you devote yourself?

A.—I intend to work until I drop dead, or they put me out of pictures.

Q.—Are you fond of children?

A.—Yes, I love them.

Q.—Are you interested in any particular study? If so, what?

A.—Yes, study of mere man and his habits. I also try to sing.

From all of which it would appear that Gloria Swanson, of Swedish extraction, has very decided loves and views.

As the usual preliminary questions were easily dispensed with in this case, I asked Sweet Nineteen if she'd ever done anything she did *not* want to do while employed as a really truly actress.

"Oh, I should say so! You see, I'd been working over at Sennett studio for six months, but I never was called upon to swim or do any stunts. I merely acted in light comedies, just little laugh-getters that required drawing-room action mostly, and besides, I have always been deathly afraid of the water. I had an opportunity to work at Triangle and so left the Sennett forces, and was told I would play straight drama. Before I was given a part, however, a casting director told me to make up for comedy. I was so sorry; I had hoped to outgrow comedy entirely, and besides, my folks always had said, 'Gloria, you have no sense of humor at all! You are so serious. Why dont you try to see the funny side of life once in a while?'

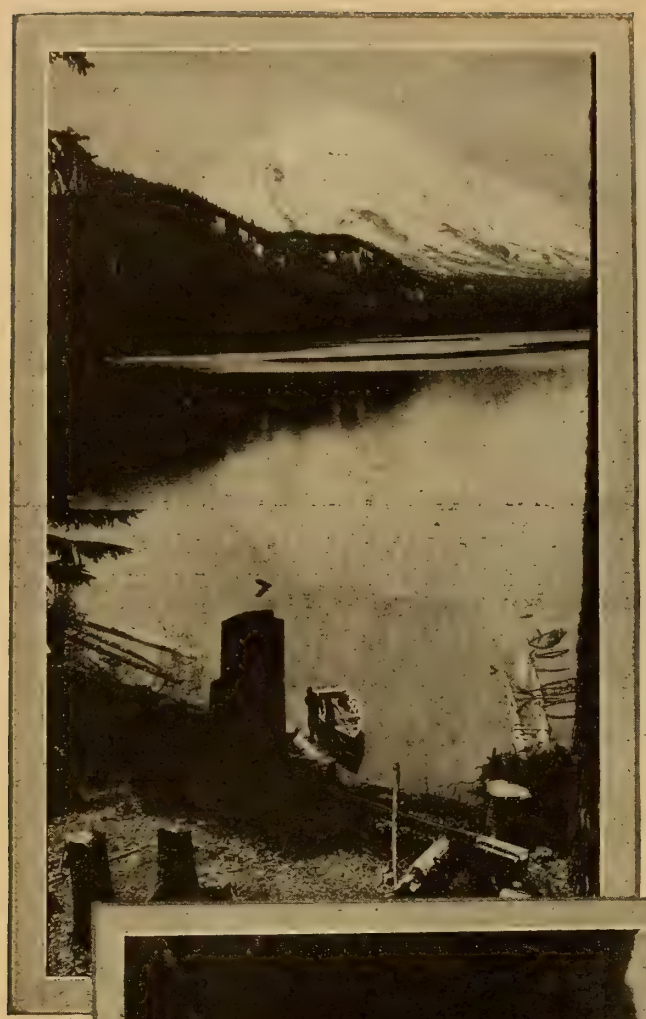
"Anyway, I came out of my dressing-room all fixed for a comedy part, and the first director who had engaged me said, 'Why are you wearing all that make-up? It's entirely unsuitable—take it off!' I told him how I had been ordered to put it on, and he said, 'Nonsense! I'm going to use you myself, in straight stuff. Get ready for it. Here's the script—you'd better study it right away.'

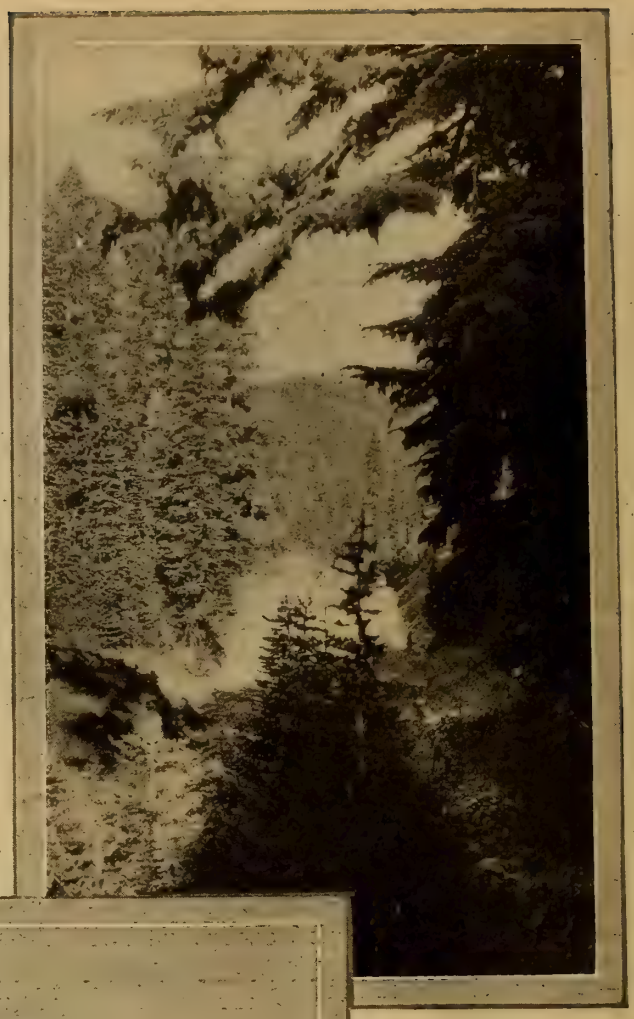
"I had not read more than two pages than I found out I would have to swim! Imagine it! I, who had dreaded the water so! There was just one thing to face. Either I could and would swim and hold a good job and learn to take straight parts, or I'd be asked to gently drift out of the garden gate. It wasn't a bit like the Lady or the Tiger. There seemed but one solution, where my living was concerned, so that night after work I went to the Y. W. C. A. and took my first swimming lessons. I could get the stroke very quickly, but I stuck to the shallow part of the pool, of course.

"The next day I repeated the lesson, taking one late in the afternoon, the next the same night. On the fourth day we went on location at night to San Pedro, and there at the wharf the director gently sprung his surprise on me.

"It was a murky, black night. The ocean was covered with oil, as usual, down there, because of the oil-tankers being filled and unloaded at those wharves. My director said, 'Gloria, there's a fourteen-foot dive for you in this. Of course, we *could* use a double, but I'm afraid it would show even with the dim light we'll use. How about it?'

(*Continued on page* 128)





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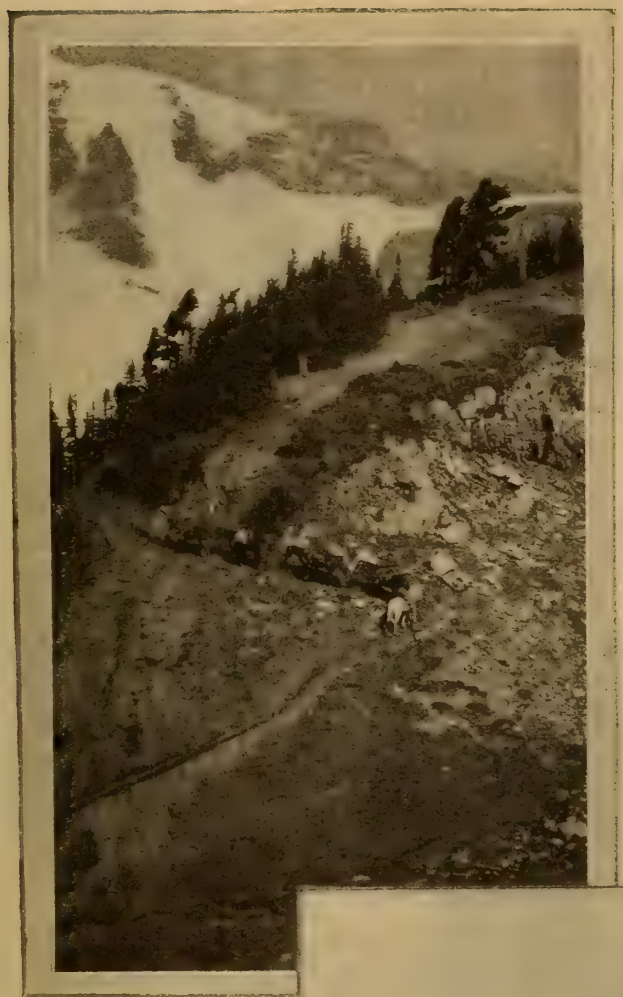

the Soul of Broadway

Pictures Corporation Is Robert C. Bruce's Beautiful"

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

It has been rumored that **Earle Williams**, who reached screen fame via the Vitagraph, is to marry Miss Florine Walz at her home in Brooklyn. This is all fiction and no truth, however. Mr. Williams is in the East.

George Walsh has finished "On the Jump," said to be the most lively picture ever put out, and will begin a new one at once. It is to be the story of a crook who reforms and becomes a secret service man who has great adventures running down spies. The story is by George Scarborough and for the present is called "The Splendid Malefactor."

We suggest these bills for Gasless Sundays: "Gas Logic" (Metro) by Gasolene Gus (Komic) leading to "The Gasoline Habit" (Imp) and culminating in "A Gasoline Wedding" (Pathè).

Anita King McKnight, former film star, has left Los Angeles for Washington, D. C., intending to make the trip across the continent in her motor car. Miss King wants to go to France to engage in writing, and in entertaining the soldiers as soon as she can make the necessary arrangements.

Because of the recent illness of his wife, who is in New York, **William Farnum** journeyed East immediately upon his return from the Catalina Islands, where he had been making final scenes for a new Fox production.

Pat O'Malley will play the leading masculine rôle opposite Priscilla Dean in "Dealing with Daphne," for the Bluebird program.

Bobby Vernon left the Christie studio on September ninth for service at the Submarine base at San Pedro. Bobby's enlistment was one of the last to be accepted before the new draft regulations became law.

Jack Mulhall has signed a contract to appear in several Paramount productions to be made at the Lasky studio in Hollywood.

Sylvia Breamer has applied in the courts of Los Angeles for a divorce from Edwin S. Morrison, who she claims deserted her in Australia, before she came to this country.

MADAME YORSKA

May Allison has been given "Thirty Days." The sentence is not in the form of punishment, but is the title of her new play. Lieut. Luther A. Reed is the author and Wilfred Lucas the director.

Alma Rubens underwent an operation for appendicitis at the California Hospital in Los Angeles recently. She is reported on the way to recovery.

In spite of many reports to the contrary, **Mary Pickford** has as yet reached no decision as to her new contract. Conferences are still being held with the heads of Metro, First National, Paramount and others. Miss Pickford does declare, however, that under her new contract, whatever it is, she will make one picture and then accept the invitation recently accorded her by the Over There Theater League to go to France and entertain soldiers, remaining for a month or two.

Josie Sedgwick has severed her connection with Triangle.

What is it makes 'em wild? "Wild Youth" (Paramount), "Wild Women" (Universal), "The Wild Strain" (Vitagraph), "The Savage Woman" (Select).

Ora Carew went up in an aeroplane one day recently with one of the fliers at Venice. This was Ora's second flight and now she says she doesn't blame the boys for wanting to get into the aviation section.

"The Price of Applause" (Triangle) will naturally depend upon the theater where it is shown.

Sessue Hayakawa is prepared for gasless Sundays. The jinricksha he recently received from Tokio may be inspired by gin instead of petrol.

After a brief vacation in the mountains, **Catherine Calvert** has returned to work and is playing in "Her Family's Honor," for the Frank A. Keeney Corporation.

"The Battle Cry of Liberty" will be the next J. Stuart Blackton feature. Commodore Blackton wrote it in collaboration with Charles T. Dazey.

Violet Mersereau is taking lessons in the art of tambourine and castanets for the sake of her new Universal picture which requires her to do a Spanish dance.

Mildred Marsh, sister of Mae, makes her screen debut in the Goldwyn picture "Hidden Fires."

Dorothy Phillips and her company, including William Stowell as leading man, are at Bear Valley taking scenes for "Till We Meet Again." Allan Holubar is directing.

Mary MacLaren is the first Motion Picture actress to display a gold star in her service flag, meaning that a dear one has lost his life in the service. The Universal star is mourning the death of her cousin Edward Reamer Agnew, who died with the American Expeditionary Forces in France.

Otis Skinner, self-avowed hater of all things pictorial, cynic and unbeliever of every screenic thing in the world, confessed recently that he found one thing worth while in all the desert waste of filmland. He saw **Marie Walcamp** in "The Lion's Claw." "The loveliest young thing I ever saw" is the definition Mr. Skinner applied to Miss Walcamp. For Mr. Skinner's benefit we announce that Marie has not forsaken the silent drama and will be seen in "The Carquinex Woods," an adaptation of a Rex Beach story.

Motion Picture people are invading Broadway in earnest this season. The hit of New York's theatrical season so far is **Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew in** "Keep Her Smiling" and now **Alice Brady** has made an excellent impression in "Forever After."

Following a misunderstanding with brother Charles, **Sydney Chaplin** has come East to arrange for a series of productions in which he will star after a lengthy absence from the screen.

Bill Hart has written to the War Department requesting permission to form a regiment of Rough Riders to volunteer for service in France.

The phrase "Only Her Husband" rather loses its value when one contemplates the fact that in "Two-Gun Betty," **Bessie Barriscale's** next picture, Howard Hickman is not only the director, but the author and leading man as well. For those not in "the know" we repeat Howard is Mr. Bessie Barriscale.

"I have found Cutex the quickest, easiest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

To make your cuticle smooth and firm, use Cutex

Cutex Nail White underneath nails makes them snowy white

See what a lasting gloss Cutex Polish gives

The harmfulness of cutting the cuticle

WHEN you cut the cuticle, you ruin the appearance of your whole nail.

It was to meet the need for a harmless cuticle remover that the formula for Cutex was prepared. Cutex completely does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and gives a smooth, shapely outline to the nail.

How to manicure with Cutex

In the Cutex package you will find an orange stick and some absorbent cotton. Wrap some of the cotton around the end of the stick, dip it into the bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pushing back the cuticle. Then carefully rinse the fingers with clear water, taking care to push back the softened cuticle when drying the hands.

If the skin around the base of your nail dries easily at certain seasons of the year, as that of many women does, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort. This Cream will help to *keep* your cuticle always soft and pliant.

After your first Cutex manicure, examine your nails! You will be amazed at the improvement just one application makes.

Cutex, the Cuticle Remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c. Cutex Cuticle Comfort is also 35c.

The Cutex Compact Set—price 50c—contains trial sizes of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish; it has also a flexible file, emery board, orange stick and absorbent cotton—all for 50c. If your store cannot supply it, we will be glad to fill your order direct.

Send for this complete trial manicure set

Everyone who uses Cutex is so enthusiastic about it, we want you to try it, too. Send 21c (18c for the set itself and 3c for packing and postage) and we will send you this individual manicure set complete with orange stick, emery board and absorbent cotton. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 812, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c for your set to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 812, 489 St. Paul St. West, Montreal, and get Canadian prices.

This shows the Cutex Traveling Manicure Set which sells for $1.50. For Christmas we have wrapped it in the extremely good-looking Christmas design shown. The box itself is beautiful—paper-covered to resemble black leather, lined with pink.

The set contains full-size packages of the Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Paste Polish and Cake Polish, also a flexible steel file, emery boards, orange sticks and cotton. For Christmas this year these sets are especially appropriate. Their price is low, their usefulness no one will question. Sold in all drug and department stores.

This complete manicure set sent you for 21 cents

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

The well-known actress, **Julia Arthur,** has been engaged to play the rôle of "The Woman the Germans Shot," the screen story based on the life of Edith Cavell, by Anthony Paul Kelly.

Ever since **Nazimova** made such a hit in "Revelation" Metro has allowed her no rest. "The Red Lantern" is the title of the new story which has been purchased for her, to follow her production of "'Ception Shoals."

Madaline Traverse has been added to the list of William Fox stars.

Fritzi Brunette, Universal star, is arranging to drop her nickname and resume her real one of "Florence" by which she was christened, because of the Teutonic character of "Fritzi."

Henry B. Walthall has sued for divorce in Chicago from his wife, Isabelle G. Walthall, on the ground of desertion. The Walthalls have been estranged since March, 1917, according to Mr. Walthall's attorney.

Maurice Tourneur has borrowed **Sylvia Breamer** from J. Stuart Blackton for his next production "My Lady's Garter." Sylvia will complete her work in sufficient time to play in the next Blackton production.

"The Belle of New York," the musical comedy in which Edna May made such a stage hit, has been purchased for **Marion Davies'** third Select picture.

That perfect lover in Norma Talmadge films has signed a four year contract to appear in prominent rôles in Paramount pictures, thus breaking up a screen combination that was one of the most popular in recent years. **Eugene O'Brien's** first picture under his new studio affiliation, is opposite Elsie Ferguson in "Under the Greenwood Tree."

Little **Ruth Stonehouse,** who is playing the vampire in the Houdini serial, has just resumed work after a sudden and serious siege of appendicitis.

Theda Bara has been suffering from a breakdown due to overwork; but hopes to be able to make her trip to New York within the month.

Roy Stewart has left Triangle, his future plans not yet being announced.

"Good Gracious Annabelle" has been purchased for **Billie Burke's** next Paramount picture.

Herbert Rawlinson is playing opposite Gladys Leslie in "The Mating."

Bryant Washburn is having the grounds of his home in Hollywood fixed up by a landscape gardener. In discussing it the other day in the presence of Wanda Hawley, his leading lady, he observed that two monkey trees were to be cut down. "Oh, what a shame," said Miss Hawley; "why dont you leave them?" "Why?" asked Bryant. "So the poor monkeys will have some place to roost," was her reply.

William Duncan has finished the first episode of his new serial called "The Man of Might."

Gladys Leslie, the young Vitagraph star, has two brothers in service—Walter, a lieutenant in the Army Aviation Corps, and Richard, an enlisted man on the U. S. S. Indiana.

Bessie Love will make her Vitagraph début in "The Dawn of Understanding." Bessie's fans please note.

The Fox stars seem to be turning their talents to scenario writing. Just as soon as we get used to the fact of Theda Bara being an authoress, along comes the news that **Virginia Pearson** has written the script for her Liberty Loan picture.

WILL ROGERS

Antonio Moreno says he never wishes to be nearer death than he was when Paul Hurst, the director of "The Iron Test," the serial in which Tony is acting for Vitagraph, staged the fall of a Packard car off the end of the Santa Monica pier. Tony was thrown half way thru the windshield, and when the car struck the water he was unable to extricate himself. Two men of the company dove in and, with their assistance, Moreno was rescued.

Neither **Jane** nor **Katherine Lee** like dolls. But then, why should they? Haven't they James Reardon, a real, live soldier boy, invalided home, to play with? This young man appears with them in "Swat the Spy."

Mutt and Jeff have evidently felt the call of war and enlisted. At any rate, you are liable to see them at any Liberty Camp Theater that you attend. Bud Fisher's Mutt and Jeff are the most popular of all comedies with the boys.

Frank Currier has the honor of appearing in two Liberty Loan Films—one made by Harold Lockwood called "Liberty Bond Jimmie," and the other made by Edith Storey called "Edith's Victory."

Sessue Hayakawa has hit upon a very novel plan by which to name his forthcoming picture. The script was handed in without a title, and at the suggestion of his wife, Tsuru Aoki, he is going to invite a number of their motion picture friends to his home, read a synopsis of the story and have them offer suggestions for its title. The one selected will bring the donor a number of war savings stamps.

Here's the one best bet of the month. **Mae Marsh** has a lady bug named Cecelia. Cecelia lives among the geraniums in the Riverside Drive apartment. She flies on Mae's finger when Mae calls. Wont some kind star adopt a cootie?

Mabel Normand recently induced Geraldine Farrar to leave the door of her dressing-room open that she might hear the international celebrity play. Whereupon Geraldine graciously invited her in. Mabel rounded up Tom Moore, Madge Kennedy and Mae Marsh, and the four listened spellbound while the Metropolitan opera singer gave them an informal concert. Some people are just born lucky.

Altho **Alice Brady** has gone back to her first love—the stage—and is appearing in a successful play called "Forever After," she will not forsake the movies. Her pictures will still be released thru Select.

When we noted Anna Case among the opera stars to appear before a camera we believe we asked for the next applicant. She has arrived in the person of **Frieda Hempel.** Again we remark: Next?

Besides being busily absorbed in making a picture, **Wallace Reid** is studying spiritualism. Why the tireless Wally should go in for spiritualism is unknown, unless it might be to train a spirit to play the banjo, or something to assist him as a spiritualistic accompanist.

Lila Lee has met the enemy—and they are hers. Recently she made a personal appearance at several Red Cross affairs and theatres in Los Angeles and before she had been on the stage twenty minutes, Lila had the whole audience singing "School Days" with her.

"Hen Parties" are the latest institution in the Los Angeles film colony. **Olive Thomas** recently gave one and according to all reports it was a huge success.

Do you yearn for a clear complexion?

IF your skin is not fresh, smooth and glowing, or has suffered from an unwise use of cosmetics, let Resinol Soap help to clear it.

Perhaps your complexion is unattractive simply because it is not cleansed thoroughly and regularly with the proper kind of soap.

For most skins, the soap should be free from harsh, drying alkali, and should contain just enough soothing, healing medication to relieve clogged pores, reduce the tendency to pimples, redness and oiliness, and to bring out the natural beauty of the complexion.

Resinol Soap is just that kind, an unusually pure and cleansing toilet soap, to which has been added the gentle Resinol medication.

Bathe your face for several minutes with Resinol Soap and warm water, working the creamy lather into the skin gently with the finger tips. Then wash off with more Resinol Soap and warm water, finishing with a dash of clear, cold water, to close the pores.

Do this once or twice a day, and you will probably be astonished to see how quickly your complexion becomes clearer, fresher and more velvety.

Resinol Soap is sold by all druggists and dealers in toilet goods.

Men with tender faces find Resinol Shaving Stick most agreeable.

Resinol Soap

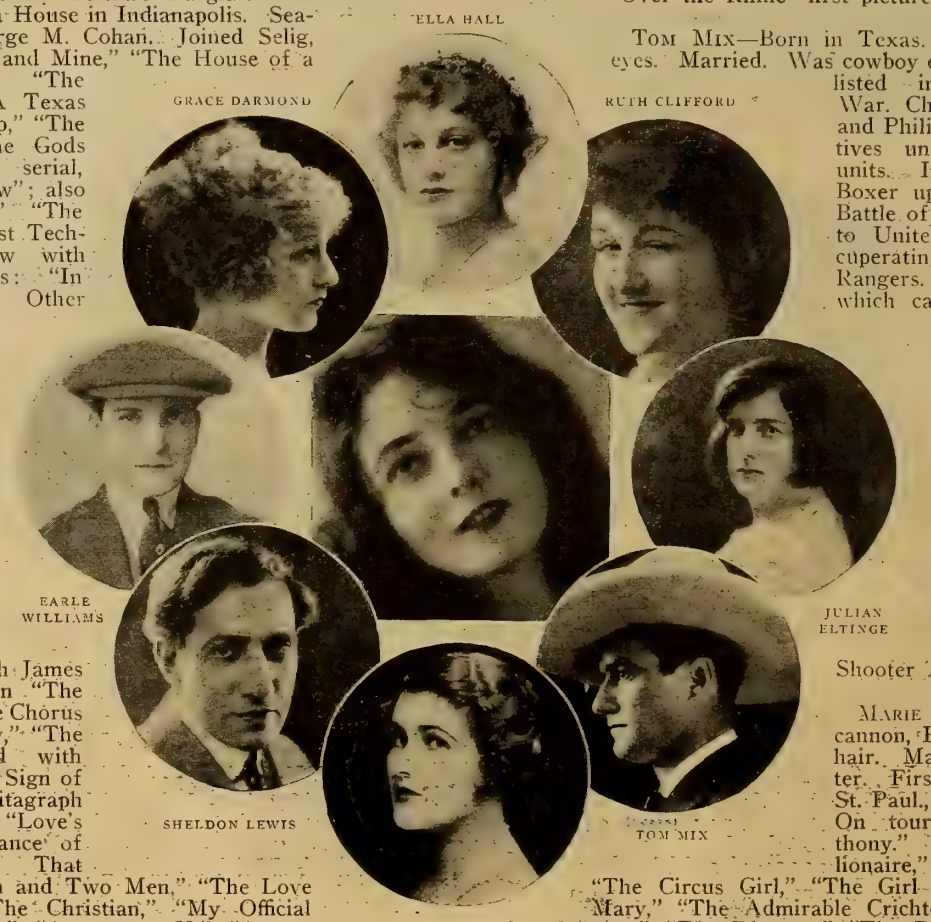
Who's Who in Starland

ELLA HALL—Born in New York City. Blue eyes, blonde hair, 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 100 pounds. Married to Emory Johnson. Chosen by David Belasco for principal part in "The Grand Army Man"; understudied Mary Pickford in "The Warrens of Virginia"; appeared in "The Girl Who Has Everything." Joined Biograph under Griffith, then went to Universal-Bison, Reliance, and Rex. Prominent pictures: "A Modern Fairy Tale," "Memories," "The Female of the Species," "The Master Key," "Little Eve Edgarton," "Secret Love," "The Crippled Hand," "The Bugler of Algiers." Went to Kinemacolor, then went to Bluebird. Bluebird pictures: "Her Soul's Inspiration," "Pollyooly," "Pawned," "Ambrosia," "Little Miss Fix-It," "Green Magic," "The Spotted Lily." Latest work in Fred Stone's Artcraft picture, "Under the Top."

GRACE DARMOND—Born in Toronto, Canada. Brown eyes, blonde hair, 5 feet 1 inch tall, weighs 125 pounds. Unmarried. First stage appearance in "Editha's Burglar." In stock at English Opera House in Indianapolis. Season in sketch by George M. Cohan. Joined Selig, playing in "Your Girl and Mine," "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Millionaire Baby," "A Texas Steer," "A Black Sheep," "The Quarry," "Whom the Gods Destroy." In Astra serial, "The Shielding Shadow"; also in "Absolute Black," "The Black Orchid." In first Technicolor feature. Now with Vitagraph. Pictures: "In the Balance," "The Other Man," "An American Live Wire," "The Seal of Silence."

EARLE WILLIAMS—Born in Sacramento, Cal., February 28, 1880. Dark blue eyes, dark hair, 5 feet 11 inches tall, weighs 175 pounds. Unmarried. Utility man in Baldwin-Melville Stock Company. Small parts in Frederick Belasco Stock Company. Played with James O'Neill, stock, also in "The Man on the Box," "The Chorus Lady," "Glorious Betsy," "The Third Degree," and with George Beban in "The Sign of the Rose." Joined Vitagraph in 1911. Pictures: "Love's Sunset," "The Vengeance of Durand," "Memories That Haunt," "Two Women and Two Men," "The Love of John Ruskin," "The Christian," "My Official Wife," "The Goddess," "Apartment 29," "Arsene Lupin," "The Maelstrom," "Transgression," "In the Balance," "The Grell Mystery," "The Scarlet Runner," "The Love Doctor," "A Mother's Sin," "An American Live Wire." Interesting Note: Mr. Williams has posed with Pauline Frederick for illustrations of Robert Chambers' stories.

SHELDON LEWIS—Born in Philadelphia, Pa. Brown hair, brown eyes. Married to Virginia Pearson. First appeared in Gerard Avenue Theater, Philadelphia. Has played with Dorothy Donnelly, Frances Starr, Mrs. Leslie Carter, Blanche Walsh, supported Ada Rehan in comedies. Member of company of first endowed playhouse in America—the New Theater, Chicago. With Mrs. Fiske in "The Pillars of Society," "Becky Sharp," "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." Has appeared in Pathé's "The Exploits of Elaine," "The Iron Claw," International's "The Hidden Hand." Now working on "The Messenger of Death" with Leah Baird for Western Photoplays, Inc.

EMMY WEHLEN—Born in Vienna. Brown eyes, light hair. Unmarried. Stage career: London in "The Merry Widow," "The Dollar Princess." Played "Marriage à la Carte" in America; also "The Girl on the Film." Played "After the Girl" in England and returned to America for "Tonight's the Night." Joined Metro. Played "When a Woman Loves," "Tables Turned." In Astra's "Who's Guilty?" Returned to Metro.

RUTH CLIFFORD—Blue eyes, blonde hair. Single. No stage experience. Appeared in Universal pictures—"Polly, Put the Kettle On." Now Bluebird star. Pictures: "Behind the Lines," "A Kentucky Cinderella," "Mother o' Mine," "The Mysterious Mr. Tiller," "The Desire of the Moth," "Fires of Youth."

JULIAN ELTINGE—Real name, William Dalton. Born in Butte, Mont. Blue eyes, dark hair. Unmarried. First appeared in "Miss Simplicity," given by Boston Cadets, an amateur organization. Appeared at New Amsterdam Roof, New York; in 1906 went to London. Returned to New York; engaged by George M. Cohan for Cohan & Harris' Minstrels. Played in vaudeville. Starred in "The Fascinating Widow" in 1911, followed by "The Crinoline Girl," "Cousin Lucy." Joined Famous Players-Lasky Company, appearing in "The Widow's Might," "The Countess Charming," "The Clever Mrs. Carfax." The Eltinge Theater in New York named for him. Recently organized own company. "Over the Rhine" first picture.

TOM MIX—Born in Texas. Brown hair, brown eyes. Married. Was cowboy on Texan plains. Enlisted in Spanish-American War. Chief of Scouts in Cuba and Philippines, organizing natives under American army units. In China at time of Boxer uprising. Wounded in Battle of Tien-Tsin. Invalided to United States. After recuperating, joined Texan Rangers. Leader of band which captured notorious Shont brothers. Deputy marshal in Texas. In 1908 joined cowboys going into picture work With Selig eight years. Is an author. Joined Fox Company; made comedies, such as "Hearts and Saddles." Starred by Fox. Pictures: "Western Blood," "Cupid's Round-Up," "Ace High," "Six-Shooter Andy."

MARIE DORO—Born in Duncannon, Pa. Black eyes, black hair. Married to Elliott Dexter. First stage appearance in St. Paul., Minn., 1901, in stock. On tour in "Naughty Anthony." Played in "The Billionaire," "A Runaway Girl," "The Circus Girl," "The Girl from Kay's," "Little Mary," "The Admirable Crichton," "Granny," "Friquet," "The Dictator," "The Duke of York," "The Morals of Marcus," "The Richest Girl," "Electricity," "Oliver Twist," revival of "Diplomacy," "The Butterfly on the Wheel," "The Climax." Sang in "Patience." Has composed several musical compositions: "Bagdad," "The Clarice Waltzes" and "Little Doggie in Our Yard"; made hit for Hattie Williams in musical-comedy. Joined Famous Players-Lasky Company. Pictures: "The Morals of Marcus," "The White Pearl," "The Wood Nymph," "Diplomacy," "The Heart of Nora Flynn," "Common Ground," "The Lash," "Oliver Twist," "Lost and Won," "Castles for Two," "Heart's Desire" and "Forget-Me-Nots."

CHARLES CLARY—Born in Charleston, Ill., March 24, 1873. Hazel eyes, iron gray hair, weighs 195 lbs. 6½ ft. tall. Began stage career in Kansas City, Mo., appearing in amateur production given by school's dramatic club. Worked way into legitimate thru Old Third Ave. Theater, Seattle, Wash. Became a member of Burbank Theater Stock Company in 1897. Played in stock with James O'Neill, Daniel Frawley, Ralph Stuart, and various companies in Portland, Seattle, Spokane, St. Paul and others. Appeared on Broadway in "The Road to Yesterday," "Glorious Betsy," and "Vasta Horn." In vaudeville on several occasions. Played with Selig Co. four years; prominent pictures: "The Rosary," "The Carpet from Bagdad." Played with Reliance-Majestic-Mutual, Lasky, now with Fox. Appeared in first serial story.

6,003 Burlingtons in the U. S. Navy—

6,003 Burlingtons have been sold to the men aboard the U. S. battleships. Practically every vessel in the U. S. Navy has many Burlington watches aboard. Some have over 100 Burlingtons. The victory of the Burlington among the men in the U. S. Navy is testimony to Burlington superiority.

A watch has to be made of sturdy stuff in order to "make good" on a man-of-war. The constant vibration, the extreme heat in the boiler rooms, the cold salt air and the change of climate from the Arctic to the Tropical are the most severe tests on a watch. If a watch will stand up and give active service aboard a man-of-war, it will stand up anywhere.

21-Jewel Burlington $2.50 A Month

And yet you may get a 21-jewel Burlington for only $2.50 a month. Truly it is the master watch. 21 ruby and sapphire jewels, adjusted to the second, temperature, isochronism and positions. Fitted at the factory in a gold strata case, warranted for 25 years. All the newest cases are yours to choose from. You pay only the ***rock-bottom-direct-price***—positively the exact price that the wholesale dealer would have to pay.

See It First!

You don't pay a cent to anybody until you see the watch. We ship the watch to you **on approval.** You are the sole judge. No obligation to buy merely because you get the watch on approval.

Write for Booklet!

Put your name and address in the coupon or on a letter or post card now and get your Burlington Watch book free and prepaid. You will know a lot more about watch buying when you read it. Too, you will see handsome illustrations in full color of all the newest cases from which you have to choose. The booklet is free. Merely send your name and address on the coupon.

Burlington Watch Company,
19th St. & Marshall Blvd., Dept. 1549, **Chicago, Ill.**

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1549,
19th Street & Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Ill.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your cash or $2.50 a month offer on the Burlington Watch.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

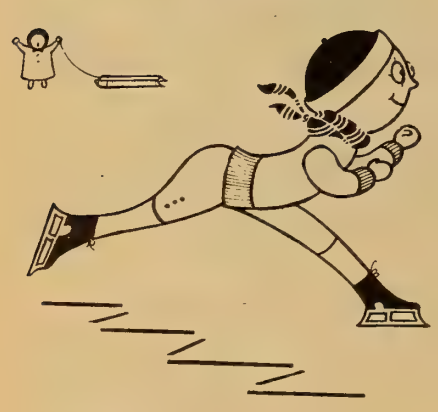
Little Johnny Poses for the Movies in A Seven-Reel Production entitled "Conservation"

Wherein he is urged by the director to give his own ideas of how the country should conserve.

By Harvey Peake

Schoolless Monday

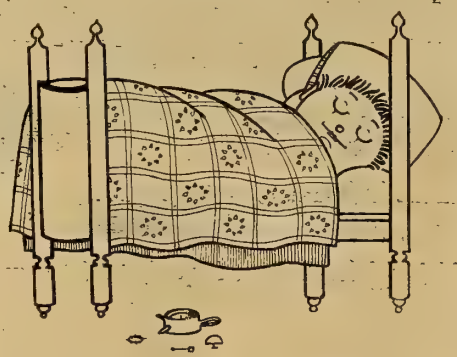
Ashless Wednesday



Mind-the-babyless Friday

Churchless Sunday

Fastless Tuesday



Alarm-clockless Thursday

Bathless Saturday

Reconstructing the Crippled Soldier

By Douglas C. McMurtrie, Director Red Cross Institute for Crippled and Disabled Men, New York City

We must count on the return from the front of thousands of crippled soldiers. We must plan to give them the best possible chance for the future.

Dependence cannot be placed on monetary compensation in the form of a pension, for in the past the pension has proved a distinct failure in so far as constructive ends are involved. The pension has never been enough to support in decency the average disabled soldier, but it has been just large enough to act as an incentive to idleness and semi-dependence on relatives or friends.

The only compensation of real value for physical disability is rehabilitation for self-support. Make a man again capable of earning his own living and the chief burden of his handicap drops away. Occupation is, further, the only means of making him happy and contented.

The disability of some crippled soldiers is no bar to returning to their former trade, but the injuries of many disqualify them from pursuing again their past occupation. The schools of training prepare these men for some work.

The new trade must be related to the former one or be, perhaps, an extension or specialization of it. For example, a man who had done manual work in the building trades may by instruction in architectural drafting and the interpretation of plans be fitted for a foreman's job, in which the lack of an arm would not prove of serious handicap. A trainman who had lost a leg might wisely be prepared as a telegrapher, so that he could go back to railroad work, with the practice of which he is already familiar.

Whatever training is given must be thoro, for an adult cannot be sent out to employment on the same basis as a boy apprentice. He must be adequately prepared.

The one-armed soldier is equipped with working appliances which have supplanted the old familiar artificial limb. The new appliances are designed with a practical aim only in view; they vary according to the trade in which the individual is to engage. For example, the appliance for a machinist would be quite different from that with which a wood-turner would be provided. Some appliances have attached to the stump a chuck in which various tools or hooks can interchangeably be held. The wearer uses these devices only while at work; for evenings and holidays he is provided with a "dress arm," which is made in imitation of the lost natural member.

An important factor in the success of re-educational work is an early start, so that the disabled man shall have no chance to go out unemployed into the community. In even a short period of exposure to the sentimental sympathy of family and friends, his "will to work" is so broken down that it becomes difficult again to restore him to a stand of independence and ambition. For this reason, therefore, the plan for his future is made at as early a date as his physical condition admits, and training is actually under way before the patient is out of the hospital.

Envy never affects the person envied. The effects are felt only by the one who envies him. One walks in sunshine, the other in gloom.

Doris Kenyon

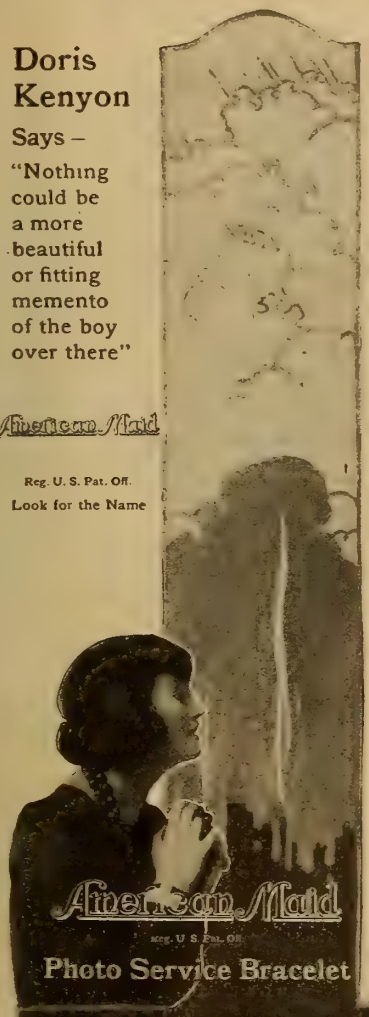
Says –

"Nothing could be a more beautiful or fitting memento of the boy over there"

American Maid

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

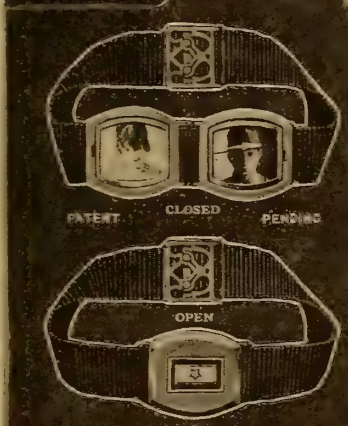
Look for the Name



American Maid

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Photo Service Bracelet



A two picture locket with one, two or three service stars—daintily adapted to the American Maid Ribbon Bracelet. An abiding reminder to American maids and mothers of their men at the front.

American Maid

Extensible Ribbon Watch Bracelets

Patented

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Photo Brooches

In several strikingly distinctive designs—one that must appeal particularly to you. In 10-karat gold—American Maid quality throughout.

At Your Jewelers—

If not—ask him to write us—The American Maid" is exclusively better.

CHARLES E. HANCOCK CO.

Providence, R. I.

Fame and Fortune Contest

THE GREATEST OF ALL CONTESTS

Conducted by

THE MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE

and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC

OPENS DECEMBER 1

The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of this contest.

The contest is open to any young woman in the world, except those who have played or are playing prominent rôles in the films or on the stage. Contestants shall submit one or more portraits and, from the pictures entered, the judges will select the person whose beauty and personality seems best suited to the screen. Every contestant has an equal chance. There is absolutely no charge or fee of any kind.

The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc., publicity which could not be purchased at any price. **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

Next month **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will officially announce the jury of its Fame and Fortune Contest. This jury will include the foremost producers, painters and art authorities in this country.

Every fifteen days after December 1, the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor roll pictures will be published in the subsequent numbers of **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic.** The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be named and invited to come to New York for test pictures, after which the winner will be decided upon.

TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either **The Motion Picture Magazine** or **The Motion Picture Classic,** or a similar coupon of your own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.
4. No portraits are to be submitted before December 1.

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

Contestant No. .....
(Not to be filled in by contestant)

Name .....

Address ..... (street)

..... (city)

..... (state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any .....

.....

When born ..... Birthplace .....

Eyes (color) ..... Hair (color) .....

Height ..... Weight .....

Complexion .....

Mary Anderson *is one of many who attributes her beautiful complexion to the use of the Star Vibrator.*

The Star Vibrator

For Beauty—Facial massage brings a healthy permanent glow to the skin, clears up blackheads and sallowness, invigorates the tissues, and results in the diminution of wrinkles and sagging flesh.

For Health—Scalp massage tends to prevent dandruff, excessive dryness of the scalp, and falling hair. In the treatment of rheumatism, aches, and all discomforts arising from imperfect circulation, the STAR VIBRATOR will be found invaluable.

Guaranteed to equal in results any vibrator on the market regardless of price. Try it ten days—money refunded if not satisfied. Beautifully finished in pure white enamel with white cord. All attachments complete—no extras to buy. Fits any standard electric light socket.

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21 Railroad Square
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Conn.

$5.

Dealers: Write for special proposition

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WRITE!

Send the coupon and get our free book and literature. We will tell you just what this method is, how it is used and what it will do for you. No matter how hopeless your case may seem the Feuchtinger method will improve your voice 300 per cent. No obligation on you if you ask for this information. We gladly send it free, postage prepaid. Just mail the coupon.

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Send me the book and facts about the Feuchtinger Method. Have put X opposite subject that interests me most.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking
☐ Stammering ☐ Lisping

Name.....

Address.....

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Buy U. S. War Savings Stamps

The Answer Man

(*Continued from page 97*)

BILL MC.—Sorry, but I couldn't read your writing.

THEFF.—Alas! you should not find your happiness in another's sorrow. Stuart Holmes was Captain and Ben Deely was Arch in "East Lynne." Blanche Sweet will appear in eight pictures for Harry Garson, the first to be released soon.

HELEN M., WASHINGTON.—Of course I will be kind to you. I'm a kind old man, not kinda old. You think I ought to be working at something else and get more money. I couldn't leave you all, even if you would have me. I love my work and my workees.

MISS L. L.—I had an interview with William Farnum in December, 1915. You say I could get $35 a week if I went to your city. Thanks, but I could never leave this village and this magazine. Carlyle Blackwell was Frederick and Evelyn Greely was Gloria in "By Hook or Crook."

JAMES M.—That's right, James; a woman who takes a man's job is no gentleman. Nevertheless, she is a patriot. Send direct.

EDITH, G.—Yes, I am fond of travel, particularly to islands, and have been in Bermuda, also the West Indies, and Cuba, of which Columbus in his journal wrote: "This is the most beautiful island eyes ever beheld." But that was before he saw Long Island and Coney Island. Creighton Hale is with Metro. Didn't see it.

MILDRED G. C.—Virginia Pearson says "Work and grow young." No wonder she never grows a day older. And the same might be said of Yours Truly. Dorothy Dalton in "The Flame of the Yukon." But the man of wisdom is the man of years. That's why I'm so smart!

LOLA E.—As the mad Kaiser would say, accept my imperial thanks. You would like the addresses of seventeen players and the ages of ten. Is that all? Send a stamped, addressed envelope and I'll meet you later.

POPPY.—Yes, I thought that gown was quite unfashionable. Oh, yes, I do like the fringe you are all wearing. And I'm getting to be a real authority and connoisseur on women's wearing apparel. You must be more patient. We part to meet again.

NIAGARA MAID.—I know it; some people spend two dollars' worth of worry over the loss of a quarter. This is the quotation you probably mean: "Go, poor devil, get thee gone; why should I hurt thee? This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." I think Earle Williams is as good looking as any of them.

RACHAEL E.—Join one of the correspondence clubs. It is noble to confess a fault, and generous and divine to forgive it. You confess to one and I forgive it. Selah! Constance Talmadge is only 18.

L. M. WORRIED.—Well, why dont you stop it? Worry is rust on the wheel. The longest life is but a parcel of moments. Watch each one and make it count for something. Priscilla Dean in "The Brazen Beauty." Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran in "The Extra Bridegroom." Another fool comedy.

MARY B.—You think we ought to print pictures of the player's mothers. What next? We give you their husbands, their dogs, their homes, their ages, the clothes they wear, and the food they eat, and soon you will be wanting their family tree as far back as Adam.

HELEN L.—You were right. No, Alma Rubens played in "The Ghost Flower." The word "hymn" comes from the Greek *hymnos*, meaning a song of praise or thanksgiving. Charles and John Wesley were the kings of hymn writers, with some 6,000 to their credit.

KATHERINE B.—Dont let me play on your sympathies so. That's what I'm here for—to answer questions. The end of learning is usefulness, not reputation. I care not for reputation; but I do want to be useful. I certainly do try hard to put what little learning I have to good use.

PEG O' THE NORTH.—So very happy to hear from you again. June Daye is not playing now. I doubt whether you will be permitted to visit the studios. Charles Chaplin is playing over here. Oh, fie! fie! Dont call yourself insignificant—you are one of my queens.

MARIE J.—You say you know that my antiquity, petty salary, hall bedroom, etc., are all bosh! Indeed, indeed, forsooth! Had I space I could tell you how to live, but I can tell you that it depends largely on the liver. E. L. Fernandez in "Hearts of the Sunset." Trick picture. They hold the letter close to the camera.

THU JAYS.—Thanks for the Thrift Stamp. That ought to make me thrifty. Your jingles were some jingles. I could almost use them for sleigh-bells. Stop in again.

VIOGLADVILLE.—Why, California, and possibly Nevada. You say you dont quite get our slang. Well, I'm not an authority on slang, but a "bum" is a sort of tramp, or one who does not work, e.g., Charlie Chaplin. "Camouflage" means looking like what 'taint.

MARY C.—'Most any of the players will send you their photos. For kinemacolor machines, the film is made to be projected at a speed two and two-thirds times as great as ordinary black-and-white film. A reel of one thousand feet of kinemacolor film runs but eight minutes on the picture screen, while the ordinary b. and w. film runs about fifteen.

WILLIAM STOWELL AD.—Ethel Clayton and Elliott Dexter in "The Girl Who Came Back." Thomas Meighan was Sergeant Tom and Elsie Ferguson the daughter in "Hearts of the Wilds." Conway Tearle with Marguerite Clark. Arthur Hoops in "Gretna Green." Kenneth Harlan in "Flame of the Yukon," which, by the way, was a big winner—both of money and glory.

MENTAL STRESS.—The Czechs live in Bohemia, Austria-Hungary. Victor Sutherland was Julian in "The Firebrand." You come right along and write often. Perhaps because I do my own cooking. You know, women never waste anything. If it's edible, it goes into hash; and if it isn't, it will do to trim.

RITA M.—June Caprice is 19. Gladden James, he of the fishy eyes, was Malcolm in "Scandal." You say you dont think Norma Talmadge ought to continue playing suffering roles because it will make an old woman out of her. But we cant have drama without conflict, and we cant have conflict without suffering. They have all got to emote if they are to become Bernhardts.

BLUEBIRD.—Much happiness! So you thought "Missing" was the very best picture you have seen for a long time. And so sad. You can reach Sylvia Breamer, Blackton Productions, 25 W. 45th St., New York. Gray's "Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard." It is supposed to be one of the most perfect poems in the English language.

ETHEL K.—Do you know you must write your name in full; otherwise, well—nothing doing. "Nearly Married" and "The Fair Pretender."

EIMEI N. TOKIO.—Your letter was very well composed, and I hope to hear from you again. The four great Confederate leaders were Jefferson Davis, Robert E. Lee, Stonewall Jackson and Joseph E. Johnson, all graduates of West Point.

SKY PILOT. GUELPH.—She had several leading-men; please name one of the plays. You were quite late for October. Elaine Hammerstein in "Her Man." Fred Church was Darrow, Eileen Sedgwick was Laura and Frank Lanning was Dr. Frane in "The Human Tiger."

IMP.—Vaccination, a preventive of smallpox, was discovered by Dr. Edward Jenner, of England. It consists of injecting into the blood a virus made from the sores or scabs of cows suffering from cow-pox; or the virus may be taken from the sore coming from vaccination itself. Few people properly vaccinated can have the smallpox. The valet was not cast in that picture. Cornish Beck was Jack.

KNITTING GIRL.—So you dont like the way the pages are numbered in the Classic. Most people think it highly artistic, but I will report your complaint to the editor. Sweet is the memory of the ills that are past, but sweeter is the anticipation of the joys that are to come. No, I didn't see "Oh, Look!" with Harry Fox.

BARREARAS.—No comprehend!

DOROTHY D.—My dear readers, and you, Dorothy, have patience, all of you. If you try hard and watch closely, and make sacrifices, in the course of a great many years, you can get to be just as good as I am.

BILLIE; GLADYS; PEARL WHITE RELIABLE; EDNA R.; RUTH AND GEORGE; PERCY B.; VIRGINIA; L. B.; DOROTHY H.; LAWRENCE; E. M.; ALICE W.; AGNES B.; BERNICE S.; FRED E. B.; BOBBIE BELL; RAYMOND B.; BERYL; EDITH G.; MRS. J. F. M.; GERALD H.; HERMAN T.; LOIS L.; IDA A.; MOLLIE P.; PHYLLIS R.; J. C. D.; PEARL R.; ELOISE R., and DON. S.—Very glad to hear from you all, but your questions have been answered before, elsewhere. Herewith note your entry in the class of also-rans.

DOT.—Cant very well give you the addresses of the boys in service. No, I haven't Nigel Barrie's address, either.

ROBERT M.—Yes, eating too much is a brake on your activities; but it is a cure for those who are leading a fast life. Montagu Love and Gertrude McCoy in "To Him That Hath." The population of India is 315,000,000, of whom nearly 300,000,000 can neither read nor write.

VIOLET P.—Try California and Nevada. Some widows look bereaved, some look relieved; but in most cases they look around. Dont know which smile I like better, Douglas Fairbanks' or Bill Farnum's, altho the former is more of a giggle.

HERBERT H. D.—Indeed not, it is never too late to spend. I fail to see any likeness to Theda Bara and Bert Lytell. Well I remember the first day I donned my long trousers—it was the happiest day of my life. But what has that got to do with it? Thanks for your good expressions. Write again.

H. D.—Conceit may puff a man up, but it will never prop him up. I deny that I am conceited. Of course, I comb and brush my whiskers. Since I have neither frau nor mistress nor valet, I must perforce attend to these assiduous personal duties personally. You want a long chat with Florence Vidor. Good. You write a glowing letter. It glitters with patriotism.

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We write the music and guarantee publisher's acceptance.
Submit us poems on WAR, love or any subject.

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one of America's well-known musicians, is our leading composer. One of his greatest successes, "Meet Me Tonight In Dreamland," reached the enormous total of over 2,000,000 copies. Over 1,000,000 copies of his song, "Let Me Call You Sweetheart," were sold, while the sale of his famous "When I Dreamed of Old Erin" passed the 900,000 mark.

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LASHNEEN COMPANY (Dept. I) PHILADELPHIA

NAM, AUSTRALIA.—Doris Kenyon is playing in "Wild Honey," produced by De Luxe Pictures. We get very little for Canadian stamps here. So you want to see Sylvia Breamer playing opposite Robert Gordon. Alas! child, I must say thee nay, for this cannot be.

TRUTH SEEKER.—I have been young, and now am old; yet have I seen the righteous forsaken, and his seed begging bread. And yet, I swear it is better to be good. I know, for I've tried both. Better write to the players direct. Send International coupons. The great merit of pantomime is that it dispenses with words. Why words when the face and eyes can speak? Belief in fallibility is favorable to the progress of the novel, but belief in free will is favorable to the progress of dramatic art.

ZETTA M. P.—Why ask me what love is? I was told the other day that love is a cat which scratches, even when one only plays with it. But I never cared for cats. So you dont like Mme. Petrova's always wearing a wrist watch. Many a true word said in profanity.

PATTY G., VANCOUVER.—So you are lonesome. That's a terrible disease. I get it, too, sometimes. Why not join one of the correspondence clubs? You bet it is necessary to have the wherewith to get along. What would I ever do without my little $9 a week! (Sh! dont say a word—I'm expecting a raise soon!) You tickle my catastrophe. Drop in again.

BLUE BELL.—Good gracious! Yes, indeed, I do my own mending. A stitch in time saves nine, and indecent exposure. But why so interest yourself in my personal affairs? You dont know how busy I have been; but be patient and you will all be answered. Violet Reed.

TASMANIAN.—William Russell played in "Hobb's in a Hurry." And now comes Fritzi Brunette, changing her first name back to Florence, because Fritzi sounds Kaiserish. And anything Kaiserish is fiendish. Jackie Saunders isn't playing now.

TUI.—Yes, I get lots of letters from Australia. Write again. The Federal Pure Food Act went into effect January 1, 1907.

PAKAHA.—Yes, alack! I use one, and that frequently. The trouble with an unabridged dictionary is, it contains so much you dont want to know that you cant find what you want to know. Jack Mulhall plays opposite Lila Lee in her next Paramount. You doubtless remember him in "Wild Youth." So you are the heavenly twins. Twinkle, twinkle, little star! Tra, la, la, celeste Pakaha.

AUSTRALIAN GIRL.—I have not recovered from the effects of your joke. I know that they claim Evelyn Nesbitt in "The Woman Who Gave" wears $300,000 worth of jewels in one scene, but I cannot dispute it. Now, how would it do to contribute, say, $299,000 of that toward winning the war?

MISS B. C.—Thanks for yours. Please ask me more questions. Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies—and no facts, either.

MT. MORGAN.—Hello! Yes, I read every line of your letter. Sorry about your friend. So you had an earthquake. Must be a pleasant sensation to wake up and find yourself in a yawning crack in the earth. Zounds!

DANCER.—No, they are a very small concern. You say Bill Hohenzollern started a World's Series that he cant finish. Yes, and he struck out in the last inning with three on bases, and two out. It meant his finish when Uncle Sam came to the bat.

BOB B. OF PAPER FAME.—You say I might lose my strength like Samson should I shave. Fear not, but please let my whiskers alone and I will do likewise. By my beard I swear it. Safety first, but not a razor. Surely, answering such intellectual questions as you ask is an essential industry and I will not be drafted.

G. V. B.—No, he isn't. Send her 25 cents. Christine McDonald is to play opposite Louis Bennison at the Betzwood studios. "The Hope Chest" was Dorothy Gish's last picture.

PEARL WHITE FOREVER.—You say you wonder from what oyster they picked that genuine pearl—that sweet essence of sea food. Why credit the unromantic oyster; is it not the mother of pearl?

HELEN, FOREST HILLS.—The only reason I can give is that I receive more letters than the editor allows space for, so you will have to be patient. Margarita Fisher in "Money Isn't Everything." I hope she thinks that way. Robert Thornby is with Metro. Gail Kane in "Love's Law."

M. C., COLORADO.—That's right; but smooth runs the water where the brook is deep. You never can tell. Narrow-necked bottles make the most noise. Sometimes when the operator is in a hurry to get home, he speeds the pictures more. That's the only reason I know of. It is more blessed to give than to receive, particularly if you have nothing to give. My address is 175 Duffield St., Brooklyn.

PEGGY, 20.—That's mighty fine of you to say that. Thanhouser is not producing now. Olga Gray was with Mutual last, and Valeska Suratt is playing in vaudeville. Olga, 17, writes mostly personal letters. She knows it all, and hence asks no questions. Many of my readers miss her, for she was once as popular as the famous Flossie C. P.

LIEUTENANT.—Yes, just as I am. Hope you received the picture. Dont be jealous of your sweetheart back home. Love may exist without jealousy; however, this is rare. Jealousy may exist without jealousy; however, this is rare. Jealousy may exist without love; this is common.

MILDRED H.—To make a work of art, a painter has his colors; the sculptor, earth; a poet, words; the player has only himself. The Six Nations were the six tribes which together formed the Iroquois nation or tribe of Indians who inhabited New York State. The names of the tribes were: Mohawk, Oneida, Cayuga, Seneca, Onondaga and Tuscarora. I have been all thru the Tuscarora Reservation. I haven't the pedigree of the kind of Indian that stands in front of the cigar stores.

FRANK D.—So you take exception to Minnie H., when she says she puts the left shoe on last. You say no matter which she puts on first it is always the right one she puts on last. Wonderful! You deserve a decoration. But please have a heart hereafter. Commodore Blackton is still, and always was, a large stockholder in the Vitagraph, but he is not an officer. He is simply releasing "The Common Cause" thru Vitagraph.

SNOOKS.—It may be all right to give credit where credit is due, but if you are selling things, spot cash is always preferable. Billie Rhodes is playing opposite Billy Parsons.

H. E. B.—Your verses were clever. Yes, Theda Bara certainly has it. You know, people without temperament are like faces without physiognomy. Cant give it from your description. Come again. Florence Reed in "Wives of Men."

JOHN MC.—Welcome to our city, as the Kaiser will soon say to Uncle Sam. George M. Cohan played in "Seven Keys to Baldpate," both on the stage and screen.

VICTOR C.—I'm sorry, but it would be impossible.

ANGELA.—I dont see how I can connect you with her. I know, but the nearer each individual gets to "going broke" for the Red Cross the fewer broken men will be invalided home from the front. We must all strain every nerve to win this war. Alla Nazimova was Hassouna and Charles Bryant, her husband, was Captain Cadiere in "L'Occidente." It was fictionized in the October Classic.

LEONA E.—You never did read that Fannie Ward was the mother of Marie Doro. She is not. We all need a teacher. Yesterday is our teacher, today is our opportunity, tomorrow is our goal. Yes, and sometimes the thinnest ice looks the most secure. The Drews are great in "Keep Her Smiling." They will appear on the screen again soon, thank goodness!

PEGGY, 20.—Guard against idleness, Peggy, and do good to all. Go to any lawyer, and it will take thirty days to have your name changed. Notices will be published in the daily papers, and the deed is done. Of course, you must have good cause.

MARION LAW.—Hazel Dawn is playing on the stage, and Guy Coombs is with Metro. That's the only one. To be happy one must have an intense sense of the humorous and a humorous sense of the intense. I'm intensely happy, so I must have both.

I. N. V. DOUGLAS.—No, no; put on your brakes, you're skidding. Never envy any one. Slapstick is a name given to farce-comedies. You ask if the chimney flew would the cowslip. Douglas! Douglas!

L. V. B.—You will never see my picture. The editor wont allow it. Betwixt you and me, I think he is a wee bit jealous of my super beauty. Captain James Cook discovered Australia, and named it South Wales, all for England. Yes, Margery Wilson. Why, Charles Gunn. You want to know why so many speak of Earle Williams as a has-been. I suppose because he once had a release almost every other day, and now he has so few features. However, he's coming up fast now. You think he doesn't laugh enough and think he should be given laughing gas. Tut, tut! Let us preserve what few dignified young men we have and not make them all clowns.

MESSRS.—How many of you are there? Well, if you wish to brighten your own lives, send a shaft of light down the path of one of your fellow-beings. If that doesn't work, try Sapolio. Dont swear at me. Tain't becoming.

GIRL SCOUT OF AMERICA.—You seek wisdom. You come to the right place for it. Well, wisdom is to the soul what health is to the body, and therefore, it is the proper thing to have. Walk right in and help yourself. Dustin Farnum is not married to Winifred Kingston. No, that was a friendly fight. Send for a list of clubs. Thank you. The desire to please is born in woman before the desire to love. Keep the change.

FRANCIS I.—Want to become a scenario writer? You have my permission, but not my encouragement. America entered the war April 6, 1917.

G. U. R. SARCASTIC.—That so? Better cool down a bit and write me a little friendly note. In the meantime, an armistice is declared.

MILLICENT K.—Earle Foxe was Silver Spurs in "Love Mask." The only Quakeress I know of that was ever put to death for preaching the faith was Mary Dyre, who was hung in Boston on June 1, 1660. Her son was Major William Dyre, who was Collector of Customs in New York from 1673 until 1679.

FRANK M.—King Baggot and Marguerite Snow.

MRS. N. M. S.—Whoever has loved knows all that life contains of sorrow and joy. No, I have never seen William Hart in person, and I've therefore missed half my life. Neither have I seen Charlie Chaplin, so I have missed the other half. How could he? Louise Glaum is contemplating going with Thomas Ince, leaving the Paralta.

EVELYN R.—Bore me? I should say not. I'm delighted to hear from you all. Sweet creatures! As I have said before, father's wild oats makes poor breakfast food for the children, and that may account for it. Robert Dunbar was the father and Paul Wigel the Kaiser in "Me und Gott."

ANNA C.—You say your are crazy to be an actor. I think so, too.

HERE I AM.—Your punishment is greater than I can bear. I expected more. Why not let women vote, since they rule us anyway? How can we stop 'em? No, he is in Los Angeles. Constance Talmadge is with Select.

MARIETTA.—You say you want to take up drawing, and that your uncle was an artist. I see no reason why you wont become famous, and then again I dont see any reason why you will. Gladys Leslie in "The Wild Primrose." Of two evils always choose the one least likely to be talked about.

I'M PUZZLED.—Marjorie Daw is with Artcraft and Eugene O'Brien with Paramount. There are about 10,000 persons attending Motion Pictures in the United States daily, and one in ten in Canada. Generally estimated that one-seventh of the population of cities attend Motion Picture entertainments each day. The Motion Picture industry ranks fifth in capitalization.

C. F. C.—*A bras ouverts.* You refer to William Baily. No, I didn't say that; I said hiccoughs are messages from departed spirits. No, I never look for trouble. That's the only thing we borrow and want to pay back in a hurry.

FLUFF.—If the baby is handsome, it is safe to say it resembles its mother. If not, beware; altho she would think it so, anyway. Mabel Fenyear was Marguerite in "A Fool There Was." Theda Bara was the vampire. Charles Lane and Virginia Valli in "Ruggles of Red Gap." Frank Borzage in "A Mormon Maid," and not "Mormonism."

ELIZABETH H.—Serious matters before the house. In about two minutes I'm going to do something desperate, if you all dont stop asking me how to get in the pictures. Every applicant or would-be has about one chance in a thousand. Take that chance if you want, but dont ask me to help.

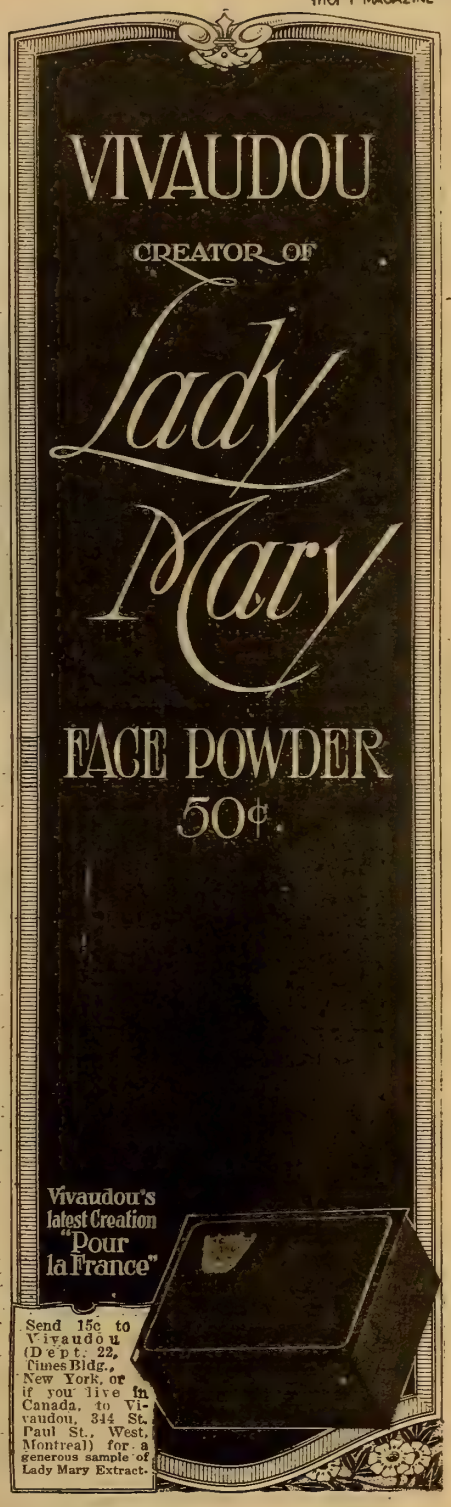
GLADYS K.—Casson Ferguson was in "How Could You, Jean?"

CONSTANT READER.—Good for you, but you must put your name and address on the letter. James Young has been engaged to direct for MacCauley Film Co. Alma Rubens will probably be the star opposite Charles Gunn.

SKEATS.—Never sympathize with a young widow unless you mean business. See July, 1918. Yes, Marguerite Courtot is French. I doubt if you will again see Harold Lockwood and May Allison playing opposite.

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Glad to hear from you again. So you are receiving loads of letters from the girls. Goody! Edna Goodrich was the wife in "Treason."

MOTHER.—The blond girl in "When Men Betray" was not cast. You see they lack caste. Bobby Connelly will play in "The Unpardonable Sin."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Mary Miles Minter	Charles Chaplin	Cleo Ridgely	Edna Mayo	Beverly Bayne
Pearl White	Beatriz Michelena	Marie Doro	Helen Holmes	Francis X. Bushman
Ormi Hawley	Earle Williams	Vivian Martin	Clara Kimball Young	Harold Lockwood
Edwin August	Frank Morgan	Dustin Farnum	Lillian Gish	Mme. Petrova
Kitty Gordon	Huntley Gordon	Myrtle Stedman	Mabel Normand	Valli Valli
Blanche Sweet	Anita Stewart	Lenore Ulrich	Dorothy Gish	Mrs. Sidney Drew
Anita King	Lillian Walker	Edna Goodrich	Bessie Barriscale	Sidney Drew
Wallace Reid	Leah Baird	Mary Pickford	Norma Talmadge	Ethel Clayton
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DOROTHY P.—Look, who you are asking: "What are the first signs of love?" I have never had the disease and dont know the symptoms. It is spelled Carol Holloway. I thank you. Married men are good listeners. You know they have to be.

I. M. DRY.—Have one on me. You ask what time is it when the clock strikes 13. I should say, time to have it repaired. You say it was so hot in Michigan this summer that you picked baked apples off the apple-trees. That's nothing, I hear it is so cold up in Alaska that the cows give ice-cream.

ANDREW, T. B.—Send for a year's subscription to the magazine, this address, and it will be mailed to you regularly.

ASTROLOGY FIEND.—I'm Capricorn, what are you? Louise Huff and Naomi Childers are both born under Scorpio. Interesting even if unsound.

LORENA; L. C. R.; E. DUVAL S.; M. C. A.; MARION W.; MRS. MC.; CARINDA; ROSITA; G. B.; AUDREY J.; BRICE P.-D.; KITTY W.; GRACE C.; WALLACE REID FAN; ETHEL CLAYTON ADMIRER; LENA AGAINST; MASSACHUSETTS FAN; SOUP; BILLIE BURKE ADMIRER; B. J.; E. M. P.; DOROTHY W.; FRANK M.; JOSEPHINE H.; ROSENELL B.; FRANK W.; MISS B.; A. P.; and HELEN B.—Let me hear from you all again. See elsewhere for your answers. Sorry. Ask me something fresh.

H. A. M.—There's some truth in it, tho. You say a man's love is a woman's meal ticket, and a woman's love is a man's pastime; that a man's whims make a woman smile, and a woman's whims make a man commit murder. You must be feeling unusually cheerful this morning. Jack Drummier is with World.

JUNE S.—So you dont know which I am, a man or woman, in spite of all I say, and do you fear that I am a woman? If I am, I am a lyre, and sooner can a camel enter the eye of a needle, etc. And as for presents, I can use anything—from a necktie to an apron, or a package of smoking tobacco. The Lord loveth a cheerful giver. So you liked Norma Talmadge in "De Luxe Annie."

CECILE.—The old saying, "Wives with the brooms seldom get the glooms," has sorter passed out, but with the dearth of servants we shall all have to learn how to run a broom. Sorry to hear of your accident. Ann is her real name. Charles Ray is married. Al Russell is Vola Vale's husband. No, Harry Thaw and Evelyn are further apart than ever. Hasty recovery to you.

LILLIAN AHO.—Didn't I tell you that real happiness is simply unrepented pleasure?—anything that you have to repent does not produce real happiness. William Davidson was the doctor in "Our Little Wife." Thanks.

INTERESTED.—I apologize for being late. Eugene O'Brien was interviewed in November. Yes, he will be a star instead of a leading-man if he keeps up.

JEANE.—I have met Warren Kerrigan personally, and I am his. He is not so popular as he once was, but he is just as attractive. Cheer up, you have lots of time. Elsie Ferguson in "Heart of the Wilds." Even an oyster may be crossed in love.

LETHA BELLE.—So you think June Caprice and Mary Miles Minter are assuming the personality, actions, hair dress, etc., of Mary Pickford. I dont know so much about the former, but I think the latter is distinctively original. No, but our pictures all go abroad, and consequently I hear from our foreign brethren.

KATHERINE.—You dont want to spend all your money for Xmas presents—buy Liberty Bonds instead.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page* 100)

Leatrice Joy will soon migrate over to Vitagraph, playing a strong part with William Duncan. Tom Mix is in Arizona, doing scenes for "The Two-Gun Man" and Howard Hickman has returned from his fishing trip at Catalina, none the worse for wear. Richard Barthelmess was sent for by Dorothy Gish and will play opposite her in the second picture for Paramount. Clarence Burton, formerly of American, is playing "heavy" to Ethel Clayton. Taylor Holmes has been on location at San Diego. Sam de Grasse is also working with Dorothy Gish, after a two weeks' vacation on his ranch at Verdugo Hills. Sam's young son and Airedale dawg surely do miss it when Pa goes back to work.

Topanga Canyon is famous for its lovely wild-flowers, many of the seeds having been brought over from Hawaii. Here lovely May Allison is working at present, tho she says it's the most strenuous thing she has ever done. The entire company was lowered 300 feet by ropes into a depression between very steep hills, as an especial grant to realism. The story, "Kate of Kentucky," will have very wonderful scenic setting—just as if May needed anything like that!

May Allison has been completing her Victory Book which contains a record of the American and Allied success. This is a real scrapbook which is highly prized by Miss Allison, for she began clipping for it in April, 1917. She expects to start another one now. Why not try that, you fans who long for something to fill the spare hours? Good idea for shut-ins, too.

It was baby day at the Alvarado Street Red Cross Shops, so Virginia Lee Corbin, Marie Osborne and Ben Alexander did the honors. Of course, that was the eternal triangle. They were all beautifully frocked, of course, for those little girls have outfits of hand-embroidered things which would make a queen sit up and take notice.

OH, PITY ME!

By Roy Blake Van Nice

I'm a *villain!*

I must confess my sins—I can stand the strain no longer! Pity me, for I—oh, it is hard to say!—I—I have spit in Mary Pickford's face—I have cut off Chester Conklin's head and torn off Constance Talmadge's dress and beheaded her sister, too! And that's not all—I only wish it were—but I've cut off Charlie Chaplin's feet—kicked them about the floor and then burned them so as to cover my crime. Ugh! I shudder at the terrible things I have done, and *yet* I have been forced into all this—it meant money for me and my wife and children—I am not entirely to blame—I'm a tool—to a higher-up who sits there and smokes expensive cigars and rubs his hands with satisfaction at the work I have done. His hands are clean, while—mine——

Every month he gives me a new list of these things to do, and I accept and get my money and never murmur, for I remember that my wife loves me—poor thing!—in spite of all—believes in me—thinks the higher-up does not pay me enough—does not appreciate me. Yes, she knows what I do—she—no, she *is not a bad woman!* I—I am only a poor Movie Magazine Layout Artist!

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"You Cant Keep a Good Man Down"

(*Continued from page* 38)

"For this we received five dollars—to be divided equally—and when the teller gave us our choice of silver, gold or bills, my brother whispered, 'gold.' Then came the problem of how to spend it and the choice was finally fixed upon a snare drum. My father played in Southwell's Band as a snare drummer in those days. I may mention that Southwell's music is still played in many circuses.

"About this time, the territory of Oklahoma was opened up and my brother, father and I, with me playing a bass drum, marched with the Oklahoma Boomers in the Continental band at the celebration of the momentous occasion.

"There came to our town one of those old-fashioned one-ring circuses, such as I have tried to represent in my first picture and I was entranced as usual.

"When the show opened I had no money to buy admission and, as there was no elephant, I could not gain a seat by the proverbial means of the small boy. So I walked up the guy rope and at the top of the tent viewed the circus performance thru the ring thru which the pole projects. I was in the midst of a veritable heaven of delight when the manager became aware of my precarious position—I suppose I am or was the only boy on record to see a show thru the top rather than from beneath the tent. The manager could not see it my way, however, and ordered me to come down, before I fell and broke my head.

"Some of my schoolmates who were aware of my prowess laughed: 'He's all right, mister,' they said, 'he can walk a rope better'n anybody in your show.'

"Interested, the manager finally got me down and questioned me, but not till I had executed my favorite stunts on the taut rope, such as lying down, turning, etc. The upshot of it was that he was so impressed he asked me if I would like to travel with his circus. Need I say that I was overwhelmed and raced off to ask my dad for his permission? And, thanks to his good judgment and indulgence, I got it. I wonder what would have happened if he had said 'no' flatly and packed me off to work on a farm as so many parents would have done under the circumstances. Possibly I should still have found a way, but there is no telling. I have, at least, often felt a great throb of gratitude for the opportunity that was thus vouchsafed me. We went to the fair grounds at Harper, Kansas, and there I found the first fly in the ointment. They dressed me as a little girl with a blonde wig. Oh, how I loathed that wig! I wept in vain. The manager was adamant. During the ballyhoo and the actual performance that day—the first—I did fifteen high-wire ascensions. The weather was cold and a kindly woman below, noting my pinched blue face and bare arms like pipestems, called out: "Oh, the poor little girl—it's a shame.' This was too much. I pulled off that hateful wig and threw it down, crying out, 'I'm no girl, I'm a boy.' I finished my act and got a scolding for my exposé. However, I didn't do the girl stunt again.

"On the biggest day of the fair a sandstorm came up which bade fair to wreck our tents and sent the canvas banners flapping wildly. I insisted on doing my stunt just the same and they finally consented. My dad was coming as I knew and in my pride I wanted to show him what a clever son he had. Well, I walked and was getting on famously till a big banner propelled by the wind hit my balancing pole, knocking it from my hand. It fell and in its downward course took my dad's unfortunate hat along with it, caving it in irreparably. I fell on the canvas and slid down unhurt. My dad forgave me in his accession of pride for my feat and the safe result of my tumble.

"The show didn't last long and, in 1882, behold me at North Topeka again a schoolboy with 'smiling morning face.' I used to get week jobs with circuses occasionally and had by no means lost my desires to follow the life of a showman. I remember one circus was Howe's New London Shows. Then, when I was twelve years of age Leiber and Barry started out with a one-ring circus and my brother and I, who had got down a tumbling act together, went along. It was a wagon show and our first stand was at Winchester. We were worn out with the long jolting ride, and when we went to the hotel for a rest before proceeding we were all asleep in no time. But I was awake at the first call and not until we were under way did I miss my brother. Then I remembered with horror that he was asleep in the hotel. I feared to tell lest we both come in for a raking over and when we had gone about half a mile, some one noticed me crying silently in my seat on one of the wagons. Questioned, I confessed and, after much grumbling, we all went back and collected the other half of my 'act.'

"Our wardrobe was not extensive, in those days. Two doll trunks held our tights and few other belongings, but they were as much to us as a prima donna's outfit would be to the owner. We watched them with jealous and anxious eyes and I shrewdly suspect the baggage men used to take a delight in teasing us by handling those fragile receptacles as if they were blocks of wood. But they survived.

"My last circus experience was in 1892 with F. J. Taylor's show, and in those years I traveled every road, I verily believe, in Illinois, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Colorado. I have seen flocks of prairie chickens that were as thick as hairs on a dog's back; herds of antelope and other wild things, where now there are manufacturing plants and cities. I picked up Indian relics, flint rock, saw buffalo skulls in plenty, and otherwise enjoyed things as only a boy can.

"In 1888 or thereabout I went to Denver with a stock company and played in Pueblo, Colo., also in such old-time melodramas as 'Lost in London,' 'Fogg's Ferry,' 'The Octoroon' and others. I even played in 'Uncle Tom,' my brother and I doing double Topsies. In 1894 I was in stock in Galveston, Texas, and during the year I did a good bit of athletic work, playing right end on the athletic club's football eleven. It was there I met Dave Montgomery."

For a moment the actor's eyes saddened and he hesitated, then he proceeded:

"He was with Haverly's minstrels. As a matter of fact I had made his acquaintance in St. Jo, a few years before, but it had not ripened into friendship. I saw him in the street parade in Galveston and he waved me to come to the show. I was alone then, my brother being in Denver. I asked Mr. Montgomery down to the theater. After the show, he asked me to sit down for a little talk:

"'Fred,' he said, 'I'm minus a partner. He quit me in Houston. What do you say to coming with me?'

"I thought it over and told him I'd ask

my manager. I saw the manager of Haverly's first and he informed me that they were not paying salaries just then, but that if they did mine would be $25 a week and I could work with Montgomery and also with an acrobat who had lost a partner.

"I gave Montgomery my acceptance, at which he seemed pleased.

"We worked to New Orleans, I doing my acrobatic act with the half of the old act whose partner had deserted him and also a song and dance with Montgomery. The show lasted one week. In New Orleans we found ourselves out of jobs. Billy Rice and Bert Sheppard were the endmen and they were going to Chicago, they said, to open in the Wabash Street Casino in a minstrel number. They promised to send for us. Montgomery and I played a two weeks' engagement at the Royal Theater in New Orleans, getting $20 for the two per week. That is we collected one week's salary and had 'tabs' on the bar for the other. I didn't drink then and dont now, so the bar didn't appeal to me. But there was an oyster counter which also honored these tabs and there I learnt to like the succulent bivalves. I used to try to fill up on oysters. I would eat as many as I could and take a walk, then return for more. I kept body and soul together and had something coming—in tabs—when I left.

"Finally they sent for us from Chicago, including the fare, which was lucky. We landed in the Windy City in the dead of winter—February, 1895. I had a thin summer suit and no overcoat. When I landed at the Lake Shore depot the mild Chicago zephyrs whistled thru my tissue paper suit as thru a sieve. With chattering teeth I asked a policeman where the theater was and ran for it. When I saw some one I knew I 'touched' for enough to buy an overcoat.

"Well, Montgomery and Stone were a hit. For eleven weeks we played there at $50 a week for the team. Then we went to Cincinnati for $80. Then to Omaha for a two weeks' engagement at $100. That was a world of money. We felt that our futures and our fortunes were assured. We played in St. Louis two weeks after the cyclone and made good. Then Gus Hill heard of us and sent contracts for his 'World of Novelties' at $80. We signed and went with him. At that time my folks moved to Chicago and later we went to New York where we worked at Koster & Bial's and Hammerstein's Varieties. Next season we played with Weber & Field and then came a three months' season in London at the Palace. We returned to New York with new stuff and a reputation. We made quite a hit with our imitations of London music hall artists singing American coon songs.

"Then came Mr. Dillingham, who was Frohman's right-hand man, with a musical-comedy proposition, and we went with Edna May's show, 'The Girl from Up-There.' We played the Herald Square Theater for 20 weeks and from there returned to London to play at the Duke of York's for three months. While there we were engaged to play in the Christmas pantomime the following winter in Liverpool at the Royal Court. That was in 1900-1901. We did the act as two Hebrews in Roman togas. The act went well.

"While negotiating for the London Hippodrome, Julian Mitchell sent us the book of Frank Baum's 'Wizard of Oz' and wrote that the rôles of the Scarecrow and Tin-Woodman were made for myself and Mr. Montgomery, respectively. We accepted the proposition and contracted for a salary of $500 a week, for five years, opening at the Grand Opera House, Chicago. That ended our vaudeville work. We played the 'Wizard' four seasons. Then came 'The Red Mill' for three years, 'Old Town' the same, 'Lady of the Slipper' two years, 'Chin-Chin' three; and lastly, 'Jack o' Lantern,' which has already run a year and which I shall revive as soon as the season opens and I finish my present picture engagement.

"I have purposely said little concerning Mr. Montgomery's death. It is pretty hard to make any one else realize what it means to lose a partner with whom you have worked for 22 years and with never a word of unpleasant character in all that time.

"It was while I was playing in the 'Wizard' that I met the lady who is now Mrs. Stone. She played the Lady Lunatic in Baum's great musical show; her stage name was Allene Crater. This was in Denver and we were married. For fourteen years we have enjoyed wedded bliss and have three children—all girls. One is twelve, the second is six, and the last one three.

"Yes, I have a farm on Long Island and a building in New York and naturally I've made some money. Also I have worked for it."

Fred Stone paused and wiped his brow. "That's sure been some job," he remarked, smiling. "I'm glad it's over with."

"Hands Up!"

(*Continued from page 73*)

"I came to release you, dearest," he told Echo.

"To release me?" she echoed. "Dont—dont you want me any more?"

Hands Up's voice grew suddenly husky. "God knows I shall always want you," he said. "But I cant let you marry me—this way." He touched his white bandages.

"But I want to marry you—this way! Anyway—you are mine! Those bandages—" she touched the white cloth with a great, yearning tenderness, "those bandages are badges of honor. They couldn't make me love you any more, but they give me the right to do my part, too, my dearest—wont you share your honor with me?"

Hands Up took the girl in his arms—their courage had been tested well—together they would meet life and love.

(The End.)

HE WOULD, BUT LYTELL WOULDN'T

Bert Lytell was taking a brief noonday walk in Pasadena while he and his supporting company in "Unexpected Places," his forthcoming Metro production, were on location. He noticed a tall, ascetic-looking man occupied in gazing at a beautiful home nearing completion.

Lytell recognized the lanky individual as a wealthy manufacturer who once had been pointed out to him and who was reputed to be penurious. It was common gossip that his new residence was to cost $40,000. Lytell stepped up to him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"What a magnificent home!" he ejaculated.

The thin owner of the edifice glowed with pride and satisfaction.

"Yes," he admitted, "it is a wonder."

"Would you take $60,000 for it?" inquired Lytell.

"Yes, I would. Yes, indeed," replied the close-fisted one.

"Thank you," said Lytell, as he strode off; "I thought so."

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Chinese Stuff

(*Continued from page* 41)

the court she had with her a six-months-old baby, her half-Chinese and half-American daughter.

Of course, the Emperor was enraged; the old mandarin's hopes for reinstatement were shattered, and he was sent to an ignoble death, but for San San, who dared to prefer the love of a hated foreigner to that of her Emperor, there remained the "Hall of Flashing Spears." San San was told by the courtiers that she was free to return to her American husband and was directed to pass out by a beautiful corridor of the palace, whose walls were hung with gorgeous silken curtains, embroidered with the gilded dragons of old China. As she passed down this corridor, unsuspecting, and happy that she could go to her husband, like serpents' tongues, hundreds of steel points flickered and stabbed her until she fell pierced thru the heart. For the Emperor's soldiers with their spears were behind the silken hangings and unseen. They were there to stab to death any woman who spurned the love of their master.

This scene was the first taken of many, each involving equal care and preparation. For instance, one of the earlier "shots" in the picture was in a Chinese garden. It was necessary to find what flowers and shrubs the Chinese cultivate and how they arranged their floral growths. The peony is the most popular Chinese flower and, naturally, it is found in profusion in their gardens. Roses are just as prevalent in China as in America, altho the festooned damask rose is the favorite in China. Airplants are discovered in profusion in Chinese gardens, but the specialty and hardest thing to reproduce in a set were the miniature trees, the dwarf oak, pine, and fir trees which the Chinese by an art of their own induce to grow in perfect form at a height of about three feet. All of these peculiarities of a Chinese garden were reproduced perfectly for the scene in which Miss Talmadge is discovered as San San, the daughter of the old Mandarin Wong Li.

The inner court of the Emperor's palace presented many difficulties to the technical men. It was worked out from travelers' descriptions and old plates as a lofty hall with carpeted pavement, a great throne at one end, long lines of pillars adorned with raised work of fruit and flowers, and over all a green varnished, carved ceiling adorned with gilded dragons. Carved lions reared their heads in various attitudes and a finely-wrought tower of brass stood in the center with fragrant perfumes always burning inside. On the great throne sat the Emperor and Empress, in front of them a high table covered with yellow silk, on which were vases filled with chrysanthemums, and between them a coral scepter of exquisite workmanship in a glass case.

The costumes in this scene represented a vast amount of research and care in the making, as they followed exactly the descriptions of those who had attended the Chinese court in the days of the Empire. The mandarins wore long open gowns embroidered with gold and a cap with a peacock's feather. Round their waists they wore silken girdles with the ends embroidered and hanging to the knees. From each girdle hung a sheath containing a knife and two chopsticks. Under the robe they wore wide trousers drawn tight around the ankle. They all wore straggling beards depending from the center of their chin and a meagre mustache.

A street scene in Pekin also required careful attention to detail. The queer hand-drawn vehicles of the street venders and the palanquins of the rich ladies had to be equally correct, as did the great dragon processions which are always to be found in Chinese streets; and then, of course, the myriads of Chinese lanterns and unwieldy signs had to be shown.

All in all, this picture presented the hardest task ever accomplished at the Norma Talmadge studios, and when it was finished every one, from the director to the property men, exhaled a great sigh of relief. As the last gilt dragon left the studio Billy Reinick, technical director, summed it all up as he said, "No more Chinese stuff for ours!"

CAMOUFLAGED COGNOMENS

By Gertrude Elter

It's great to be a movie star and called
May, Day or Ray,
But will some one kindly tell me why
there is no Hay or Say?
They throw the cast upon the screen,
there's Vaughn and Pawn and Dawn—
How prettily they all appear!—but where
is Brawn or Yawn?
We like such euphonies as Ostriche, Peacock, Foxe and Eagell,
How astonished we would be to see
Wren, Ox, Cat or Beagle!
Our Pretty Little Sweet Hart Gaye, how
Lovely each Caprice!
Who in the world would go to see Big,
Homely, Ugly, Grease?
They honor many elements like Hale and
Gale and Snow,
And disregard entirely Mud, Slush and
Rain and Blow.
Their managers present us with Field,
Garden, Marsh and Valli;
Pray, did you ever come across Lot, Backyard or Alley?
Why must they all be *stars,* I wonder,
when they shine a bit?
Why, instead, cant they be *rocks* when
they make as big a hit?

THE "Q" IS SILENT—AS IN "CANARY"

On the Letts estate in Hollywood a garden party was in progress. Will S. Davis, Metro director, was rehearsing a scene in "Judgment," featuring Anna Q. Nilsson and Franklyn Farnum. An "extra" dashed up the gravel walk, breathless and ten minutes late. He almost fell into the arms of Bert Dorris, the assistant director.

"I would have been here sooner," he gasped, "but I had to hunt all over town for these."

He pointed down, and it was Dorris' turn to gasp.

"Your bit in this scene is that of a young society idler in white flannels, and here you show up with a Charlie Chaplin rig on. What are you wearing those things for?"

Dorris indicated the tremendous brogans on the "extra."

"Why, I thought you said 'long feet,'" the super explained, "and these shoes are the largest I could get."

Then light dawned on Dorris.

"I said 'lawn fête'—not long feet," he declared, keeping a straight face with an effort. "And the 'Q' is silent—as in 'canary.'"

"Oh, for the Life of a Pirate Bold!"

(*Continued from page* 53)

So I went to the library and I got a lot of books on pirates. The librarian looked at me in astonishment.

"You're not going to scuttle a ship or anything, I suppose?" she asked me, with irony.

"What's that?" I inquired.

"All right—you're safe. I didn't know but I'd have to set the police on your trail." She sighed with relief, and I hastened from the place and sought my bungalow. You know we have a bungalow now. What is life in California without a bungalow? You might as well have no stove. I've got an auto also. But that isn't what I started out to tell about.

I went to my bungalow and sat down in a big easy-chair and surrounded myself with pirates—I mean pirate books. There were books by Howard Pyle, Frank R. Stockton, G. M. Henty, Robert Louis Stevenson and a lot more. They were full of pictures—of men dressed like musical-comedy villains, with big hats and boots and swords all over them. Also there were plates showing ships being boarded and prisoners being made to walk the plank. It was very interesting, but rather awful.

I began to read. It was getting toward evening. I read of Blackbeard, Lafitte, Sir Henry Morgan, Captain Kidd, Portuagaz—oh, a lot more I cant remember.

I learnt all about the nautical terms they used. I even learnt to—swear like a pirate. It doesn't sound so bad—"Shiver me timbers!" or "Dash me toplights!" or "Keel-haul me fer a landlubberly swab!" and so on. I found that keel-hauling meant to tie a person to a rope and fasten the other end to the stern of the ship and then put on high speed, or whatever it is, and drag the victim thru the water. I learnt about walking the plank, about being hung in chains, and I found out all about "pieces of eight" and doubloons and "Louis d'or" and all kinds of queer money. I discovered that the Spanish Main was somewhere around the Caribbean Sea and not a principal street in Spain, as I'd always supposed. I found that buccaneer comes from a French word meaning "drier of beef" and that the old fellows in those days loved to be called "freebooters." Oh, it was lots of fun to read all that sort of stuff and feel that it was part of your work. You see, I'm a firm believer in that—you must be up on whatever you are doing. Cant know too much about it. I started memorizing a lot of sayings that sounded nautical. "It was so all-fired dark I couldn't see me lunch-hooks afore me squintin' tackle" was one I liked immensely. I learnt the song, "Yo-heave-ho and a bottle of rum," and I got so interested in "Treasure Island" I never noticed what time it was. I had the electric light on in my corner, and the shades drawn, and the time passed and I didn't realize it was so late.

Just as I reached the place in Stevenson's story where the pirates think they hear the ghost of poor Ben Gunn in the trees pleading with Darby McGraw to "bring aft the rum," when Mrs. Edwards came into the room suddenly and pressed the switch, flooding the room with light, I gave a yell that scared her worse than it did me, and dropped the book. My, how frightened I was! It took me five minutes to recover, and when I could speak I said:

"I'm not going to read any more of those books alone."

But I got a lot of information about pirates anyway, and any time you would like to know the difference between a cutlass and Davy Jones' locker, just come to me. I'll tell you all about it. Or maybe I'll recite to you:

"Oh, my name was Captain Kidd, and I sailed——"

And also I've got a funny joke for Mr. Raymond Hatton, who plays my dad in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe," who is always slightly intoxicated (in the picture). The next time I see him I shall say: "Mr. Hatton, you're three sheets in the wind and the fourth one's flappin'," and just see what he says to me in reply. And if that doesn't fetch him, I'll cry: "Pipe all hands to the main deck, and lash down the hatches. There's a pirate abaft our bow, and he's coming down on us with reefed sails an' a head wind. Blow me toplights, matey, if I dont believe he means to board us, the blighter! Unship the long nine; he's hoisted the Jolly Roger or I'm a Dutchman! Heave ho, there, boys! Look alive! Show him a clean pair of heels—sink him! We'll show the black limb of Beelzebub that a British frigate aint afraid of any swab as sweeps the seas. Hooray!"

Dont you think that this speech from a nice, mild-mannered little girl like me ought to at least astonish him?

Marcia Manon—Film Sphinx

(*Continued from page* 52)

screen, and I like the people, and I am perfectly content—so long as I am assured that I am making progress."

For those readers who must have prosaic facts, I must state that Marcia Manon confided that her real name is Camille Ankroiwich; that she was born in Paris of Russian parentage. Her mother is Jane Ward, of the legitimate stage, her real name being Camillia Gramini. Her father was Julien Ankroiwich, a musical director in the Palais D'Royal Theater, Paris.

And as I left her she stood leaning against a high platform looking out into space, and I seemed to see, instead of Marcia Manon, that world-old figure of interrogation—the studio lot became a Sahara, the modern garb the woman wore faded and in its place I saw the robe of an Egyptian princess, upon her dark hair the head-dress with the feather of truth upcurled—and in her eyes—the eternal question.

A Personality Pursuit

(*Continued from page* 36)

just a hint, not unpleasing, of remoteness. An aloof bearing, a somewhat detached mannerism, an effect of "Are you here with *me*, listening, or are you...*where..?*" Underlying everything, color and fire and challenge. Something of the North, something of the South, still more, an indefinable blending of both. Yielding and imperious, pliant and unbending, grave and gay. Do you see? A personality potential.....

Come back soon!
I salute thee!

Editorially, GLADYS.

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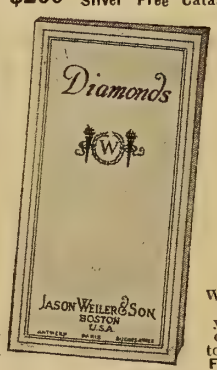

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Driving the Huns Home

(*Continued from page 92*)

The front of the house had been ripped off by German guns, but the back wall and sides were intact. A squad of Germans were ordered to hold a barricaded door against an Allied attack. Somehow or other the barricade had not been set up.

While several versions of "Pete" were busy building the stronghold from a mass of débris, I made the best of my opportunity to become acquainted with the Fritzies, the Tommy and Sammy boys. They were much like their first cousins who have gone overseas. Doubtless the new draft will blow most of them out to the bigger show in Flanders.

"I tried for the Aviation," confessed the boy who had refused to fall head-first from the balcony. "Couldn't make it," he added with a delightful honesty.

A second Fritzie confided that Uncle Sam might call him at any moment—a possibility of which he appeared to be tremendously proud. Several boys offered gratis their personal history in connection with the movies. Such wild tales of stars and favorites they regaled me with that I felt that their imagination must have gotten drunk on ozone.

Mr. Blackton interrupted their flamboyant romanticisms by proclaiming that the barricade was ready. The boys sprang each to his place.

Two camera-men were to operate from the front of the building while two others occupied strategic positions in a rear lane. I heard no less than seventy-five orders in as many seconds, shouted to Pete. Evidently Pete was intended for an army or at least triplets. It was:

"Pete! Pete! Pete!
What the devil is the matter with your feet?
Cant you make them into ten
And then double them again,
For we need a hundred like you, little Pete?"

"Pete, is your smoke ready? Hi there, Pete—some black paint—we've got to smear blood on a wounded soldier! And, Pete—bring that fellow's gun—he forgot it! And while you're about it, Pete, dont forget to bring the Red Cross dog!"

Pete scattered himself to all points of the compass and returned with everything, including the brindle bulldog.

"Ready! (biff-bang) Camera!" And the Germans shot off a volley of blanks. From behind the barricade the Allies returned fire. With a wild whoop and a ringing cry of: "Come on, boys!" the heroic Allied leader battered down the enemy's entrenchments and leaped forward over the pile of wreckage, scattering the Germans far and wide.

"That fellow acted like a regular soldier. There was genuine vim in the way he smashed thru that barricade," I stated as Mr. Blackton a few moments later introduced me to the star, Mr. Rawlinson.

"Why," smiled the latter rather self-consciously, "I'm the man guilty of the heroics!" I gasped. My compliment had been an unconscious one, but—I thought it best to change the subject.

A closer inspection of Herbert Rawlinson, and I realized how impossible it would be to say any but complimentary things of him. He is the clean-cut type of young American, and as Palmer, the hero of "The Common Cause," splendidly represents his native land. Of course, I asked him a full dozen personal questions. He confessed that while he enjoyed playing for the movies, he ached for a chance to join the victorious armies of Uncle Sam.

Among other things, I discovered that Mr. Rawlinson is at heart a Californian. When he tells one that he speaks of California, a sudden glow, dreamily suggestive of the blue Pacific, comes into his eyes.

"I love the Golden West—and some day I want to get back to it," he said. "But that's because I love the out-of-doors. As far as civilization is concerned, New York and New Yorkers are prize-winners! But——" He did not finish, but as his vision roamed the pastoral landscape, one could see in his eyes longing for the vast, sun-swept spaces of the West. He described the dizzy heights and depths of the Sierra Madres and the deep-sea gardens off the island of Catalina in such a manner that I am led to believe that when Mr. Rawlinson went into the movies the world lost a poet.

I was compelled to forsake his company, but as I left, the rattle of machine-guns sounded, the make-believe attack still hammered on.

The Hell-Cat

(*Continued from page 50*)

gods and set him, Dike, in their place. He was serving her but poorly as a god.

Pancha came forth arrayed in splendor. Her face, pale now, shone with the luster of a jewel from between the black wings of her banded hair. Her lips were parted, and like a poppy, a pale poppy, seen under a sickly moon. Her eyes were brilliant, too brilliant, and too black.

"She isn't a woman," muttered Jim Dike as he helped her into the buckboard, "she isn't a woman, by God!"

It is a long trail to Cheyenne. It was the longest trail Jim Dike was ever to take. Ten miles on the way, ten miles of silence between him and the woman who sat by his side, like some barbaric thing, too splendid for the touch, the sheriff and his posse came suddenly upon them from out of a gully beside the road. Some of the boys let their six-shooters loose; there were shouts and yells, and powder and dust. A girl shot thru the forest like an arrow on its last flight. No one saw her, for it was Wan-o-mee. And when the excitement was over, Jack Webb found Jim Dike dead across the driver's seat. A dagger stuck into his heart, and when Pancha, standing over him, saw the blood come welling up she threw back her head and laughed, loudly and disdainfully.

"I have killed a dog," she said, "throw him to the jackals."

"You——" said Jack Webb, and he looked at her face to see if she were mad.

"My Dad," she said suddenly, and swayed, then added, irrelevantly, "little—papooses."

When Pancha came to she was still on the trail to Cheyenne. But the curious miracle of blending earth and sky had occurred again, and a man's voice was muttering, so softly, "Dear hands—dear eyes—dear heart—dear heart!"

And all the earth was gentle and full of a rocking lullaby.

Funny Happenings in the Studio and on Location

(*Continued from page* 94)

"Who made that negative?" demanded the boss. The name of the bluffer was given and a few minutes later he was "on the carpet."

"How were you grinding when you photographed that racing stuff?" the boss asked without indulging in any preliminary explanations.

"Grinding as fast as I could," was the cheerful and ready response. "You see, the faster an object moves, the faster you have to grind to get it," he went on in explanation.

The boss nearly swooned, and upon recovering his speech talked in a fatherly way. "Since you are a photographer, I am going to tell you something about photography," he said. "To photograph a race like this you grind at normal speed. The screen will then show the cars moving at precisely the same rate of speed they actually made. That was the kind of stuff we wanted.

"But suppose you were after trick photography and you wanted to show the cars going at a faster rate of speed than they actually accomplished. You would then have to turn slowly, because by turning slowly you would get only a few exposed pictures in comparison to the normal, while the cars are moving in the field of your lens. These few exposures would only make a short strip of film, and when projected on the screen they would show the cars covering the distance like a comet.

"On the other hand, if you wanted to show the cars moving at a snail's pace you would have ground as fast as needed to get the desired effect. Fast grinding means many exposures before a car can get out of the field of your lens. Many exposures mean a long strip of film. And in a strip of film longer than that secured by normal grinding your object must necessarily be shown moving slowly."

The boss paused for a moment. "And now that you've had your first lesson in photography, here's your first lesson in the Motion Picture business. I can give you that one in two words: Never bluff. Now you can go to the cashier and get your check."

Accidents are bound to happen in picture-making just as in the making of anything else, but I believe I have not heard of any accident so fraught with such funny results as that which befell a man who is now a well-known film player.

Before his advent into pictures this man was engaged in some peaceful commercial pursuit, but succumbed to the lure of the camera for greater financial profit. He was a rare type and because of that fact secured his first engagement for a small "bit" without being questioned as to his previous experience.

The day of release for the picture was drawing dangerously nigh, and as production was behind schedule the director decided to work day and night to catch up. As a result our friend, whom I shall call John, was asked to work for three nights in succession until nearly three o'clock in the morning.

John's wife knew nothing of the process of picture making much less the ways of directors. For that reason she couldn't understand why John had to work until the wee hours of the morn and she said so. As a matter of fact she even accused John of using his picture acting story as an excuse to get away for a time with the boys. John protested, but in vain. Eventually, with the coming of a happy thought, he promised to take her to see the picture when it was released. Then she could see for herself.

However, a couple of days later the studio was destroyed by fire and with it the negative of that part of the picture in which John appeared. But John didn't know it and he was therefore blissfully ignorant of the dire events to come when he took his wife to the theater several weeks later to see his picture.

With somewhat bated breath he waited for his entrance. The scene in which this was to have happened was flashed on the screen. But there was no John. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. Another actor was playing the part he had played. Dismay seized him. He watched scene after scene appear and disappear—scenes he knew well—yet the moment for his entrance did not come. The film flashed on and on and reached its end, but nary a sight of John.

There was a flash of fire in her eyes when John's wife reached the street. "So that's the way you work in pictures until three o'clock in the morning," she snapped.

John was too dazed to answer and he was diplomatic enough to maintain strict silence even after he had reached home. The next morning found him at the director's office, where bit by bit he learnt of the loss of the film by fire and that the reason another actor played the retakes was that the card bearing John's address had also been burned in the fire and they didn't know where to locate him.

"But my wife wont believe that either," John protested. "She'll say it's another story."

"Perhaps she will," the director agreed. "But I can give you evidence to prove your story."

From a cabinet he brought forth a batch of "stills." "I always keep for myself a set of stills from every picture I make," he explained, "and I had these at home when the studio burned. You can have one of each of those in which you appeared."

John thanked the director fervently and hurried home with his "stills." As John tells it, they sufficed to convince his wife. From then on she never doubted him and now he doesn't need any evidence to support what he says.

OUT OF THE MOUTHS OF BABES

Joey Jacobs, the clever child actor in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal," was on the stage at Metro's West Coast studios awaiting the call of Director E. Mason Hopper. He looked the picture of juvenile innocence in his pink jacket and white knickerbockers.

Rosemary Theby, who is cast as Joey's mother, came over and, patting the boy's head, said:

"It's a long way to Christmas, Joey, but when it arrives what do you want Santa Claus to bring you?"

Joey curled his lips with the scorn of a five-year-old for a deluded grown-up.

"That Santa Claus stuff is all bunk," he asserted. "I used to believe in it when I was a kid; but last Christmas I saw dad putting on his property whiskers and I knew it was all hoakum."

Miss Theby gasped and turned away. "Out of the mouths of babes," she murmured, "comes much slang. And Joey looks like such a little mama's boy!"

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The Cross of Shame

(Continued from page 88)

who was seated in an ambulance—one of several that had arrived a few minutes before, and were now standing at the entrance to the Rue St. Gudule. He was one of the convalescents who had journeyed from Amiens. His head was wrapped in gauze, which was visible beneath his cap, and his left sleeve was empty; for his arm was bandaged to his side, with linen. For weeks he had lived in a land of mystery, as his life was held by a delicate thread, which would have parted at the slightest pressure and sent him into the unknown. Ever since the surgeons had removed the tiny piece of shrapnel which had pressed against his brain, his mind had been confused with a series of events which had taken place in the past, and with which he seemed to have been associated. And yet, he was at a loss to recall the time and the place wherein they had been enacted. He had journeyed here today, with many other comrades, partially out of curiosity, principally because of the outing it offered; the long, pleasant ride and the invigorating air. Then, too, it promised a glimpse of two men he had never seen, the President of France and the "Hero of the Marne." He had gazed somewhat idly, half-interestedly, at the troops as they stood in the square and had witnessed the presentation of medals to the heroes lined up before the Reviewing Committee with only passing concern. When his own name had been called he had been engaged in lighting a cigaret, and after tossing the match away, listened with an air of indifference to the glowing tribute paid to the memory of Lieutenant Jean Picard. In fact, he was growing rather bored. His wounds were beginning to pain him again and he was getting hungry. He wished he was back in the hospital at Amiens.

But, as he watched the beautiful creature, now wending her way slowly and silently towards the little group of men in the center of the Place de la Loi, a peculiar feeling of interest came over him. There was a strange familiarity about her which aroused him. Her remarkable countenance, her manner and her graceful carriage and poise seemed to convince him that he had seen her before; that she was, perhaps, an old acquaintance of his. He was tempted to learn from her own lips the truth. And yet, suppose she should ask him who he was? That would indeed be embarrassing, for he did not know himself. And, so far, no one else seemed to know. The surgeons at Amiens had repeatedly asked his name, but had always been greeted with that blank look which spelled a lost memory. But, as he stared at the young woman who was now approaching the President, he felt certain she had played some part in his past. If so, then she could tell him who he was; if not, he had only risked a certain amount of embarrassment.

Arriving at this decision, he slowly descended from the ambulance and started gently pushing his way thru the thick crowd.

(To be continued in the January issue)

Diving Into Drama

(Continued from page 103)

"I was so afraid I could not talk for chattering teeth at first; then I answered, 'I am only just learning to swim and I cant dive at all. How could I do that at night for the first time? I'm afraid!'

"He answered, 'Better think it over. I'm afraid we'll ruin the picture if you refuse.'

"I paced the wharf. A stiff breeze suddenly sprang up; it began to get very chilly. I kept telling myself that my future depended on it. Then I looked over, fourteen feet, then deep blackness, the lights dimly showing that horrid black petroleum floating on the water. My face would sink deep into that smelly oil—

"A voice said to me, 'Well, are you ready? Please take off your evening gown. Position—steady now!'

"It was no use—fate had decreed that dive. I slipped out of my frock and stood shivering in a camisole and little silk bloomers, and just before I was to dive a man near me said. 'Hardly safe, is it? The water's sixty feet deep there if it's an inch. She's no swimmer, you know.' But the director said, 'Ready! One—two—three—go!' I went. I felt water all around me, and, remembering dimly, almost unconsciously, the sixty-foot depth, I could not tell whether I was still going sixty feet down or coming up thru sixty feet of water, but in a few moments some one pulled me into a boat, and the terrible dive was over.

"That cured me of fear. I never was afraid of water again. I became a very proficient swimmer in a few weeks' time, and I can dive.

"It paid, too, for from that time on I had no difficulty in being cast. I enjoyed the pictures, and am so glad I escaped comedy work. That picture was named 'You Cant Believe Everything,' and yet I suppose I believed *everything* would come out all right or I never would have jumped into a strange harbor at night, where big waves were washing against the spilings, and I might have lost my life.

"I played in the seven-reel feature, 'Evil,' 'The Danger Girl,' 'Haystacks and Steeples,' 'The Social Cub,' and am now doing a new picture with Barney Sherry, which is a delightful play, to my mind. I enjoy being cast with William Desmond—he is so witty, the biggest tease—everybody on the lot loves him. If I'm not funny myself, I certainly *enjoy* fun!"

"Dont you think comedy work fits you for almost anything else, since it is necessary to change facial expressions so quickly and must develop resourcefulness, Miss Swanson?"

"Yes, I know it has been a good stepping-stone. My director said, very thoughtfully, one day, looking me over as tho I were a newly hatched chick, 'I dont think comedy has hurt you one particle, Gloria; on the contrary, it has made you think faster.' The trouble is that at first I worked so fast they always had to call me down. Now I just drawl around like everybody else, and it would be difficult to get into the swift action once more. The camera surely will break up one's habits better than the sternest parents. I love to appear by proxy via the screen route, but I cant say I would enjoy facing an audience in person. Perhaps that is because I am naturally so quiet. But that's fear again, isn't it?"

With such self-knowledge and desire to overcome—who knows?—little Gloria Swanson may some day elect to dive excitedly into a stage career!

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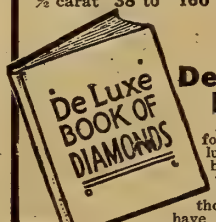

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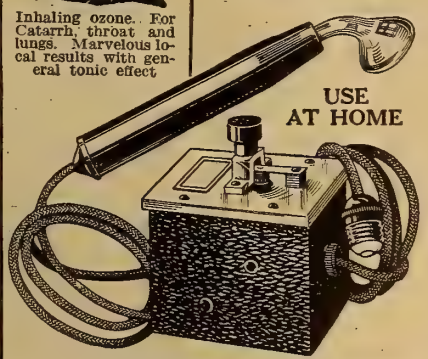

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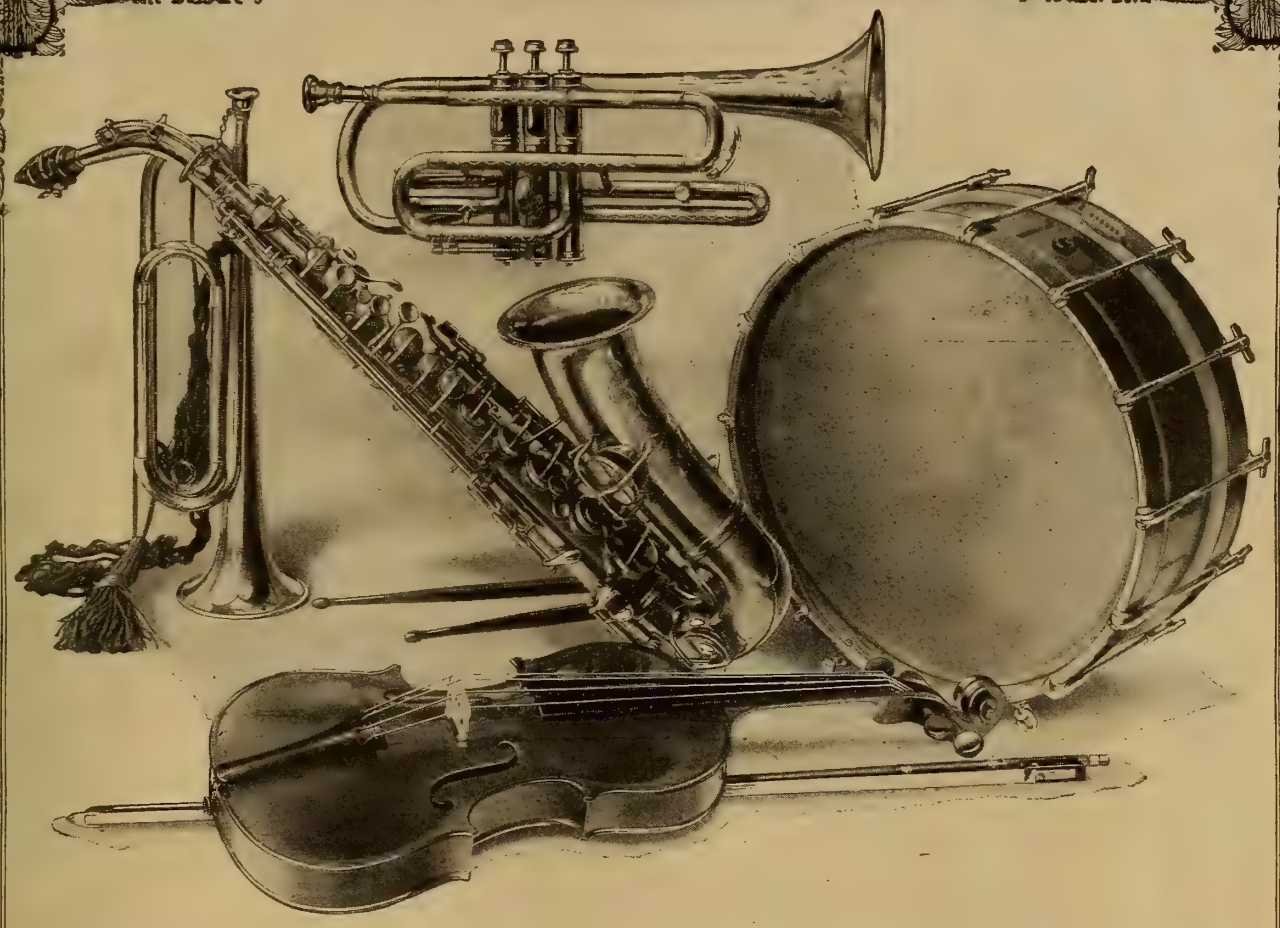

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Motion Picture Magazine

Founded by J. Stuart Blackton
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Vol. XVI JANUARY, 1919 No. 12

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Almost a decade ago, when the art of the screen was first pronounced worthy of depicting life's dramas, this Magazine was founded. From the first, it aimed to be the voice of the Silent Drama—the friend of those in front, and of the shadowed players. It has always been ready to encourage all that is good, and eager to wield its power against all that is unworthy. Every word, every picture in this Magazine is printed for you, the reader; hence it is your Magazine, and the official organ of the Motion Picture public.

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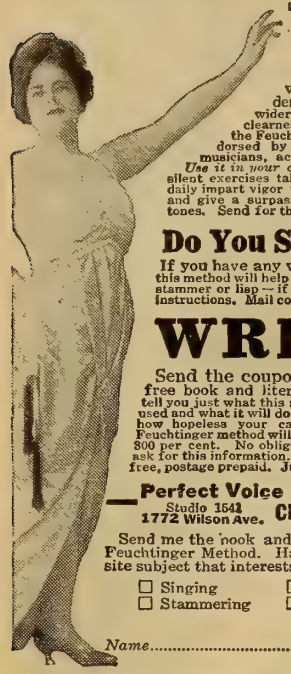

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The Exhibitors' Verdict

What the Picture-Theater Managers Say of the Plays and Players

Does a play draw the crowds? Does it please the public? These are vital questions to determine a play's success or failure, and the exhibitor is the only person who can answer them impartially.

So thru the courtesy of the *Exhibitors' Herald and Motography*, a trade journal which makes weekly canvasses of exhibitors and publishes the results in a department called "What the Picture Did for Me," we are enabled to give our readers this interesting inside information.

ARTCRAFT

The Great Love, with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron—Wonderful photoplay. Zeppelin airships and night scenes worked in splendidly.—Garfield Theter, Chicago.

The Song of Songs, with Elsie Ferguson—Very poor for Elsie. The bad finish gives it a black eye. If she wants to be a big star she must do better.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

Old Wives for New (DeMille Special)—A good subject all the way thru. Plenty of food for thought embodied in same.—Homestead Theater, Lead, S. D.

The Song of Songs, with Elsie Ferguson—We cannot do any business with this star. Personally think her very good.—Bismarck Theater, Bismarck, N. D.

Headin' South, with Douglas Fairbanks—One of Fairbanks' best productions.—Lyceum Theater, Newark, N. J.

A Doll's House, with Elsie Ferguson—Fair picture.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

The Danger Mark, with Elsie Ferguson—Good work by the star. Picture fair. Business fair.—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

Say Young Fellow, with Douglas Fairbanks—A "cracking" good picture that pleased them all. "Doug" sure pulls them in.—Rialto Theater, Dickinson, N. D.

Riddle Gawne, with William S. Hart—Great picture. Extra big business—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

Say Young Fellow, with Douglas Fairbanks—Douglas Fairbanks surely is a "hum-dinger." Enjoyed by every one. Big business. A sure winner.—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Amarilly of Clothes-Line Alley, with Mary Pickford—This is a dandy. Mary is strong in this sort of play.—Rialto Theater, Dickinson, N. D.

M'liss, with Mary Pickford—Every one enjoyed this as do almost all of this star's pictures. I have not signed contract for this year with Paramount-Artcraft as I consider it unfair to exhibitors even tho every production was good. A little town exhibitor cannot run such expensive pictures three times each week.—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Tex.

Wolves of the Rail, with William S. Hart—A regular Hart picture. As good as he has made for Artcraft. Will get the money if patrons like Bill.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

The Tiger Man, with William S. Hart—Good, but film was in bad condition.—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Tex.

How Could You Jean, with Mary Pickford—Extra good picture but only did a fair business.—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

BLUEBIRD

That Devil Bateese, with Monroe Salisbury—Scenery and star great. Took well. Cant understand why producers do not make more like this. Big business.—Princess Theater, Elwood, Ind.

The Eagle, with Monroe Salisbury—This star is good in this class and always gets good business.—Olympic and Majestic Theaters, Bellaire, O.

The Mortgaged Wife, with Dorothy Phillips—Well liked by patrons. Fair picture. Drew well. Beginning to think folks like sex stuff.—Isis Theater. Cedar Rapids, Ia.

FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT

The Romance of Tarzan, with Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey—Picture about equal to *Tarzan of the Apes.* Big drawing card. Satisfied patrons.—Bismarck Theater, Bismarck, N. D.

My Four Years in Germany—Did a great business for two days. Picture surely is great.—Lyceum Theater, Newark, N. J.

Tarzan of the Apes, with Elmo Lincoln and Enid Markey—The best picture I ever had and patrons are anxious to see the concluding chapter.—Auditorium Theater, Marblehead, O.

FOX

The Debt of Honor, with Peggy Hyland—Star good. Story fair. Film not in good condition.—Grand Theater, Marion, N. C.

Fox Sunshine Comedies—Patrons well pleased with these comedies.—Lyceum Theater, Newark, N. J.

All for a Husband, with Virginia Pearson—Satisfied patrons. A good production.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

The Kid Is Clever, with George Walsh—Good picture.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

Under the Yoke, with Theda Bara—About the best Bara picture yet. Some wonderful battle scenes.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

The Bondman, with William Farnum—Drew poor business on return. Farnum not liked here as well as he should be.—Empire Theater, Winchester, Va.

The Spy, with William Farnum—A great picture. Business good. Exhibitors should advertise this big.—Lyceum Theater, Newark, N. J.

A Branded Soul, with Gladys Brockwell—A very commendable picture for my place. Satisfied patrons.—Lyric Theater, Earlville, Ill.

The Scarlet Road, with Gladys Brockwell—Picture fair. Our patrons dont like this kind. Fair business.—Princess Theater, Elwood, Ind.

GOLDWYN

Friend Husband, with Madge Kennedy—A sure enough good picture. One that will make you forget your troubles.—Sterling Theater, Superior, Neb.

Peck's Bad Girl, with Mabel Normand—Poorest business in months. Had picture booked for three days. Ran it only two. Personal opinion, Mabel's best. Poor paper.—Isis Theater, Cedar Rapids, Ia.

The Venus Model, with Mabel Normand—Good picture. Fair story. Star not especially popular in dramas.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Fields of Honor, with Mae Marsh—Pleased large Saturday night crowd. Miss Marsh is always good.—Olympic and Majestic Theaters, Bellaire, O.

All Woman, with Mae Marsh—Pleasing story. Miss Marsh very good. Photography fair.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Dodging a Million, with Mabel Normand—Our idea of a clever comedy drama for these strenuous days and Mabel can certainly put it over.—Olympic and Majestic Theaters, Bellaire, O.

METRO

Revelation, with Nazimova—Wonderfully acted picture that stamps this star as great. She has everything.—Olympic and Majestic Theaters, Bellaire, O.

The Slacker, with Emily Stevens—Was once a good picture. My print in poor shape; much missing, but pleased all.—Auditorium Theater, Marblehead, Wis.

The Eternal Mother, with Ethel Barrymore—A good picture and in good shape. A drama that will please any audience.—Auditorium Theater, Marblehead, O.

Revelation, with Nazimova—Made a mistake in booking this for a Saturday, as our patronage on this day consists mostly of Indians, farmers and children. A good picture for high-class audiences only.—Crystal Theater, Flandreau, S. D.

Blue Jeans, with Viola Dana—Very good, but print was in poor condition.—Majestic Theater, Hornell, N. Y.

MUTUAL

Hearts or Diamonds, with William Russell—My people are crazy over Russell, so this went big.—Pastime Theater, Itasca, Tex.

PARAMOUNT

Believe Me Xantippe, with Wallace Reid—A mighty good picture. Wallie is fine in comedy. Print in poor condition.—Bijou Theater, Fond du Lac, Wis.

Playing the Game, with Charles Ray—One of the best pictures we have used. Star well liked here.—Sterling Theater, Superior, Neb.

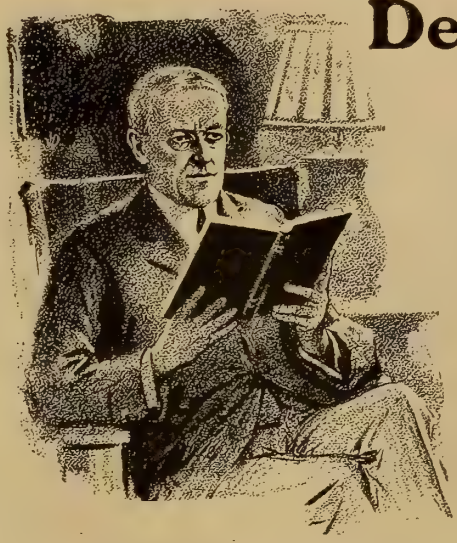
Good Night Nurse, with "Fatty" Arbuckle—"Fatty" seems to get the crowds and please them. Not his best, but went over big nevertheless.—Bismarck Theater, Bismarck, N. D.

Love Me, with Dorothy Dalton—Very good. Pleased patrons. Photography fine.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

Eve's Daughter, with Billie Burke—Very good. Billie Burke has a following in 'most every town and this will please them all.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

She Loved Him Plenty (Sennett Com-

They Both Like a Good Detective Story



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Mary Mac, beloved by children for miles around, didn't know much about emotion when Lois Weber engaged her for "Shoes," but she profited by the teachings of the best woman-director, and now Mary is an established star with her own little realm.

FILM FICTION

Gladys Hall has storyized the Paramount production of "The Silver King," starring William Faversham. Both the star and the story are famous.

The above are only a few of the wonders of the February Magazine

MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE
175 Duffield Street
Brooklyn, N. Y.

edy)—You cant beat Mack Sennett comedies.—Bijou Theater, Fond du Lac, Wis.

La Tosca, with Pauline Frederick—Deliver any exhibitor from this highbrow stuff. Cant the producers see that the public doesn't care what happened in ancient history but enjoys anything that is modern and human? Trust I can avoid another costume play.—Bell Theater, Chicago.

A Nine O'Clock Town, with Charles Ray—Just suited to Ray's talents. Good picture. Star has a good following.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

The Claws of the Hun, with Charles Ray—Good picture. Will please any audience now.—Capitol Theater, Frankfort, Ky.

The Kaiser's Shadow, with Dorothy Dalton—Fine picture. Star coming.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

His Own Home Town, with Charles Ray—Good work by the star. Extra good business.—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

The Mating of Marcella, with Dorothy Dalton—Star is classy in anything. Our people like her very much. Keep up the good work.—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Resurrection, with Pauline Frederick—This was put out twice by World under the titles of *The Yellow Passport* and *The Badge of Shame.* Who's next?—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Rich Man, Poor Man, with Marguerite Clark—The only Clark picture we have had this year that might be called fairly good. What's wrong with her productions? Why cant she be as good as she used to be?—Bell Theater, Chicago.

The Vamp, with Enid Bennett—A good picture, but did not do well on it.—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

The House of Silence, with Wallace Reid—Fine picture.—Sherman Theater, Sullivan, Ind.

Prunella, with Marguerite Clark—Nothing to rave over.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

Tom Sawyer, with Jack Pickford—A picture with a story of remarkable merit. Book it.—Homestake Theater, Lead, S. D.

The Price Mark, with Dorothy Dalton—A very good picture. All patrons pleased. Dalton is a good drawing card and this suits her.—Orpheum Theater, Harrisburg, Ill.

Green Eyes, with Dorothy Dalton—My patrons liked it. Good entertaining picture. Catchy title. Star liked.—Garfield Theater, Chicago.

Mile-A-Minute Kendall, with Jack Pickford—One of his best with mile-a-minute action. Jack always gets the money for me.—Dreamland Theater, Chester, S. C.

A Nine O'Clock Town, with Charles Ray—Had more complaint on this than any Ray picture. Poor business.—Capitol Theater, Frankfort, Ky.

Madame Jealousy, with Pauline Frederick—Pauline is a great favorite here, but not in such stuff as this. Allegorical play.—Rialto Theater, Dickinson, N. D.

PATHE

The First Law, with Irene Castle—A fair picture. Business only fair.—Judith Theater, Lewistown, Mont.

Vengeance Is Mine, with Irene Castle—A dime novel title, but brought them in. Liked by majority.—Bell Theater, Chicago.

Winning Grandma, with Baby Marie Osborne—Fair.—Liberty Theater, Kankakee, Ill.

STAGE PLAYS THAT ARE WORTH WHILE

(Readers in distant towns will do well to preserve this list for reference when these speaking plays appear in their vicinity.)

By "JUNIUS"

Cohan & Harris.—"Three Faces East." Another Secret Service-German spy drama, this one by Anthony Paul Kelly, one of our most successful photoplaywrights. The principal charm of this play is in trying to guess who are the German spies and who are the Allies', just as we were puzzled in "Cheating Cheaters" to know who were the burglars and who were not.

Plymouth.—"Redemption." John Barrymore at his best in a remarkable piece of acting and a remarkable Tolstoi play. Sad, but big and great.

Central—"Forever After." Alice Brady in a play of youthful love which endures despite many obstacles. Excellently acted thruout. It charms its audience into living once again the violent joys and heartaches of youth.

Cort Theater.—"Fiddlers Three," lively little operetta with considerable fun and much good music. Louise Groody scores as a captivating little ingénue and dancer, while the lanky Hal Skelley's humor is amusing. Altogether a likeable entertainment.

George M. Cohan's Theater.—"Head Over Heels," with the saucy Mitzi as a delectable little vaudeville acrobat. Entertaining with tuneful Jerome Kern music and the highly amusing Robert Emmett Keane.

Hippodrome.—The newest production, "Everything," lives up to its title. It is a maze of varied attractions, ranging from dainty Belle Storey to scores of remarkable roller skaters, from De Wolf Hopper to a stage full of tumbling Arabs.

Winter Garden.—"The Passing Show of 1918." One of the best of the Garden shows. Pretty girls and stunning costumes. Among the features are the amusing Howard Brothers; that lively dancing team, Fred and Adele Astaire; and the laughable Dooley Brothers.

ON THE ROAD

"The Copperhead." One of the big dramatic successes of last winter by Augustus Thomas. A drama that will live.

"Keep Her Smiling." A typical Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew comedy and one of the best that New York has seen in many a moon. Mr. Drew does the cleverest bit of acting of his career, and alas! alack! the screen has probably lost forever one of its brightest stars. (Mrs. Drew is more charming and "younger" than ever before.)

"Going Up." A charming musical farce written around an aviator, with Frank Craven in an interesting rôle. The music is unusually bright and catchy.

"A Tailor-Made Man." An altogether captivating comedy full of laughs, built around a young tailor who became great thru reading the book of an unsuccessful author and who then hires the latter to work for him.

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Loew's N. Y. and Loew's American Roof—Photoplays; first runs. Daily program.

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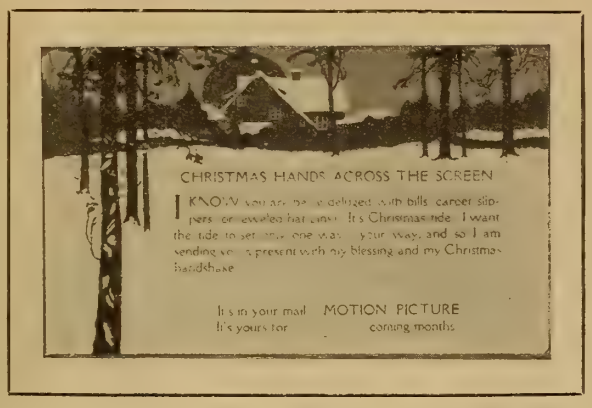

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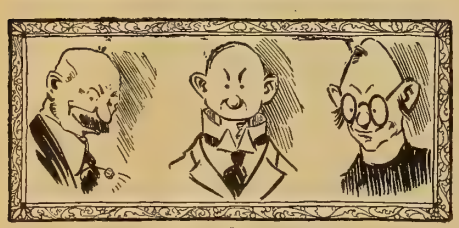

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The Movie Fan's Ten Commandments

By KARL W. KESSLER

STICK not thy feet into the crevices of the seat in front of thee so as to annoy the occupant, lest thy own seat be treated likewise by thy neighbor in the rear.

SNORE not aloud, as such testimonials of waning interest cause deep anguish for those to whom the film is of ever-absorbing interest.

IF thou must partake of peanuts and candy, see to it that thy neighbor's lap is not made a receptacle for those pieces which fail to find thy mouth.

KEEP from the under side of thy seat such ornamentation as is furnished by masticated chicle, remembering that carelessness might result in the placing of such articles on the top of the seat, thereby causing great embarrassment at the time of departure.

IF, when upon the screen flashes the likeness of Sir Charles Chaplin, thou art seized with a desire to give audible expression to thy merriment, remember that thy feet are for pedestrianism, and do not employ them, lest thou destroy furniture and furnishings—which just now are of much value.

PAY thy war tax cheerfully. It shall come back to thee as bread upon the waters, for it is to help thy country chastise the Beast of Berlin.

TREAT thy neighbor as thou wouldst have him treat thyself, and be quiet, for in quietness there is happiness—in the movies.

IF thou be young, and therefore inconsiderate of the feelings of others, caution thyself repeatedly about taking pretty girls into theaters for purely love-making purposes. Have thy little pet names out of doors and then enter to wait upon the emotions of others.

DO not rise to heights of anger merely because the operator has trouble with his machine, causing a break in the film. Remember that, even as in automobiles, there are flivvers in other things, and be patient.

TAKE thy wife regularly to the neighborhood movie, else thy wife will leave thee for more thoughtful fellow-men.

Attar of Roses?

An old lady seated near the back of the orchestra at the Rivoli Theater, New York City, was watching the pictures of the Rose Festival at Pasadena.

"My land, how natural they do make those pictures!" she remarked to her companion. "I can almost imagine I smell those roses."

S. L. Rothapfel, famous manager of the theater, who happened to be standing behind her, retired to his office and rejoiced with exceeding gladness, for at last he knew that his seven-thousand-dollar perfume plant was working.

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Letters to the Editor

A letter from a Japanese schoolboy, which is all the dearer to us for its amusing mistakes:

To MY THANKFUL EDITOR—Please perdone me to send such foolish letter with many mistakes.

I'm a Nipponese so I can not speak or write the right English so well as you.

I'll show my ideas of the American Filmland.

I wish to see the boxing-match of my favorite screen actors.

1. Doug Fairbanks vs. W. Russell.
2. Monroe Salisbury vs. W. S. Hart.
3. Sessue Hayakawa vs. W. Farnum.
4. Jack Pickford vs. Jack Mulhall.
5. Henry Walthall vs. Frank Keenan.
6. Francis Bushman vs. Francis Ford.
7. Warren Kerrigan vs. Wallace Reid.
8. Herbert Rawlinson vs. George Walsh.
9. Earle Williams vs. Wm. Desmond.
10. Charles Ray vs. Harold Lockwood.
11. Wm. Stowell vs. Franklyn Farnum.
12. Allan Holubar vs. Howard Hickman.
13. Kenneth Harlan vs. Wheeler Oakman.

I like this number very much, because I was born March 13th, 1903—1 + 9 + 0 + 3 = 13.

I wish my favorite actress' photos will be shown in your Magazine—Ruth Clifford, Mary MacLaren, Mae Murray, Carmel Myers, Jewel Carmen, Priscilla Dean, Ella Hall, Edith Roberts, etc. And their Romance.

We are fond of the Paramount and Artcraft pictures, but we can not see them, because our bussiness men only present some old films of 1916 productions, excepting Bluebird photoplays and Butterfly pictures—these are 1918 productions—we mean rain-fall films, meaning dirty.

We know only names Mary Pickford, Margarita Clark, Viola Dana, Theda Bara, etc. We saw one time Enid Bennett, Doris Kenyon, Mary Miles Minter.

Why do they (Paramount and Artcraft maneger and Fox, Goldwyn maneger) not establish their exchanges in Tokyo?

If they continue their bussinesses against our 2 big companies for 2 or 3 years they will succeed surely.

But now there is only one exchange of Universal and continue its bussiness badly, because there are 2 big companies before him. These 2 companies are making our pictures drama and drama. We do not like such dull one.

Please say to your bussiness men that Nippon is not only a good marcket but good place to make money with exhibition of picture at theater.

There are 300 Cinema houses in our little country, Nippon. All manegers of them are presenting rain-fall pictures. (I suppose you can not imagine such old pictures.)

We show same picture for a week or ten days every theater (150 theaters belonging to one company) no matter how many or less people come in.

Pleace consider that, there is one imported film which show 2 or 3 times daily every theater for a week, was passed thru that narrow machine space (almost of them made in Germany and bought from China—this is second hand machine we say—this film must pass thru 150 theaters machine. 2 × 7 × 150 = 2100 times used. It spend one year—all theater used it over. At last the film became "rain-fall film."

We're very poor and eagerly to see some good picture of Paramount and Artcraft. Naturally we read foreign magazine and knew many interesting things.

I thank our beautiful Magazine M. P. C. and M. P. M. heartly. I spent my money to buy these 2 magazines instead of admissions of theater.

Can I report some our Kinema world surcumstances next time?

I must say about this letter once more. I did not use any dictionary, so there are many, many and many errors (some of them I know) but please read many times and think it.

I am fifteen years old but my ambition is great.

Gooda bye Sir!

From a Nipponese boy who fond of photoplay of America.

KYOSHIRO HISAYE.

C/o Mr. E. Katsu, No. 1, 2 banchi Shiko Ku-Machi, Mita Shiba-Ku, Tokyo. The Land of Lising Sun.

Dannie Crilly proves himself as harsh a critic as his own Chicago winds:

To THE EDITOR—Every one seems to express their likes and dislikes in your column. I wonder if that privilege might be extended to me?

I'm bored—

With the fair Hun, Emmy Wehlen. I want character.

With the Fairbanks smile and small-time vaudeville acrobatics.

With his leading-women.

With Universal's cheap, sordid tales of "reduced" ladies who repent.

With Norma Talmadge's bored leading-man.

With Marion Davies and everything about her.

With Gladys Leslie and the other "happiness" spreaders, except May Allison.

With vamps of every sort but Louise Glaum.

With the 32-year-old juveniles who were 26 befo' the wah.

With actresses who consider knitting "their bit."

With actresses who "adopt" regiments.

With the advance pictures of Lila Lee.

With Elsie Ferguson's contempt for her audiences.

With drafted actors who say they have volunteered their services.

In fact, I'm bored with most people in the movies with the exception of Marguerite Snow, Louise Glaum, Richard Barthelmess, Conway Tearle and George Walsh.

I expect the wrath of half of the fans of the universe will be showered upon my head, but, like our Little Eva, I. D. C.

Yours cordially,
DANNY CRILLY.

A letter of appreciation is appreciated:

Many devotees of the silent drama use your Magazine as a medium whereby they may praise or criticize the players in gen-

eral, but very little space or credit is accorded the officials of your excellent Magazine, who strive unceasingly to give the fans something new and interesting regarding their favorites. I trust, therefore, you will permit the writer to venture forth and express her views.

I shall begin with the dear old Answer Man, for he is indeed dear to the hearts of every fan, and can without a doubt say that his department is perused first. The amount of movie knowledge that the dear old Philosopher imparts to us all is priceless in worth and something we would never know without his aid. I can honestly say that to know him is to love him, and I ought to know, for I have met him personally.

Next we have the interviewers, whose untiring zeal brings to our notice interesting things about our favorites which we would never know but for their efforts to entertain and please us.

When I open your Magazine I look first for those cheery interviews of Ethel Rosemon. Her write-ups are just sparkling with humor, and I might add pathos, and her experiences in the studios in the guise of an "extra girl" are just what every enthusiastic fan is anxious to know. She is my best favorite, but of course I have others.

For instance, Hazel Simpson Naylor. Her write-ups are splendid, and I enjoy them mostly because she comes to the point and can criticize as well as praise, for the fans of today cannot be fooled, for they are better educated to the ways of their favorites. It is also interesting to have Miss Naylor photographed with the players, and I sincerely trust she will keep up the good work.

The Animated Monthly of News and Views, conducted by Fritzi Remont and Sally Roberts, is great, and together with that column and the Greenroom Jottings we are well furnished with information about the movie world. I can remember, years ago, when your Magazine was the *only* movie magazine on the market, that then the Greenroom Jottings column used to stand out in bold relief, and I used to look for it with much eagerness.

Gladys Hall's stories are always good and furnish excellent reading matter. I am delighted to see she is entering the interviewing game, and her chats are excellent. Also those by Martha Groves McKelvie. They are so chummy, and those little word pictures about the players make one feel as if they really knew them personally.

As a parting word, may I add that we all owe to you, kind editor, your efficient staff and excellent Magazine many happy moments while perusing the *one* and *only* movie magazine, and pleasant memories ever after.

Sincerely,
MARGARET MCGRARY.

Violet Spool writes us from Sydney, N. S. W., on behalf of her matinée idols:

DEAR EDITOR—Right before I start I'm going to tell you that this is going to be all about men—nice men, too, as you will no doubt agree as soon as you see the little array of names.

First of all I want to know what has happened to H. B. Warner. Where is he? If he thinks it is nice to be missed, he can straightway consider himself missed. He is sure one of the finest dramatic actors on the screen, and we cant afford to lose him. The last I heard of him he was doing a picture for Selig, called, I think, "The Danger Trail."

I like Doug real well, but cant help thinking that George Walsh has got in and stolen a march on him. It's hardly any use warning Doug that George "will get him if he dont watch out." George has got him! And if things keep on as they are going I feel sure that George is going to get a long way past him. As time goes on George's stories and George's acting improve. And at the same time Doug's stories deteriorate and his acting still remains the same. It was exactly the same Doug who played in "Manhattan Madness" as played in "Down to Earth," but—oh, ye gods! the difference! I think the root of the trouble is stories. I am sure some one was about half as good as they were cracked up to be, and that some one was the writer of Doug's stories. They were fair, but by no means extraordinary, and it is hard to believe that the person who wrote "Manhattan Madness" and "American Aristocracy" was the same person who wrote some of the later ones. But I want to see George win, too, for he's worked hard and he does deserve it. With absolutely little or no publicity to help him, he has worked himself up to a position where he can look down on Fairbanks, who has climbed three-quarters of his journey on the ladder of publicity. For radiant personality there certainly is *no one* who can pass Doug, but the "athletic thunberbolt" from the Fox heaven has certainly the pull over him everywhere else.

Well, that is about all. I do hope I wont get annihilated for cracking up my own particular pet in preference to "Doc Cheerful."

NOVEMBER PUZZLE SOLVED

Here Are the Four Winning Captions for the Untitled Picture

More than a thousand answers poured in from "would-be christeners" of the Untitled Picture in the November MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. After a long process of careful elimination, we have awarded the prizes as follows:

To Beatrice Kempf, 5125 Coronado Avenue, Oakland, Cal., goes the first prize of $5.00. She suggests the following rollicking rhyme:

"The dingbat said to the ballymahoo
In the shade of the shivery shag,
'Do you see yonder indigo hallaballoo?
'Tis the voice of the wiggely wag.'"

To Frank Meulendyke, 5938 Grand Central Terminal, New York City, we have awarded the second prize of $3.00. He suggests calling the picture "The Crow of a Crow o'er a Cow That Was Cowed!"

To Wanda Durkee, Howard University, Box F, Washington, D. C., we have given the third prize of $2.00. She suggests calling the picture "A Director's Nightmare."

To Private Samuel Restivo, Early Treatment Station, Arcade Building, Columbia, S. C., we have awarded the fourth prize of a year's subscription to the MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE. He suggests calling the picture "Things That Never Happen."

The mind of the public seems to have run along two distinct lines. We have received at least one hundred letters suggesting "Hold That Pose" as a title, an equal number of "The Beasts of Berlin," and several suggesting "No Man's Land."

To the winners we extend our congratulations; to the losers we extend the sage advice of "If at first . . . try again."

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THE JANUARY CLASSIC

From its beautiful holiday cover of Marguerite Clark to its very last page, the January (Christmas) MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC will be the most beautiful issue of screenland's most beautiful publication. Hundreds of striking pictures—new and stunning ones, the sort you find nowhere else—will grace its pages, while the many features are singularly varied and interesting. THE CLASSIC is starting the year 1919 with a record-breaking number.

Some of the Holiday Features:

PEARL WHITE

Frederick James Smith presents a graphic and humorous picture of the real Pearl White, the daring star of a dozen serials known the world over. No star in the world gets the tremendous mail from all parts of the globe that daily reaches Pearl. Mr. Smith has given a striking insight into the oddly interesting star.

SESSUE HAYAKAWA

Harry C. Carr has given THE CLASSIC a colorful chat with the popular Japanese actor. "Hayakawa is the proud old Japanese caste with the manners of modern America," says Carr, and his whole interview is at once picturesque and absorbing.

ALICE BRADY

Would you work 24 hours a day if you didn't have to? Alice does—because she loves work. Our interviewer has caught Miss Brady upon her first party in three years, and she offers a lively picture of the hard-working daughter of the famous William A. Brady.

AND BESIDES

The Gishes—A delightful series of snapshots taken in the California home of the Gish sisters.

Florence Reed—A charming chat with a charming star, written by Aileen St. John Brenon. Beautifully illustrated.

Billie Rhodes—Quaint and pretty little Billie has been pleasantly interviewed.

Ann Little—A philosophical talk—honestly!—with Miss Little offers some interesting ideas.

George Fawcett—Everybody loves Mr. Fawcett, who was the big-hearted poilu of "Hearts of the World." Here is an interesting article about him.

AND

Pictures and stories about:

Olga Petrova — **Evelyn Nesbit**
William S. Hart — **Viola Dana**
Bebe Daniels — **Jack Holt**
Helene Chadwick — **Emmy Wehlen**

The fictionized photoplays—carefully chosen—include Dorothy Gish's "The Hope Chest," Alla Nazimova's "'Ception Shoals" and Elsie Ferguson's "The Parisian Wife."

The Motion Picture Classic
175 Duffield Street, Brooklyn, N. Y.

What I Could Not Be If I Wanted To

By CHARLIE MURRAY

If I had my choice of what I would like to be, other than myself, it would take a lot of figuring and a lot of time to dope it out according to Hoyle.

I would not want to be John D. Rockefeller, because I can eat a healthy meal and John D. cant, but with John's money and my stomach I could make a wreck out of some of Hoover's pet ideas.

I would not care to be J. P. Morgan, as money always did worry me, and I dont crave a bodyguard.

I would not care to be William Jennings Bryan, as I dont drink grapejuice and the Presidency never did occur to me.

I would not want the name, "Billy Sunday," because I am not a biblical acrobat and there are no holes in my collection plate.

I would not like to be the Kaiser and have all the world despise me.

I dont care for the name of Jess Willard, as his only punch lies in his fist.

I like Henry Ford, but I would not make a tinsmith.

I am fond of Dave Belasco, but his hair would get in my eyes.

I would not care to be called George Washington, because his town went dry.

I could not be a taxicab and have everybody riding me.

I could not be a press agent, as I dont believe half what I say myself.

I could not be a typewriter, as I cannot stand dictation.

I could not be a sailor, as water makes me sick.

I could not be a bloodhound, as I am enemic.

I could not be a conductor, because I am always fair.

I could not be a photographer, as I am all out of focus myself.

I could not be a plumber, because it's a pipe that I am too easy to sink.

I could not be a piano tuner, because I dont even know the key to my own flat.

I could not be cross-eyed and look straight into the future.

I could not be a money-lender, as I haven't got any to lend.

I couldn't be the Statue of Liberty, because my right arm is lame from saying, "Here's how!"

I couldn't be a woman, because I aint built that way.

I couldn't be a banana, because my skin is too tough.

I could not be my wife, for then I would have to live with me.

I would not care to be called a saloonkeeper and have all society bar me.

I would not want to be a doctor, as my patience wont last.

I would not want to be an elevator boy, as I have enough ups and downs.

I would not want to be a flower and have the gardener turn the hose on me.

So, taking it all in all, I will remain just as I am, and let it go at that.

Pithy Paragraphs from the Pacific

By Antrim Arnold

The epidemic of Spanish influenza has hit nearly all of the studios on the Coast, and all but a very few have closed their gates for four weeks at least.

Myrtle Gonzalez, one of filmdom's best-known leading women, died at her home in Los Angeles on October 22nd from Spanish influenza.

Belle Bennett is ill with the same disease in San Francisco.

Billy Garwood has returned to Los Angeles from San Francisco, where he was playing in the stage production, "The Common Cause." The theaters closed there for two weeks, so Billy is visiting his friends here until he reopens.

Lottie Pickford is ill in the Sisters' Hospital here with chronic bronchitis and pneumonia of the right lung, but is slowly recovering.

As soon as Lottie got better, sister Mary left for New York to fight the suit for some hundred-odd thousand brought by C. C. Wilkening, and to form plans for her new company.

William Russell had a touch of the "flu," but recovered very rapidly and in time for Henry King to finish his picture, "Where the West Begins," before the American studio closed down.

Kathleen Kirkham has gone to Chicago to visit her sister, who is seriously ill.

Charlie Ray intends to go hunting as soon as he completes his present feature for Paramount.

Elmer Clifton is making a propaganda feature at the Sunset studios with Dorothy Gish. Dick Barthelmess has the leading male rôle.

Josie Sedgwick has entered in the bucking broncho contest for women at the Phœnix (Arizona) State Fair. After seeing Josie ride at the studio we're banking on her to "bring home the bacon."

John Gilbert has left the films for a new employer. Uncle Sam is now paying Jack thirty dollars a month for carrying a gun.

Howard Hickman, husband and director of Bessie Barriscale, has a slight case of the "flu" and Bessie is doing the nursing act. Who wouldn't be willing to suffer under these conditions?

Adda Gleason has been engaged as leading woman for the Liberty Theater in Oakland, Cal., and will desert the films for awhile.

Tom Moore completed his first Goldwyn-Coast film this week, "Go West, Young Man!" Ora Carew was his leading lady.

Ed. Sloman, director for Margarita Fisher, has moved to Los Angeles with his wife and baby daughter, Leslie Eva Sloman, until the American studio resumes operations.

Claire Du Brey had her car stolen this week for the fourth time within three months. The Auto Club recovered it minus four tires. Yes, it was insured.

Fannie Ward's Lovely Eyelashes

and her well formed brows have much to do with the facial beauty of this famous movie star. The soulful expression of her eyes are among her chief charms. In an unsolicited testimonial—see below—Miss Ward pays a flattering tribute to the virtues of

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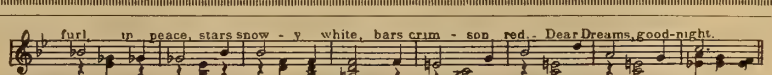

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CONTENTS

JANUARY, 1919

THE GIRL ON THE COVER

This fascinating little person blends blue eyes, beauty, talent and versatility so perfectly that the picture-loving public always enjoys her work. Mary Pickford introduced Dorothy to D. W. Griffith, who immediately engaged her to play in "An Unseen Enemy." Under Griffith's tutelage, this young girl has developed and broadened along comedy lines until she was able to give us her remarkable impersonation of the Little Disturber, in "Hearts of the World." Now she is starring alone for Paramount.

		PAGE
Stage Plays That Are Worth While	*"Junius"*	8
The Movie Fan's Ten Commandments	*Karl Kessler*	10
Gallery of Popular Photoplayers Rotogravure photographs of Wanda Hawley, Frances Burnham, Agnes Ayres, Barbara Castleton, Hale Hamilton, J. Warren Kerrigan, Tallulah Bankhead, Katherine MacDonald.		19-26
Have the Movies Fulfilled Their War Obligations? Here's the answer.	*Kenneth McGaffey*	29
And Handsome Howard Still Pursues Her Concerning Bessie Barriscale and her devoted hubby.	*Elizabeth Peltret*	32
M' Lady Vanity. (Pictures posed by Vivian Martin, Grace Darmond, Louise Glaum)		34
Starring the Author Rex Beach generally writes about heroes, but here he is the leading character.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	36
Evelyn Nesbit, the Ambitious Revealing a new phase of the much written about Miss Nesbit.	*Harrison Haskins*	38
How Duncan's Daring Developed The serial star pauses long enough to be interviewed.	*Fritzi Remont*	40
Three Men and a Girl. (Pictures of Marguerite Clark's new play)		42
The Great Romance. (Fiction) Told from the picture with Enrico Caruso.	*Grace Lamb*	44
Love in the Home. (Pictures) Montagu in his bachelor quarters.		49
Invading the Noisy Drama How picture people are successfully participating in the New York theatrical season.	*Sue Roberts*	50
Frances Marion, Over There An appreciation of Mary Pickford's scenario writer.	*Elizabeth Benneche Petersen*	53
"That's Out" Up-to-the-moment comment on film activities.	*Tamar Lane*	55
The Unfinished Story. (Fiction) Told from J. Warren Kerrigan's photoplay.	*Gladys Hall*	57
Putting the Fizz in Fazenda How Louise entered pictures on roller skates.	*Harry Carr*	61
That Hungry Look Brought Her a Chance The story of Nina Byron.	*Eleanor Brewster*	63
Frank Mayo and How He Grew	*Lillian Montanye*	64
Across the Silversheet Reviews of current pictures.	*Hazel Simpson Naylor*	66
Alias Peggy Hyland She was born Gladys Hutchinson.	*Gladys Hall*	69
Harold Lockwood Is Dead		71
The Crimson Iris. (Fiction) The opening chapters of a thrilling detective story.	*H. H. Van Loan*	72
Her Face Is Her Fortune Regina Quinn was shy, but fate picked her to shine.	*Lowell Sherman*	76
The Sightless Star Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, has entered pictures.	*Ruth Kingston*	77
Satellites—A Study in Movie Astronomy	*Marie Wardall*	79
Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views	*Sally Roberts*	81
Meet Mr. and Mrs. Niles Welch. (Pictures)		84
The Cross of Shame. (Fiction)	*H. H. Van Loan*	85
The Answer Man Wit, wisdom and information for fans.	*By Himself*	89
A Five-year-old Romance Earle Williams marries Florine Walz.		91
Greenroom Jottings		94

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READ
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Photo by Campbell Studio

Marion Davies, whom many consider America's most beautiful young stage favorite, says: "I don't see how I ever got along without Pond's Vanishing Cream. Nothing else has ever kept my skin in such good condition."

WANDA HAWLEY

Wanda, who is twenty and a Seattle girl, has been advancing rapidly in the past year. Remember her Kedzie Thropp in "We Cant Have Everything"? A few years ago Wanda was attending the Washington State University at Seattle. She started out to follow a musical career, but loss of voice led her to the Artcraft Studios.

© Ira Hill

FRANCES BURNHAM

Frances, who recently played opposite George Walsh, is a Los Angeles girl and has been doing quite a lot of work in Fox pictures, altho one of her best remembered parts is the leading rôle of the sea spectacle, "Undine." After doing "Undine" Miss Burnham was with Fine Arts for a time.

AGNES AYRES

Agnes is now known as the O. Henry girl, thru her appearance in the interesting adaptations of that popular author's stories. Agnes was born in Illinois and is a thorogoing home body. She just loves cooking! Which ought to interest masculine film fans.

BARBARA CASTLETON

Herbert Brenon gave Barbara her first screen choice—a small rôle in Annette Kellermann's "A Daughter of the Gods." She came rapidly to the front after that; finally starring with World Film. Now she's playing opposite William Faversham in "The Silver King."

HALE HAMILTON

Hale came to the screen comparatively recently after a successful stage career, which embraced hits in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Fortune Hunter" and "A Pair of Sixes." In fact King George liked him so much in "Wallingford" that he gave Hale a pearl scarf pin and studs to match. So Hale is an actor after the king's own taste.

J. WARREN KERRIGAN

Jack started his professional career as a boy soloist in the Louisville, Ky., churches. His sister's husband, Clay Clement, offered him a stage opportunity in "Sam Houston"—and the footlights had won him. Jack made the step from the stage to the screen in the old days, so that he's really a veteran now.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD

Tallulah is a Dixie girl—as you might suspect from the musical name. She is the daughter of Senator Bankhead. Tallulah had a prominent rôle recently in the Graphic's "When Men Betray" and she appeared opposite Tom Moore in Goldwyn's "Thirty a Week."

© Evans

KATHERINE MAC DONALD

Katherine hails from Pittsburg and is a sister of Mary Maclaren. With Mary she came to New York and invaded the stage via the Winter Garden. Then sister attained fame in the films and Katherine followed her to the coast studios. The rest is fresh screen history.

Industries that are winning the war

AGRICULTURE, steel, oil, transportation—all indispensable weapons. But there is another weapon to be fittingly grouped with them—a weapon of the heart—*motion pictures!*

Fittingly grouped with them, too, on their own basis of volume of business done and amount of capital invested, *as well as* on the basis of performing the indispensable duty of keeping up the national heart.

It is common knowledge that *the* quality of all others that America has brought to the Allies is buoyant morale, lightness of heart—and it is common knowledge from coast to coast that it is *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures that have been adopted by the whole nation as the romantic fuel of its cheery temper.

Paramount and Artcraft Pictures have actually accomplished the magnificent destiny of raising the screen to the importance of a first-grade *weapon of victory.*

In thousands upon thousands of American communities the great Paramount and Artcraft Pictures, aflame with the purpose of victory, have shaped the public morale—the stuff of which victory is made—to a steely resoluteness!

No wonder the President has expressed his appreciation of the war-value of motion pictures!

The men and women of vision behind Paramount and Artcraft give their word to the nation that the weapon they wield shall always be kept polished and bright—

—bright with the shine "of *foremost* stars, *superbly* directed, in *clean* motion pictures."

Paramount and Artcraft Motion Pictures

"FOREMOST STARS. SUPERBLY DIRECTED. IN CLEAN MOTION PICTURES"

Look for the trade-marks as the sure way of identifying *Paramount* and *Artcraft* Pictures—and the theatres that show them

TRADE MARK Paramount Pictures

FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY CORPORATION

ADOLPH ZUKOR *Pres.* JESSE L. LASKY *Vice Pres.* CECIL B. DE MILLE *Director General*

NEW YORK

TRADE MARK ARTCRAFT PICTURES

The perfect bloom

of a skin so soft, so fine in texture that it seems the outward sign of an exquisite personal fineness—Read below how by proper treatment you can gain this most appealing of all charms

The Magic of a fine, soft skin

ONLY BY THE PROPER CARE CAN YOU GAIN THIS CHARM

IT DOES not "just happen" that some girls retain the loveliness of a fine, soft complexion. Only by faithfully using the right treatment for the skin, can you gain this charm.

Examine your skin closely. Its pores should be hardly noticeable. If they already begin to show conspicuously, it is a sign that you have not been giving your skin the proper care for its needs.

Begin tonight this treatment for reducing enlarged pores and making the skin fine in texture. Use it persistently.

To make your skin fine in texture

Dip your wash cloth in very warm water and hold it to your face. Now take a cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, dip it in water and rub the cake itself over your skin. Leave the slight coating of soap on for a few minutes until the skin feels drawn and dry. Then dampen the skin and rub the soap in gently with an upward and outward motion. Rinse the face thoroughly, first in tepid water, then in cold. Whenever possible, finish by rubbing the face with *a piece of ice*. Always dry carefully.

You can feel the difference the first time you use this treatment. Within ten days your skin will show a marked improvement—a promise of that greater smoothness that the steady use of Woodbury's always brings.

For a month or six weeks of any Woodbury Facial treatment and for general cleansing use for that time a 25c cake is sufficient. Woodbury's is on sale at drug stores and toilet goods counters throughout the United States and Canada.

For pale sallow skins

Do you lack the exquisite color that comes and goes? Write us for directions for the new steam treatment for pale, sallow skins. It will bring to your skin the fresh, glowing color for which you have longed

Send for sample cake of soap with booklet

of special treatments and sample of Woodbury's Facial Powder

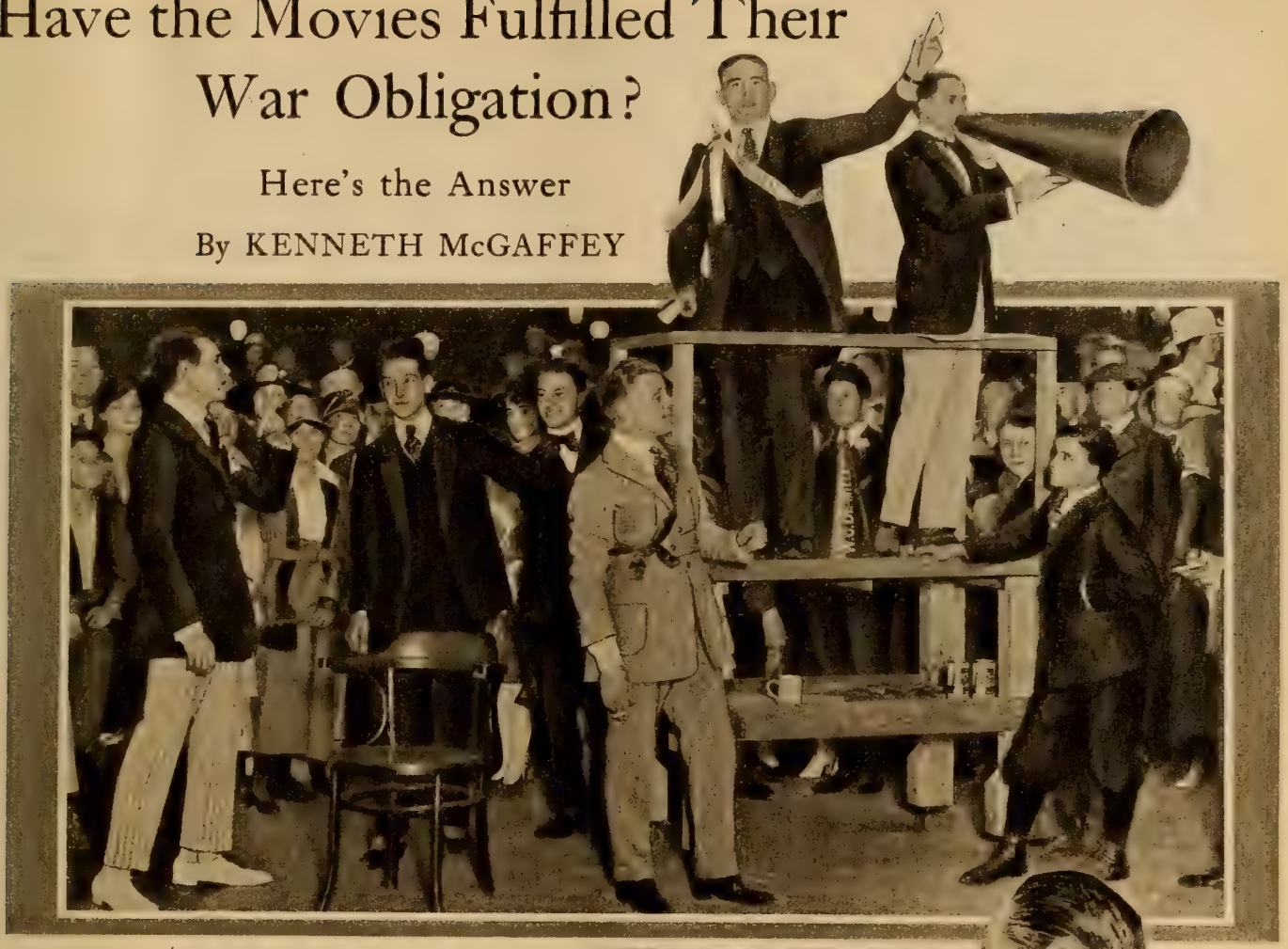
Send 6c for a trial-size cake (enough for a week or ten days of any Woodbury treatment) together with the booklet of famous treatments, "A Skin You Love to Touch." Or for 12c we will send you the treatment booklet and samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap and Facial Powder. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1301 Spring Grove Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1301 Sherbrooke Street, Perth, Ontario.

Have the Movies Fulfilled Their War Obligation?

Here's the Answer

By KENNETH McGAFFEY



Charles Ray, extreme left, bidding for auctioneer Donald Crisp. Bryant Washburn with megaphone. Billy Mason standing by platform

IF there is a more sincere, a more devoted, more energetically patriotic profession or trade in the country than the film folks, it is yet to be discovered.

To the ordinary observer it would appear that the motion picture industry had taken the burden of the war upon themselves. Every one, from operator to executive, feels that he has not only the reputation of his beloved profession, but the weight of the war responsibility, as well, upon his shoulders. Specially among the actors, actresses, directors and producers is this brought home in the West, for in Los Angeles and vicinity the making of motion pictures is the principal industry.

The actor folk of the film colony have carried on their war work with a friendly spirit of rivalry, every one trying to do a little more than the other —not with the thought of seeking any publicity, but for the sport and exercise of the thing, as all dancing and other healthful forms of amusement have been denied locally.

At the very outbreak of the war the picture studios began getting themselves on a war basis, and the first few days found the player and employee ranks greatly depleted by enlistments. There had been for some time a coast artillery federal reserve in Hollywood with its personnel and officers entirely of picture folks. This organization was soon called into the service of the Government, and upon their entry into camp their words of com-

Constance Talmadge selling a bouquet to D. W. Griffith

Cecil B. De Mille, Mary Pickford and color sergeant, now Second Lieutenant, Wallace Reid

Phillips Smalley, D. W. Griffith, Charles Chaplin, Lois Weber, Cecil De Mille, Charles Murray and Mack Sennett backed by Lasky Home Guards and allied Tableaux by different stars. Clara Kimball Young as America in center, Mae Murray and Bob Leonard as England

mand, given in film expressions, were a mystery to the other artillery companies, as the film folk discarded a number of military terms as too technical and used moving picture expressions instead.

Several of the studios promptly formed home guards, and from these was formed the famous 51st Company, the Lasky Home Guards having absorbed all the others. This organization was started by Jesse L. Lasky and Cecil B. De Mille, and was equipped, uniformed, armed and trained at their expense. Originally it consisted of about one hundred and fifty employees of the studio, but as it has been recently increased to a battalion by order of the Adjutant-General of the State of California, it has taken in employees of other film organizations. This is commanded by Cecil B. De Mille himself and drills at least once a week. It is considered the crack home guard organization of the state and is called upon from time to time for public appearances.

In addition to the infantry it has two machine-gun sections, a signal section, two portable searchlight outfits and a wireless telegraph equipment. Captain De Mille also has his aeroplane for scout duty.

The home guard organization has proved a wonderful training-school in preparing boys for the army. It gives them advance knowledge of military principles, so they have the bulge on the majority of the other boys who leave for the camps. This is proven in the fact that, out of the hundred men from the home guards who have gone into the army or navy, fully ninety are now commissioned or non-commissioned officers, and in this list are one major, several captains and a score or more of first and second lieutenants.

At the outbreak of the war every studio promptly organized a Red Cross unit, and classes under the instruction of a trained nurse were held for home nursing and first aid.

Under the guidance of Mary Pickford, every studio now also has its Red Cross salvage bureau, and tons of junk are turned over into the main organization monthly.

The First Liberty Loan drive was supervised by some one from each studio, and the money collected from the employees of each organization amounted to nearly a half-million dollars. In the second drive the subscription went over a million dollars, and in the third drive nearly a million and a half dollars were raised. An idea of the amount turned in by each studio is gained by a glance

at the Lasky Company register. This studio alone turned in within a few thousand of the total quota in their particular district, and, in this third drive, Douglas Fairbanks, Charlie Chaplin, William S. Hart and Mary Pickford made their famous speaking tours, appearing in the big cities. Millions of dollars were contributed to the Government by enthusiastic fans. In Los Angeles a replica of the tank "Britannia" was built in the village square, and nightly for two weeks a different organization took charge and enticed the small subscriptions from the pockets of those who came to listen, raising over half a million.

The Fourth Liberty Loan drive, which has just finished, proved the patriotism of the screen world, for the film industry of southern California sold at least five million dollars' worth of bonds. This was done thru the Motion Picture War Service Association, the theaters, the exhibitors and every one connected in any way with the industry. A second huge tank has been erected in the square and, with the experience of the third drive as a foundation, the facilities for handling subscriptions were greatly improved. In addition to this, every star, leading-man and leading-woman pledged himself or herself to speak in theaters a certain number of days during the drive and, accompanied by a bond salesman, sold bonds to the audiences at the conclusion of their talks. Also two smaller portable tanks were made, and these were sent around to the neighboring towns, accompanied by a star, in an effort to sell bonds in the rural districts.

The different organizations of the Red Cross have been joyous and loud in their praise of the assistance given the Red Cross by the film folk. The big Red Cross tea shop in the heart of the residence district of Los Angeles is packed every Wednesday when some famous star is the guest of honor. Here the film folk put on the majority of their vaudeville shows and entertainments, and recently D. W. Griffith has built them a theater.

The Motion Picture War Service Association, which is headed by D. W. Griffith, includes among its directors such famous personages as Cecil B. De Mille, Lois Weber, Douglas Fairbanks, Charles Chaplin, William S. Hart and others, supervises all activities, furnishing stars and headliners for benefits and entertainments, and they now have a substantial fund towards the erection of a hospital which is to be turned over to the Government. This organization was formed one Sunday afternoon at a mass meeting, and $32,000 were raised towards the fund for this hospital in exactly forty-five minutes' time. The organization has given a number of other entertainments and has now a very substantial nest-egg for the hospital fund.

(*Continued on page* 104)

Cecil B. De Mille in his aeroplane in which he is training at his own expense for government service

"You dont really want me to be all made up at half-past eight in the morning!" says the ingénue, and the villain promptly relents

BESSIE BARRISCALE was standing in a model modern kitchen making a salad.

Every piece of furniture was quite real, solid enough to last a lifetime, white, and ideally pretty. However, "Bess" was not at home. On the contrary, she was at the Brunton studio, getting ready for the making of a scene in "A Wife's Conscience."

"What do you think of my new director?" she asked, when the scene was finished.

Howard Hickman, the director in question, was apparently so absorbed in his script that he was oblivious to everything outside of it.

"He is very serious," she went on, teasingly. (She was obviously trying to provoke him into joining the conversation.) "Not a bit like Director Raymond B. West.

"Westy used to be very serious during scenes, but very full of fun between them. This director is serious all the time; aren't you, Mr. Hickman?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hickman," answered that gentleman, solemnly, "I am—being a husband-director is mighty serious."

It seems that, since he has been a director, the famous "villain" spends his evenings studying scripts and planning scenes for the next day. Said the irrepressible Bess:

And Handsome Howard Still Pursues Her

"We dont have nearly so much time together. I believe that I like him better as a plain actor."

"What kind of an actor did you say I was?" he asked, laying aside his script and falling into the conversational trap prepared for him.

"A *plain* actor," repeated the star, relentlessly.

"I have always been cast for the handsome villain," he remarked, adding impersonally, "Miss Barriscale will report on this set with her make-up on at half-past eight tomorrow morning."

Thus did "the villain" get his revenge!

Seriously, nothing could be finer than the perfect fifty-fifty partnership of the Hickmans. Altho interested in the same subjects, they are enough unlike in character not to become tiresome to one another.

They met when they were playing in stock in Chicago. She was the ingénue of the company and he was "the bold, bad man." She had been on the stage since she was a baby, and at fifteen—"going on sixteen"—considered herself very grown up.

"You know how fascinating Howard can be as a villain," she said.

"Are you ever going to grow up, Mrs. Hickman?" asks friend husband. "No, Mr. Hickman," answers Bessie Barriscale, "I am not"

"Do you wonder that I fell in love with him when I watched him plot against the leading-lady every night and two matinées a week? I dont, especially when he is so unvillainous off-stage. However, my mother objected

By ELIZABETH PELTRET

to our marriage, her reason being that she thought I was too young. I didn't agree with her, so we eloped and have lived happily ever after.

"One reason for this, I think, is that we have never broken up our home. For a while, tho, it cost us a great deal in the things that count with professional people.

"In order not to be separated, both of us would play for the amount that one would receive ordinarily.

"There was never a season that one or the other of us did not sacrifice some good part because there was not room in the same company for the other. And it has paid; we still have our home.

"I am not going to break this rule. If Howard goes off to the Big Show in France, as, I am glad to say, he wants to, I am going to drop everything and go 'over there' too. This partnership is fifty-fifty, isn't it, Mr. Hickman?" Her husband smiled his assent.

It was principally because they did not want to be separated that they went into pictures.

"My first picture was 'The Rose of the Rancho,' with Lasky," said Miss Barriscale. "I had played the part for sixteen weeks in stock at the Belasco Theater (Los Angeles), but the first time I ever saw myself on the screen was the most terrible experience of my life!

"Bess" first met her director when they were playing in a stock company in Chicago. She was the ingénue and he was the "bold bad man"

"The camera is unmerciful to those who do not know its requirements. Now I know that there are certain things I must not do, gestures I must not make, angles from which I must not be caught. Then I knew nothing about the camera at all, so I just played the part as I had on the stage, and on the screen I saw, for the first time, all my own faults and mannerisms. Understand, you dont see your faults as they really are, but you see them thrown into sharp relief, brought out and exaggerated a hundred times. I stood it as long as I could—about two minutes—and then I made the quickest exit of my life. Once outside, I sat down on the steps and cried as I have never cried before or since. And when Cecil De Mille asked me what was the matter, all I could think of to say was that I didn't realize I was so fat!"

Sometimes Bessie Barriscale has an uncomfortable feeling that Howard Hickman is too sure of her. "I wish he would show some signs of jealousy once in a while"

Before she left the stage, Bessie Barriscale was the original Luana in "The Bird of Paradise" at the Belasco Theater in Los Angeles, and the part was written especially for her.

(*Continued on page* 104)

M' Lady Vanity

"I'm Sick of Seeing Shadows," Said the Lady of Shalott—But Tennyson's Heroine Never Saw Shadows Such as These

We can only envy Grace D'Armond's looking glass

Louise Glaum sees herself as others see her

Vivian Martin marvels at her own image

Christmastide: Posed by Alice Joyce

We keep a candle burning thru the years,
Holy and high,
Saying, "The Christ is come;
Peace here on earth,
Good will to men!"

Starring the Author

Rex Beach Generally Writes About Heroes, But Here He Himself Is the Leading Character

Rex Beach on the steps of his home at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson, with Jeanne, his Belgian police dog

Rex Beach snapped in the wilds of Alaska

SOMETIMES, in contemplating the world of picture-producing, I have felt that my vocabulary was becoming limited to the one verb—to star. Like a small comet, I have met briefly and studied microscopically the widely varied planets of the celluloid heavens.

Actors, actresses, directors, producers, supervisors, one and all have in turn seen their names flashed in hundred-watt power. There existed only one individual of any importance in the making of the art that moves to whom I had not applied the shiny term, and that was—the author.

Whereupon I wondered why.

And duly discovered that *one* author was being starred. His name? Rex Beach, the virile author of such well loved novels as "The Ne'er-Do-Well," "The Barrier," "The Silver Horde," "Laughing Bill Hyde," "The Auction Block," and many, many others.

I sought Rex Beach with the intention of being very businesslike and, as he is president of the Authors' League, of probing and prying, à la reporter, to the very bottom of the matter and finding out just why the important American authors do not make a practice of

By HAZEL SIMPSON NAYLOR

writing for the screen direct, instead of selling their brain children first in book form.

During my day with the Beaches many facts and figures were accumulated; in retrospection, however, they fade into insignificance compared to the personality of the author.

At the present moment Mr. and Mrs. Rex Beach live in a large red-brick, ivy-hugged house which crowns the top of a hill, overlooking the gray waters of the river, at Ardsley-on-the-Hudson. The reason for this present habitation is not to be found in its beautiful outlook, its charming length and breadth of rooms, its artistic furnishings and comfortable porches, but in the fact that it adjoins the golf course of the Ardsley Club and Mr. Beach can walk to the links in five seconds and commence his game.

Momentarily golf is his absorbing interest, and Mrs. Beach, the beautiful blonde lady who presides over Mr. Beach's breakfast-table, 365 days out of the year, is hoping that it will remain so for at least a few months longer, but she trembles for fear it will share the same fickle fate that was meted out to the home which they still own in New Jersey, where a tennis court was whittled on the mountainside out of pure rock, because tennis was the fad of Rex Beach's life at that time. Then, too, she has reminiscences of yet another home, located

Above, Rex Beach roughing it in the open. *Right,* Fred Stone, his brother - in - law, and companion on many expeditions

in Belle Air, Florida, which they have not even visited since they bought it and spent one winter there, and its popularity ebbed on the sea of her husband's fancy.

Mr. Beach is large and vigorous and a man's man, and he plays with as vast an absorption as he works. All his play, whether the prime favorite be hunting or fishing, tennis or golf, must be in God's great outdoors.

(*Continued on page* 111)

Evelyn Nesbit, the Ambitious

Evelyn Nesbit. The little lad in the white suit is her son, Russell Thaw

EVELYN NESBIT was curled snugly, half asleep, in an ornate studio chair when I found her.

Her first smile puzzled me. Frankly, it was a tired smile, and I caught cynicism and at least a bit of boredom in it. Which disappointed me, because I had expected to find her vivid and interesting.

We talked of many things. Miss Nesbit grew more colorful. The boredom dropped away. And then her son, little Russell Thaw, came running to her. In playing about the studio he had cut his hand. Miss Nesbit was fully awake now. She examined the little lad's hand, anxious mother-love made her forget all else, and she rushed him away for peroxide and a bandage.

She returned quickly. "I dont know how I could live without Russell," she sighed. "Mothers who hire governesses and nurses to care for their children do not realize what they miss. Why, Russell is a never-ceasing source of amusement and entertainment to me. I'd die without him, of loneliness and boredom. He's as funny as—as if I had a revue with Raymond Hitchcock, Fred Stone and a dozen other comedians to always entertain me."

Mother-love is quite the same the world over, you see. Miss Nesbit simply expressed it in the terms of Broadway. Not that she is over-slangy, for she isn't.

She is quite worldly wise, of course, this product of Broadway, and shrewdly observing. But more than all else, she is amazingly girlish. It is unquenchable, this girlishness. It is as if Miss Nesbit defied the world to age her.

When you talk to her you possibly understand the youth of her. Miss Nesbit has developed a philosophy of life all her own. "The old-fashioned ideas of religion, with gold-plated heavens and steam-heated hells, are disappearing," she said. "The war and advanced thought and other things have caused that. The more we understand of science, the less we can believe of one individual power or a personal God. Just stop to think of our vast solar system, which is, in fact, just one of countless solar systems, that the immensity of things is too vast for human comprehension. Our

By HARRISON HASKINS

religious doctrines seem petty in encompassing all this.

"If I were religious," and Miss Nesbit paused, "I would be a Roman Catholic or a Mohammedan, because they take their religion so seriously, it is so much a part of them. Not that I could ever become a religious zealot. There's nothing worse."

Thus it may be that Miss Nesbit, seeing herself an atom among countless earths, dismisses the tragedies of life as trivialities—and her youth looks expectantly forward.

Evelyn Nesbit has entered pictures with a determination to succeed—hugely

Another interesting insight into Miss Nesbit's thoughts came later, when we were discussing various stars. The name of Madge Kennedy came up. "I love her work," said Miss Nesbit; "I love that look of innocence in her eyes. She is married, she must know the world, and yet she has that supreme innocence in her eyes." Miss Nesbit paused again. "You know there comes a time when all of us realize the value of that . . . the sweetest things are those most worth while . . . nothing compensates for them . . . nothing brings them back, once they are lost."

I sat at the side of the old Kalem Hudson Heights outdoor studio while Miss Nesbit went thru a scene within a drear Bulgarian castle. Her conscientiousness was apparent.

"She is marvelously easy to handle," said Director Kenean Buel. "Pliable as a Damascus blade. She wants to learn. You can see it in everything she does."

(*Continued on page* 108)

How Duncan's Daring Developed

By FRITZI REMONT

© Evans

Bill Duncan stages all his own thrillers and loves his work

DROWNING men dont always grasp at a straw. When eight men try to drown handsome Billy Duncan, he smiles and gurgles with delight. Besides, he directs his own death and hugely enjoys the process. You cant get him cross; if anything goes wrong, there's the Duncan smile coupled with the cheerful retake.

On a braw, bricht September afternoon, with an amphitheater of foothills for a background, the Vitagraph swimming pool staged the last agonies of the stunt star. Really, the script had called for an episode without Mr. Duncan, but after the last serial he did, some of the fans wrote complaining letters voicing their ire over his being left out of some of the episodes. The New York office hadn't thought of the fans when they shipped the serial to Western Vitagraph, so William thought it all over and rewrote part of the story, utilizing a "retrospect" with himself as the grandfather of the hero of the present-day action. Of course, friend grandpa had to be killed off, and drowning was an easy method of disposing of the poor old man.

It took eight men, as I said, to dispose of grandpa. Two used planks to agitate the water and produce artificial waves in the swimming pool. The camera-man wobbled dangerously near one end of the pool. His assistant, clad in swimming tights, was ready to dive in and pull Mr. Duncan beneath the waves, for it's all easy enough to float and swim, but having a close-up of an agonized expression while drowning necessitates a slow disappearing beneath the waves, something one cant do without aid. So a rope was fastened to the belt of Mr. Duncan's jersey, with its barber-pole stripes, and by the time two other assistants had liberally sprinkled the turbulent waters with bullets, the camera registered a violent death.

The sudden change from smiles to the necessary close-up expression of agony was doubly funny when coupled with Director Duncan's droll hints. "Now, you, who's gona fire those bullets? You, Jimmy? Well, mind you, throw them close, but dont try to freckle my nose with 'em. Here, now, a little more to the side of me; I want to live thru this, you know."

Everything seemed to move beautifully, the camera ground away, and, with a wild yell, Foxy Grandpa disappeared according to Hoyle on drowning. It seemed minutes before he rose again, and then, sputtering, the hero remarked: "That was no good. I know it wasn't. You pulled me down too fast that time. Who pulled me—you, Dave?" The camera-man laughed, "Yah, Dave. He pulled

Beyond the Claims of Art and the Chains of Women a Man Finds in One Woman His Perfect Happiness

Mary felt that she could die for such a love as this. Evidently, however, she was alone in her opinions. Where was the hot blood of Italy, that throbbed to love alone? Where the glamour? Where the romance never of the head, but of the heart? The guests stood as tho their laughing, rather obsequious, congratulatory faces were hardening into rock, and Bettina the beautiful turned upon the still happily smiling Cosimo like a she-devil. Mary thought the choleric maestro had said all there was to be said to her that morning, but Bettina surpassed him. The gist of her tirade was that she wondered *what* he supposed she married him for anyway —did he think he was a Romeo—did he—*did* he? Did he presume to suppose that she would dwell in a filthy little villa with him and subsist upon sunshine and olives —did he—*did* he? Was he laboring under the impression that she coveted his stupid, fat, complacent self *without* a title—without a fortune? *Was* he? What had he done? What had he been thinking of? Was he mad? A fool? A devil? Yes, he was. He was more. He was worse. He was a——!

At which point Mary Alwyn covered her horrified ears and averted her outraged eyes. When she finally unsheathed her aural accoutrements and focused her vision the bride had fled precipitately, the guests had, heads high, departed, and the disconsolate bridegroom alone remained. The lights seemed dimmer. The nuptial breakfast was funeral-baked meat. The altar resembled a catafalque.

"You see," said the groom, "strip man of his gew-gaws —and the ravens feast upon him."

"The ravens have all gone," said the girl, shyly, "but —a friend has stayed."

Cosimo seized her hand and kist it. She drew it away, and a blush her cheeks had never known before mantled them in rose.

"You were so kind to me," she said, "I should like—to help——"

"What help is there for me?" he asked bitterly. "I have forsaken my people. My bride has forsaken me. I shall be a jest—a joke. I shall be blacklisted."

"Come to *my* country," said Mary. "There is a chance for everybody there if they are willing to work for it, and take it where it comes. All you need is honesty and grit. If you have a gift to give, all the better. Friends are true there. Love is loyal. It is the Promised Land."

"I should like that," said Cosimo, and the light of a new adventure lit in his eyes.

Cosimo remembered Mary Alwyn during the three days preparatory to his departure. He remembered her on the voyage over—all excepting the last night, upon which, under a refulgent moon, he made Italian love to a not-too-grave grass-widow. He ceased remembering her when he was established in Little Italy, giving piano lessons—other lessons, too—to a group of his picturesquely admiring compatriots. He was a man. He was an artist. The world was full of women, gay as flowers, fragrant in his nostrils. How could a man choose one from out a garden so sublime? Now and then he regretted Bettina Malfi. He regretted her because she had not regretted him. Not in the least. He had never been a man to her—a lover. He had been a prince. A prince with a fortune. Cosimo was the essential lover. Bettina Malfi had seriously hurt his pride. His pride and his heart were rather closely allied. Some day, he dreamed, this would come back to her. Some day she would hear playing—playing with his naked heart—and it would grope about, twine about, constrict the cold heart of her—and she would come to him. "Carissima," she would plead, "how I love you! How I adore you!" And he, he would go on playing, would shake his head softly, sadly, would murmur in the voice she had once thrilled to, "You are too late Bettina mia, too late . . . too late . . ." Then she would go home and, doubtless, kill herself. A dagger . . . stiletto . . . some sort of dark personal vendetta . . . it would . . . it would add, enormously, to his publicity. Yes, Bettina could be relied upon for picturesque publicity. Thus he dreamed . . .

Mary Alwyn was a woman. She had not forgotten. When she got back to America—to New York—began studying again with the indomitableness which was the American woman in her—when the dark face of the cast-out prince still persisted—stayed—hurt her—smote her—she knew that that meeting in his studio had been Kismet for her. Being American, she was sane. She was resourceful. She was a musician, in touch with musicians. She had influence and influential friends. She decided to locate Cosimo.

Knowing the truth of "every man to his own," she took to visiting Little Italy. On her second visit she heard of the great Cosimo, who was one day to thrill the earth. She didn't know nor care anything about the earth. She knew quite well that he thrilled *her*. She got herself invited to his studio, and so they met again.

Mary believed in Cosimo. She was not the great artiste herself, but she was a shrewd critic. She had

Nor could he help it that Mary Alwyn chose his wedding-day to stand upon the stairs weeping her heart away

heard the best art had to offer in the way of music. She knew that Cosimo created living dreams when his fingers touched the keys. His was the art to make the world forget. His was the art which transcended all art and became the keynote, the appeal, the answer to the questing of humanity. He answered the heart. He answered the soul. He solaced pain. He created joy. His was the perennial beauty running thru the pattern of all living like a thread of gold.

She forgot herself. Her own aims became dwarfed, so many futilities. She had the art of friendship. She brought that to bear. Within a month Cosimo was talking with the greatest musical directors in America. Within six months he was the idol of New York. With its adulation came its money. With money came fame. Cosimo found himself a Midas—he touched dull ivory and the gates of heaven were assailed with an immortal symphony. He touched the everyday and it was transmuted into gold. He remembered how Mary had called her land the Promised Land.

Among other things, he found himself a widower. Over his morning melon he learnt of the death of Bettina Malfi in a shipwreck.

Not being given to bigamy, and being very content, he had, up to this time, thought little or nothing of marriage. He loved Mary. He knew that. It was her face, her exquisite tenderness, her sanity, clear as crystal, her ineffable sweetness he played into the entranced ears of the people. It was Mary who *was* his music. He had played before. *He* didn't play now—a force did—a force which was greater than he, oh, infinitely! He was the instrument of that force. And of that force the largest part was Mary.

When he asked her to marry him, of course she did.

"Tho I realize, Cosimo," she told him, whimsically, "that I am probably contracting for just about as much sorrow as joy."

He mounted upon a chair and announced that he had flung away the princedom, the money, the world, for the sake of his beloved

"You mean . . ."

"I mean, my prince of lovers, that you are *you*—and I would not have you an atom different—and I am perfectly happy in the prospect of being unhappy."

Cosimo didn't understand. But she kist him as he had dreamed of her kissing him a long, long while. And something at his heart that never had been content before was content now, supremely.

It is one of the platitudes of existence, as it is one of the tragedies, that we strive and sweat and suffer and plan for riches and for fame. For these no sacrifice is too great—tho it be the hearts that have loved us best—tho it be faith—tho it be charity. We blaze on tho we wade thru blood. We breast it tho friendships fall from us as autumnal leaves from trees. Love withers and dies, and we grope for the laurel wreath over her lowly grave. Then, when we have it, we dash the cup to our lips, parched and long athirst, and lo! the dregs are gall, and the cup is a cup of brass. And we say, "We have striven for fruits that are dead." And we turn for the other things—the lesser things that have companioned us along our way—and they are no longer there. And we are old, and very tired, and nothing has been worth while. And we read about it in books, in biographies, in letters meant as warnings, and we say, "How terrible! Why didn't he—or she—see and know?" And the torch is lighted in our own breasts—and the trail is blazed anew.

It was so with Cosimo. Wherever he turned a golden shower fell. Wherever he looked a woman's face was upturned, in adulation. Wherever he went his fame ran before him. Life was an apple quivering on a bough. He had but to touch it. It would fall at his feet. He was bewildered by the plenitude of Fate. He was like a child set in a marvelous toy bazaar and told to take whatsoever and as much of whatever he would. He quivered at his own possibilities. Mary, being the nearest thing at hand, the face, the only face he saw in attitudes other than rapt adoration, Mary he began to discount, not deliberately, just carelessly.

Cosimo was the essential lover. He had been that since first the Italian sun stung his blood in adolescence. There had been Peppina . . . Doloretta . . . there had been Celia . . . Marianne . . . Later on, the torrid Bettina . . . and Mary. Mary was like twilight, he often thought. Like a lake. Like a pearl. Like the song a mother sings to the child she has borne. Mary was the tenderness of love. He knew these things. But . . . Cosimo was the essential lover. He could not draw, with his music, the tears to a beautiful woman's eyes and let her go unsolaced. He could not touch the heart of some young girl, and not, with one "so leetle, leetle kees" solace her budding wonderment. He meant no harm. He was Italian, he was "ze gr-eat artiste," he was the lover.

This was well for a time. Mary had the heart of understanding, being at least a potential artist herself. And she loved him so greatly that she wished all things to conspire for his happiness. But when he began to disappoint his editors, for whom he was composing, to be the lion of the evening for some fawning society leader—when he forsook engagements, cancelled dates, and began to be not the

She forgot herself. Her own aims became dwarfed, so many futilities

artist at all, but the pleasure-seeker, Mary thought it time to interfere.

Cosimo sulked when she suggested their country place in Westchester. "You *must* work, my love," she told him, firmly. "You will grow—well, seedy, dear."

Cosimo was indignant. He had placed himself on the plane with the immortals. He expostulated. Mary persisted. Knowing she was right, and feeling ever so slightly guilty, Cosimo acceded and permitted himself to be packed off to the silences of Westchester in the early spring. His grand piano was put in perfect accord for him, a contingent of maids and men-servants accompanied him. Mary gave minute, special and detailed instructions to his valet as to his care, personal and social, and herself stayed in town to rearrange some of his dates and concerts.

Cosimo's valet was Mary's firm ally. He was a man. Cosimo's secretary was Cosimo's ally. She was a woman. She conspired with Cosimo to send a few invitations to a few of his most ardent admirers to call upon him there. It would be simple enough—Mary should have known that . . . a motor . . . an hour's ride . . . pouf! But Mary, if she had known, would not have suspected. She had one flaw in her otherwise perfect rôle of the wife of a great artist. She was incurably guileless. And she believed, too, in the deep abidingness of Cosimo's love for her. All this other, this outer showing, was so much cotton wadding wrapped about the perfect jewel which was hers . . . his heart . . . for her. Had she not had that faith . . . maintained it . . . sometimes rather doggedly . . . she might not have faced the world with the smile she did.

When Mary arrived at the peaceful spot they had chosen for their out-of-town retreat, she entered the hallway, smiling. Cosimo would have done good work, she felt. He would be fit, in every way. The footman removed her wraps. "Where is your master?" she asked. He indicated the drawing-room, and looked, Mary thought, rather nervous for a footman. When she came upon him she knew why. He was seated at his piano, and grouped about him, in various dead-and-dying attitudes of devotion unappeasable, were three of his most rabid feminine adorers and three highly artistic gentlemen. Mary turned white. This was rather too much. These women had been rather too much. She turned and left the room.

An hour later Cosimo came to her in the hall. She had been weeping, and he could never stand that. He had not seen her weep for other than sheer joy of loving him since that unforgotten day in his studio in Italy.

"Mary . . ." he whispered, and took her in his arms. "Mother of God, dont weep, my angel," he implored. "Cosimo has been bad—a bad boy—but not so bad, my love, not so ver', ver' bad . . ."

Mary refused to be solaced. Cosimo needed a lesson. "You are making me unhappy," she said, and drew away from him.

Cosimo could not bear unhappiness. It hurt him personally, no matter in what manner it manifested itself. To have Mary admit to unhappiness—because of him—smote at him.

"I have sent them all away," he told her, "every one. They shall not come back again. We will stay here a while . . . alone . . . just you and I. When I play I play for you. When I play for you I play ze words, 'I love you!' I play them over and over—over and over—till they sink into your heart—deep—deep—then you will be happy, carissima, say zen you will be happy . . ."

"I will be happy," whispered Mary, "unutterably happy, Cosimo. We . . ."

"I *tell* you!" shrilled a strident voice, "I tell you I *will* see Signor Cosimo. Who has a better right? Who? I am his wife! Let me pass!"

"Blessed Virgin!" whispered Cosimo—and Mary sank against him and babbled, "Bettina . . . Malfi . . . I know . . . that voice . . . God . . . God . . ."

There was no averting Bettina, even had the two who crouched together there been capable of action. This, perhaps, was the vendetta Cosimo had planned in the foolish dreams he had dreamed of her long ago.

There seemed to be no averting the vile epithets she slung at them, the maledictions she pelted down upon them from her unspeakably vitriolic tongue. She made of herself a figure of outraged tragedy. She drenched herself in a garment of tears. She whitewashed herself even as the exploited sepulchre. She was the perennial martyr, the deserted wife, the abandoned female dolorously, cholerically voicing her rights.

Cosimo didn't in the very least know what he was going to do about it

Cosimo persisted that he had believed her dead. Mary vouchsafed to unearth the obituary clippings. Bettina would have none of them. She wanted Cosimo. Knew, now, that she had always wanted him. Could one blame so young, so inexperienced a girl, for a foolish prank? She swore to fifty virgins and a hundred patron saints that it was nothing but that. Of *course* she had thought Cosimo would wait for her. Of *course* she had believed he would search for her. Well, here she was, and, *diable!* what was he going to do about it?

Cosimo didn't in the very least know what he *was* going to do about it. But this he did know—he knew it as men know things when, in mortal danger, they face extinction—he knew that he loved Mary. Loved her wholly. Loved her enough to fight for her tooth and nail, thru every court in the world. Loved her enough to cast it all aside—the fame, the wealth, the preying women, the fawning men. Loved her enough to stand as he had stood once before, depleted, shorn, forsaken—and find her at his side. Hear her telling him of a Promised Land. There could be, he knew it now, no Promised Land wherein she did not stand, brightest and best. Yes, life was Mary, and Mary was life—and without her he was nothing—a lesser thing than dust. He clinched her to his side. "This is no place, Signorina Malfi," he began, to——"

"I think, Cosimo," said a pleasant voice, "that, after all, this may be as good a place as any to settle this little dispute."

The voice was Judge Novello's, who had accompanied Mary on her trip up to stop with them during the remainder of his stay in America.

"I met this young woman fleeing from the scene of her own wedding on the threshold of your studio," he continued, silencing the volatile Bettina with his keen, impenetrable eye. "I thought I recognized her, but saw no logical opportunity for putting my recognition to the test. Sensing tragedy, I did not go on up into the nuptial chamber. Since then, I have traced the matter up thru the escape of a convict, rather notorious about Naples for several unmentionable crimes, and find this woman to be Bettina Malfi, wife of Leon Malfi, ex-convict. His death occurred in reality in the accident in which the woman was reported dead. He was then making his getaway. Now, signora, I have incontestable proofs. Your game is up. Your claim is extinct, since, being already married, you never had one. Adios."

Bettina had played similar games too often to be unfamiliar with a showdown. She knew Judge Novello. She knew he was citing facts. She knew that he knew they were facts. She made a hasty, tempestuous exit.

"Young man," said Novello, when he was left alone with the silenced pair, "see that you dont trade the world for a sham. May I be shown my room?"

Mary turned to Cosimo. "If it had not been for her," she whispered, "you might still have been a prince—the great artist you are—everything—Cosimo . . ."

Cosimo drew her to his heart. He knew in that moment that he had never been the great lover before. He knew, all at once, a great many things, a white, a shining host of things—things some of us trek long, long trails to find out—things some of us never find, search as we will—that fame is dust, and gold is rust, and art a sham as hollow as a reed, when arraigned against the love one woman holds, warm and brave and sweet in the beauty of her heart. He sensed, in that illuminating moment, the supernal loveliness of simplicity, the fact that no conflagration gives the life-giving warmth that one's home-hearth can give, that after all, two things are best—just home and love. "You are my wife," he muttered, into the shining calmness of her hair, and his senses rocked as a harbored boat on seas all rose and gold, "my wife . . ." he said again, "my own . . . something has come to me—here—now—I have learnt more than I have learnt for all that I have lived so deep—loved, as I thought, so wide . . . I know, I know . . . I have the world . . . in you . . ."

And then there came upon them that happiness which passeth understanding.

Love in the Home

Montagu Keeps House

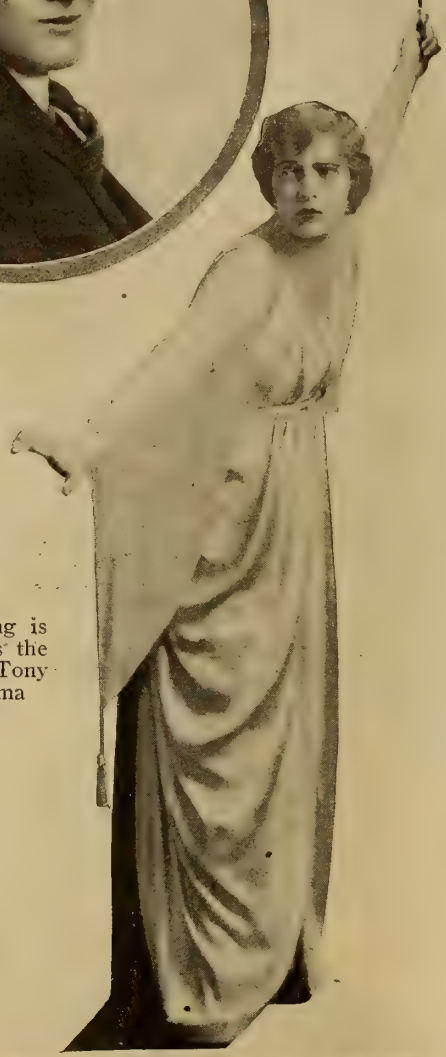
Montagu Love takes life easily in his bachelor apartments, where he has all the modern conveniences —secretary, telephone 'n everything

Montagu on his way home looks like a king of finance

Invading the Noisy Drama

How Picture People Are Successfully Participating in the New York Theatrical Season

Anthony Paul Kelly, the author of the Broadway success, "Three Faces East"



Violet Heming is exquisite as the heroine of Tony Kelly's drama

Scene Two from the stage play, "Three Faces East." Helene arrives at the Bennett home

ONE might truthfully call the movies, the art of perpetual motion. For in them everything progresses. The silent drama, we affirm, is an American art, whether naturalized or not, for we fondly believe were it of any other nationality it could never have accomplished such tremendous strides in so short a time. In it youngsters have become great overnight, which is one of its greatest glories, for there is perhaps nothing quite so wonderful as to be successful while still young.

To experience the emotion of having arrived before you are too old to feel, that is the splendid thing about America, and the vital element about the people who make the shadows that move.

This season the people of Shadowland have invaded the noisy drama in earnest. The electric lights of New York's Broadway spell so many names of our screen favorites that we have to hesitate before purchasing seats and inquire, "Is this a play or a picture?"

Take, for instance, Anthony Paul Kelly. You cant take him, for he is wedded to his art, but just consider this young man, on the near side of twenty-seven and the author of one of the most popular plays running in New York today. Up to the time of going to press the influenza has not caused the shutting down of our theaters, and the flu is the only thing our vivid imagination can think of that might stop the run of "Three Faces East."

Tony Kelly got his start on a Chicago newspaper at the magnificent sum of fifteen bones a week, and they looked big to him, too. But what happened? Pictures came to the fore, and Tony started writing scenarios and, what is better, selling them. He accomplishes a larger amount of work than any other scenario writer for the simple reason that he sticks to a thing until he has finished it.

I asked him how he could write so much, and he said

By SUE ROBERTS

Alice Brady as Jennie, grown to glorious womanhood, pines for the love of Ted

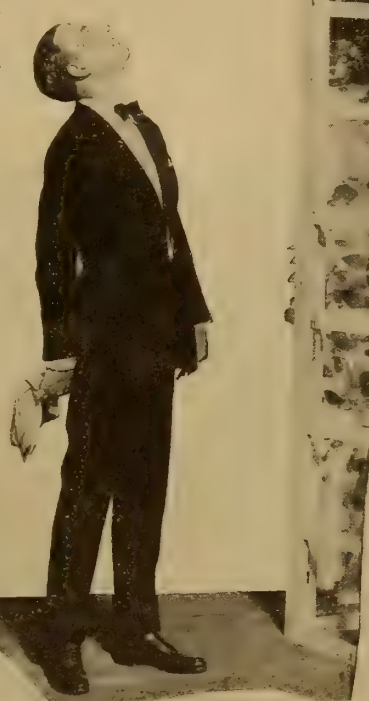
he guessed some one must have flung an ink-bottle in his face when he was a kid, and he has been trying to get it out of his system ever since.

I wanted to know if he had made a speech on the opening night of "Three Faces East," the first play he has ever written.

Said he, with a sheepish smile: "I should say not; I was down in the cellar hiding."

It is good to see a man like Anthony Paul Kelly succeed. He is human, unspoiled and enjoying his life hugely. He says that the writing of "Three Faces East" only took him two months, but that the idea had been forming in his mind for a long time. He and George Cohan still go to see the play periodically, and each time they say, "This cant be logically correct." Yet they always come away unable to find a flaw in the reasoning.

Perhaps it is fitting that Violet Heming, whom a great majority of us have learnt to admire across the silversheet, should have the leading rôle in "Three Faces East," that of Helene, of the German Intelligence Bureau. On the stage she is more beautiful than in pictures, her fair hair and willowy grace being especially noticeable. The play opens in Berlin. Helene is dispatched to England to spy in the home of George Bennett. In the house is another spy, Valdar, the butler. Momentarily we believe both of them Germans, but the next instant we doubt it, for we discover Valdar in league with the English intelligence bureau.



At the English bureau is a stenographer who transmits messages to Helene by the clicking of her typewriter keys. A moment later we are disconcerted to learn that she is connected in reality with the English spy system and is watching Helene.

Thus thru three acts does Tony Kelly trick our intelligence into believing first one thing and then another, until just before the grand finale we discover that Helene is really an

Alice Brady and Conrad Nagel in the first act of Miss Brady's stage play, "Forever After"

English spy, who has risked her life in Germany in order to work from the inside, prevent the bombing of the English Cabinet and capture Valdar, the butler, who turns out to be the German spy they are all after.

There is nothing so very novel in the idea, but there is in the manner in which the author has made use of every melodramatic situation to trick our imaginations and the excellent use of suspense. Tony Kelly says, modestly, when complimented upon his good work, "Oh, it's just knowing what the people want and giving it to them, that's all."

We have considered Alice Brady our own for three long years. So much so, in fact, that we have forgotten, at times, that she really started her career on the stage. This season she has returned to the footlights in "Forever After," the sweetest play on Broadway.

The play is one of youthful love, youthful miseries and final happiness. It has borrowed the flash-back idea from the movies and opens with the dramatic situation of two American soldiers, friends, wounded on the battlefield in No Man's Land. Ted is left alone while his companion, Jack, goes for help. In the delirium induced from his wounds, he dreams of the previous years of his life, which are then visualized on the stage. Jennie (Miss Brady) and Ted (Conrad Nagel) are childhood friends in a Vermont town. Their friendship ripens into a love which Jennie's mother does not approve, not only because of their youth, but because of Ted's poverty. Ted assures her he is going to be a success and, moreover, is going to Harvard like the other boys. He attends Harvard, little realizing what a sacrifice his father is making to keep him there until on the morning of the Harvard boat race he receives news of his father's death. Jennie is there at the time, grown to glorious womanhood and sought by all the eligible young men. But she loves only Ted. Ted's pride has received such a hurt, however, that he goes back to the little village, will accept no aid from his wealthy friends, and struggles to repay all his father's debts. In the meantime

(*Continued on page* 102)

The Sidney Drews' end moments from their comedy "Keep Her Smiling."

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Frances Marion Goes Over

An Appreciation

By ELIZABETH BENNECHE PETERSEN

THEY may also serve who only stand and wāit, but Frances Marion is not going to take a chance on it. The spirit born of years of training in the great West rebels against any such proceeding. So does her ancestry—fighting men all. Her mother is sending her—the only son she has. Had she six she would give them up just as unquestionably and as bravely. As it is she only regrets she can boast but one star in her service flag.

From George Creel, Chairman of the Committee on Public Information, came the announcement that Miss Marion had been appointed to an important post abroad in connection with the motion picture activities of the committee. The significance of the fact that since the beginning of the war only one other woman, Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse, has been sent abroad as a representative of the committee is unmistakable. An appointment of this sort is an unusual honor and consequently difficult to attain.

It was the same grit that won her championship for broncho-riding and her exalted position among present-day writers that sent Miss Marion to face the great issue over there. Courage of the highest order was needed for a mission of this sort, but she was not found wanting.

With the suddenness of the year's first thunderbolt came the news that the greatest writer of all was in the East, preparing to leave for France. Between flying trips to Washington and important conferences there was little time for anything minutely resembling a personal character, but the memory of her few talks with me before sailing will never be forgotten.

"It's leaving mother and Mary that is the hardest," she said, in the middle of an enthusiastic account of the glorious adventure she was about to start on. "If it weren't for them I wouldn't have a single regret."

And Mary Pickford still tearfully refuses to even discuss the necessity of getting another scenario writer at once. "It isn't only that there never will be another writer like her—that without her scenarios I'll lose the biggest inspiration I have—but I am losing *my best friend,* the dearest chum I ever had."

Since "The Poor Little Rich Girl," whose screen interpretation by Miss Marion adapted with such decided success from the stage plays, she has written all the "Little Mary" successes. She holds the undisputed record of writing the best subtitles seen on the screen and works untiredly over them until they are perfect. Not content with originating the characters alone, she works with the director in making real flesh-and-blood people out of them.

I asked her who gave her her start in pictures, and she answered Lois Weber. Since her sixteenth year, when she started her professional life as a reporter, she varied her career from time to time between painting and fiction writing. Then, with the desire to write a book about studio life, she played in pictures to acquire the needed local color. Lois Weber, whom she met shortly after, became a great friend of hers and made her realize that there was a language of the screen and started her in the

© De Gaston

Frances Marion has been in turn writer, painter, actress and scenarist

smile. One day, after we had been discussing her a long time, I saw an odd little figure shyly standing in the doorway, and it was a few moments before I realized that it was Mary in her make-up for the part. Mr. Lasky didn't recognize her at all, even after she spoke to him.

"I'll miss all those days together with Mary more than any one who does not know her and therefore cannot fully understand what association with a person of her ideals means. She is the most exquisite person imaginable. The Castilian cast to her features is a constant source of admiration to me.

"If there were anything great enough to tempt me from going abroad it would be to continue as her writer, but even that fades before the wonder of this new experience. I have felt the force of its suggestion a long time urging me to go, but it was not until I read 'The Amazing Interlude,' by Mary Roberts Reinhardt, that the real inspiration came to me. I could not stay then, and I was about to complete arrangements for going with the Salvation Army when some one suggested I write to Washington on the chance of getting an appointment along the lines I have been accustomed to.

"As a result of that they sent for me, and now it hardly seems possible that I am really on my way to France."

first steps of scenario writing. In speaking of this stage of her career, Miss Marion said, "I owe my greatest success to women. Contrary to the assertion that women do all in their power to hinder one another's progress, I have found that it has always been one of my own sex who has given me a helping hand when I have needed it."

Frances Marion's first meeting with Mary Pickford was when she played opposite her in "A Girl of Yesterday," and from that time her whole ambition was concentrated into writing a story for her. Before she dared to hope for that, however, she came to New York as a free-lancer, and later became scenario editor for the World Film Corporation, where she remained a year and a half, leaving there to become special writer for Mary Pickford.

"While I am abroad I intend to gather material for a wonderful play for Mary Pickford—writing for her is like giving a musician a Stradivarius violin," was the tribute she paid her friend.

"Mary and I have worked and laughed and cried over all her characterizations until they have seemed real to us. In 'Stella Maris,' the pathetic little Unity was a vivid person to us, with her poor, humped back and twisted

Mary Pickford calls Frances Marion not only the best scenario writer she ever had but her best friend

Miss Marion can no longer claim to be the highest salaried writer in the profession, for the $50,000 she received yearly from Paramount have dwindled into the Government's $1 per month. But true service means sacrifice, and she is now considering nothing but service.

Design Courtesy of Famous Players-Lasky

"That's Out"

Up-to-the-Moment Comment on Film Activities

By TAMAR LANE

THE remarkable ability of astrologers, writing in motion picture publications, to read the characters of screen stars and forecast their futures has so inspired us that we yearned to develop these uncanny powers ourself. So for the past few months we have been studying the stars and hereby offer for approval our first efforts at writing horoscopes. It is very difficult work, and our results were achieved without the use of either a telescope, a high-school education or a dead-reckoning.

Nativity of William S. Hart, born December 6.

In the figure of this subject's nativity the fifth degree of Cadum is on the cusp of the Fifth home, and Durham, Lord of Tor, is in an angle and in close aspect with Listerine and Squantum, while the Fifth also holds the benevolent Jupiter. Thus we see what a great actor he must be. At his birth Aquarius was rising with Fievur, which indicates that altho the native had but one mother and father, he will gain quite some fame and distinction in public life, but will not marry until late in life, if at all. He loves liberty and scorns defeat. Those born with the Sun in Volupuk are fond of outdoor life, especially horses, and should be handy with guns. The Sun so situated gives him lofty ambitions and desires. We would never advise Mr. Hart to become a brakeman or a gas inspector, and he should be careful not to play with dynamite on Mondays.

Nativity of Mary Pickford, born April 8.

Miss Pickford was fortunate in having the seventeenth degree of the Zodiacal sign Pluribus on the Eastern horizon at her birth. Had it been on the Western horizon she might have been a brunette and could never earn over $500,000 a year. I will quote Professor Flukus in his Arcana of Astral Phulosophy: "From fifteen to twenty degrees of Cuticura ascending shows that the subject will meet success early in life, accumulate a good deal of wealth and become prominent in the public eye." In future she should never want. She loves liberty and scorns defeat. As Venus is in good aspect with Mars, she was born with the power to sway the world and has the makings of a good actress. She was born at 12 P. M., just as the Sun was setting in the horizon, and the Sun so situated gives her lofty ambitions and desires. She should stick to comedy and dramatic rôles and avoid railroad wrecks, religious arguments and similar disasters. Prosperity will be hers as long as she refrains from investing in Kimberly oil wells and California diamond mines.

Nativity of Douglas Fairbanks, born May 23.

At the hour of this noted player's birth the Rexall sign was just beginning to ascend and Mammon was ruling in Caserole. These are sure indications that Lucre will smile at him and guide him thru life. It is evident from the way in which Cremo eclipsed the Owl that Mr. Fairbanks will achieve athletic prowess and an ability to overcome obstacles. He will do quite some traveling and become popular with the public. He loves liberty and scorns defeat. Persons born under this sign are of a happy disposition, prefer a belt to suspenders, Hollywood to Fort Lee, Packards to Studebakers, and always celebrate their birthday during the month of May. At the hour of his birth the Sun was headed north, northeast by west, which, according to Ptomaine, the father of Astrology, is a sure sign that the subject will never drown as long as he keeps his head above water. The sun so situated gives him lofty ambitions and desires. Things to avoid — Third rails, left-handed monkey-wrenches, Spanish influenza.

Perhaps one of the worst handicaps a man can have is to be original or hold ideas different from the accepted

standards. No producer has been more criticized or ridiculed in the past few months than J. Stuart Blackton simply because he wished to make pictures in his own way. Mr. Blackton's first couple of Paramount pictures were by no means masterpieces, but, personally, we saw an individuality and "class" about them that was up to the finest standards. Then came "Missing," which every intelligent reviewer classed as amongst the greatest photoplays of the year, and now all the "wise ones" are forced to admit that the Commodore has more in his head than they gave him credit for. The truth of the matter is that Mr. Blackton and his ideas are a little ahead of time, and, to get the credit due him, he will have to wait for a slow class to catch up.

LOST, S. OR S.

Robert Harron's mustache.
H. O. Davis' efficiency.
The Paralta plan.
The Paramount serial, "Who Is Number One?"
By Pauline Frederick, apparently 20 lbs.

FIVE THINGS WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW

Why did Marshall Neilan leave Paramount-Artcraft?

Who pays for Jesse Lasky's cross-country trips and what's the big idea?

Why does F. B. Warren, the real brains behind Goldwyn, keep himself in the dark?

What does the profound silence from Louis J. Selznick mean?

When is Thomas Ince going to give us a new picture, personally directed?

It may be imagination, but somehow or other it seems to us that the longer a player appears in motion pictures the better-looking she gets. We dont want to mention any names, but there is a certain actress, an Ince star, whom we have in mind, that was far from good-looking when she first became prominent a couple of years ago, but now she is so gosh-darn beautiful that she knocks your eye out. This same improvement is noticeable in the case of many other actors and actresses. Whether it is the mental suggestion brought to play upon them by the hundreds of flattering letters received from admirers, or whether it is simply a matter of achieving a wonderful make-up by months of experimenting is a puzzle to us.

At a meeting in London, recently, the film men of Great Britain decided that almost every important invention related to motion pictures was the invention of an Englishman. America apparently has done nothing. Which reminds us of the time the American tourist was looking thru a British museum and got into an argument with the keeper regarding the Battle of Bunker Hill.

"That's the time we gave it to you, awl right," said the keeper, "and we 'ave the cannon 'ere we did it with to prove it."

"Yes," replied the Yankee, "but we've got the hill."

And America has about everything in and about the M. P. industry that's worth having.

REELISM

Seen *Only* on the Screen

Busy office help.
Cops on hand when needed.
East Indian servants.
Side-whiskers on butlers.
Manicured fingernails in Dead Man's Gulch.

Say the producers to scenario writers: "Dont send us stories dealing with the war. We have no use for them. The public has been surfeited with the war for over four years. They want a rest, a relaxation. It is our duty to cheer them up. What we want is comedy-dramas.

But nevertheless war films are daily on the increase and almost forty per cent. of last month's releases featured the war in some way or other. Verily, verily, a close-up of the American flag and a patriotic appeal can be made to cover a multitude of photodramatic sins.

There hasn't been much in the movie periodicals about George Loane Tucker lately. What's the matter? Is his publicity man sick? Or is the latter now working for Monte Katterjohn?

Some day in an inspired moment a film genius will devise some new way of indicating approaching motherhood in the silent drama, but until that day directors will have to be satisfied with the old device of showing a pair of crocheted panties. Of course girls never do this in real life, but what's a little realism in the movies?

Actors like to write about the "most difficult part I ever played," but our idea of a hard job to play is the rôle of an Englishman without parting the hair in the middle or without the use of a monocle.

The height of ignorance—asking Billie West who is the screen's greatest comedian.

The height of

(*Continued on page* 110)

Curtain!

We were getting supper when we heard a peculiar moaning sound

THE UNFINISHED STORY

BY

GLADYS HALL

"You have spent your life, you have waged your strife where never we play a part;
You have held the throne of the Great Unknown, you have ruled a kingdom vast:
* * * * * * * * * * *
But tonight there's a strange, new trail for you, and you go, O weary heart!
To the peace and rest of the Great Unguessed . . . at last, Tom Thorne, at last."

—*Service.*

HUGHIE MacLAREN told me the story in our dug-out after the hell at Ypres. We'd just put the little wooden cross over Marston, and I'd scratched on an R. I. P. the best I could with a penknife nicked pretty dull from overwork in the same direction. There are blood ties—but, well—when you've been father confessor and last comforter—when you've dug a matey's grave for him and then put him in it—Gawd, I'm getting soft—blubbering like a baby before I've half begun. And it was even worse for MacLaren. Marston was a part o' him. "I'd 'a' rather it had been my arms," he said to me, and the big tears ran down his face and put his bally pipe out. "I'd 'a' rather it had been my eyes—been gassed—but not him—not him. Still . . ." he said, after a while, "I dont know but what he's sorter glad . . . he was pretty tired . . . pretty tired . . . it's an odd sort of a story . . . not much to it, in one way . . . everything there is on earth in it, in another. All depends on how you look at it. Of course . . . you wont see it just as I did . . . the Arctic . . . the little, lone cabin there in the awful wild . . . the girl . . . Marston fighting, first despairfully, then with sort of a desperate determination . . . the heaven and hell of it . . . but anything goes here . . . and you knew Marston . . . and you loved him. This will be his epitaph, now that he is dead . . .

"I dont know much about his beginning of things. Not much about him till we chummed up there around the Arctic Circle. But up there . . . messing about for that damned gold . . . fighting to forget . . . forgetting to fight . . . sharing the same campfire, blazing the self-same trail, bearing each other's pack . . . well, I'd have died for him, old chap, and he'd have died for me.

"I take it he was a rich guy's son. He had the air

THE UNFINISHED STORY

Narrated by permission from the W. W. Hodkinson picture, "The Drifters." Scenario by Kenneth B. Clarke.

Cast of Characters

Burke Marston.....J. Warren Kerrigan
Evan Mears.....William Conklin
Hugh MacLaren.....Casson Ferguson
The Girl.....Lois Wilson

That cry out there—in the nowhere—it got me—under my skin

about him, in the little ways. He hadn't made good—of course. It was the booze, with him. It may have been something more. I think it was . . . a woman. Only a woman can knife a man like he'd been knifed. The booze can rot a man—but Marston's hurt went deeper than that. Yes, I'm sure it was a woman. A girl, I guess. You know . . . a girl . . . like the girls at home . . . on Fifth Avenue . . . in May . . . sunshine all gleamy on their hair . . . violets . . . and late tea . . . and all that . . . It was that sort of a girl with Burke Marston. And she had sent him to hell. Funny . . . but . . . well, 'good women,' you know . . . crueller than death . . . colder than ice . . . harder than . . . well, anyway, we ran across each other up there beyond the Circle. Mushed the same trails, did up the same dance-halls, burned with the same fever. All the time he had in his eyes the look of a wounded caribou . . . a big thing, wounded and helpless. In one of the mushroom overnights we came on Mears. I didn't like him. Marston said he was all right. Marston said everything and everybody were 'all right.' The three of us mushed the trail to the cabin we decided to inhabit. God Himself couldn't 'a' found that trail. But the Girl did. She did. God! but women are uncanny things—sometimes. Seem to have a sense past any sense a sane man ever heard of. But I'm getting ahead of my story.

Mears wasn't afraid of him. He raised his gun, the girl screamed

"Once we were all nice and settled, grub in, bacon, flour, gunnies of tea, trouble started up 'tween Mears and Marston. Mears suspected Marston of havin' a cache of brandy. Marston *had*. I knew it, and kept mum. Knew he needed it where Mears didn't. Knew it had laid its claw on Marston and would strangle him if he were left stranded without it—'specially when the long, Arctic night set in, and memory set in, too, colder than the blizzard land, more despairful than the silences when even a wolf howl would have been joyful. It is a grim thing—that Arctic night.

"We didn't know then what Mears was doing up there. Men dont come there for nothing. But we began to suspect that he was there because he damn well couldn't be anywhere *else*. We didn't say anything about it, the one to the other . . . pals are few and far between up there . . . but we watched him . . . and kept on watching him . . .

"There was the time when old Pat Gerry . . . this will serve to tell you about Mears . . . Pat was a derelict of the Yukon . . . an old-timer. It had taken its toll of Pat . . . the North. There wasn't much left. A broken old brain, a broken old body, the instincts of a sly child, a

child who has been harmed. He liked Marston. Seemed to sense something in the lad that comforted him. Now and again he'd drop in. One night he was leavin' just as Mears came in. There was a piece of pork lyin' on the table. Pat sneaked it, and in an instant Mears would have been upon him if Marston hadn't interfered. 'Let *be!*' he snapped, and Gerry gave sort of a grateful whine and got out. Afterward Marston told Mears something of what had happened to Gerry back in the last stampede. A raw little yarn, common enough up there . . . just his claim jumped . . . everything he had stolen from him . . . an Indian trick practiced on him to make him spit up his secret . . . when they had done with him . . . nothing left . . . not even his wits. It made Mears kind of sick. He never spoke again when Pat came in and did his pitiful stealing. He was only gettin' even—in his way. Marston knew that. Marston had a heart, and he always understood. He even understood himself, and had come up past the last circle to fight a fight alone.

"The night had been on us a month when the Girl came. We were gettin' supper one night, Burke and me, when we heard a peculiar moaning sound . . . very soft and complainin'. We pricked up our ears. 'What's that?' we said, together like. There hadn't been a sound up there for weeks, save only the soft and stealthy slippin' of the snow when it banked too high. Not even a star had fallen. Not even a lone wolf called. Silence . . . stillness . . . void. Then this moanin' . . . soft and half afraid. 'Somethin',' I whispered, in my locked-up throat, 'hurt . . .'

Burke Marston straightened up, and a look of wonder lit his eyes. 'A *woman,*' he said, 'a woman . . . a *girl!*'

"Mears laughed. 'Been at the cache again, I see,' he said.

"Marston didn't say anything. He had a habit of not saying anything—much—to Mears. He just got into his trappings and went out. I had the funniest feeling when he went out that night—or was it day? Somehow, you sorter lose track up there on the top o' the world—it's one of the worst dangers you run—losing track. I felt that old Burke was going forth to—I didn't exactly know what—but that cry, soft as it was, that cry out there—in the Nowhere—*from* the Nowhere—it got me—under my skin.

"When he came back he was carrying something—something all swaddled in furs and fur leggins, and rigid and as still as the void outside. Mears and I just looked with our eyes. 'It's a . . . girl . . .' said Marston, and he said it all stilly and scary, like as if he was in church whisperin' a Te Deum. 'It's a . . . girl . . .' he repeated, and I was awful afraid that he was going to cry.

"He laid her on a bunk we didn't use, gentle as a mother might. And then he stripped off her caked leggins and her woolly cap and her leather coat, and covered her up all sort and came away. Somehow we didn't speak to him. We ate our supper and no one said a word. Now and again I'd catch Mears stealin' a sly glance over at the bunk where the Girl lay, but when he caught Burke's eyes on him he'd get a sickly yellow and look at his plate. After supper Burke got a piece o' old canvas we had and tacked up a curtain in front of the Girl's bunk. That night he didn't go to sleep. Just sat all night and watched . . . and watched . . . he didn't pray . . . that is, not with his *mouth.* When morning came the Girl opened her eyes. Her eyes! Pardner,

He looked—but what he looked for was not there. It wasn't there

He went back—lived thru another Arctic winter—all alone—all alone

did you ever see a woman's eyes when her baby kisses her? Her eyes were as tender as that . . . oh, as tender as heaven . . . and blue like the sky is blue . . . and her hair . . . all gleamy as if the sun shone on it, and there wasn't a sun to shine . . . and her voice was like a cradle-song to make men babes again . . . that Girl! I'm three thousand miles away, old man, but . . . She opened her eyes and came across the room, sort of uncertain-like. There wasn't any fear about her, just a gentle questioning, a soft perplexity. 'Where have you come from?' asked Burke. 'Why are you here?' he spoke very careful, very measured. I asked him why. He turned to me, and his smile was piteous. 'Dont you see,' he told me, 'that this—child—has left—her mind behind her?'

"Mears slumped suddenly in his chair, as tho a great weight had suddenly been dropped off his shoulders, and we noticed, for the first time, that his face was as yellow as a piece of bum tallow. But we weren't thinking anything about Mears. We were thinking how she had come . . . from where . . . and why. We knew she had been driven here by some tremendous power, some incalculable need. Only a supernatural force could have pushed her, fragile and slender, into this ice-locked death.

" 'I had to come,' she said, softly, still perplexedly, and she passed her little hand over her brow. 'I'm *looking* for some one,' she said, at last, and her lower lip quivered like a child's, uncertainly. 'I'm hungry,' she added, plaintively. I think I fell in love with her then and there. It had such a human sound, such a comfy, confiding sound. I swore to myself that not all the dangers of Sourdough, not all the nightmares of the North should so much as breathe their breath upon her. She was a child to be guarded. She was a woman to be loved. Burke knew it, too. In his wounded eyes a healing began to take place, a healing compounded in equal parts of reverence and dreaming.

"I cant describe those days up there to you—not as they ought to be described. The dark—like 'a claw upon our brains'—Marston fighting the demon that had him by the throat—fighting, too, as if he knew he was vanquished before he had even begun—the angel that was entering his heart — Mears, with his sullen, furtive look intensified, sneering at Burke's good fight — triumphing when the call was too strong—suspecting when there was no cause . . . I . . . but I just loved the Girl . . . did nothing else . . . thought of nothing else . . . and all of us just waiting . . . waiting . . . . for the moment when the veil should lift that was covering the Girl's troubled mind. 'The Yukon takes its toll,' we said, and knew that it was so.

"There came the day when, her eyes still vague, she told me that she liked Burke Marston—but she liked me better. She told me with the simplicity of the child, but I felt that the heart of the woman was speaking. You can guess my joy. You can guess, too, my pain. Burke had fought so long, had fought so hard—had lost so many times—so many things. I knew that this girl had come and illumined the path he had thought forever darkened. I knew that she was, to him, his Land of Beginning Again. There, in the awful night, she was the promise of a sun to rise again. Once I heard him say to her, 'My name is Burke Marston. I am the chap who loses all the aces—who wastes his trumps—the joker in the pack.' And she had stroked his hand and felt sorry for him, tho she knew not what he was saying.

"There came the day . . . I happened to be out . . . Marston had had a bad fall from grace and was in a sorry way. Ruth—that is the Girl's name—had found some little artificial flowers in her coat, and he was playing with them. All at once, as a fog clears away and objects only vaguely outlined become suddenly and disconcertingly, sometimes, clear and sharp and distinct, the fog rolled back from Ruth's brain. She saw a crowded courtroom, a stripling, clean-eyed lad on trial for a filthy crime, a crooked lawyer convicting him, a jury sealing the twisted verdict. The crooked lawyer was Mears.

"The sudden cleavage in her mind unbalanced her good judgment. She fairly sprang at Mears, and her young voice was so shrill that it half-aroused Marston from the torpor he was in. 'Now I know!' she cried, standing squarely in front of the terrified man; *'now* I know—why I have come—how long I have been coming—all about it. You—*you* convicted my brother of a crime *you* yourself committed. You sent him to jail—for life—that boy—that mere *boy* who had never gone beyond his happy dreaming—you fastened filth upon

(*Continued on page* 107)

Putting the Fizz in Fazenda

Louise Slid Into Comedy On Roller-Skates and She Has Been Performing Ever Since

By
HARRY CARR

Louise Fazenda, the queen of comedy

IT took three nations to produce a comédienne, and the result was an allied triumph, presenting Louise Fazenda, who became a mother of mirth at twenty, with the cradles all launched for an enormous number of future laughs. Occasionally a single nation takes the responsibility of creating a comédienne, but a greater one was needed, so Italy, France and Holland pooled their resources of creative comedy and shared the victory. Even then they had to call upon Africa for a color scheme in the final touch.

She should have entered filmland in a gondola, as befits a daughter of the Doges of Venice, but she didn't—she came on roller-skates. And if persons ride to fame in a chariot, no one ever entered the desired land in a quainter vehicle than Louise Fazenda. Its wheels were two silver dollars and a yellow hound dog was tugging at the traces.

That was shortly after Louise Fazenda began "working in pictures." She entered the studio that day as companion to a lonely "extra" woman, and she left as companion of the mighty. There were intrigue and corruption in the court of Thespis that day, and for two dollars Comedy bribed her to desert Romance. And they were probably the best two dollars Comedy ever invested.

All this happened twenty years after her first appearance as a private comédienne in the family of the Fazendas. And there must have been snickering among the stars the night she arrived in Lafayette, Indiana. The Fazendas were traveling, but they had a stop-over in

Lafayette for a conference with the stork. He brought along Marie Louise Fazenda, and after she joined the family, all hurried on to Los Angeles, so Miss Fazenda is conspicuous as one of the few Los Angeles girls to attain stardom in the films.

But prominence is a family trait. While Miss Fazenda is silent, history gossips about her ancestors. She is of a noble family of Venice, of the most famous of Venetian aristocrats. Her direct ancestors were Doges of Venice, spectacular figures in the political and religious forces of Italy. Then came one of those eruptions in Italian political affairs, and the family were political exiles. As some earnest Italians have a jovial faculty of writing finis to a family history with a steel stiletto, Miss Fazenda's ancestors sidestepped the ceremony by flight and camouflage. To Cuba, Brazil, Central America and then New Orleans they sped, and because they were coffee planters in the new lands they assumed the name Fazenda, which means "planter."

Louise forgot her family history and remembered her lessons. To her the greatest common divisor was a laugh, but she remembered what the man of mathematics wrote about it, because she had a wistful eye upon the checks schoolma'ams receive at the end of each month. Her farewell to high school was a hello to college, but there she stopped. She couldn't read the college curriculum as an invitation, and to her the five feet of the world's best literature were four feet and a half of greenbacks and a half-foot of millinery ads.

Then came the lonely lady, one doing "bits" at the Universal studios. She was a friend of the Fazendas and liked Louise, and she did get lonely on the "lot," waiting for her appearance before the camera. So one day she asked Louise to go along, and as there was a lot of cement sidewalk around the grounds, the invitation was accepted, because Louise did like to roller-skate.

They needed additional help for atmosphere that day, and Louise Fazenda was enlisted.

Then entered the two dollars, the African color and the hound dog.

Be it known no actress, however humble she is, likes to do black-face. It is a way "us girls" have, always wishing to look the best.

Miss Fazenda was appearing in straight romance. A messenger came from the comedy stage and said: "One of you girls come along and do a black-face."

When Louise was young her mother braided her hair very tightly, in small knots. Louise utilizes this coiffure to get a laugh today

All the girls turned their backs.

"Draw lots, or do something—but hurry up, one of you."

The backs were shrugged.

"There's two dollars extra in it for the girl who does it."

In the center of that bunch one girl slowly turned. Two dollars! She turned one wistful look at the camera that was to have registered her as a church singer. The pipe-organ was splendid, but nothing to the tune the U. S. mint could play. Louise Fazenda resigned from romance, and with dollars as weights, sank, as she thought, to comedy.

As a little black girl, she thought she should have a yellow dog. There was one on the lot. It was her own idea, and it drew laughs on the screen. The director

(*Continued on page* 109)

Louise Fazenda emulating a billiard-ball

That Hungry Look Brought Her a Chance

The Story of Nina Byron

By Eleanor Brewster

ALMOST every actress who has won her way to fame thru her own struggles and persistence has a corking human-interest story to tell.

Nina Byron is a diminutive actress who has recently come to the front. While at present playing the feminine lead in Wallace Reid's new vehicle, "The Dub," three years ago, at the age of fifteen, she was alone and friendless in New York, broke, and unable to obtain a part because she didn't have the necessary spiffy and fashionable clothes.

Nina was born in Christchurch, New Zealand. She is a little thing, with soft, dark-brown hair and beautiful brown eyes. There is a touch of mystery and sadness about her expression, a suggestion of latent dramatic ability that you'd think would lead any casting director in the pictures to give her a job. But, after all, what do those things count for when you haven't got the clothes?

"Why did I decide to go into the pictures?" said Miss Byron. "For two reasons—because I wanted to do it and because my mother was ambitious for me. You see, my mother had longed to become an actress when she was a girl, but parental objections had kept her from it. But the hope was deep in her, and when she found she couldn't fulfill it she did what so many mothers do, transferred it to her daughter.

"So we set sail from New Zealand to this country and a month later were in New York.

"In New York my mother left me with some friends, and thinking that I should be all right, went up into New

(*Continued on page* 105)

Lower Left—Nina Byron as she appeared in "The Source" with Wallace Reid. *Lower Right*—in "The Cruise of the Make-Believe"

Frank Mayo and How He Grew

Frank Mayo as he is today—"Lormy" Mayo as he was at ten

ONCE upon a time, as the story-books say — and why not begin a really truly story in the same way—Frank Mayo, Senior, then in the heyday of fame in his great stage success, "Davy Crockett," happened upon a small town in northern Pennsylvania—Canton, to be exact. World-weary was he, physically and mentally tired. The idyllic little village pleased him, and, in the course of a few months, a home was created there that was to him and his family a haven of rest and peace—a place to go back to in mid-summer, mid-winter, any time—when the strain and stress of city life or life "on the road" became too strenuous. A roomy, homey, splendid old place is the Mayo home—set far back from the road in a wilderness of stately trees and handsome shrubbery, cared for by the same caretaker as of yore, and always ready for any stray members of the family who seek refuge from the unquiet world.

On one side of the spacious grounds stands a miniature "Crockett Lodge," a replica of the Crockett lodge seen on the stage for many and many a year, fashioned from rough-hewn logs and covered with growing vines, a mute memorial to its gifted builder, Frank Mayo, Senior, who created the virile, wholesome, tenderly humorous rôle of Davy Crockett, hunter and woodsman in the never-to-be-forgotten play. Later he repeated his former success in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," the play dramatized from Mark Twain's famous book by the same name.

And then the kindly, big-hearted, veteran play actor passed on—but his work survived. Not only in the memory of the great play-loving public, but in the person of Frank Mayo, Junior, popularly known as "young Frank," who played the same rôles created by his famous father, and who filled the old Mayo home with his family and guests season after season at vacation and other times—until he passed on—prematurely and "in harness," as he died quite suddenly en route while playing "Pudd'nhead Wilson."

In the meantime there had been born to "young Frank" and his wife a lusty, brown-eyed, golden-haired son, Frank Mayo, third, who is really the reason for this story. The youngster was born in New York City, but during the years of his young boyhood home to him meant the little Pennsylvania town among the hills. It was there that he really "grew up," spending the time while his father and mother were "on tour" and always his vacations, whether the family were there or not, at the old Mayo home.

The boy was not very old before he rebelled at his family name, "Frank." "What do you mean—Frank?" he said, scornfully. "Dear old granddad had to be 'old Frank' because father was 'young Frank.' Now what am *I*? I happened to be christened Lorimer Frank, so from now on I am Lorimer Mayo," he announced to all whom it might concern.

Everybody "up home" knew "Lormy" Mayo, as he was called, as he ran wild over the hills and fields of the surrounding country and thru the streets of the little town, creating considerable havoc by his impish pranks. The town of Canton, Pa., is a veritable grove of handsome maple-trees. It was the custom then to tap the trees in the early spring, insert spigots and hang pails thereon to catch the sweet and fragrant sap,

In "Such a Little Pirate" (Famous Players-Lasky) Lila Lee fails to be any more attractive than a hundred and one other ingénues

In "The Forbidden City" (Select) Norma Talmadge's latest, we feel the absence of Eugene O'Brien

Silversheet

of the Month

SIMPSON NAYLOR

awkwardness at drill, at his plight in the mud-filled trenches, at his method of scratching imaginary cooties on a nutmeg grater, at his predicament when all the boxes come from home and he receives none, and we double up painfully with guffaws of mirthfulness when he camouflages himself as a tree and battles the bewildered Germans, but underneath all the farce of it, we are in close sympathy with the little man and conscious of a touch of true pathos which makes us realize that this Chaplin who calls himself a comedian is perhaps the greatest (a word I dislike to use but which seems necessary in this case) actor on the screen today. Truly, with each release does he prove the value of his policy of making only a few pictures a year. Not only is the perfection of three months' work apparent as compared to the three weeks expended upon other feature films, but the public does not have an opportunity to become satiated with the star. With each successive Chaplin picture the verdict is, the best thing he has ever done, which, I believe, can be said of no other actor on the screen.

"WHEN A WOMAN SINS" (FOX)

Theda Bara at her best. An unusually strong story, well written, well directed, well photographed and well played. It reminds one of that great old Vitagraph masterpiece, "The Christian," and the hero does not look unlike Earle Williams, who did an extraordinary piece of acting in that remarkable drama. If Miss Bara would not persist in using so much black paint

Cavalieri has quite a tragic rôle in "The Woman of Impulse" (Paramount)

under and around her eyes, and did not make up her lips to appear black as ink, she would look more like a real character and less like a play actor. She is always best in serious parts. She is preeminently a tragedy queen. When she tries to dance and coquette with flowers, and when she assumes a laughing, rollicking girl, she is not herself. Her joy is not sincere. Her gaiety appears assumed. But otherwise she is a great artist and her work in this drama is a triumph in spite of these shortcomings. She has the advantage of a very sympathetic rôle, and there are scenes which tug at the heartstrings and win our deepest sympathy. She is supported by an unusually strong cast who are ably directed. This play impressed me as one of the best things I had seen since Nazimova in "Revelation." J.

"The Kingdom of Youth" (Goldwyn) with Tom Moore and Madge Kennedy is as charming as its title

"THE BORDER WIRELESS" (ARTCRAFT)

Again the heart of Bill is bashfully laid at the feet of a girl whose blue eyes—they must have been blue—are the cause of Hart's tarrying in a border town where he lands while fleeing from the dark shadow of his past. Hart runs into a German spy plot—what would a movie be without its German spy?—and he and the girl, a telegraph operator, stage a screen fight that is amazing, during which he captures a secret wireless from at least a hundred opponents. The girl and he are saved by U. S. cavalry which comes to the rescue so slowly that we become really worried. There is a close-up of Bill in khaki marching to the front, while the girl watches from the side-lines, that is very interesting. Bill Hart is sincere and convincing as usual. Wanda Hawley is interesting as the girl.

"THIRTY A WEEK" (GOLDWYN)

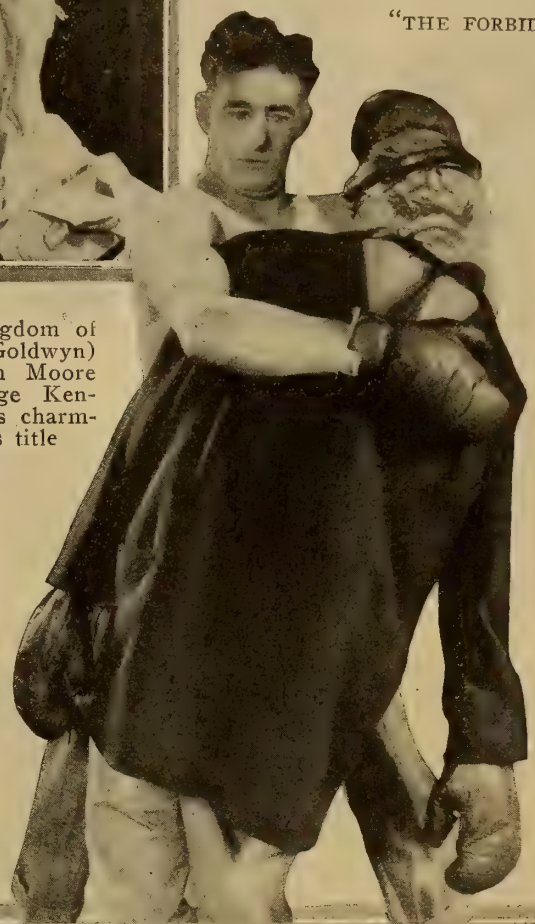
"Thirty a Week" is conspicuous in the crowd of commonplace pictures solely because of Tom Moore's rather pleasing personality and the consistent care of the direction. It is the familiar tale of the millionaire's daughter who runs away with her father's chauffeur, misunderstands him, returns to her parental dwelling, eventually discovers she has misjudged her hero and they are reconciled forever after. Tom Moore is likeable but not unusual. Tallulah Bankhead, a newcomer to filmdom, plays easily and sincerely as well as being optically pleasing.

"SUCH A LITTLE PIRATE" (FAMOUS PLAYERS-LASKY)

The promise which we thought we saw in the new star, Lila Lee, in her first picture, "The Cruise of the Make-Believe," has not been fulfilled on this her second. She is neither more nor less attractive than a hundred and one other screen ingénues. Perhaps because she is given nothing to do that the hundred and one others have not also done and done well. However, the play, a fantastical story of a search for buried treasure, is not without a charm of its own, while a considerable amount of humor is presented by the performance of an orang-outang and several subtitles supposed to represent monkey talk. Harrison Ford, always an able leading-man, is developing and broadening in a manner that is little short of amazing.

"THE FORBIDDEN CITY" (SELECT)

There is one startling fact about "The Forbidden City." Eugene O'Brien does not play the hero to Norma Talmadge's San San, and not only is San San the loser but the picture public as well. Aside from the absence of Mr. O'Brien, we miss also a something (is it a spark of sincerity? from the work (*Continued on page* 101)



"The Goat" is not so good a vehicle as Fred Stone deserves

"Private Peat" brings a pleasing new personality to the screen in starring the author of the book

Alias Peggy Hyland

By GLADYS HALL

EVERY painful once in a while we hear a bit of news that smites us, rather poignantly. It was so with me when I heard that Peggy Hyland's healthy, happy father, Dr. Hutchinson, had died and been buried at sea. He is one of the very vital persons hard to visualize as dead. Hearing it brought back to me with extraordinary vividness the last evening I spent with them all in their very charming, chintzy and comfy apartment in the East 80's. You see, while Peggy, the insouciant Peg, isn't of the domestic variety, specifically—not, at least, as we visualize it—she *is* pre-eminently and graciously the *daughter*. Hence, while I could not, of course, think for one instant of Peggy's apartment, nor her mother and Dad without Peggy, neither, by the same token, can I think of *her* without *them*. And that is why, not having seen Peggy since that evening, I can give no other "angle" than the one I really saw.

Peggy Hyland was baptized Gladys Hutchinson

She is *really* Gladys Hutchinson, you know, by her sponsors in baptism, and chiefly by her mother and her late and very-dear-to-her Dad who "Gladys'd" her all the time. Likewise is she very, very English, believing, avowedly, in the might and awe of kings, calling places of refreshment "pubs" and adjectiving salubrious persons and places as "topping." Of course, the a's are tremendously broad and the viewpoint thoroly British, consisting in the belief that, while America is totally delightful, and quite jolly and altogether desirable, still—it has its drawback, in that it is *not* England, which is a negative sin, of course, and not its fault, but then——

Also—this is merely a sidelight—she presides delectably over a delectable chicken dinner (I *know* because I partook thereof) with real, honest-to-goodness *British* bread sauce and other home-done temptibles. And tells Dad how he should, and how he should not have, concocted the before dinner appetizer, and carves the bread on the table, and is altogether officious and efficient. All of which elicited many delighted winks from the father, as doting a parent as ever she was a daughter.

Dad was an English M. D.; large, ruddy and full of that much-talked-of quality, "pep." P'raps there's something in this from-father-unto-daughter propaganda. "Comes from taking everything as a joke," he explained to me, pulling Peggy's dainty ear from under her ruddy hair; "I've done so all me life." His only complaints were that there are only twenty-four hours to a day, and that all countries are not England.

But then, of course, things were conducive for Peggy's father taking life jocularly and merrily. For instance, he had Peggy to put on his comfy slippers when he came home o' nights, to smooth his head, to coddle and pet him, to make him very happy and content. You may write your own brief, but I think it reasonable to suppose that life might be taken, under the circumstances, well, pleasurably at least . . . .

Also, he told little anecdotes of Peggy and her two own sisters and her one half-sister. "They were all," he said, "big, husky girls—all except Peggy. She was a poor little, puny little thing—never could go to school—always had to have a governess at home, dont you know. Only time she did go she caught German measles. That's all she could learn, dont you know, the German measles."

"Until I grew big, Pap," remonstrated Peggy, sticking her tongue saucily forth at her parent.

She and I, dinner over, were demolishing the lace and satin of her ivory bed while the doctor walked about in his linen coat smoking a black segar, or threatened the life everlasting of a cane-inlaid chair.

"Oh, when you grew up we sent you abroad," he said, as one who thinks that after little-girl days things dont so very much matter; "to the Ursuline convent, you know. You were all right once you grew up. But till then—what a life you led us! Fell down stairs at the age of two, Miss Hall, and gave her skull the nicest indentation you ever saw. My eye, but you were a girl, Gladys! Had every horrid little thing that came along. But——" here he gave me one of his jolly winks, "she's a clever little thing, Miss Hall, a clever little thing. I like to see her in the pictures. I always go. I like her expressions. She's a clever little thing."

Gladys-alias-Peggy accepted the tribute paternal with sundry winks of her own and nudges in the regions of my spine and an ineffably indulgent expression for this best beloved of fathers.

After which we talked about said pictures. She said she loved them, and did I think she was a fool to think she had a chance, and she didn't think she had had such very good vehicles thus far, and thus far she liked Fox—to the tune of a two-year contract with them. Likes them so much she was planning to stay here by her lone in the little, chintzy nest while mother and Dad went back overseas to the sisters, who are there doing war work. She said more to the effect that she doesn't like costume plays, that she remembers playing with Marc MacDermott with peculiar pleasure, that there are so many, many in the field, and that it is a case of struggle, struggle in order to rise from the ranks. But, and she set a small determined chin, she'd give 'em the struggle, so she would.

Furthermore, for there is nothing like laying bare the holy of holies in the life of a star, she uses Floramye extract and wears absurd bronze boots, and I think, tho I dare not swear to it, that there were something like fifty-nine (or more) divers gowns exhaling their delicate breaths in a certainly overflowing clothes-press.

(*Continued on page* 110)

The English Peggy and her well-known puppy, "Jack-pots"

The Crimson Iris

By H. H. VAN LOAN

"YOU say he was stopping at the Berkeley?"

"He always booked there. . . Had a couple of rooms overlooking the square. Said he liked the setting, the general view from his windows, the cuisine, and all that sort of thing. It is a jolly place, y'know."

"You have stated that your apartment is in Jermyn Street. Now then, Mr. Hodges, his appointment with you was for ten o'clock. Was he usually punctual, regarding engagements?"

"Very; I dont think I've ever known any one who was such a stickler for promptness as Arthur Gebhardt. There was a rigid system about everything he did, and he had a natural loathing for tardiness. Realizing this, I was rather surprised as I glanced at my watch, upon leaving my bath, and saw it was half after ten, and he had not yet put in an appearance. You see, it's only a jaunt from Berkeley Square to Jermyn Street. I waited until eleven, and then, thinking perhaps the management had overlooked his call, I gave the hotel a ring. Imagine my surprise when the clerk informed me that 'Gebby' didn't answer. Then I hurried into my clothes and hastened over to the Berkeley. Going up to his room I knocked on the door, but received no response. Then I summoned a maid, who unlocked it with her pass key. All was in order. The bed had been untouched and the general neatness of the rooms proved conclusively he had not been there recently. There was an air of absolute desertion about the place and it was evident that 'Gebby' hadn't been there since yesterday morning. In other words, I dont believe he returned to the Berkeley after leaving me."

The young man was plainly troubled and it was apparent in every feature of his handsome countenance. His tone was sober and wrinkles showed between his brows in the glow of his cigaret which he puffed nervously, almost unconsciously, as he related to the superintendent the incidents leading up to the strange disappearance of his intimate friend and club-fellow, Arthur Gebhardt.

"Did you speak to the management?" inquired the chief of Scotland Yard as he leaned back in his chair and studied the visitor.

"No. At first I was tempted to do this, but, realizing it might result in a great deal of unnecessary and unpleasant publicity—which the papers would most certainly exaggerate—I decided to choose a more conservative way. So, I explained to the manager that Mr. Gebhardt had probably been called out of town for a day or two, and that in the meantime I would communicate with them. Knowing that I was an intimate friend of his my explanation was received with understanding, and any apprehension the manager might have had was immediately dismissed."

"I see," mused Superintendent Frost. "Er, you said something about unpleasant publicity. . . what did you mean by that? You dont mean to infer that—er—Mr. Gebhardt———"

"He was absolutely above reproach," interrupted Hodges in his desire to correct any false impression he might have conveyed. "But, 'Gebby' would most certainly consider this sort of publicity most unpleasant. It would be rather awkward to have this get into the newspapers before we're absolutely certain he is lost. Just fancy how it would get on his nerves when he heard of it!"

"When did you last see Mr. Gebhardt?"

"At the Royal Automobile Club."

"What time did you leave the club?"

"Big Ben was just striking twelve as we descended the steps into Pall Mall."

"How soon afterwards did you separate?"

"Almost immediately. One of the boys had summoned a taxi for him a few minutes before and it stood waiting at the curb as we left the club."

"Had you noticed anything strange about Mr. Gebhardt last evening? . . . Anything about his actions which seemed out of the ordinary?"

"Not in the least. He was usually in fine spirits."

"He did not appear to be worried over anything?"

"No, 'Gebby' was of a very jovial disposition. Despite the great pressure of his many business affiliations and extended interests, both here and in America, he appeared seldom disturbed. I might say he seemed particularly at ease last evening and was in an excellent frame of mind."

"Evidently not a man of moods," reflected the Chief.

"Quite the contrary."

"You had been with him all the evening?"

The other nodded. "And all day as well. He came to my office about ten o'clock yesterday morning and soon afterwards I accompanied him to Daly's, where he had an appointment with Sir Arthur Willet to discuss the final details for the London presentation of his picture."

"He did not leave you during the day?"

"Not for any length of time. Just before noon he slipped down to Charing Cross. I think he said he wanted to send some cables. But, he returned in time to lunch with me at Gatti's."

"Where is your office located, Mr. Hodges?"

"In the Atlas, just opposite The Temple. It's the last building in the Strand and the first in Fleet Street: stands right on the line where the two merge."

"I am familiar with it. Did he come to your office after leaving Charing Cross?"

"He joined me there."

"There was no perceptible change in his manner when he returned?"

"Not that I noticed."

"Do you know whom he sent the cables to?"

"He didn't say."

"When did he leave your office?"

"We both left immediately and walked up the Strand to Gatti's, where we lunched. He appeared in the best of spirits and was very much pleased with his business affairs."

"I suppose it is hardly necessary to touch upon his finances. He has suffered no reverses of any sort, lately, either here or in America? . . That is, of course, as far as you know?"

"None," returned Hodges. "On the contrary, he was quite happy over the fact that the Cinema Company —the American firm of which he is president—had made a million dollars net profit, last year. He mentioned to me, while we were at luncheon, that the capital of the company had but recently been increased to twenty-five million dollars."

"Five million pounds," reflected Superintendent Frost.

"Yes. His connection with any film organization had always resulted in success to the stockholders of those particular companies. He was one of those chaps who could make money for himself and every one associated with him. A couple of days ago he told me that he expected to have a million dollars to invest, personally, within the next thirty days."

"He never dabbled in stocks, did he?"

"Decidedly no. 'Gebby' was a stern, scrupulous business man, whose success was the result of sincere and sound business methods. These elements were the very basis of every move he made. What he accumulated was not the result of luck or chance, but shrewd, keen business intellect."

"How often did he come to London?"

"Usually twice a year."

"Was this one of his regular trips?"

"No. His visit this time was to look after the London showing of his latest big success, 'The Earth,' which has been running a year in some of the big American cities. It is supposed to be his greatest cinema feature; a

super-picture which surpasses anything he has ever attempted before."

"I presume he has a branch office in the city?"

"His London representatives are Shrewsbury and company of 182 Gerrard Street."

"Most of his time, no doubt, was divided between his agents and the management of Daly's. And—er—of course, yourself," suggested the superintendent.

"Absolutely. He had many opportunities to mix with our society over here, but he was evidently not inclined to accept us, socially. Once I succeeded in getting him to attend a dinner party at the Ritz. It was given by Lady Battersby, who, as you know, is one of our most brilliant society leaders. But, he seemed quite bored and insisted that we pull ourselves away before things really got started. A lounging room at the club was far more interesting to him than the babble of women's tongues. He was typically a man's man."

"A man like Mr. Gebhardt is usually moderate in his habits, isn't he?" said the superintendent thoughtfully.

"He was not what you might call a pillar in the church. However, he gave liberal donations to assist in religious work. 'Gebby' was not averse to swearing, smoking and drinking, but, he did all these things with moderation."

"Do you recall whether he has met many people since he arrived in London?"

"If he did he never mentioned them to me. Had he made any new friends I most certainly would have heard about them. He would have told me."

"In other words, you enjoyed his most intimate confidence?"

"He was with me almost continually: we were together every evening."

"How long had he been in London, this time?"

"Just two weeks—today. He came on the Maltic and I went up to Southampton to meet him."

"What do you think has happened to him?"

"I am absolutely at a loss to understand his strange disappearance."

"He has never gone away like this before?"

"Not to my knowledge."

"He had no enemies?"

"Not a one. Arthur Gebhardt had a most charming personality, and one that gained for him the deepest admiration of his friends."

"Was he in the habit of carrying much money around with him? . . . A pretty good spender, was he?"

"He usually had twenty-five or fifty pounds in his pocket, but he was not reckless with it. Gebhardt was conservative in everything he did."

"Strange case, isn't it?" mused the superintendent as he pushed a button on his desk.

A moment later a uniformed policeman entered the room and paused in front of his superior.

"Send Inspector Henry to me," he ordered as he glanced at the officer.

"Very good, sir." And the policeman immediately withdrew.

"This case, providing Mr. Gebhardt is really missing, is a most extraordinary one," continued the head of Scotland Yard as he swung around in his chair and gazed out upon the activities along the Victoria Embankment. "It starts off like the great Morton Mystery. Thus far, it's identically the same. Probably you recall that famous case?" he added as he turned to Hodges.

"I dont believe I do," replied that individual with some show of curiosity.

"It was about ten years ago. He was an American, too . . . Howard Morton . . . Came from New Orleans. A cotton broker, very wealthy and of excellent standing, both financially and socially. He came over here to open a branch office in Threadneedle Street. But, he was quite a spender; made lots of friends on this side and succeeded in putting considerable life into our night clubs.

"Well, one evening he left the Cosmo Club with a fellow who was his intimate friend, and, bidding this chap good-night, he stepped into a taxi and was never seen again—alive. We searched the country for him, without obtaining the faintest clue as to what had happened to him. Upon investigation, I learnt that his firm was one of the biggest and most reliable in the South and that he had left everything in good order. He was a big, handsome man, of middle age, with apparently everything in the world to live for, and enjoy. His health was excellent and he seemed to have no worries of any sort preying on his mind.

"Three months, almost to a day, after he disappeared, I read a small item in the *Daily Mail* one morning, stating that the body of a well-dressed American had been washed ashore at Nice, France. The description tallied so well with that of Morton that I decided to send a yardman over to see if he could identify the body.

"It was Morton. He had evidently committed suicide. Everything he carried, of any value, was found on him. His wallet, containing a couple of hundred pounds, was found in his pocket, and all his jewelry remained untouched. . . His watch was still in his vest pocket and a large diamond ring, worth about twelve hundred guineas, adorned one of his fingers.

"From my experience, I have little doubt but that in cases like that of Morton, the victim becomes suddenly possessed of a peculiar desire to learn what is beyond. It is a strange, overwhelming curiosity which takes complete control of them. Unless they seek to overcome this period of morbid eagerness to learn what comes after life, they are liable to attempt to satisfy that curiosity. It is a condition which is familiar to all of us, and I question whether there is an individual in this world who has not been confronted with this desire, some time during his career. Sometimes it comes during the height of success, and, with others, during moments of depression. It is purely a mental condition and must be fought alone. We know but little about it because it is something no one confides to his friend."

At this moment the door opened again and a tall, robust man of middle age entered the room. His hair was sprinkled with grey which accentuated his rather florid complexion. He stepped over to the desk and greeted the superintendent with a "Yes, sir," at the same time darting a swift, questioning glance at the visitor, with eyes of cold, steel grey.

"This is Inspector Henry, who is in charge of the Bureau of Investigation," remarked the superintendent. Then, as he turned to his aide he added: "Inspector, I want you to give this case your personal attention."

The superintendent then gave his assistant a brief outline of the case, the inspector listening attentively, his gaze shifting occasionally from his chief to the young man beside him. There was no doubt but that Hodges was undergoing a severe mental strain. It was evidenced in his countenance, with its lines, which the inspector was inclined to believe were not so much the result of business cares as dissipation. Men of the Brenon Hodges type were familiar to Inspector Henry. They were usually found along Piccadilly, Regent Street and Leicester Square. They frequented the various music halls and could be found strolling around the loges of the Empire and Alhambra, and yet, they were quite as much at ease in the lounging rooms of the Claridge, or pouring tea at the Ritz. Londoners knew them as "bounders." In the daytime they could be found in their offices along Threadneedle, Cockspur, Finsbury Pavement and other streets near the Royal Exchange. Being men with gentlemen's blood in their veins, and always well equipped with a liberal supply of sovereigns, the middle class referred to them as "swagger." When the city began to tuck itself in for the night they usually retired to the various night clubs and quite frequently journeyed home the next morning in their evening clothes, after leaving one of the Turkish baths in Jermyn Street.

Immaculately dressed, in clothes which undoubtedly bore the label of some Bond Street tailor, the inspector concluded that Hodges belonged to this class. Everything about him, from his highly polished hat to his white spats, denoted extreme care and neatness and harmonized perfectly with his excellent manners.

"This case bears a remarkable resemblance to the Morton Mystery," commented the superintendent thoughtfully as he finished his story. Then, as he met the dark, twitching eyes of Hodges, he added: "But, it differs from that case in its most essential phase." He paused a moment, and then, as he noted the questioning looks on the faces of the two men, he continued: "Howard Morton was afflicted with a temporary desire to pass beyond. Arthur Gebhardt offers a different study. It is my belief that we are quite safe in presuming he will not return."

As the superintendent said this Hodges leaned forward and a startled look swept across his countenance as he spoke, in tones not altogether audible:

"I . . . dont quite understand you. Do you mean that he has committed suicide?"

"Not if he was a man such as you have described. Men like Gebhardt dont do those things," replied Superintendent Frost calmly.

"What is your theory, sir?" inquired Inspector Henry with interest.

"It is quite clear, to me, that Mr. Gebhardt deliberately planned this disappearance," remarked the head of Scotland Yard.

"And the motive?" added the inspector.

"None . . . at least, on his part."

"Do you mean to suggest that he was enticed by some one?" inquired Hodges.

"I would not venture such a decision," replied the superintendent. "I would prefer to believe he was invited, and, when he refused, possibly was threatened."

"It sounds too strange to believe," commented the perplexed Hodges.

"By the way," added Superintendent Frost as his eyes kindled with a new inspiration, "there is one very important fact we have overlooked, up until now."

"And that?" quickly inquired the clubman.

"Of what nationality is Mr. Gebhardt?"

"American."

"Are you quite certain of that?"

"Almost positively," replied Hodges.

Then the superintendent turned to his assistant. "Inspector, will you bring me 'Arrivals G,' with appendages, beginning with March?"

"Very good, sir." And with that the inspector stepped softly from the room.

He returned presently, carrying a small thick book, which he handed to the superintendent, who at once began turning over its pages. The inspector seated himself again and both he and Hodges silently watched the sleuth who was deeply engrossed in the contents of the little volume.

"Ah, here it is," he said half aloud as he paused over one of the pages and studied it very carefully. He continued reading for some moments and then finally closed the book, pushed it aside and leaned back in his chair with an air of satisfaction.

"Mr. Gebhardt arrived in England on the 23rd of March; about three weeks ago," he remarked.

As the superintendent said this he glanced at Hodges, who began to feel somewhat ill at ease. However, he remained silent as he waited for the chief to continue.

"Your memory is rather bad, Mr. Hodges," continued the superintendent. "You have said that he arrived on the Maltic: are you quite certain of that?"

"Well—er—er—what I meant to say was—er——" stammered the other as his face flushed.

"You wouldn't deny that he disembarked from the Arethusa at Liverpool, would you?" the superintendent interrogated calmly.

Hodges studied the floor a moment, evidently in an attempt to collect his thoughts. The superintendent studied him carefully as he waited for his reply.

"By Jove, you're quite correct," Hodges finally remarked as he looked up and met the gaze of the chief. "I was a bit off, y'know."

"His passport gave his birthplace as Boston."

"I knew he was an American," interrupted Hodges, with a sigh of relief.

"But," continued Superintendent Frost, "Arthur Gebhardt was a German. He was born in Laupheim!"

CHAPTER II

Harry Letherdale usually breakfasted about noon at the Cheshire Cheese, one of the old landmarks of London, which stood on the north side of Fleet Street, at the top of Whitefriars. He always appeared just as the rusty hands of the old clock above the ancient fire-place reached the hour of twelve, and took his customary seat, which Hawkins, the head waiter, held in reserve for him. It was located at a little table against the rear wall and afforded a general view of the other guests. Thousands of tourists had journeyed to the Cheshire Cheese yearly to sit in that same place and enjoy one of the famous steaks, which the chief of this restaurant served in such an appetizing way. However, it was not so much the steak which attracted the visitors. It was the little table against the rear wall which made them journey from near and far, just to sit there, so that they could go away and tell their friends about it. For it was here that Thackeray journeyed daily with Dr. Johnson, and they would sit at that little table for hours as they discussed the important topics of the day over their stout.

This is the reason why Letherdale came there too, and once, when Hawkins in his thoughtlessness, forgot to reserve the place for the newspaper man, the reporter stormed out of the place and remained away for several days. In fact, he ignored the Cheshire Cheese until Hawkins wrote him a sincere note of apology, and promised, upon his honor as the most courteous head waiter in London, that it would never occur again. Members of the artistic world would immediately decide that Letherdale was "temperamental," which is a polite word for anger. But his colleagues confessed that Letherdale had the right to be such, for he was the best "crime man" and "feature writer" in the British Isles.

His record as a newspaper man was one that he might well be proud of, for he had a long list of achievements to his credit and was envied by every ambitious writer in Fleet Street. As a crime investigator he had no equal on any London newspaper, and he was one of the very few of the six hundred newspaper men in the city who enjoyed the confidence of Superintendent Frost of Scotland Yard. It was Letherdale who solved the Clapham Common murder mystery, which resulted in the hanging of Henry Walcott at Brixton for the murder of Rabbi Solomon. The Jewish rabbi had been attacked and beaten to death as he was crossing the Common one night, and the next morning his body was found in a clump of bushes a few feet from the main road. A letter addressed to Walcott, with a strand of hair caught in the envelope, was found by Letherdale a mile from the scene. The reporter followed up this clue, succeeded in finding the suspect, and, after a severe cross-examination, Walcott confessed. Equipped with this evidence, Letherdale turned the murderer over to a Bobby and then went to Scotland Yard and presented Superintendent Frost with the facts. The most that Letherdale received for his labors was an excellent "scoop" on his colleagues, for when the story appeared in the *Chronicle,* full credit was given to Scotland Yard. Being an expert newspaper man, Letherdale was satisfied with obtaining a "beat" on the other papers, but he had no desire to gain the ill-will of the men of the Yard.

Again, it was Letherdale who tracked the Potter gang of robbers to a house in Sydney Street, Whitechapel, and then called up Scotland Yard and gave them the tip, which resulted in one of the greatest fights between the police and a band of robbers London had ever known.

Frost had often said that Letherdale should have belonged to the Yard staff, for when it came to solving crimes, there were few men "on the embankment" who possessed such thoro knowledge of criminals and their methods as the "star man" of the *Chronicle.*

The day following the disappearance of Arthur Gebhardt and the visit of Brenon Hodges to Scotland Yard, Letherdale entered the Cheshire Cheese at his usual hour and threw himself on the wooden bench behind the little table at the end of the room. Like the majority of Fleet Street journalists, he paid only minor attention to his personal appearance. His long, lean body was hidden in a black suit, which revealed age and lack of attention, while his soft shirt, with its loose-fitting collar, was considerably soiled. His black hair, neatly arranged and brushed back, revealed a broad, high forehead, while his dark-brown eyes, keen and ever-observing, looked out from beneath long lashes. His pallid countenance was a silent testimony of his long working hours and insufficient rest, a lack of regulated living.

As he ate his breakfast he bent over a copy of the *Chronicle,* which was spread out beside him. He was engrossed in a story which occupied a column in the center of the page, and became so interested that he forgot about his ham and eggs, fast growing cold.

Stanley Heathcote, a member of the *News* staff, who had been lunching at a table opposite, at that moment arose and was about to leave, when he suddenly saw Letherdale. He stepped over to the table without attracting the latter's attention.

(To be continued)

Her Face Is Her Fortune

Regina Quinn Was Shy, But Fate Picked Her to Shine

By LOWELL SHERMAN

TO achieve success in one's first picture!

How many extra girls, how many screen-struck young women, have had this dream before their eyes, beckoning them on like a will o' the wisp!

And yet—it really does happen!

Of course, only to the very blessed few is this great boon vouchsafed in the land of shifting lights and shadows; to the rest—heartaches and oblivion eternal.

All of which leads us to the case of Regina Quinn—demure, bewitching and altogether charming Regina Quinn. Miss Quinn attained her goal in a single picture; from the moment when first her large eyes smiled out from the screen, when first her trim little figure came into view, she was made.

This repetition of the old miracle which seems ever new in the realm of films, occurred when she played in George Walsh's picture, "The Pride of New York." Her work in this picture made the blasé reviewers sit up and rub their eyes. Here, they said, was a new type, a new fresh breeze to blow away the miasmas of conventional acting. They went out of the projection room to acclaim a new find in pictures—and that find was Regina Quinn.

Regina Quinn, a beautiful celluloid find

I asked Miss Quinn about it, and she said she had been very timid about facing the camera, but it was fine to play opposite George Walsh, for he was so kind and patient and courageous, and the best of it was the greater part of his pictures took place in the outdoors she loved.

Miss Quinn has appeared in various plays starring George Walsh. She played opposite him in "Brave and Bold," and she also has the feminine lead in his forthcoming picture, "I'll Say So!" In addition to these pictures, she has had prominent parts in "American Buds," featuring Jane and Katherine Lee, and was co-starred with Peggy Hyland in the latter's picture, "Other Men's Daughters."

Regina Quinn says George Walsh would give any one courage to perform in pictures

Not only, by the way, was Regina Quinn's success sensationally sudden, but it also

(*Continued on page* 109)

The Sightless Star

By

RUTH KINGSTON

Helen Keller, deaf, dumb and blind, on her first day as a motion picture actress in California. She is being coached for her first scene by George Foster Platt, her director. While the plot of her drama is being kept secret until its completion, it is known that it is a drama by Dr. Francis Trevelyan Miller, the war historian

H elen Keller is starring in pictures in order to give a message of
E ncouragement to all those who are working under tremendous handicaps.
L ove of humanity is her inspiration, inherited from an early ancestor,
E loquent Alexander Spotswood, Colonial Governor of Virginia, who was
N o less distinguished than his cousin, Robert E. Lee. But the

K eller family originated in Switzerland, where one Caspar Keller taught and
E arly in the sixteenth century wrote a book on teaching the deaf to speak.
L ittle Helen was born June 27, 1880, at Tuscumbia, Alabama. She
L ost sight, hearing and speech at eighteen months thru brain congestion, and
E ntered a great, gloomy prison, a night whence penetrated no sight nor sound.
R ealizing that the child should be taught, Anne M. Sullivan was engaged to

D o what she could for Helen, who at the age of seven years was merry,
E ver into mischief, subject to fits of temper. She formed the habit of locking
A ny grown-up who displeased her into a room and throwing away the key.
F or a playmate, she had a negro child, one Martha Washington. Helen was
D aring in spite of her afflictions. She secured shears and cut off the
U gly little pigtails that stood out all over Martha's kinky head.
M artha resented this, and promptly snipped off a long, golden curl of Helen's;
B efore she got further, the mother of the deaf mute, Kate Adams Keller,

A rrived on the scene and prevented further damage. At that time, Helen would
N od for "yes" and shake her head for "no" and *shiver* if she wanted her
D addy to buy her ice-cream. She had invented her own sign language.

B ut under Miss Sullivan's patient tuition she advanced rapidly, so that
L ater she learnt to talk, studying at Perkins Institution in 1890.
I n March, 1890, she was enrolled at Horace Mann School, learning lessons under
N ew conditions, passing her hand over the tongues and lips of speakers, and
D ue to this fact, she acquired French, German, Latin and Greek languages.

A lexander Graham Bell enjoyed entertaining her at World's Fair in 1893.
N ext year, 1894, she attended Chautauqua of the American Association for
D eaf persons who desired to learn speech.

S N ew joys came to her at Cambridge School for Young Ladies.
O n entering, in 1896, she worked hard to prepare for Radcliffe College.
W ith honors she passed entrance examinations for the latter in 1899.

A nd always she studied character by feeling people's hands. Helen Keller

M et such prominent persons as Twain, Holmes, Hale, Howells, Gilder,
O r went frequently to the home of Phillips Brooks, her dear friend. She's a
V ery fine writer, poetic, idealistic, with unusual flow of language, and
I nsists that the Bible and Shakespeare's works have moulded her thoughts.
E verybody in California loves to hear Miss Keller lecture. Recently she

S tood on the Liberty Loan tank and sold lots of bonds, because she could
T alk more convincingly than many of those who were never deaf
A nd dumb. Helen Keller's sweet, spirituelle expression will be a
R evelation on the screen. She *loves* the photoplay and says acting is

H elpful to mental development. Putting her fingers lightly on her director's lips
A nd following attentively, she instantly absorbs his suggestions. All say she
P erceives a situation with less explanation than many seeing stars.
P robably it is because she concentrates more deeply.
Y es, and her finger-tips are so abnormally developed that nothing escapes her!

H elen is always happy, loves the kiddies in the cast, and
E njoys a big romp with them often at the Brunton studios.
L et no one despair over handicaps, for if this girl can achieve stardom,
E ven tho she's blind, dumb and deaf, surely those who have such faculties
N ever should give up hope. Let them jump their obstacles as Helen has done.

K indness to all things living is her motto.
E nthusiasm put in all you do is her slogan.
L ove for humanity will surely bring rich rewards, says Miss Keller,
L ove for one's work makes all tasks easy.
E very day is full of new excitements, and she feels very
R ich and prosperous as a full-fledged motion picture star.

IT CANT BE DONE!

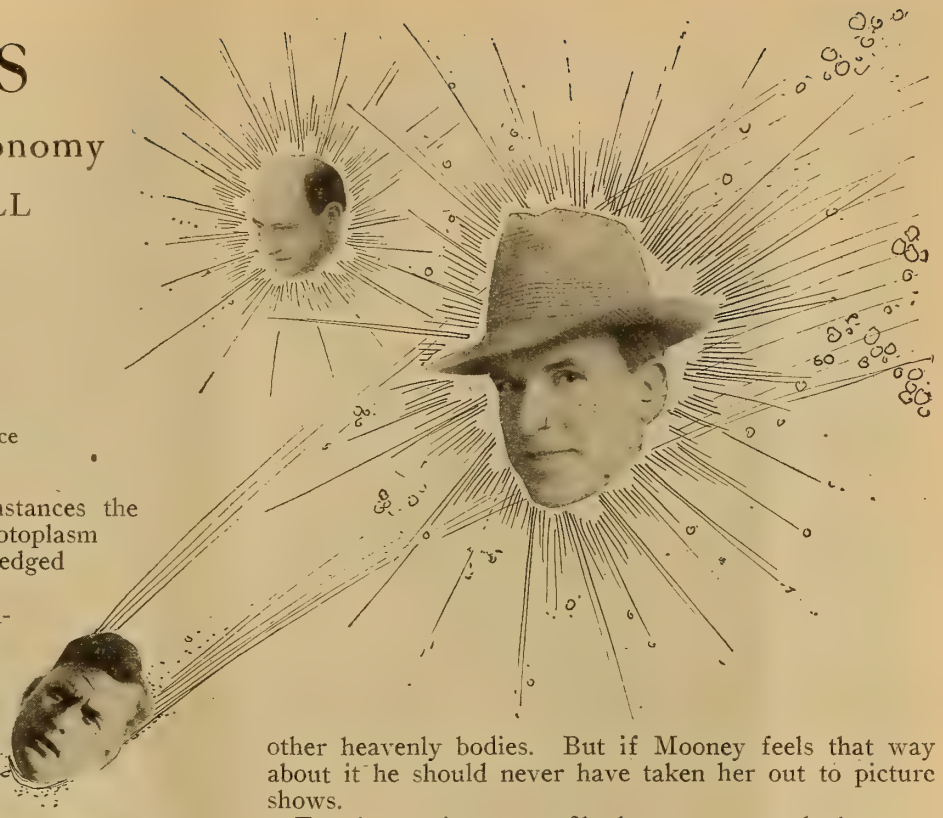
By HARRY J. SMALLEY

WHEN I first met charming Lizzie, sure, she had me going dizzy;
Soon the marriage bug was busy in my head!
But when I said: "Miss Dooley, I'm a-loving you so truly,"
She just gazed upon me coolly, as she said:
"You are wasting time a-sueing for my hand; your style of wooing
Makes me say there's nothing doing when you plead!
For your method's out of fashion; register a lotta passion
Like that movie actor, dashin' Bushman Reid!
Tho I kinda like you, Harry, you're not brave and strong and darey;
I insist the man I marry show some pep!
Could you choke the villains, still 'em, and, if necessary, kill 'em,
Like the hero in the fillum—are you hep?"
"Nay!" said I. "Sweet Lizzie Dooley, sure, my constitution, truly
Is a peaceful one, unruly fights I hate!"
"Then you'd never do, I fear-o!" said sweet Liz; "you'd better clear-o,
For I'll only have a Hero for a mate!"
So I left her and I haunted picture-plays where he was vaunted,
That heroic and undaunted Bushman Reid.
Sure, I never saw such fighting, and my hopes have gone a-kiting;
So to Liz these words I'm writing, yes, indeed:
"Tho I love you, Lizzie, dearly, sure, I wish to state most clearly
I'd not stand for being nearly killed for you!
Over cliffs I'll not be spillin' into water that is chillin'
Just to catch a measly villain, it is true!
Sure, myself I cant be seeing from a scoundrel to be fleeing
While he perforates my being with a gun!
And I'll not be locked in freezers; chased by Chinamen and greasers,
And beat up by other geezers ten to one!
Sure, I might be killed, for instance; so I think I'll keep my distance,
For I've only one existence—I'm no cat!
So I guess we'll have to sever; dearest Liz, good-by forever;
I could never, NEVER, NEVER love like that!"

Satellites

A Study in Movie Astronomy

By MARIE WARDALL



Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
On Broadway you shine afar;
As an Extra you began,
But now you are a Leading Man!

Twinkle, twinkle, movie star,
Oh, how shining bright you are;
Did you climb the heights of space
On your merit or your face?

IN twenty-nine out of thirty instances the unknown speck of cosmic protoplasm yearning to grow into a full-fledged star is a girl.

One never realizes what a preponderance of the *belle femme* the universe holds until one steps into an agency that supplies extra girls for movie productions. There are fish in the sea, and there are girls in that vast interstellar realm, moviedom. It would almost seem that the Almighty, when He created the heavens and the earth, had in mind the movies. How otherwise can one account for this annual oversupply of girls?

While we are on the subject of girls, what a saving for the girls as well as for the agency if each agency waiting-room contained a few hit-you-in-the-eye suggestions for movie applicants? The kind of placards that would let the movie larvæ know just what is and what is not wanted in the movies? For instance, such posters as this:

WANTED: BETWEEN THE AGES OF SIXTEEN AND SIXTY

Girls to work as Extras in the Movies. Each girl must be the prize-winner of a Beauty Contest. No soubrettes over seventy need apply. Each girl must possess at least five beautiful evening gowns, seven dinner gowns, ten riding habits, twenty-five hats, thirty sport costumes, fifty bathing-suits, ninety changes of lingerie, 620 pairs of shoes, an automobile, a hydroplane, a prize racing boat and a millionaire press-agent.

Owing to the war we have been obliged to cut all salaries in half. The high cost of living and the low cost of dying have forced us to reduce the usual $2.50 per day to $1.50. The agency finds it necessary to collect the dollar for its services.

A few helpful suggestions of this kind, and quality, not quantity, would be the result in the matter of girls. As it is, many a girl whom nature designed for the beautiful and fascinating heroine is lost in the mob scene, while some misfit rolls into rôles that do not fit her. To elucidate, let us presume that a bit of feminine nebulæ even in her remote corner of space feels the pulsations of that central sun, the big producer.

Since she is a heavenly body, let us call our speck of star-dust Celeste. And let us try to imagine what emotions of yearning and burning are set up in this bit of nebulous matter as she gazes into the empyrean at the fixed stars.

The satellite, Jim Mooney, who hangs around Celeste winter evenings, is already jealous of her attention to other heavenly bodies. But if Mooney feels that way about it he should never have taken her out to picture shows.

For the magic gate to filmdom once passed, the sense of illimitableness experienced, the flitting thru space at a speed that would put a comet to shame—and, naturally, Celeste wants to make the most of life! She has climbed the Alps in ten minutes, shot across the Atlantic in an under-sea boat, been around the world and back again without leaving her seat. In the course of one evening she has hunted tigers in Africa, gone on a Polar expedition, seen the defeat of Germany, learnt the signal code intended for Mars, and so——

When she finds herself back at the counter of a ten-cent store, she suddenly realizes that she was created for more than the hourly, daily and yearly measuring off of crash dish-toweling to irritable lady customers.

On her way home that night Celeste buys a copy of MOTION PICTURE MAGAZINE—and her decision is made forever and ever. She, too, will shine as the stars in their splendor!

The worst thing about a decision is that it doesn't even speed up the hands on a wrist-watch. Celeste is as far from her meteoric course as ever. But one noteworthy event has transpired. Celeste's heart-beat has increased. Her pulse jumps up several pulsations whenever anybody mentions movies.

The power that upholds the spheres is gravity. But the power that upholds the would-be star is humor and —temperament. Temperament she must possess, and she can scarcely have too much of it. Beauty, without this divine fire, never carried any one very far, but temperament without beauty has sent thousands spinning up to the zenith of human greatness. Fire is at the center of the earth and at the heart of all achievement —and success is forever written in letters of flame.

So the fervor that has ignited the soul of our inconsequential little nebulæ is a sort of unwritten guarantee that she will one day flood the ether with her actinic rays. Besides this, she has a fine young crop

of hope — the only thing this season that has escaped taxation.

But ambition, temperament and hope are in themselves nought without that alpha and omega of the movie heavens, the big producer. He and he alone may say to ambition, "Be thou!" and it is.

Like Jove, the big producer's eyes breed lightning and his right hand moves the stars. And, like Jove, too, he has a way of skirmishing about the cosmos in a manner disheartening to the hosts waiting for a glimpse at his august person. Seek him at one end of the earth and he is at its antipodes. He is everywhere in general and nowhere in particular.

He is always busy. He never has time for anything or anybody—not even his own wife. If the few kings left in Europe were to call upon him, he would keep them waiting at his back door while he went up in an aeroplane to direct a picture from the sky.

The big producer has many marks of genius which distinguish him from all other creatures, yet nothing so thoroly establishes that rigid line that separates him from mere mortals as the prodigious fact that he is the big producer. He creates the movies, which is equivalent to Deity creating the worlds—and more lucrative.

He employs more men than ten railroad magnates, and his everyday business interests cover a broader field than those of the president of a South American republic. He is monarch absolute in his own realm—a distinction soon to become obsolete outside of the movies. From any point of space that he may happen to occupy, the big producer's influence reaches to the poles and twice around the world.

Can you imagine then a girl from a ten-cent store, a girl versed chiefly in the art of changing nickels into pennies, daring to call upon this mighty being? It is as if a tadpole decided to ride in a golden car on the back of a royal elephant. Yet she who dares nothing achieves the same.

Celeste has stared all night into the dark, seeing several hundred versions of herself as the super-woman. As "a-little-angel-in-this-mundane-world" she has in her own imagination sprouted whiter wings than those of Mae Murray. Those same wings have been badly singed striving to outdo Geraldine Farrar's Carmen.

Daylight finds Celeste exhausted from her night of mental dissipation. But she hurries into her best togs and, swallowing a bite of breakfast, seeks the luminous presence of the big producer. Her terminal happens to be His Majesty William H. Fox.

Like the kings of old, foxy William has built unto himself a city. If he objects to the way that things are managed in Manhattan, all he has to do is to cross the river. He can set up any kind of a government he desires in his incorporated *ville* on the Jersey Heights.

The directions given Celeste to this magic realm had been exact and simple, yet she finds herself standing at the gate to Foxdom as a planet astray.

"Cross the ferry—walk up the hill—and Mr. Fox will be around somewhere!" she repeats her Baedecker. But she had not expected to find a whole township.

There are buildings near and far, and so many people about that it seems as if half of New York must have come over for a day's outing. Either that or else the remaining population of the earth has decided to go in the movies.

Here comes a Western vaquero kicking up a dense dust-cloud as he rides straight into a group of acrobats in their fleshlings, who are waiting the word to jump into an open comedy setting. German and French soldiers are walking arm-in-arm, and a couple of Quaker girls are entertaining a group of fat Turks. But most of the actors are engrossed in some specific duty. Camera-men are scurrying in and out of buildings. Directors and sub-directors, with the talismanic black cigar protruding from the right corner of their mouths, are shouting orders more emphatic than exact. Actors in all stages of make-up and the lack of it are thicker than the smoke rising from yonder hillside, where a reel battle rages between the Bulgarians and Chinese.

Celeste is in despair, but musters sufficient courage to ask a cowboy if he can direct her to Mr. Fox. The young man smiles wisely thru purplish-red lips, eyes blue-blackened and a liverish-colored face.

"You aint a friend of his, are you?" he ventures, but in mercy adds more kindly, "Mr. Fox aint been around today—least I aint seen him. Anything special?"

"Yes. I want to go into the movies."

"Oh, that's all!" and, taking a close-up of her demerits, "had any experience?"

"No."

"They aint taking people without experience—there's so many good actors and actresses out of jobs."

"But I'm willing to begin at the beginning and work up."

"You'd have to start lower than that. I started as the hind legs of a zebra — and now, after seven years, I'm ridin' a buckin' broncho in a Western picture. Some scenery in that picture —all taken out in the

(*Continued on page* 106)

Our Animated Movie News Monthly of and Views

By SALLY ROBERTS

Gladys Leslie and Arthur Guy Empey stimulating patriotism in the Vitagraph yard

THE most interesting news of the past month is how the Fourth Liberty Loan was launched in the motion picture colony in Los Angeles. The big tank at Central Park was christened "Victory" by Mary Pickford as she smashed a bottle of California wine over its nose. Mary said, "Do we owe the boys over there anything?" Before anybody answered she replied thru a megaphone, "You bet we do!" Then Frank Keenan offered the $3,000 autographed souvenir, lately exhibited in the jewelers' windows, and which contains the photographs of the greatest stars and players, together with autographs. The highest bidder, over $50,000, got this prize. Miss Pickford autographed receipts and made additional speeches at the night drive. Baby Marie Osborne pleaded for sales, and Bob Leonard and Ray Hanford presented a vivid tableau, "The Soldier and the Kaiser," in which the soldier is shown choking the wind out of Blustering Bill

Mr. and Mrs. Francis Ford and their son showed a tableau called "18 to 45," in which father and mother offer their boy on the altar of his country. Fritzi Brunette recited a poem bearing the same title, and Eddie Lyons and Lee Moran did an old-style knockabout skit which made even the staid old palms in Central Park shake with suppressed laughter.

Lois Weber has recovered from her recent arm fracture and subscribed $25,000 to the loan the first day. W. S. Hart subscribed a similar amount.

Last week Olive Thomas donned the little frock she wears in "Blood Will Tell" and entertained in her dressing-room and at the studios three distinguished aces of the French air service, namely, Capt. M. Benoit, Lieut. E. Lemaitre and Lieut. C. Soulier, the latter being the youngest ace in this world war, being just past his majority. He enlisted at the age of 17 years and has brought down 19 Hun planes. Miss Thomas gave the officers

Director Francis Ford protects his leading woman, Mae Gaston, from some danger unknown to you or me. One guesses it to be the goat which is supposed to be the mascot of the Francis Ford Company. The Ford Company, by the way, is in the midst of producing the Ford serial, "The Silent Mystery," for the independent market

"Bill" Hart owned Wall Street and every one of the 25,000 people who stood within range of his voice, when he spoke from the steps of the Sub-Treasury in behalf of Uncle Sam's Fourth Liberty Loan

tea in her new dressing-room.

Bert Lytell is leaving in about six weeks, having entered the officers' training camp. He has been with the training school of Hollywood right along and is hoping for a good commission. We said we were awfully sorry to see him leave pictures, and he returned, "Sorry? You ought to be *glad*. It's the greatest thing that ever happened to me." Mr. Lytell is known as the best extemporaneous speaker of the picture colony and is always in demand for speeches on the tank or in public gatherings at which war funds may be raised. He's witty and has no lingual limitations whatever, so, when the "gabby stuff" is wanted, everybody suggests Bert and tries to sneak out of doing anything in that line—even the girls.

Eugene Palette was in town for a few days and stopped at the Metro to say by-by to the bunch. Mr. Palette has received his commission and will be on his way to France by the time this reaches print. He just happened in right, for Metro needed a few scenes played in Mr. Lytell's picture, so Eugene was engaged for three days' work. He had two young cadets of the Flying Corps with him, who fairly lived at the studio and hugely enjoyed seeing pictures made.

It's an ill wind that blows *nobody* good, and this time it is blowing mighty good for Gloria Swanson. Alma Rubens having been very ill with appendicitis, her director would have been like the man without a country if he hadn't bethought him of the possibilities of the little Swede, so now Gloria is appearing in a feature all to her lone self. The temporary title of the play is "Those Unborn," and we wonder if that means *unborn* stars—most of 'em, like Topsy, just "growed."

The biggest hit of the month's beginning was made by little Billie Rhodes, who appeared as a star in a five-reeler at

Wallace MacDonald, Bombardier, in the 10th Siege Battery, Halifax, N. S., Canada

Tally's, Los Angeles. She made good—so good that she had oodles of applause, and then flowers enough to fill her machine, when she appeared in person. Of course, the play's good, as every one knows who saw "The Girl of My Dreams" on the stage. She was more than cute, and the best possible predictions are being made for her.

Fatty Arbuckle had a little court-room experience t'other day. He wanted to plunge off the *Cabrillo*, the little ship which plies between Los Angeles and Catalina Island. It seems that nobody wanted to grant him permission to do this, so Fatty had to take his attorney to the Federal Building and explain and re-explain to the officials his perfectly innocent intent. He said it was highly important that he dive off the *Cabrillo* and that a second launch with a second camera follow up to catch the 300 pounds of comedy as it came up from the deeps. Everybody wondered a few days later, when Long Beach had a tidal wave, for be it known that "Fatty" did get that permit, and nobody knows exactly *why* Long Beach should have had a destructive wave that was an innovation on this peaceful Pacific coast. Perhaps Mr. Arbuckle might explain—but wont.

Bert Lytell welcomes Eugene Palette, when he visits the Metro studio on leave

Ethel Lynn says good-by to Harry Edwards, her leading-man in many Christie comedies during the past year. The uniform tells you that Harry is in the Marine Corps and is stationed at San Pedro

May Allison is wearing a wedding gown in pictures for the first time in her young life. This one is a pale blue satin, much lacified, and beautified further by a luscious long veil, long as the fish-tail of her gown. Her leading-man is handsome Robert Ellis, of the Morosco stock company, who appeared not long ago in "Upstairs and Down" with Juliette Day, at the Morosco. Miss Allison had a funny experience with her first wedding frock, for the modiste had made some mistakes in measurements, and when the little blue article arrived it didn't fit May "nohow." It had to be ripped by her maid, and on a hot afternoon the star was pinched and sewed into it while a howling director and camera-man fumed on the lot.

Mary Miles Minter had a few days off between pictures and motored to Los Angeles with Margaret Shelby and Mrs. Miles. They appeared at the Morosco one evening for the performance of "Mary's Ankle"—and Mary of Santa Barbara *has* changed! She's quite grown up, wears her hair in a sort of chignon effect, had a turban whose motif was the aviation bonnet, glorified with a bit of blue velvet.

George Periolat went to 'Frisco during this little vacation-time and then came to Los also. While in 'Frisco he received a

(*Continued on page* 102)

Meet Mr. and Mrs. Niles Welch

Niles Welch drives his own machine an' everything

Dell Boone is Mrs. Niles Welch and she is already a picture player herself

Mr. and Mrs. Niles Welch

"Jean?" she said softly, as she struggled to regain control of herself

The Cross of Shame

By H. H. VAN LOAN

SYNOPSIS OF PREVIOUS CHAPTERS OF "THE CROSS OF SHAME"

(This story has been picturized with Dorothy Dalton in the rôle of Jenevieve and will be released by Paramount under the title of "Vive La France.")

Lieutenant Jean Picard, camera-man, receives and executes valorously, a risky commission. Colonel Bouchier calls him one of "war's unsung heroes." So, when the Big Job comes along, Picard volunteers. It is to carry an order of tremendous importance to Colonel Beschard some distance away, under steady fire, and straight thru the German lines. "No one can help you now but God," says his colonel as he starts out.

In the meanwhile, Jenevieve Bouchette, who is a film star in America, and affianced to Picard, comes to her native village of Deschon to find her parents have been brutally murdered by the Huns, and her only brother dead. She is taken prisoner and threatened with the Cross of Shame unless she comply with the advances of a Boche lieutenant. Upon her refusal she is imprisoned in a ruined chateau, and there, upon his mission comes Jean Picard, wounded and exhausted. He and Jenevieve have a brief, ecstatic reunion. To save himself, Jean dons the uniform of a dead Hun and hides. Jenevieve entertains six or seven of the officers hoping to avert their suspicions. In vain. The commanding officer orders his men to fire thru the doors. Jenevieve, frantic, declares they are too late. "Your prey is already dead!" She trusts to Picard to hear this. The Huns force the doors, find she has spoken the truth, agree to leave to her what is left of her love. They leave and she goes to Jean. The mere remnant of a man is revealed to her. She faints.

When she recovers she remembers the papers Picard was bearing with him. These she finds, dons a German uniform, and prepares to escape. In the meantime the French are victorious, Deschon is again occupied by the French lieutenant who insists upon searching her. He finds the papers she carries to be plans of the French position and accuses her of perfidy. She tells him her story, and, sad confirmation, shows him her Cross of Shame. He salutes her.

In the meantime she hears that Jean Picard, along with several others, is to be awarded the Medaille Militaire, the highest honor France has to bestow. She goes to Colonel Bouchier and begs that she be allowed to receive the honor when Jean Picard's name is called that she may convey it to his family in America. The Colonel, touched, grants her request, after telling her that Jean Picard has been put down as "among the missing." The great day comes, and, in answer to Jean Picard's now valorous name Jenevieve comes slowly down the line, past Joffre, President Poincare and the Colonel.

As she does so, a young officer, who does not understand just why he is there, watches her with interest, and, in his turn, slowly follows her.

THE girl was none other than Jenevieve; and, as she stepped up to Colonel Bouchier he smiled kindly, then threw back his shoulders and stood erect as he saluted.

"Mademoiselle Bouchette," he said by way of salutation.

"M'sieur — Colonel," she returned calmly as her sad eyes looked up into his.

Then he turned to President Poincare, who was looking at her with tender sympathy. "Your Excellency, Mademoiselle Bouchette is the nearest of kin to Jean Picard," he explained.

"It is an honor of which you might well be proud," replied the president with a kindly smile. Then he turned to General Joffre. "What wonderful women our heroes have," he added, after introducing her.

"Wonderful women have made our heroes," replied the field-marshal as he smiled tenderly at Jenevieve.

Then Colonel Bouchier handed the president the Medaille Militaire. The latter was about to pin it on her breast when she raised a protesting hand.

"I am not worthy, Your Excellency," she said as she drew back. "There is but one who is entitled to wear this. It belongs to Jean Picard and shall never be worn by another."

"You are a brave woman, Mademoiselle—I salute you," and with that the president raised his hat, as Gen-

"It's useless," he said; "I cant seem to remember"

eral Joffre and Colonel Bouchier did likewise.

Then he handed her the medal. After accepting it, Jenevieve looked at it a moment and then bowed as she gracefully withdrew and started down the line of heroes towards the other end of the square.

Instantly the great throng broke into thunders of tumultuous applause. With one mighty voice they cheered and shouted in honor of this beautiful creature who so nobly cherished the memory of the man she had loved. The soldiers joined in and, doffing their caps, they stuck them on the end of their bayonets and raised them high above their heads as they joined in the cries: "Vive la France!" "Vive la Jenevieve Bouchette!"

For several seconds they continued as their voices rang thru the place and echoed thruout Deschon. Never in the history of this little town had its inhabitants ever witnessed such a dramatic and inspiring scene. At such moments as these men are near to God.

Flushed with nervousness over this wonderful demonstration, Jenevieve, with hesitating step, made her way slowly down the line of heroes; each one saluting as she passed. Her soul was filled with emotion, and at times it seemed as if she would fall exhausted from the excitement. She was thrilled by these thousands of brave men who had forgotten their own sufferings in their desire to pay her this great tribute. Despite the feeling of appreciation which filled her soul, she had a longing to be alone. She wanted to go back to the little cottage in the Rue Gambon and weep. The sympathy which had been extended to her had come from men who understood what it means to their women when they dont come back.

As she reached the captain of the French Grenadiers — the last man on the line of heroes who had been decorated — a wounded officer broke thru the lines and staggered slowly towards her. At first she did not notice him; her head was bowed and her thoughts confused over the event which had just taken place.

But, he quickened his steps, almost unconscious of the smarting pain from his wounds caused by this exertion. She was not up to him yet. He took his place some distance from the end of the line and, standing erect, with his shoulders thrown back, brought his right hand to the salute as she approached him.

"Mademoiselle," he said calmly as she stepped in front of him.

Jenevieve slowly raised her head and permitted her gaze to rest on the features of the man beside her. Then she slowly turned and with dazed look studied him. She was certain this was a strange apparition caused by the confusion and excitement which had taken full possession of her entire being. Was this the spirit of Jean Picard, come to console and comfort her at this hour? She had heard such things had taken place in the lives of others. No, it could not be. It was some freakish trick Fate was playing on her. These thoughts flashed quickly thru her mind as she stood staring at the handsome man who looked down upon her with dazed expression.

"Jean?" she said softly as she struggled to regain control of herself.

But the man before her gave her no evidence of recognition. His brows knitted as he endeavored to recall the past, then his countenance again assumed that same blankness which had rested there for so many days.

She moved closer to him and laid one hand gently in his as she lifted her head and looked into his eyes. "Thank God, you are safe," she said with all the emphasis her strength could command. Great tears came to her eyes as she looked tenderly up at him and fell unchecked down her soft, white cheeks. "They said you were missing . . . dead! But, I would not believe them, for I had prayed God to keep you safe—for me. And I knew He would answer my prayer. I was the only thing I had ever asked of Him," she sobbed as she brushed the tears away.

The man before her was making every effort to collect his thoughts as he listened to her wonderful words of love and devotion. When she had finished he raised his head and gazed far out over the heads of the spectators who were now moving away, and the troops which had fallen out and were moving aimlessly about the square. Finally, he looked down into her uplifted eyes again as he replied: "It's useless. I cant seem to remem-

ber." And a look of despair came over his face.

A look of misery swept over her countenance as he said this, but she was not willing to give up. She gazed at the scenes about them for a moment, thinking that she might direct his attention to something familiar to him. But even this hope was destroyed, as she recalled that he had never been in Deschon before. Again she would have to rely on her own efforts. "This is Deschon, dear," she began as she looked up into the eyes which met hers. "Dont you remember the name, Deschon?"

"Deschon . . . Deschon," he repeated slowly, as he tried to recollect.

"That's where Jenevieve lives," she added.

"Jenevieve," he added. The name seemed to mean nothing to him at that moment, and yet, he had often told her it meant more than anything else in the world. "Jenevieve, what?" he inquired, with a slight frown.

"Jenevieve Bouchette!" cried the poor creature, her hopes rising.

He was silent a moment, after which he repeated the name several times half aloud. "I — dont — think — I've — ever—heard — the — name—before," he said slowly.

"Oh, what shall I do?" she sobbed as she dropped her head helplessly on her breast, tears coming to her eyes again.

"If you are Jenevieve Bouchette, then who am I?" he finally asked her.

"You are Jean! . . . My Jean! . . . Jean Picard, hero of France . . . You have won the Medaille Militaire!" she cried proudly, love gleaming in her eyes.

Her declaration confused and bewildered him. "Jean Picard, hero of France, winner of the Medaille Militaire?" he said. Then he laughed as he added: "No, no, Mademoiselle; it cannot be. I have been in the hospital at Amiens for weeks."

"I know, I know," she quickly replied. "You were wounded." Again her face lighted up with confidence. "Dont you remember the night at the Chateau de Geantit?"

He shook his head.

"Come, I must take you home," she spoke up as she took hold of his right arm and started to lead him thru the Place de la Loi towards the Rue Gambon.

They were silent all the way. She held him tightly to her as they passed among the little crowds which strolled along the road or stood in small groups against the houses.

Arriving at her cottage she helped him inside and assisted him to an easy chair, which he dropped into with a sigh of relief. While she lighted a fire in the small grate, Jean occupied himself by gazing about the room with the air of one who had been forced to accept the hospitality of a stranger. The small room was humbly, but neatly and comfortably furnished with a few chairs; a lounge, covered with an old-fashioned blanket with French embroidery, a table, which stood in the center, and a little bookcase, placed against the rear wall. Several photographs of Jenevieve, showing her in various rôles she had played, both at the Odeon and in moving pictures, stood on the mantelpiece over the fireplace. A large painting of her, as she appeared in the rôle of Joan, in "La Meuse," hung on the wall opposite, and he studied it with deep admiration. Whoever he had been in the past, he must indeed have been on the most intimate terms with Providence to have had the love of such a noble creature. Even Fate must have been exceedingly generous with him, for he had never seen such beauty, such devotedness, such love and nobleness as were invested in Jenevieve Bouchette.

After lighting the fire on the hearth, Jenevieve had gone to her room. The sorrow which had been hers for days and weeks had already begun to give way to sad, sweet joy—the joy which comes with having recovered what one thought was lost. She had never expected to see Jean Picard again. But, God had been good to her, and henceforth her life would belong to Him. He had answered her prayer and had sent back to her the man who was more to her than anything else in the world. True, he was wounded and his memory had left him, but, she would find real happiness in nursing back both his mind and body. If she could only recall something which held a peculiar fascination for him in the days that had passed; some article of which he had been especially fond; some bit of—— Then she paused; yes, she had it! . . . The little French gray frock, with its neat wide collar of filet lace! Why had she not thought of it before? He had always admired her in this, and she had made it herself, back there in New York. She remembered the night she finished it. He came shortly afterwards and insisted that she put it on that evening. They had gone to Rector's, and frequently, during the dinner, he had paused to admire her and the results of her handiwork.

As she recalled all this she hurried to the big trunk which stood over by the window, in one corner of the room, and opened it. It contained nearly all the clothes she had brought with her; for she had prepared everything for her departure. After a somewhat extended search she found the frock neatly folded near the bottom of the trunk. She lifted it out carefully and

"This is the happiest day in my life. I dont know how much I loved you in the past, but it could not eclipse the love I hold for you now"

clasped it affectionately to her breast for a moment, after which she spread it out on the bed. And there were tears of joy in her eyes.

A few moments later she descended the stairs and quietly slipped over to Jean, who was leaning back in his chair as he puffed on a cigaret.

"Now then, dear; dont you remember this?" she said as she stood before him, with a faint smile spreading over her countenance.

"What a beautiful picture," he remarked as his eyes feasted on her. She looked wonderful to the wounded man as he gazed at her neat, slender figure; her wealth of dark hair; the pretty well-curved shoulders and the big brown eyes. There was a slight touch of pink in her clear cheeks now and she looked as fair as the delicate roses which climbed up the lattice-work just outside the window.

Her eyes saddened as she was unable to discover any signs of recognition in the eyes of the man before her. But she was still persistent. She recalled his fondness for the little garden she had had in America, with its roses, nasturtiums, begonias, blooming bushes of fuchsias and clumps of ginger flowers. It was similar to the one Armand had nursed for years. It was still there. When she arrived in Deschon she found many of the plants and bushes had been crushed by the feet of the Germans, while others had dried up and died for lack of proper care. But she had spent many hours over it, and the soldiers had helped her to remove the weeds and in setting out new bushes and plants, with the result that now it was flourishing grander than ever. And she had warned old Pierre that she would hold him to account if it showed lack of care when she returned again from America.

Struggling hard to fit in the incidents of the present and the beautiful girl beside him with his clouded past, Jean, leaning heavily on the arm of Jenevieve, walked thru the house and out into the garden.

"See, Jean," she said, pointing to a bed of pink and white carnations which skirted the little pathway. "What does this remind you of?"

"It emphasizes your beauty and innocence," he said as his gaze roamed over the beds of flowers and the ivy vines scrambling up the high wall surrounding the place.

"This is the lovely little garden I used to tell you about in America," she explained to him. "In those days you were anxious to see it and we dreamed over the time when we would come here together; and, with hearts filled with happiness, drink in the perfume of these flowers. Now we are here, and how different it all has turned out from the way we planned it," she sighed.

"I would not have it any different," he said thoughtfully as he turned to her. "Despite this peculiar affliction I am satisfied just to be here with you. This is the happiest day in my life. I dont know how much I loved you in the past, but it could not eclipse the love I hold for you now. You are the most wonderful girl in the world, and I shall love you today, tomorrow and all the days of my life."

She had moved away from him and was bending over a bush of ramblers. At that moment she looked more beautiful than ever, as the gentle breeze loosened a lock of hair which fanned her tinted cheeks.

He followed her down the pathway. She stopped here and there as she raised the drooping head of a flower or plucked the dead leaves from a dry stalk. In the rear of the garden stood a young apple tree and she paused underneath its low, bending branches and waited for him.

"I haven't been here in days," she said as Jean approached her.

"I should imagine one could spend many delightful hours in this garden," said Jean as his gaze rested on the beauties of the place.

"It always makes me sad," she mused, "for it recalls the terrible scenes which have been enacted here."

Jean was puzzled over her words. "I dont understand," he remarked, as he saw the pain on her countenance. "Tell me about it."

Then she seated herself on the little rustic bench beneath the tree. He took his place beside her as she told him the story of how the Germans came to Deschon and of the terrible outrages they had committed among the peaceful inhabitants. His face clouded with anger as she described the brutal treatment meted out to the aged men and women; the slaughter of innocent children and the fate of the young girls. Then she told him how her parents, Armand and Jeannette, had been slain.

"They were buried here under this tree," she added. "But, before I came, the good neighbors placed them in the little churchyard of the Church of Mary Magdalene, where they now rest."

Jean had listened to every word and his soul filled with a burning hatred as she spoke of the German atrocities.

"By God, they shall pay for this!"

"God will make them pay," said Jenevieve, thoughtfully.

When she had finished he discovered tears in her eyes.

A strange feeling had come over him. He raised his hand and brushed it across his brow in his effort to collect his thoughts—to erase something from his mind. As Jenevieve watched him she saw a complete change come over his countenance. The light of revelation was slowly spreading over his face and the truth that was dawning was reflected in his eyes and in his every feature. His countenance lighted up with a peculiar glow, which seemed to suddenly change into pain and despair. She was grieved for the moment, for she realized the past was gradually coming back to him with all its misery, its suffering and its horrors . . . And, its love! "He was coming back to her!" she mused. "The pain and sorrows, the joys and happiness; the things he had left unfinished would be taken up where he had

(*Continued on page* 112)

Then he kist her. "Darling!" he whispered

The Answer Man

This department is for information of general interest only. Those who desire answers by mail, or a list of the film manufacturers, with addresses, must enclose a stamped addressed envelope. Address all inquiries to The Answer Man, using separate sheets for matters intended for other departments of this magazine. Each inquiry must contain the correct name and address of the inquirer at the end of the letter, which will not be printed. At the top of the letter write the name you wish to appear. Those desiring immediate replies or information requiring research, should enclose additional stamp or other small fee; otherwise all inquiries must await their turn. Read all answers and file them—this is the only movie encyclopaedia in existence. If the answer is to appear in the Classic, write "Classic" at top of letter.

SANTA has arrived! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all my dear readers, and may we have many more together.

PETROVA ADMIRER.—You are wondering where Tarzan in "Tarzan of the Apes" got his razor from. Probably from the same place that the Indians and other ancients got theirs from. Why not? Send along the cat. Never call a person a skunk. Altho be it said that the skunk is the most generous animal in the world, because it gives every one passing a scent.

PEARL OF PICTURES.—Thanks for the fee. I agree with you that most of the fans only want to hear good things about the players and not about their weaknesses and troubles. Have handed your verses to the editor.

WILLIAM HART FAN.—Sidney Olcott first became famous with Kalem and is now directing for Frank Keeney. Of course I like spaghetti. Having been a close observer of the way they eat it in the Chaplin and Arbuckle comedies, I have learnt how to handle it and never get it tangled in my beard. "Riddle Gawne" was a Hart picture.

LIZZY BLUE EYES.—Make yourself better known? 'Tis to laugh! Why, over half of our readers know me. You want to see more of me? Then I'll have to shave. Oh, the only address you can get of the players is at the studio. Eleanor Woodruff, who has been playing opposite Otis Skinner for the last two years on the stage, expects to return to pictures. She made her screen début with Vitagraph.

LUCILE B.—So you have been reading this department for the last seven years. You pay me a high compliment, whether I deserve it or not, and I thank you. Robert Gordon is playing for the Blackton Productions. The practice of calling the United States Government "Uncle Sam" is believed to have originated in the following manner. During the Revolutionary War a man named Samuel Wilson was a beef inspector at Troy, N. Y., and was very popular with the men in his employ, who always called him Uncle Sam. After the inspection of the beef it was shipped by him to a contractor named Elbert Anderson, and was always marked "E. A. U. S." A joking workman, being asked what those letters were the abbreviations of, replied that he did not know, unless they were for Elbert Anderson and "Uncle Sam." The joke was kept up and spread until it became common to refer to all packages marked "U. S" as belonging to "Uncle Sam."

HALBERT C.—Sorry I mixed you up so. I am a pretty good mixer, you see.

MINERVA.—Florence Vidor was Juliet in "Old Wives for New." By all means, send it along. I must quote your paragraph regarding the soul: "The soul is like the sun, which often disappears from our mortal eye, but which in reality never disappears, but ceaselessly gives light in his progress."

RAJAH KHAN.—I thank you for your praise, but unfriended indeed is he who has no friend good enough to tell him his faults. Grace Cunard expects to have her own company. Mary Miles Minter's next will be a costume play, "Rosemary Climbs the Heights."

LILLIAN D., KY.—Never be without good books. Shakespeare was a great psychologist, and whatever can be known of the heart of man may be found in his plays. Doris Kenyon is playing every day and her pictures are being released as usual. Speak to your theater manager about them. Have no faith in them. Few are reliable.

I'MNOTAHUN.—Provide for the worst, but hope for the best. Thurlow Bergen was Prince in "Prince of India." Of course I want you to come again. You just keep it. Possession is nine points of the law; hence, never let a valuable thing go out of your possession without ample security, provided, of course, that you have a right to retain it.

GLADYS.—Ah, now, dont tell me the kind of money that ladies prefer is matrimony, but they require plenty of the other kind. 'Fess up now. A bride is quite safe to invite all her husband's old girls to dinner, but if she is wise she will refrain from inviting any new ones. Alice Joyce was one of the first of the early picture stars, playing opposite Carlyle Blackwell.

LOUISE D., PORTLAND.—Mahlon Hamilton is playing opposite Kitty Gordon in her "super-pictures." Ruth Stonehouse has quite recovered from her operation for appendicitis, thank you. Why, I guess the average business man dictates about 70 or 75 words a minute. I take all my own dictation and do my own typing. Being unmarried, I have nobody to dictate to nor to be dictated to. Yes, I read of Earle Williams' engagement, but it hasn't been confirmed as yet, so I cant answer you definitely.

BANDANNA.—Experience is the mother of the arts. Get all you can of her. Dorothy Dalton doesn't look much like a Japanese to me. H. B. Warner is on the stage now. Surely I like salted almonds. Who doesn't? You say Lillian Gish as a peasant girl in "Hearts of the World" wore silk stockings. How do you know?

ANGELA MCG.—So you are thinking of getting a seal coat. Remember the wise shape their apparel to the body, the proud shape their body to their apparel. However, send me a picture of the coat and see if I approve. Write often, Angel Face, and many thanks.

SEVENTEEN.—You are starting in right by reading Oliver Goldsmith. He was born at Pallas, Ireland, 1728; educated at Trinity College; studied medicine, and made a tour of Europe; wrote "The Vicar of Wakefield," 1762; "The Traveler," 1764; "The Deserted Village," 1770; "She Stoops to Conquer," 1773; and died 1774. Be sure to read "The Vicar of Wakefield," for it is a masterpiece of style. No, he is not a brother.

FIFI.—Thanks for yours. You will see the famous tank "Britannia" in J. Stuart Blackton's "The Common Cause." Double exposure in "Hidden Fires" with Mae Marsh.

The Answer Man

PUGET SOUND FAN.—Not so, for, as a man advances in life he gets what is better than admiration—judgment, to estimate things at their true value. Watch Sylvia Breamer in "My Lady's Garter." Remember, I said watch her.

MOVIE FAN.—You say that is your destiny. Destiny leads him who follows it, and drags him who resists it. There's a lot before you, even tho it is after you are gone. Nothing should be placed on the American flag, according to the dictum of the flag associations, but the fact seems to be that custom permits flowers to be placed on it.

LORD TOMMIE.—You have been promoted, U-53, since last I saw you. Conway Tearle is with Anita Stewart now. It is for young men like you to gather knowledge and for old men to use it. Hence, write me often and read all I write.

JOVIALIS THE JOVIAL.—Thanks for the pictures. Will put them with my collection. Griffith was the first director to become known to the public, and he was responsible for a lot of stars when with the old Biograph.

BABB.—Thanks for the sheet of music. Composition is very good, and I hope it will be a success.

JOSEPHINE D.—Cant compare them. They are two distinct types of players. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artist. In one we most admire the man, in the other the work, and the same applies to the players that you mention. Conway Tearle in "Stella Maris." Yes, Charles West. Fritz Leiber in "Cleopatra." You must write to me again. Sort of rests me to hear from you.

E. O. B. A.—I shall exercise my judicial power when it comes to that. If all our wishes were gratified, most of our pleasures would be destroyed. See the November issue for a chat with Eugene O'Brien. All those in favor of my shaving off my beard will please signify by raising their right hand. Motion is lost.

VERA D.—Your letter was a gem. Somehow or other, women have the understanding of the heart, which is better than that of the head. Yes, it was reported that Mae Murray was married to Robert Leonard, but I cant keep track of all these marriages and divorces. I shall have to start a card index on them.

MARY L. E.—Oh, that's all talk. Every man must think after his own fashion, for he finds always in his path some truth which helps him on his way. Be yourself. Yes, indeed, I remember you, and well, too.

LORD HELPUS.—It's up to you to decide what you want to be. Dont you call me an octopus. Nothing fishy nor grasping about me. You say if learning can keep a man alive, the Answer Man will never die. If is the biggest little word ever written. I thank you.

CARL E. K.—So you have been quarantined. I'm glad you're out. Bessie Love is with Vitagraph, playing in "The Dawn of Understanding," from Bret Harte's novel, "The Judgment of Bolivas Plain."

BEATRICE Y.—Oh, I like any kind of music, except jazz and similar noises. It's one of the sweetest flowers of the intellectual garden, and, in realization of its power to exhibit the passions, it may be called the universal language of nature. Play on, Beatrice. Eugene O'Brien has signed a four-years' contract with Paramount. Gertrude Robinson isn't playing just now. That's right; economy is the foundation of liberality and the parent of independence. Be sure you save your peach pits.

KENNETH HARLAN FAN.—Pleased to meet you. Doris Kenyon's pictures will all be released thru Sherry Service. U say it's a novelty to write to me. Great are the charms of novelty. Write on!

ETC.—I heard about the studio that Tom Ince is building—costs something like $500,000. Culver City, I believe. Ince may be a discoverer of stars, but Adam was the first discoverer of love, and he never had it copyrighted; therefore any one is entitled to it.

TEXAS BLUE BONNETT.—You are quite forgiven. You refer to Lillian Lorraine. You needn't worry any longer, as Charles Ray is to remain with Thomas Ince two years more. So you are a firefly, but remember that he who controls his passions, subdues his greatest enemy. So be calm.

PEACHES.—Alas! alack! Innocence and Mysteriousness seldom dwell together. Take no chances. You must obey the rules. Xerxes whipped the sea because it would not obey him. Watch out! Wasn't he Eugene Pallette? No, he is no relation to me. I have no poor relations.

FILLUM FAN.—Better study hard now, and better yourself when young, as you will want your rest in your old age. I studied all my life and now I am letting it all ooze out. Dont do as I do—do as I say. Vitagraph produced "Love's Sunset" ages ago and it was a winner. King Baggot is with Metro, playing opposite Emily Stevens in "Kildare of Storm."

KITTY GORDON FAN.—Shake hands, I'm sorry. Catherine Young was the vampire in "Torpedo Pirates." Gladys Brockwell and William Scott in "Her One Mistake." Leslie Austin in "American Buds." Constance did play in "Sauce for the Goose." I dont know who the gander was—unless it was Harrison Ford, who played the part of John.

DODS.—I'm sorry for you, really, because Law is like a country dance; people are led up and down in it, until they are tired. Want to have it settled soon. If you dont, the lawyers will settle you. You say the reason that Charles Ray is loved by all is because he gets right next to you—just like Harry Lauder does. Hurry, and have the spirit move soon.

RUBY B.—You want Francis Bushman to get a new leading lady? Laughable! Beverly Bayne's his leading lady for life now. Modest creature you. Modesty is one of the chief ornaments of youth. Why the grin?

SUN MAID.—You wish the magazine was published each week. Great guns, you dont want to give me any rest. I now work eighteen hours a day. So your sweetheart is a policeman. A policeman always reminds me of a rainbow, because he rarely appears until after the storm is over. Hope he comes around oftener.

HYLANDER.—Oh, sure, we ought all to like movies, because love, health and wealth can be found in the movies and also in the dictionary. You say most of my stuff is witty enough to be written by a woman. Gadzooks! Business of much excitement and display of temper. Thought you were a friend of mine at first. William Hart is his correct name, and he isn't married yet. So there is still hope.

JOE S.—Cant tell you anything about him?

GILBERT D.—I suppose the reason that tall men usually make a hit in love scenes is because the ladies are all partial to hy-men. (A little slow music here professor. Rachael, bring in the orange-blossoms.) I'm only 5 ft. 9 in., hence my single blessedness. Richard Barthelmess is to play opposite Dorothy Gish for Paramount, and Ruby de Remer opposite Harold Lockwood.

N. H., CANADA.—Why, oh why, dont you sign your name? Zounds! Much against the rules. First, Flora Finch was with Pathé last. Second, Lila Lee used to be one of Gus Edwards' school girls. No, I am pretty sure the players find a way to dispose of their discarded old clothes. What do I do with mine? I never have any.

NEVER BEEFOUR.—Well, I'm glad you are now. If you must know, it's a little sighing, a little crying, a little dying and a great deal of lying that constitutes love. George Webb. Mary Martin was Margaret and Wanda Petit (now Wanda Hawley) was Iola in "The Heart of a Lion." I thank you most graciously.

U-53.—You buzzing around here again? You'll get sunk yet. Thanks for the fine Havanas. A name is no despicable matter. Napoleon, for the sake of a great name broke in pieces almost half the world. U dont believe all you hear. Yes indeed, it's fierce. And getting worse too.

BLUEBIRD.—You are always welcome. I dont know much about Kenneth Harlan, except that he was born in New York City in 1895, and has dark hair and black eyes. Naturally black, neither blackened by himself nor by others.

MARY ANN.—Send a stamped, addressed envelope for the information.

(*Continued on page 98*)

A Five-Year-Old Romance

Earle Williams Marries Florine Walz

By HELEN NORTON

AT last it has happened. Earle Williams, the Beau Brummel bachelor of screenland, attached his signature on October 14, 1918, to a bit of pink-and-white parchment, which proves conclusively that the hero who has loved gloriously in hundreds of sunset fade-outs on the silversheet has met and won his fate in real life.

On Monday, the fourteenth of October, 1918, Earle Rafael Williams was married to Florine Walz.

When I reportorially and flippantly asked the pretty lady who just a week before had answered to the name of Miss Walz, if she and Mr. Williams intended to dance thru life together, she declared, seriously:

"I should say not. Mr. Williams hates to dance."

The new Mrs. Williams is tall, slender, brown-eyed and girlish. She was born in South Norwalk, Connecticut, but has spent the greater part of her life in Brooklyn, New York. Her parents were born in Paris, and she possesses that sparkling animation which is so characteristic of the French people.

Young Mrs. Williams confesses naïvely that their romance is one of long, long standing. It all began five and a half years ago, when Miss Walz, then only seventeen, and her mother were living at the St. George Hotel, Brooklyn. Earle Williams

(*Continued on page 102*)

Mr. and Mrs. Earle Rafael Williams

Florine Walz Williams, left, snapped on her way to Coronado; right, as she appeared at the Lasky

Johnny Hines opened his window and influenza. This is the way he nibbled his medicine. A cure he suggested was to get some Spanish music and the germs would just dance themselves to death

Poor Monty Love was just about on his last legs. Lucky thing that his valet was handy with the medicine

The World Had Influenza

Frank Mayo got influenza Madge Evans felt so sorry when she saw he could scarcely work that she volunteered first aid. Madge is giving Frank his hourly dose

When you cut the cuticle you leave unprotected places all around the delicate nail root

Remove surplus cuticle without cutting. See what a firm, smooth, even edge Cutex gives

The wrong and the right way to manicure

"The Cutex way of manicuring is indeed pleasing, especially when your hands must always look freshly manicured"

Bessie Love

CUTTING the cuticle is ruinous! When you cut the cuticle, you leave little unprotected places all around the tender nail root. These become rough, sore and ragged; they grow unevenly and cause hangnails.

Soften and remove surplus cuticle without knife or scissors. Just apply a bit of Cutex, the harmless cuticle remover, to the base of your nails, gently pushing back the cuticle.

Cutex does away with all need for cutting or trimming, and leaves a firm, smooth, even line at the base of your nails.

In five minutes the most delightful manicure you ever had

Wrap a little cotton around the end of an orange stick (these come in the Cutex package), dip it into the Cutex bottle and work around the base of the nail, gently pressing back the cuticle. Rinse the fingers carefully in clear water, pushing the cuticle back when drying the hands.

If you like snowy-white nail tips, apply a little Cutex Nail White underneath the nails. Finish with Cutex Cake Polish.

In cold weather the cuticle often shows a tendency to become dry and rough. When this happens, apply a little Cutex Cuticle Comfort.

Now see how well-groomed your nails look. *Keep* them looking well. Give them a Cutex manicure regularly.

Cutex, the cuticle remover, comes in 35c, 65c and $1.25 bottles. Cutex Nail White is 35c. Cutex Nail Polish in cake, paste, powder, liquid or stick form is 35c, and Cutex Cuticle Comfort is 35c.

A complete manicure set for only 21c

Mail the coupon today with 21c for the complete manicure set shown below. It contains enough of the Cutex preparations for several manicures. Send for it today. Address Northam Warren, Dept. 801, 114 West 17th Street, New York City.

If you live in Canada, send 21c to MacLean, Benn & Nelson, Limited, Dept. 801, 489 St. Paul Street West, Montreal, for your sample set and get Canadian prices.

A complete manicure set for 21c. Send for it today!

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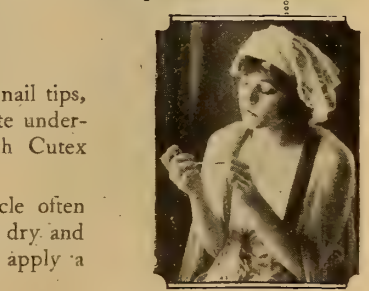


"I have found Cutex the quickest and most effective way of taking care of my nails"

Alice Brady

GREEN ROOM JOTTINGS

June Elvidge recently missed her Hudson seal coat and discovered it on the person of her cook. After interviewing an employment agency she concluded to let her cook keep the coat.

Enrico Caruso has made Dolores Cassinelli the subject of one of his celebrated caricatures. So far, however, she has not permitted the drawing to be reproduced.

Mary MacLaren's latest Universal picture, "The Vanity Pool," is a six-star photoplay including in its cast Franklyn Farnum, Thomas Holding, Marin Sais, Anna Q. Nilsson and Virginia Chester, which, considering the way the price of stars has been soaring, must make this some feature—for Universal's pocketbook.

Metro is producing another patriotic production called "Wilson or the Kaiser?" **Henry Kolker** will be the latest screen star to impersonate the Kaiser. Creighton Hale will also have a prominent part.

Mary Charleson, for several years with the Western Vitagraph Company, and more recently engaged as leading woman with Henry Walthall, is now in New York City resting before resuming work.

Bryant Washburn came East to make some scenes for his new picture, "Venus in the East." Margery Wilson was cast as Venus, truly a sage remark.

Taylor Holmes has taken a house in Hollywood for the winter, which his family, consisting of himself, his wife and three children, consider far superior to a hotel for comfort and freedom.

William Farnum is in New York making one picture under the direction of Frank Lloyd.

Herbert Heyes is playing the leading male rôle in the Helen Keller production, which is being filmed in Hollywood.

Edwin Arden, star of the screen and stage, dropped dead from heart failure the first part of October. His most recent work was in "Ruling Passions."

Since her recent marriage Mrs. H. Palmerson Williams, known to millions as **Marguerite Clark,** has selected a home in Washington at No. 1807 Wyoming Avenue, Northwest, next door to the home of Franklin K. Lane, Secretary of the Interior.

Dorothy Dalton is safely thru "Quicksand," Enid Bennett is done with "Fuss and Feathers," while Charlie Ray has finished "The Dreamy Dub."

Eugene Walter, the author of "Paid in Full," "The Easiest Way" and "Fine Feathers," has contracted to write three original screen stories for **Norma Talmadge.**

Juanita Hansen is learning the hula-hula because she has to do that dance in the Bluebird production, "The Wrong Side of Paradise," and not from choice.

Al Ray, a cousin of the better known Charlie, has been engaged as Ruth Clifford's leading man for her newest Bluebird photoplay "Home, James," being made at the West Coast studios under Elsie Jane Wilson's direction.

Last week **Douglas Fairbanks** received a wire from Jess Willard, champion heavy-weight of the world, inviting the actor to join him in a tour of the world, giving boxing exhibitions. While Mr. Fairbanks was tempted by the invitation, he felt in comparison with the champion he would be lacking in the necessary qualifications, and declined.

CORINNE GRIFFITH

The **Goldwyn Company** has rented the Triangle studio at Culver City and several of their stars are already at work there, the remainder arriving this month.

Another actor has forsaken the screen for the legitimate stage. This time it is **Charles Gunn,** who has been engaged as leading man of the Morosco Stock Company.

Constance Talmadge has purchased a home in Los Angeles. Mrs. Margaret Talmadge, her mother, will occupy it with her, and at present Norma and her husband, Joseph Schenck, are visiting them while making some exteriors for "The Heart of Wetona."

Nellie Bly Baker is the first woman to receive a licence as a motion picture operator in Los Angeles. This is considered a decisive blow at the motion picture operators' union, which has fought against the issuing of licenses to women.

And now **Thurston Hall** has joined the ranks of film deserters. He refused all cinema offers to accept an engagement as leading man of the Alcazar Stock Company, San Francisco.

Wayland Trask calls his wife "dear" because she costs him so much.

Charlie Murray says, the only time he ever gambled was when he got married and that time he won.

The final chapter of "Wolves of Kultur," the Pathé serial starring **Leah Baird,** has been finished, and after a short rest that young lady will start a series of eight special productions.

Ora Carew is comfortably settled in her new dressing-room at the Triangle studios in Culver City, where she is playing the lead opposite Tom Moore in his latest Goldwyn feature. Ora cleaned out her dressing-room at the Lasky studios and had a van move her stuff to her new abode.

May Allison is going to become a war-mechanician, she is determined to know all there is to be known about a gasolene engine, so that the next time her car breaks down she wont have to enlist the service of a mere man.

A notable feature of "Safe for Democracy," the surprise superfeature which Commodore J. Stuart Blackton is now producing, is the appearance of Charles M. Schwab, director-general of the United States shipping board.

For the first time in the history of aviation, it is said, 102 two-seated planes were sent away simultaneously at March Field, Riverside, Cal., for a scene in "Over the Rhine," Fred J. Balshofer's superproduction, featuring **Julian Eltinge** in a double rôle.

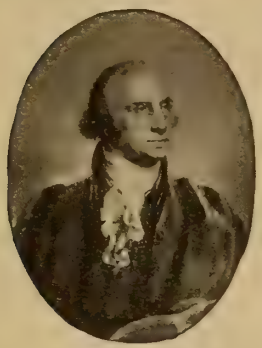
Filmtown's military staff: Marshal Neilan, General Film, Colonel Mary Pickford, Lieutenant Rothapfel and Doughboy "Billy" Parsons.

Mabel Normand brings with her a note of wistfulness to the Goldwyn Studio these days. She has not heard from her brother Claude, who went overseas in June. "Perhaps he has gone to Siberia. Perhaps he'll come back a Cossack and be cruel to me," mourns Mabel.

Evelyn Nesbit was afflicted with "camera eyes" for five days during the screening of "I Want to Forget," and the production was held up a week. This ailment is peculiar to screen players and is caused by the white Klieg lights, which beat upon the players.

"WIN THE WAR"

ART COLLECTION



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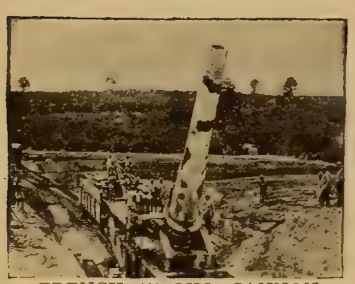

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LITTLE WHISPERINGS FROM EVERYWHERE IN PLAYERDOM

Three peaceful yokels were slowly going to work on a country road down on Long Island. It was just beginning to get light. Suddenly the ghost of George Washington appeared around the corner. They stopped to ask no questions but ran. The ghost was **Edward Earle** on his way to location. According to the script, Eddie was to be shot at sunrise.

"Diana Ardway," which has been chosen as **Viola Dana's** next Metro feature production, will be the last picture made by her before she leaves for the Pacific coast for the winter.

John Gilbert, who has been so busy playing lead for the various stars on the West coast, has been married to Olivia Burwell, of Ebenezer, Miss. The bride lives with her parents on a cotton plantation, and Jack says she will continue to raise guncotton for cartridges while he is chasing the Hun at the front—he expects to enter Uncle Sam's service soon.

During the past year, **Pearl White** has received 7,000 proposals of marriage thru the mail, the ages of the writers varying from 16 to 60. Yet they say there's a scarcity of men.

Eileen Percy, the pretty little Follies girl who came into prominence in movies thru her work in Fairbanks films, has been engaged to play opposite Bert Lytell.

Every screen star seems to be adopting a regiment or a battalion these days. **May Allison** engaged twins to play in her next picture, "The Testing of Mildred Vane," and was so infatuated with their ability and beauty that she decided to adopt them *permanently*. The twins are—pups!

When we read about **Mae Marsh's** trained ladybug, Cecelia, we thought no one could surpass it. Yet here it is. Henry Lehrman has a flirting fly, a boxing fly and an airplane fly.

On only fifteen minutes' notice, little **Lila Lee** gave a Liberty Bond talk in Los Angeles, and sold quite a few of Uncle Sam's prizes to patrons of the theater.

Mary Pickford worked so hard at one of the Bond Tanks that she completely lost her voice and was forced to take a week's rest.

Wanda Hawley proves it is a woman's privilege to change her mind—and her sweethearts. She has led Doug Fairbanks, Bill Hart and Bryant Washburn as she wished, thru five reels of wonder-film, and now she is going to see if Charlie Ray will be like adamant to her charms.

CAROLINA WHITE

Charlie Chaplin is looking for a new leading lady. Edna Purviance has left him for greener fields in the East.

Charles Ray has turned inventor—not only as a character in a photoplay, but as a real "make 'em go" genius. While several workmen were scratching their heads and meditating, Charlie walked up to a funny little home-made racing automobile and put in a speed gear that has been pronounced by several reputable mechanics a wonderful contrivance.

Commodore J. Stuart Blackton's next picture, "Safe for Democracy," is based on the Work or Fight Law. Mitchell Lewis is the star; Ruby de Remer is his leading lady.

On one of the fall gasless Sundays, **Mabel Normand** was obliged to be at the Goldwyn Studio. She couldn't find her way on the street car until somebody told her how to get there without her "tufted limousine." She said she'd had no idea what conveniences trolley cars afford. "Why," she beamed, "they pass the studio door. And rides are only a nickel, too!"

Alice Joyce will soon be seen in "The Lion and the Mouse," the famous play written by the late Charles Klein. Miss Joyce will have a splendid part and it is undoubtedly the best thing selected for her since "Within the Law."

Mary Miles Minter recently received a letter from a soldier in France. He says in part: "Nearly every dugout in our section boasts at least one photograph and letter from Mary Miles Minter. You can surely say that you are doing your bit with the boys in the front line trench."

Life for picture people was just one speech after another during the Fourth Loan Drive. Chester Conklin, Bert Lytell, Jack Mulhall, Niles Welch, Raymond Hatton, Theodore Roberts and Wally Reid all made such fine impromptu speeches that the four-minute men turned green with envy.

Thomas Meighan, Mickey Neilan and Elliott Dexter are inseparable companions. While in the West to do a picture with Norma Talmadge, **Tommy Meighan** contracted Spanish Influenza, and was hustled to a hospital. Promptly Dexter went up to see what was going on. When he saw Meighan's nurse with a mask he yelled: "No gas attacks for me!" and fled. Later he called Meighan on the phone and invited him to come out and do mortal combat, saying that Meighan was a Hun projecting German gas attacks on unsuspecting Americans. Mickey stayed in the background and contented himself by sending dainty little bedside presents to unfortunate Tom; such things as a catcher's mask, roller skates, empty beer bottles and copies of weird magazines.

The official U. S. War Picture, "America's Answer," had a most remarkable exploitation in Detroit when twenty airplanes from Selfridge Field circled over the city, dropping paper bombs advertising the film. This unique method of publicity created a sensation.

Claire Whitney has been chosen as the ideal ingénue in Metro's picturization of "The Man Who Stayed at Home." She will be remembered for her work with William Farnum in "The Nigger."

John Collins, husband of Viola Dana and director of nearly all her Metro pictures, died at the Marie Antoinette, October 23, 1918. Mr. Collins was 28 years old. Influenza caused his untimely death.

Marc MacDermott, formerly of Vitagraph, is the lead with Virginia Pearson in her new picture, "Buchanan's Wife."

Gail Kane has started the third of her series of productions. The title is "The Kaiser's Bride."

William Desmond, for some years a Thos. H. Ince and Triangle star, has signed a contract with Jesse D. Hampton, to make a series of eight feature films to be distributed by Robertson-Cole, a new company to enter the field of distribution.

"The Light" is the name of the picture upon which Theda Bara is working at the Fox Fort Lee studios.

George Walsh has a new director and leading lady. The first is Edward Dillon, the second Dorothy Lee.

Mrs. Vernon Castle has arrived in France, where she will make a picture for the Red Cross.

John Bowers has been engaged by Goldwyn to play opposite their stars. His first part will be with Madge Kennedy in "Primrose."

Priscilla Dean is engaged to marry Eddie Rickenbacker, America's premier ace, who used to be a daredevil racing driver of motor cars before he entered the war.

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The Answer Man

(Continued from page 90)

SUPER-SIX.—From your pen name, I should judge you were a Hudson car. More gas, there. But I got a better one. Aunt Eliza says a fool's mouth is like a tavern door because it is always open. Enter little children. Billy Garwood is playing leads opposite Mary Miles Minter.

INEZ.—That's a wrong idea, people always fancy that we must become old to become wise; but in truth, as years advance, it is hard to keep ourselves as wise as we were. The bartender—yes, he's a friend of mine — William Scott of Amarilly fame. Never knew Pearl White's mother. Dont know Jesse Schley, either. Sorry I cant help you.

DALMENY.—I will listen to any one's convictions; but, pray keep your doubts to yourself. All I know about Jean Paige is that she is with Vitagraph. So you think my department is absolutely topping. Ha, ha, charmed, as it were, dont yah know.

ANTHONY.—Be patient, child, and you will receive a letter. The player you mention I'm sure is a very good musician, because he knows every bar from the Brevoort to Rector's. Director, please play a little slow music, something of Chopin's preferred—say the Funeral March. Anita Stewart has a brother. David Kirkland is a captain in the United States Army.

ELVIRA.—You are right and your friend is wrong. The surface of the ocean rises twice in a lunar day of about twenty-four hours and fifty-two minutes. The tides do not always rise at the same height, but every fortnight, after the new and full moon, they become higher than they were in the alternate weeks.

LETTY B.—No, my whiskers never interfere with my writing. You dont think that I write with my chin, do you? Oh, no, you refer to Thomas Santschi in "The Still Alarm." Harry Edwards of Christy Comedies has joined the Navy.

AYE AYE.—Be not afraid, no one was ever killed from reading my answers. Clara K. Young was born in Benton Harbor, Mich., 1891. You want the Classic Extra Girl to write her up. And you want the editor to revive the Limerick dep't. Jacques Jaccard is a corporal in Camp Kearney now.

IRENE, N. Y.—You say you are bringing with you the cool of the evening, and calling soon, too late. I spent those hot weeks in August in the Catskills. Escaped the cats and the kills and the Spanish Influenza, and my advice to every one is to carry an umbrella and mackintosh to loan to every one who sneezes. Sylvia Breamer has been loaned by J. Stuart Blackton to Tourneur Productions.

JOAN CLIFTON.—Never begin things and leave them unfinished. Haven't the slightest idea why Jack and Lottie changed their name to Pickford. Probably because Mary did. It is not so common as Smith. I have never been to New Zealand, but among the many beauties and wonders, I know, are its geysers, or fountains of steam and boiling water, which I would much like to see.

ANITA.—Yes, some time ago I said that Great Britain rules the waves, but Germany waives the rules. But now we are pulling together to a different tune, the Allies run the Huns. Thanks for the clipping. So the last letter you wrote me was sunk by a submarine off Australia. Cusses not loud but deep. Mae Marsh is about 21 years old. I give up.

M. M. T.—Thanks a heap for your fee. Several companies produced "The Warning"—which do you mean? You want interviews with Gail Kane, Muriel Ostriche, Shirley Mason, and Valeska Suratt. It shall be did.

R. H. A.—*Bon soir.* To a man kisses are always the same. Only the woman changes. See if I'm not right. Automobile? No, son. I'm like a horse; otherwise, I gotta hoof it all my life. Terrible thing, but more particularly for women.

FILMANIAC.—Believe me, I'd rather be the Answer Man these days than President. George Walsh and June Caprice are your favorites, I see. Sure I'm glad to see you; the more the merrier. I like to hear from new readers, because they are quite sure to become permanent friends.

THE KNUT.—I am glad you are pleased with your new hat. How delightful that you can extract pleasure from so prosaic a thing as a hat! But you know pleasure is nothing but the intermission of pain, the enjoying of something we are in great trouble for till we have it. You want Olive Thomas on the cover. Bryant Washburn is with Paramount.

LITTLE MISS AUSTRALIA.—Your letter was mighty interesting and full of charming cross-sea notes.

MYRTLE.—It was Hazel Naylor, in reviewing the farce, "High Life Below Stairs," who said she was tired of seeing low life above stairs. Frank Mayo, World Co., 130 W. 46th St. Mahlon Hamilton is with Kitty Gordon's new company. George Fisher and Robert Walker. Congratulations.

GIRL GRACE.—You have plenty of time yet, Grace. Marriage is a desperate thing. The frogs in Æsop's fables were extremely wise; they wanted some water very much, but would not leap into the well because they could not get out again. Does it really take courage to write to me? You must tell me all about Australia.

MARY K.—Sylvia Breamer is with the Blackton Productions, but has been temporarily loaned.

DIP FOSTER.—Calm yourself, Dip; nothing overcomes passion as soon as silence. So hush and be quiet. Montagu Love and Gertrude McCoy in "To Him That Hath." Corinne Griffith and Marc MacDermott in "The Girl of Today." Why, William Duncan was never interviewed until now.

J. A. H.—Lots of fellows persist in letting on the gas when their foot should be on the brake. Stop in with your machine some day. I'm always here—8.30 to 5—with one hour for diversion in the middle of the day. Kathlyn Williams and Guy Oliver in "Temptation of Adam." Cleo Madison and Charles Gunn in "The Guilty One." Margarita Fisher and Robert Leonard in "Robinson Crusoe."

EVA L.—Lafayette Day was in September. The only persons named in the histories as having accompanied the Marquis de Lafayette were his aide-de-camp, M. de Ginat and Baron de Kalb, and ten others who formed the personal staff. Mary Pickford furnishes her own clothing, and furnishes her own house. I know nothing about her clothes—out of my line—I have no clothes line. Your motto is "He who has money soon finds a wife." Yes, but he who has no money often finds the best sort of wife.

MISS CANUCK.—Oh, I am very fond of crabapple jelly. Yes to your second. Ditto to your third. Out of my line to your fourth, and I thank you. Come again.

BROWNIE.—A picture of Francis Ford in this issue. But apparel oft proclaims the man. No, it was Shakespeare who said, "She's beautiful; and therefore to be wooed. She is a woman; therefore to be won." Old Shake was and is the world's greatest authority on hearts. Yours was a duck of a letter.

H. G. L.—So you think I am a widow. —No I'm not a widow, grass or sod. I must look weird to some of you creatures. Tyrone Power on the stage last.

LILA P. W.—Some such marriages are happy, but when deaf and dumb people marry they may be said to be *unspeakably* happy. Barbara Tennant played in that World. Yes, Howard Estabrook. Maude George was the Queen in "The Pool of Flame." Paul Willis played in "The Trouble Buster" and "The Haunted Pajamas." You say the Dorothy Bernard cover was the best. How about the Nazimova?

BEATRIX, SHANGHAI.—Suppose you get the real chop suey out there. We have a number of restaurants with real Chinamen who sell it in New York. Katherine MacDonald is with the Paramount. If you cant express your feelings, send them by freight.

RITA M. A.—I am very happy this minute, and I appreciate your letter. The value of all pleasures or blessings depends upon the state of our mind when we receive them. Owen Moore was the first and only husband of Mary Pickford. No children. Your letter was mighty interesting and am in hopes of hearing from you again.

F. M. P.—If there were fewer lawyers, possibly we could get along with less law. But I fear that lawyers are a necessary evil. Was it Cicero who copied and imitated everybody? His greatest distinction was eloquence. But set not too high a value on your abilities.

ELSA W.—Robert Ellis of the old Kalem Company is playing opposite May Allison. Frances Ford is directing Rosemary Theby when she isn't playing with Bert Lytell. Lionel Belmore is with World.

D. S., NEW SOUTH WALES.—Goodness gracious—certainly I like pork. Some people dont, tho. It is very popular with our sailor boys, you know. Pork was first introduced into the Navy when Noah brought Ham into the ark. Ha, ha, so you think my answers are nobby. Take a hold of me quick! I thank you. Good manners are always becoming. Join a correspondence club.

ARDENT BUSHMAN-BAYNE FAN.—But the rich man's son usually begins where his father left off—and ends where his father began—penniless. And my father wasn't a rich man either. Cant take on any more personal correspondents.

BROTHER BOB.—He who hesitates gathers no shekels. You say you have read the magazine for three years and this is your first letter. And your first question—Does Wallace Reid wear a wrist watch and corsets? Nobly done! Never danced with him so I cant tell.

EUNICE G.—Such a successful calamity. Thanks for the suggestion.

REJECTED GLOOGOOS.—Hello, young fellow! That was Mae Marsh and Robert Harron in "A Child of Paris Streets." Ella Hall and Walter Belasco in "Jewels in Pawn." Jane Novak and Monroe Salisbury in "Eyes of the World." That will do you for a while.

SPANISH DANCER.—Wellington Cross and Claire Anderson in "The Grey Parasol." Write Francis Bushman, Metro, 3 W. 61st St., N. Y. C. Yes, I'm wild about Spanish dancers—not the rose, of course—that may be wild too.

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EVERYBODY'S FAN.—Yes, indeed. You sure are everybody's fan. Your letter was a real letter.

JUDDY.—Heaven forbid! Do you know that there is a war on? Hooverizing means saving of food. Have you been doing a Rip Van Winkle act?

HERBERT H. D.—George Cooper was Paul and Billie West was Mamie in "Should She Obey?" But, Herbert, when young people are in love they grow; anyway it increases their sighs. No, I dont exactly live in an attic, but the next thing to it, top floor. Never played the part of a Cinderella Man. So you think that broken friendship, unlike old china, is all the stronger in the mending.

FLORENCE R. H.—Yes, think of it, and listen: on January 24, 1865, in Washington, D. C., coal was selling at $16 a ton, while coffee brought 60 cents, sugar 35, butter 70, and meat 30 per pound. Flour was $17 a barrel. A winter coat cost $100 and a pair of boots $16. All I can say is buy Liberty bonds. Most of the players answer personally.

EMILY.—You're away off. Oh, fie, fie!

BERT T.—When you say my answers are incomparable, I get down on bended knee, grovel in the dust and thank you from the bottom of my heart. I suppose you mean that they are so bad you cant compare them. As to who put the short in shortcake—my cake is dough. Bert Lytell in "Boston Blackie's Little Pal."

MABEL W.—Quite true, Washington never told a lie, but it must be remembered that he entered politics when the country was very new. I am much more honest than George was. He couldn't tell a lie. I can, but wont. Of course Bill Hart smiles. No, Marguerite Clark is not 49, neither am I 99. Nine times out of ten you are wrong. Better get an adding machine.

HAN E. S.—So your husband is a Jap and you are English. You ought to get along well together. Your children will be Irish. Sessue Hayakawa can be reached at Haworth Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

SGT. W. B.—Thanks, Sergeant. No soldier's letters will ever bore me, so fire away. You say iguanas are a tropical lizard that the natives eat in Panama. I think I'd prefer a porterhouse steak any day. Frances Capelano was Mischief in "Madam Jealousy."

JOVIALIS THE JOVIAL.—Go ahead; you cant destroy my peace of mind. It may be only a piece at that. Thanks for the pictures. You say nothing fascinates you more than the beauty of a lovely girl. Dream on lad, you are young yet.

E. D. G.—We have a corking fine Scotch collie at the office with a pedigree as long as your arm. I'm very fond of dogs, in fact, I keep a bulldog in my yard so the tramps can get a bite outside of the door without asking for it. Some of our men enlisted before conscription, tho. Montagu Love and Dorothy Green in "The Grouch."

TICKLISH TIP.—Oh, I like all such and none such, but if a man eats dates he is consuming time. I never eat them. The only difference you say between Solomon and me is that he had several wives and I have had none. I was five when I started to school. In 72 years I have learnt it all. Nance O'Neil is no relation to Peggy. Thanks, your intentions were good—but!

FRANK M. D.—If you send letters here addressed to the players we will forward them.

PANTHEA.—The School Club is in full bloom now. Dont call me Platogrates. How do I know but what you are swearing at me in Greek? But I appreciate that implied compliment muchly. Elsie Ferguson and Matt Moore in "Heart of the Wilds." Elaine Hammerstein was Juanita in "Her Man."

R. G. Y.—Thanks, come again.

EVA L.—Which actress has the longest name? Let me see, I never figured it out. You say Mary Miles Minter because she has miles between her first and last name. Eva, step to the head of the class.

X. Y. Z.—Marguerite Snow and Mabel Scott. You're right about the dogs and their barks.

MARGARET C.—So it was love *a prima vista*. Ah, you flatter me. Frankie Mann and Edgar Jones in "The Winthrop Divorce." Louise Huff and Edgar Jones in "The Little Detective." Yes, they are married.

PATTY G.—The largest camp in France is the Aviation Camp and it is said to be greater than any other in the world. The flying field is 36 square miles. The foreground presents a city of pine barracks. Elliott Dexter might write to you. Try him. I agree. Cheer up.

D. W. LE.—Sorry you were not answered before. All things come to him who waits—except the family who waits for a ton of coal—they may freeze before they get it. Pauline Frederick's own story in this issue, as you no doubt have already observed.

M. M. A.—No, dont send me any oysters. He was a bold brave man who first swallowed an oyster. Fannie Midgely has popped up again in "The Goat." Never can tell where or when you are going to see her. She was one of the first in the business.

DESSIE N.—Them's the first kind words I've heard today. You think an able-bodied man ought to get more than $9.00 a week, and that your gardener gets more than that. Yes, but he has to work—this sort of stuff is only play. I wont throw up the sponge yet.

IONA HART.—I'm glad you have one. Lots of my readers have wit. A man must be a fool who does not succeed in making a woman believe that which flatters her. Grace Cunard has her own company. Richard Barthelmess in "Sunshine Nan."

MARGARET B. O.—No, I am not Santa Claus' brother nor even his grandfather. We're great pals tho. William Russell is is being released thru Mutual. Mary Pickford doesn't use kid curlers. She teases her hair. Surely I bought bonds. Who didn't? Some people think me very rich. Well, I've got a hundred thousand dollars back of me—I dont know how far back it is, but if it ever catches up to me I'll show you all great excitement in this town.

LARKIN FAN.—That's a tricky photo you sent me. You want pictures of Thomas Meighan, Tom Moore and George Larkin in the gallery. Yes, Lois Wilson. I accept your kind wishes with thanks.

OMAR, CHILI.—Is it cold down your way? Little chilly up here now, too. Marie Walcamp seems to be the favorite with you now. Why is this thus? But she's a great girl, says I.

LAYOLA.—Beautiful sentiment in your letter. Almost made me weep. According to the records, Sergeant Alex Arch of South Bend, Ind., is the man who sent the first shot from the American Expeditionary Force, into the hostile lines of Germany on Oct. 23rd, at dawn, 1917. God bless him!

MERCEDES, E. T. POUNCE, P. R.—Betty Blythe is about 25, Ethel Clayton 28, Marie Doro 33 and Virginia Pearson 33. Gail Kane's next picture is "The Kaiser's Wife." Gail, Gail,—!

A BELGIAN MAID.—Yours was more of a letter to the editor, but it was good. Thanks.

LAURA W.—Marion Sunshine, of course.

C. L. E., ST. CATHERINE.—Your letter was written when you apparently were very happy. That's fine. Half the time a woman is unhappy because she is not sure she will be happy the other half. Enter Bluebird. Montagu Love, Josephine Drake and Frank Conlon in "Bought and Paid For." Naomi Childers was Jane in "Womanhood." Yes, she has that spiritual face.

G. R.—It took the Kaiser quite a while to become acquainted with America, so of course he will not forget us soon. I had to pay 8 cents due on your letter because you only put 3 penny stamps on it. Says the Answer Man, looking over the top of his glasses, remember the enormous salary I receive. But your letter was so interesting it made up for it—well worth the 8 cents.

CALIFORNIA FILM FAN.—Yes, I have heard that there is land in Nebraska that is so poor you cant even raise a disturbance on it. Yes, but see here—didn't Bryan come from Nebraska? Myrtle Stedman was in musical-comedy last. You guessed it right that time.

R. DE C., SINGAPORE.—Glad to hear from you of the Far Eastern lands. You say when I was born an Answer Man, I was trained to it. But I didn't work at it that young. Send them along. You're all right. A widower is a survival; a widow a revival.

AMO, WINNIPEG.—Sorry I am not allowed a secretary. But what I need most is a wife, and I am so glad I haven't any. You say how happy are the pigeons playing about your house when you have so many debts to pay. Haven't they bills to provide for as well as we? (That ought to fill the bill.) Why not go to work instead of watching pigeons?

RAIN DROPS.—How they pitter patter! You are admitted. No, I dont know why some girls want to be an old man's darling. Nobody ever wanted to be mine. Certainly there must be a woman in the moon or there wouldn't be a man there. Your letter was a gem.

E. S.—Wow! Zounds! You remark, said he, that you can generally tell from the size of a man's head what salary he is drawing. What sweet music to hand me! Jazz! You write a clever letter, however. As for bidding me not to work, Molly might as well put the kettle on the fire, and say, "Now, dont boil!"

SYZYGY.—You cant make me blush when you speak of an *affaire d'amour*. I never had one, nor an *affaire honorable*—the two usually go together. Yes, an Italian company. Eileen Percy opposite William Russell in "Where the West Begins."

ROSALIND.—I no doubt received your letter, but how am I going to give you the height of thirty players? Jules Raucourt in "Prunella." Norma Talmadge always studies her parts thoroly. One hour of concentrated study of a rôle, with the mind fresh and the body rested, is better than four hours of dissipated work with the mind stale and the body tired.

SAMUEL B.—Hello, Sam. That will be about all.

M. L.—Dont we tire of those pleasures that we take, and never of those we give? The two little stars in red on the cover are not for decoration. They are on all magazines sold on newsstands. Alla Nazimova. Same Robert Gordon.

FARMERETTE; MANILA B.; FRANCELIA F.; ESTHER B.—Let me hear from you next month. Your questions are all answered somewhere.

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page* 68)

of Miss Talmadge. However, even when she is obviously acting and not living her part, as she usually does, this little actress is more interesting than nine-tenths of the picture stars. *The* Talmadge seems to be trying to imitate Nazimova, for which there is no need; Norma herself is all that is necessary. The story of "The Forbidden City" is unusual. It is the double history of a Chinese maiden who sins against her religion because she marries an American, and that of the daughter who escapes from the tragic fate of her mother and finally marries the young American she loves. Thomas Meighan appears opposite Miss Talmadge.

"THE KINGDOM OF YOUTH" (GOLDWYN)

This little romantic comedy-drama is as charming as its title. It has youth in the person of Tom Moore and Madge Kennedy; it is wholesome, logical and human; what more could one ask? Just one thing—that its action take place in settings that are homelike. Goldwyn has a peculiar habit of using a living-room stage setting that is more like a stone vault or tomb than anything in our memory, and the saddest part is they always seem to wish it on demure little Miss Kennedy.

"THE GOAT" (PARAMOUNT)

This is a Fred Stone picture, and while the stage comedian registers very well in the movies, it is unfortunate to saddle him with a story so absolutely ludicrous. He takes the part of an ironworker who is bit by the movie bug. Thru a series of accidents, when he is employed near a picture studio, he breaks into the movies, while thru another series he is made the goat of the matinée hero and breaks *out* of the movies. I think that this exposure of the inside workings of a movie studio, even for farcical purposes, is bad judgment on the part of the Lasky officials. Why take away the glamour even momentarily?

"PRIVATE PEAT" (PARAMOUNT-ARTCRAFT)

This is the picturization of the story of Private Peat, a Canadian soldier, who enlisted in his own country at the outbreak of the war and wrote a book about his thrilling adventures after two years "Over There." The action has been transferred to America and American people, which increases its interest for us. Little Private Peat's performance is unusually effective, while Director Jose has made a spectacular feature which is genuine propaganda.

"THE ROMANCE OF TARZAN" (FIRST NATIONAL EXHIBITORS' CIRCUIT)

The sequel to "Tarzan of the Apes" has also Elmo Lincoln as Tarzan and Enid Markey as the girl. Lincoln's chief action, when he reaches civilization from the jungle, seems to be to tear off first one coat and then another. As a matter of fact, he looks so uncomfortable in them we are glad when he goes back to the jungle and can remain coatless. This is not especially well done, but there is an adventurous spirit about it which is at least entertaining.

"LAFAYETTE—WE COME" (PERRET-AFFILIATED)

We are thankful for one thing in this, the newest of patriotic features; it does

(*Continued on page* 110)

"The Moving Sands"

The glass of time, that you invert today, watching its sands so relentlessly sifting without pause or hesitation, marks merely another year that has gone on its way and taken its troubles and vexations along with it. Do not waste a single sigh of regret upon time that has passed.

Old age is not made up of passing years nor sifting grains of sand. It is made up of worry and neglect and the finger of time that writes wrinkles upon the face of beauty may be robbed of its sharpness by just a little carefulness and the love of keeping your natural charms dainty and delightful.

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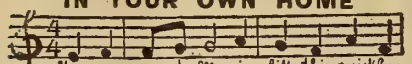

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Invading the Noisy Drama

(*Continued from page 52*)

Jennie eats her heart out for Ted, but his pride prevents him accepting her invitations to call. Finally he comes, but it is to say good-by; thinking that Jennie will never be happy unless she marries some one with money, he tells her he no longer cares. Alice Brady's playing of this situation is remarkable.

In the last act Ted, wounded, is brought into a Red Cross hospital where Jennie is a nurse. In the close presence of death they both realize that neither pride nor money counts in comparison with their love. The curtain falls with the assurance that Ted will recover.

In spite of tear-rimmed eyes, and an already damp handkerchief, I hurried behind the scenes to see Miss Brady. I found her as human as her play. She was still somewhat breathless from the tense emotional work she had gone thru, but in her abrupt little way bade me be seated.

Alice Brady is a very tense person. Her eyes, perhaps her best feature, are dark and filled with life, determination and a something of defiance. She is capable of feeling greatly and is as responsive to the audience's sympathy as a Stradivarius to the touch of a master player. She says there is a great deal more satisfaction in playing on the stage than the screen. According to the degree of her audience's warmth or coldness is Alice Brady happy. She thinks comedy more difficult to get over than emotional work and credits the movies with having improved her acting. Alice Brady deserves her success on the stage and screen, for she has that quality of enthusiasm which has made our American girl the wonder of the world.

Of course, you know Polly and Henry. Oh, yes, you do; you meet them every day in real life, but on Broadway they have been presented by our inimitable Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew, in "Keep Her Smiling." Mr. Drew is even more humorous when he is speaking lines than when he depends upon sub-titles, while Mrs. Drew is pleasing to the ear as well as the eye.

"Keep Her Smiling" is, in brief, the story of an underpaid clerk and his irrepressible young wife. In order to give Polly everything she wishes, Henry plunges into all kinds of debts. Complications follow; but, with the superb luck of a blunderbuss, Henry stumbles into a successful business deal, becomes partner of the firm and "Keeps Her Smiling." An excellent play because of its humanness, and in it Mr. and Mrs. Drew are having the time of their lives.

In "The Awakening" Henry B. Walthall returns from shadowland to the histrionic boards. "The Awakening" is too poorly a written melodrama to be convincing, but Walthall scores a personal success. His voice is deep, rich and capable of expressing every shade of emotion. His performance is subtle and masterfully done. I should like to see him in a drama that is not theatrical clap-trap.

The three acts of "Where Poppies Bloom" are enhanced by the talents of Marjorie Rambeau, Pedro De Cordoba and Lewis S. Stone; all well-known also in pictures. Cordoba has a splendid stage presence and a rich-speaking voice which makes him an excellent hero for this war drama, while Lewis Stone is as effectively villainous in the talkies as he is in the canned drama.

Truly are the movies progressing. Otherwise this wholesale invasion of the noisy drama would not be possible.

Our Animated Monthly of Movie News and Views

(*Continued from page 83*)

beautiful memento from Mary Minter and her mother, in recognition of his good work for the little star and his many kindnesses. This gift consists of an eighteen-karat uncut emerald, set in a massive silver setting, a handsome ring of beautiful design. The stone is beautiful and the hand-hammered silver lends itself admirably to the peculiar half-dull green, which almost resembles jade.

At the masquerade ball given lately, Jeanie Macpherson had the handsomest costume worn by a woman. She wore the famous headdress of white aigrettes and the wonderful gown that distinguished Gerry Farrar in "The Devil Stone." People all kept wondering who she was, for they recalled the dress and head-gear vaguely and couldn't seem to place the wearer.

Out at Metro, Mons. de Conde, the Apache of "Revelation," is doing a bit. He looks typically French, has a tiny, black mustache and is very soulful. His English is quite entrancing. The other day he attended the Kinema Tea-room with May Allison, where the latter gave away a doll dressed in a replica of a frock May wore in "A Successful Adventure." Asked to take a bid on the doll, de Conde said: "After ze many monts in ze trenches in France, I care not for ze dead doll, me, I love ze live doll. Eef Mademoiselle permit, I give ze money so —but ze doll? Non, non!" Mons. de Conde is a stunt performer and a wonderful athlete. It's funny to see him get across the stages and lot, he never stops for steps or obstacles, but vaults along like an antelope.

A beautiful song, written by Olga Petrova, has just come out, entitled "In the Dawn of an Indian Sky," the music by Ward Stephens, and is copyrighted here and in Great Britain. Madame Petrova can do 'most anything, from lyrics up, but a little bird has whispered that recently she sat up two nights with a sick Berkshire piggy and they say her careful nursing saved the porker.

A Five-Year-Old Romance

(*Continued from page 91*)

was living at the same hotel. They met and from the first were mutually attracted to one another. However, Mrs. Walz thought seventeen entirely too young for the thirty-four-year-old Mr. Williams, and so she attempted to clog the romance, but it rolled serenely on.

When Mrs. Walz discovered that at twenty-three, Florine was still in love with Earle at thirty-nine, she at length capitulated and agreed to an engagement which culminated in the aforementioned marriage.

Mr. and Mrs. Williams expect to live in California.

"I have always wanted a white house with green shutters and roses and all that sort of thing, and *now* we are going to have it," said the young bride, enthusiastically.

"How does it feel to be married to a celebrity?" I queried.

"Just the same as to be married to any one else you love, I guess," said Mrs. Williams.

We would have liked to have asked Mr. Williams his side of the question, but he was being shot—by a camera—on location.

Frank Mayo and How He Grew

(*Continued from page 65*)

much for me, and I became identified with the London Film Company and did several pictures with Harda Shaw and George M. Tucker.

"Then, I tired of England. I wanted my own United States. So I left mother there and came back, going at once to the coast. I worked under my uncle, Mr. Johnson, in Santa Barbara for a time, then went with Selig where I supported Kathlyn Williams, Bessie Eyton and Fritzi Brunette. Later, I did two serials with Pathé, 'The Red Circle' and 'The Price of Folly'—then I came East and have been with World Film about a year."

Mr. Mayo's work in "The Witch Woman" and "A Soul Without Windows" with Ethel Clayton and with June Elvidge in "The Love Wraith" was exceptional.

"What about the future?" I wanted to know. "Is the name of Mayo to be known no more in the theatrical world—is the 'lure of the movies' strong enough to hold you for all the time to come?"

"It's strong enough to hold me until I get what I want," he said. "I have had several flattering offers from theatrical managers, but the stage is too uncertain. A contract with a film company means a steady job every day in the year, and that means something—so the chances are that I shall continue in pictures for a time at least. But, of course," he continued, "'the lure of the stage' is in my blood, and probably some day I shall go back.

"Do you want to know my real aim and object in life?" he said.

"Of course," we quickly replied.

"Well," he said, seriously and determinedly, "when I go back to the stage it will be in a play of my own. One of my dreams has been to revive 'Davy Crockett' and play the rôle that my grandfather and father played, and try to be a credit to the memory of those two wonderful artists."

We noted his serious face, and we realized that in the passing of "Lormy" Mayo, Frank Mayo Third had grown up—and may his dream come true.

MY LAD OF THE U. S. A.

By L. M. Thornton

I want to know about "over there,"
That is the cry of my heart today;
The things they do and the clothes they wear,
The tasks they have and the games they play.
I want to watch as they stand in line
For bugle call, and the very way
They march, for one of those boys is mine,
My soldier lad from the U. S. A.

I want to know about "over there,"
That is the need of my soul today,
And that is why, be it foul or fair,
You find me first at the Picture Play.
I want to see how the guns are set
And the way the lads in their place obey;
Each step I watch, for I cant forget
My boy is there with the U. S. A.

I want to know about "over there,"
Film after film, till the last, I stay,
And mine is ever a mother's prayer
As, helped, at the last I turn away.
Thank God, I have seen and now I know
Something of life that he sees today,
And the land where my feet can never go,
Tho it holds my boy from the U. S. A.!

ANTHONY P. KELLY is said to have written his first scenario on a cracker-box by candle light, while bossing a gang of Mexicans on the Southern Pacific Railway. Mr. Kelly later wrote an adaptation from "The Man of the Hour," receiving $750 for two days' work. This man, at last accounts, was writing scenarios on a salary and royalty basis under a reputed guarantee of $30,000 for less than one year's work—more than most people save after a lifetime of labor.

He wrote his first photoplay on a cracker-box by the light of a candle. Today he earns $30,000 a year

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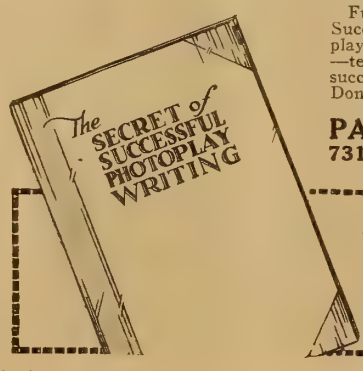

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Have the Movies Fulfilled Their War Obligation?

By Kenneth McGaffey

(*Continued from page* 31)

At the request of the Treasury Department, but at their own expense, hundreds of the stars made propaganda films to be run in connection with the Fourth Loan drive. Some of these films were quite pretentious affairs and cost the stars as high as eight or ten thousand dollars; others were not so expensive, but the spirit was behind them and money in no way interfered with the artists' offering. These films were distributed by the different film distributing organizations without cost to the Government and run by the theaters without charge.

A number of stars have adopted different regiments and aviation sections, relieving other organizations of the burden of providing comforts for these men. Mary Pickford's 143rd Regiment of Field Artillery has everything provided for them even down to shower baths, while other stars keep an organization supplied with cigarets and other comforts.

The Stage Woman's War Relief Motion Picture branch runs a canteen every Sunday afternoon at a local theater, and gives dances and entertainments and food for those soldiers who care to attend.

Personally every one in the film industry has given until it hurt and, in addition to their own contributions, have worked tirelessly to aid in securing contributions from others and by their name and personality or influence have brought thousands of dollars into the coffers of the Government and the great charitable organizations.

And Handsome Howard Still Pursues Her

By Elizabeth Peltret

(*Continued from page* 33)

Her greatest fear in life is that she might some day get fat. Of course, she is in no danger. In "Within the Cup" she was camouflaged as a skeleton, but she goes right ahead and diets and takes electric baths and otherwise tortures herself almost to death "for the cause."

They have a beautiful little home, have the Hickmans. Bess loves it, and besides that, she loves San Francisco and Los Angeles, and Mrs. Hashi Togo (Mrs. Hashi is a rare type of Chinese dog, a tiny brown thing and cuddly), and Maxfield Parrish pictures, and Irish potatoes (which she cant eat), and long automobile rides down smooth roads when a little wind is blowing, and, of course, her director.

"It is the most convenient thing in the world," she said, whimsically, "this having your husband for your director. You can go over your scenes with him by the hour without there being the least gossip. After hours you can go with him to see and study other pictures besides your own—still no gossip. In fact, your set is so shrouded with the atmosphere of perfect respectability that the most untutored of stage-hands would not break thru it with a 'damn.'"

"How about the love-scenes?" I asked. "Dont you find it a little inconvenient, having your husband direct you in your love-scenes?"

"No," she answered. "Sometimes I have an uncomfortable feeling that he is altogether too sure of me. At such times I wish that he would show some signs of jealousy, but he never does."

Shortly after their marriage Bessie Barriscale and Howard Hickman joined the Alcazar Stock Company in San Francisco, a remarkable organization, which saw the start of such players as Marjorie Rambeau, Laurette Taylor, Ernest Glendinning, Charlie Ruggles and Bert Lytell, who is now making pictures for Metro.

Since going into pictures Bess has been with Lasky and Thomas H. Ince. She is now with Robert Brunton at the Brunton (once the Paralta) studio in Hollywood.

"I was going to tell you what I think of my new director," she said, in conclusion, "but on second thought I've decided to wait until I see this picture. By that time my opinion may be too 'mushy' for words—who knows?"

Earle Williams relates an affair he ran across in a recent trip here. A fellow after having been refused by a pretty girl to whom he had proposed marriage said to her, "I'll get a revolver and blow my brains out." Whereupon the fair lady replied, "Dont go to the expense of blowing out your brains. Get a pinch of snuff instead and sneeze."

THE MODERN OMAR SPEAKS

By Michael Gross

Come fill me up with reels of everything—
From drama to the tramps who custard fling;
I'm satisfied to sit from morn to night
And see whatever films the fates may bring.

A picture show is all that I want now—
Keep all your wine and bread, just show me how
To get a movie ticket, and I guess
A wilderness would sure be paradise enow.

Some for the glories of this world, and some
Sigh for the prophet's paradise to come;
I only want to see a movie show
And watch while Charlie Chaplin makes things hum.

Up from Earth's center to the seventh gate
I rose, and on the throne of Saturn sate;
But it was old stuff to me, that place,
I'd seen it in a film called "Hands of Fate."

Strange, is it not, that of the myriads who
Before me pass the door of darkness thru,
There will be one who'll read each title loud
And tell just what each actor's going to do.

The movie serial comes and shows its bit,
Moves on; nor all impiety nor wit
Can make them run the reel I missed last week—
Nor all my tears bring back one part of it.

Ah, Bessie Love, could you and I conspire
To grasp this sorry scheme of films entire,
I know I'd shatter it to bits, and then
Play you as leading-lady, heart's desire!

That Hungry Look Brought Her a Chance

(*Continued from page 63*)

England on a mission of her own. But the friends that I stayed with soon proved that they weren't friends at all, and I found myself completely on my own.

"I was fifteen and I put my hair up on top of my head to make myself look older and tried to get work. But my clothes were the old-fashioned kind I had been wearing in New Zealand, and I couldn't help but see that they were quite different from the clothes the fashionable New York girls were wearing.

"I was too proud to write and tell my mother that things weren't going well, but my money dwindled so that I frequently went hungry. I rented a little room way up next to the roof of a New York lodging house and renewed my efforts to get work.

"Then something finally happened. I went out to a studio where Nicholas Dunaew was co-director with James Young. And he looked me over and asked me how old I was. I told him, and he must have noticed how pale I looked.

" 'When did you eat last?' " he inquired.

"That was rather a personal question, but I answered truthfully. Then he wanted to know the whereabouts of my mother. I told him that, too, and he sat right down and wrote to her, telling her to come to New York and look after me.

"But the best thing he did was to give me parts. They were only small parts, but I was very happy, and I worked awfully hard. However, the lack of a good-looking wardrobe hampered me.

"One day I sent a photograph of myself to Thomas H. Ince. He was in New York and he sent for me. He talked with me for about ten minutes, then he offered to send me out to his studios at Culver City, California. I reached heaven in one step when he made that offer.

"In Culver City I played small parts and I was finally given a lead with William S. Hart in 'Truthful Tulliver.' Then I had some good parts with Frank Keenan, and, still later, I played a lead with House Peters in 'The Heir to the Ages.' Last winter I was in the east again, playing leads in the picturization of some O. Henry stories, and when I came west again this summer I went to the Lasky Studio.

"First I played rather a small part with Wallace Reid in 'The Source'; next came a part in 'Johnny Get Your Gun,' in support of Fred Stone. And in Lila Lee's first Paramount Picture, 'The Cruise of the Make-Believe,' I had a good part.

"Now comes a lead with Wallace Reid in 'The Dub,' his latest picture, which is being made now. And do you remember the director I mentioned, Nicholas Dunaew, who gave me my first part? Well, he's a playwright now, and he and I are —are engaged."

Metro has created a new male star, Hale Hamilton, who played leads with Miss Viola Dana and May Allison. He was shown first in George Randolph Chester's "The Five Thousand Dollars an Hour." Olive Tell has been raised to stardom also by Metro, owing to the good work done by her in "To Hell with the Kaiser." She's resting just now until they find a suitable stellar vehicle. Wilfred Lytell has joined Bert at Metro studio.

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Our readers will doubtless observe that their favorite magazine is a trifle smaller than formerly. We regret that this is so, and we assure you that it is not a matter of business economy, but a case of necessity. The U. S. Government has ordered it. Not only with this magazine, but with all magazines. In its wisdom, in order to conserve fuel and various commodities used in the manufacture of paper, your government has decreed that all publications use 15% less paper. This can be done in only three ways; by using thinner paper, by using less paper, or by printing fewer copies. We are adopting all three plans in small degree, trusting that this will equalize matters and make the hardship on our readers less than if we adopted only one of the three plans. But with all that, it may interest our readers to know that beginning this month our bill for paper will be approximately

$7000.00 a month more

than it was last month. This is of course one of the results of Germany's war on civilization. We are willing to take our medicine, and we believe that our readers are willing to take theirs. Let us all be patient and bear those ills we have, trusting and hoping that the end of the war is near and a bright future before us.

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How Duncan's Daring Developed

(*Continued from page* 41)

Having patted his hair into shape while he sang gaily in a really fine voice, Mr. Duncan was about ready to answer questions. In fact, he seemed to feel an interview coming on.

"Do you ever have any time to enjoy yourself?"

"Enjoy myself?—why, my work is enjoyment, every minute of it. Do you mean enjoy myself by going out socially? No, I dont do that. I have two engagements which I keep; on Tuesday I go to Vernon to watch a four-round boxing bout, the alternate Tuesday I go to the Motion Picture Directors' Meeting, and outside of that every moment is spent in working or sleeping."

"Tell me about the old days."

"Well, I started work with McFadden, the Physical Culture man. Mac made the famous exercisers, but they were not selling well, and he hired me as a salesman and demonstrator. I had been doing strong man turns in vaudeville, in store windows (dont be shocked at that, will you?) and at gymnasiums for the benefit of students. I was a regular workhorse in those days with McFadden. I packed the exercisers, carried them to the express office, sold in the office, demonstrated, travelled, all for the magnificent salary of $12.00 per week, plus travelling expenses, which I had trouble enough to collect. To this day, I cant think of the New England States without a shudder—I slaved and almost starved back there on that salary. Finally, I suggested to Mac that we put out a circular. He thought it would cost too much, but I said he could use it as a combination of advertisement and lessons and exercising with his invention, and we got out 500. These went so well, that we not only made new sales, but we issued more circulars charging 5 cts. each. That was really the foundation of the now well-known Physical Culture Magazine, for it grew from the humble beginning suggested by McFadden's underpaid clerk.

"I exhibited the exerciser in the Old Mechanics' Hall of Boston, and at all the cycle and food shows then so popular. Our pamphlets boosted the sales, and McFadden made the exercisers in a little back-room at 38th and Broadway, while I used a front office when I was in town and advertised and drew sales. Finally, the business grew and we had a stenographer to help us."

I turned interestedly to him with "And what did you do next for a living?"

"Set up shop for myself in Philadelphia. I took offices in the top floor—aiming high, you see—in the Fowler and Hanna Building on Chestnut St. There I opened a school for physical culture and was quite successful. I later travelled with Sandow, the strong man. I played in the Forepaugh Stock Company, of Philadelphia, doing David Garrick, Jekyll and Hyde and other diametrically opposite rôles. I played in Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, later taking out my own road shows. This I found to be a tremendous grind, necessitating the visiting of newspaper offices, seeing about press-notes, advertising, and travelling continuously. In various parts of the country people had no money because of poor crops. For instance, in the south, if the cotton crop failed, my road shows suffered, no matter how good the company and play. I really had a fine repertoire company, wrote many of the plays myself besides. I did vaudeville sketches of my own brewing. Then later combined pictures with vaudeville, having been offered an engagement by Selig.

"I did three years of pictures for Selig, later went to Canyon City and Los Angeles, then back to New York four years ago, just a short trip. Whew! I wonder what time it's getting to be?"

Mr. Duncan is the most perfect specimen of physical strength one could hope to see. If he weighs three pounds over the weight he has allowed himself, he swims hard for an hour and shakes the extra plumpness. He not only does daring physical stunts to keep in trim, but still exercises scientifically daily, swims, rides, walks wherever possible. Besides, he's blessed with a Scotch constitution, was born not far from Bonnie Dundee. He's been back to visit the old heather, too, and plans on another visit after the war.

He's never been sick, he's always happy, he loves to work, and his magnetism makes every one else want to go and do likewise. That's why Billy Duncan's serials are putting vitality into the Vita graph coffers.

Satellites

(*Continued from page* 80)

Jersey hills—real effects! An 'ridin,'—I suppose you ride?"

"No."

"Swim? Fence? Box? Operate a telephone? Drive a Ford? Fly? Gee—I'll bet I know—you're a wild animal trainer? No? Gee—if there aint nothin' you can do, how do you expect to get in th' movies?"

"There must be somebody that I can see around here?" snaps Celeste in hopeless disgust at the cowboy's lack of appreciation of her latent genius.

"Th' casting director's terribly busy this mornin.' He's over in that building to th' left." A very brief:

"Thanks" and head high in air, eyes brimful of disdain and heart brimful of tears, Celeste makes an axial spin for the first mile-post in the starry way to ambition's zenith, the casting director.

Gifts They Should Get for Christmas

By F. P. PITZER

Insane man—nut cake.
Firemen—hose, smoking jacket, blazer.
Surgeon—Carving set.
Inebriate—Skates.
End-seat hog—Pen.
Prize-fighter—Belts, socks.
Golfer—Cuff links.
Sprinter—Runabout car.
Prisoner—Watch.
Wrestler—Grip.
Pugilist—Ring.
Man that handles snakes—Charm.
Breeder of horses—Studs.
Package wrapper—Ties.
Tattooed man—Picture frame.
Striker—Match-safe.
Ballet-dancer—Spectacles.
Tailor—Anything will suit.
Salesman—Muffler.
Jack-the-Peeper—Rubber coat.
Lady baseball-player—Muff.
Detective—Collars.
Racer—Brush.
Doctor—Man-i-cure set.
Ice-skater—Slipper.
Mutes—Dumb-bells.

The Unfinished Story

(*Continued from page 60*)

him—you hid behind him and tortured him—and I have followed you—oh, I have followed you—and I would have followed you tho the trail led me out of the world. I have followed you and I have found you—hiding—hiding!' Her young, tormented voice shrilled with scorn, then changed suddenly to pleading. 'But you will go back, wont you?' she begged, 'you will make good—atone—set that young lad free—give him his chance—not make him suffer for the thing he didn't do. Oh, you know, we both know, you and I, that there is enough—enough of suffering here—just within ourselves—enough—too much to suffer, too, for those things which we do not do! Help me—help him—and God—will forgive you, I know . . . I know . . .'

"The pleading spoiled it. Her sweetness spoiled it. She would have had him where she wanted him had she kept to her threats—he was that kind of a white-livered scoundrel—but a woman in distress—in sorrow—a woman pitiful—that was too easy. He had seen too much of that. A woman can be broken—tossed aside—trampled underfoot—passed by—while she pleads. He whipped out his revolver. Marston had raised his head during the altercation. His mouth was indeterminate—his poor eyes were vague—he was fumbling with the little flowers—they—they are next to his torn breast—*now*—Mears wasn't afraid of *him*. He raised his gun, the Girl screamed, and I came in. I never was far away—those long, cold days.

"That night, Mears escaped. How he got out, how he mushed the locked trail, where he went, we did not know, could not imagine. Burke was in despair when he came out of it and realized that the Big Moment had come and he had not been able to meet it. There came back into his eyes that look of the hurt caribou—big—powerful—conscious of its bigness and its power—irreparably hurt—and conscious of it. 'I've had a mortal wound,' he told me once, soon after this had occurred and during the three weeks that followed while we were waiting for the long, long night to end; 'I've had a mortal wound . . . too deep for healing . . . and I know it . . . sometimes *she* gives me faith . . . gives me hope . . . I fasten my eyes on them as a man in a cell fastens his eyes on a tiny strip of blue and knows that if he turns his eyes the fraction of an inch the blue will not be there . . . so little . . . this hope . . . so slender . . . its mortal . . . .'

"I dared not console him. I knew that it was so.

"A month after the winter broke. The sun! The sun at last! The day it broke Burke and the Girl and I started for God's country. 'I can do this for her!' Burke said and he kept on saying it. He was drowning, and this was a rope flung to him in stormy seas.

"We didn't think of much on the trip down save that for which we were going. The Girl couldn't—and so, of course, neither could we. 'He's my baby brother,' she told us, 'the only one left—and oh, I love him!'

"We looked up Mears soon as we hit the city. When we found him he pretty well knew that the game was up. He tried for the 'phone, but I had carelessly nipped the wires. He called for his man, who had admitted us, but Burke had closed the doors and slipped the lock. Mears was alone with *us*. We had a full confession all written out for him, dictated by the Girl. He refused to sign it. Pulled his gun. Burke was ready for *that*. Then he asked Ruth and me to leave the room. In a few minutes we heard a moaning sound . . . horrible . . . like death . . . choked with an unutterable fear . . . *Burke was doing to Mears what the Indian had done to Pat Gerry!*

"'He's not hurting him,' I kept saying to her, 'he's not—he's not—but you wait—you see—he'll come crawling in after him . . . he'll know such fear that even death will be preferable—you wait—you see—Burke is doing this for you—for *you*—'

"'I know, I know,' she said, but I saw no love in her lovely eyes for Burke Marston, who was pinning his hopes of earthly happiness and eternal salvation on her. There was no love for him in her frank eyes.

"After awhile they came out. Even this war . . . it was more hideous . . . Burke marched out first . . . coolly . . . back of him . . . *on his hands and knees* . . . came Mears. I had an odd sense that this was Mears' *body* coming back . . . but that he was dragging the spirit that had been his as a huge bird drags his broken, trailing pinions . . . horrible.

"Marston was magnificent. He hardly spoke, but he emanated the power he must have had before—before—that viper got him and sucked his nerve away—Mears signed the confession—and muttered something about 'jail being easy to contemplate—now——'

"I—this is a hard part of the story now—it isn't mine to tell—it isn't finished—never will be. I feel—I will always feel that if he—if this—if he were not *there* now—with his poor, torn heart, perhaps—but what the use? Yes, I'll go on . . . I'm nearly thru . . . that night he told us he was going back. I think he turned to Ruth after Mears signed that confession. I think he looked into her eyes for the reward he half expected, yet was afraid to hope for. I know that *he* knew that he had played the last ace that he would ever hold. Yes, I know that. He had burst his bondage—he had become a man again—he had done a tremendous thing—for her. He was keyed to the last pitch. It was up to her. He looked—but what he looked for was not there. It wasn't there. Oh, Burke—old pal, old pal——

"He went back . . . mushed the same trail—kept the same fires—opened up the little, old cabin—let Gerry steal from him, gleaning a wan and miserable ray of happiness from the stealing—lived thru another Arctic winter—all alone—all alone. God knows what torments he endured. God knows what grewsome battles he must have fought—God knows the way his stormy heart was breaking—I—I did not see him for a long, long while—not till we met over here . . . 'It is my chance,' he said, and that was all. 'My chance,' he would repeat every time he could—but I knew and he knew that I knew that he didn't mean, in any sense, his chance to *live*. It was his chance for going out. Well . . . ."

There was a long silence during which Hughie MacLaren relit his pipe and wiped away the tears.

"There's nothing for me to say now," he said, "we've put the R.I.P. . . . and he . . . tonight . . . he's blazing a strange, new trail . . . 'to the peace and rest of the Great Unguessed' . . . please God . . . please God . . ."

THE END

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and THE MOTION PICTURE CLASSIC'S

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IS NOW OPEN

The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** have inaugurated many contests during the past, but it can safely be said that no contest in the history of the two popular magazines ever started with the tremendous wave of interest which has preceded the launching of The Fame and Fortune Contest. The very first announcement brought hundreds of letters, inquiries and favorable comments. These have been steadily mounting in numbers. There is every indication that an avalanche of pictures will mark the opening of the contest on December 1st.

The Motion Picture Magazine and **The Motion Picture Classic** will make an internationally famous screen player of the winner of The Fame and Fortune Contest.

The two magazines will give two years' guaranteed publicity to the winner. This will include cover portraits in colors, special interviews, pictures, special articles, etc.—the sort of publicity that could not be purchased at any price. **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** will secure an initial position for the winner and other opportunities, if necessary. At the end of two years **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic** guarantee that the winner will be known thruout the civilized world.

THE FAME AND FORTUNE CONTEST OPENS

The judges are now ready to go thru the portraits received. Every fifteen days the jury will pass upon the contestants' photographs, selecting the six best portraits submitted during that period. These honor pictures will be published in subsequeat numbers of **The Motion Picture Magazine** and **The Motion Picture Classic,** and an announcement will shortly be made of the first installment of honor pictures selected.

The duration of the contest will be announced later. Upon the closing of the contest the winner will be selected. It is possible that three or four leaders may be chosen and invited to come to New York for test motion pictures, after which the final winner will be decided upon.

JURY OF INTERNATIONAL NOTE

The Fame and Fortune jury of judges includes:

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THOMAS INCE
CECIL DE MILLE
MAURICE TOURNEUR
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HOWARD CHANDLER CHRISTY
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TERMS OF THE CONTEST

1. Open to any young woman in the world, except those who have already played prominent screen or stage rôles.
2. Contestants must submit a portrait, upon the back of which must be pasted a coupon from either **The Motion Picture Magazine** or **The Motion Picture Classic,** or a similar coupon of your own making.
3. Contestants can submit any number of portraits, but upon the back of each must be pasted an entrance coupon.

MAGAZINE ENTRANCE COUPON

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(Not to be filled in by contestant)

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.....(state)

Previous stage or screen experience in detail, if any .....

.....

When born ..... Birthplace .....

Eyes (color) ..... Hair (color) .....

Height ..... Weight .....

Complexion .....

Evelyn Nesbit, the Ambitious

(*Continued from page 39*)

There is no doubt of Miss Nesbit's seriousness of purpose. "I just *have* to succeed," she told me, "I must make money for myself and my little boy. There's his education and all the years to come. I *must* be successful.

"You can imagine how hard I work. I put my whole self into my work. Broadway hasn't seen me for weeks. At night Russell and I go to the movies. I see practically every picture. In that way I learn a lot, too. I know my first pictures were bad. I was just exploited. They wanted my name . . . . and that was all. I wasn't handled right. Now I'm really putting the best in me on the screen. I'm quite sure you will note the difference."

The last time I had seen Miss Nesbit was in the varieties. She sang a little at that time, but the turn was largely devoted to whirlwind dancing. I asked Miss Nesbit if she had given up vaudeville.

"I shall never return to it," she said with finality. "Never. Every one told me that I wasn't making the most of myself. Every time David Belasco used to see me, he would say, 'Little girl, are you still wasting your time?' No, I'm not going back."

The studio work concluded, I rode back to New York in a studio automobile utilized by Miss Nesbit. My clearest mental picture of her is the way she stood on the edge of the open air studio floor and waved good-by to the workers. From the automobile she seemed little more than a school girl, a school girl with her rosy horizon of life just ahead. Yes, the youth of her stands unquenched.

All the way back to New York, little Russell dragged a rope from the car, "fishing," as he expressed it. Miss Nesbit lost the final edge of blasé reserve. She told little stories of Russell. Of his difficulties with his school chums because he was born in Germany. "They cant understand why I'm 'merican," he said plaintively. Of letters from movie fans. Of Russell's quaint hat, once the property of the late Paul Armstrong. Of a multitude of topics.

Finally, of literature. Then I discovered that Miss Nesbit had taken a course in English literature at Columbia University. It had been part of her plan to develop herself for the future and for Russell.

She had a copy of *Snappy Stories* in her hand. I asked her if that taste had been developed at Columbia. At which she laughed. "I might tell you that I like Dickens or Thackeray or some one of the old fellows best," said Miss Nesbit, "but it wouldn't be the truth. I really admire the stories of Achmed Abdullah, a young magazine writer, best of all. I buy every magazine I can find with his stuff in."

We crossed on a crowded ferry boat, but I venture to say that not a dozen people recognized Miss Nesbit. Such is the forgetfulness of the American public.

"I want so to succeed," she said, "I have at least some dramatic ability, I can think, I'm sincere, and now I have my chance."

Then, when she dropped me at 42nd street and Broadway, she leaned from the car and said simply:

"Be kind to me."

Virginia Pearson is a flaming success in her new release, "The Firebrand," says the Fox press agent. Careful, Virginia, we dont want you to go up in smoke.

Putting the Fizz in Fazenda

(*Continued from page 62*)

made a feature of her in that first film. And a contract came that night.

A short time later she was introduced at that High Court of Comedy, the Mack Sennett studios. And she became a favorite. Successes came in flocks.

When Louise was young, her mother braided her hair very tightly, in small knots. Her face was fat. And the hair was so sternly arrayed, it did not permit a relaxing of her facial muscles.

When so prepared, her grandmother would take her visiting, and looking down on the big moon-faced countenance, would nudge the girl and say, "Get some expression in your face." Louise would try to smile and appear animated, but the hair wouldn't let her.

She introduced that hair arrangement in a part one day and never before had such hair of hilarity appeared in the films.

In the two years she has been active in comedy work, Miss Fazenda has labored without vacation and with enormous success. So active is her brain in conceiving grotesque and whimsical comedy effects, Mack Sennett has offered to let her direct her own company, the highest tribute that can be paid a film actress.

As to being funny, Miss Fazenda said: "I never have time to think whether or not I am really funny. I know I've got to do something to get a laugh, and it's such hard work, I dont have time to think about myself. You know you have to go a lot farther for a laugh than you do a weep. They weep from their eyes but they laugh from their hearts, and the farther you go the harder it is.

"Mine is the last family in the world that should have a comédienne. We are all teachers or engaged in religious work, and my idea of a glorious time is to read some terribly gruesome tale. I feast on Poe. Somehow I cant have any fun in going to a comedy on the stage. You would think Sarah Bernhardt parts were more in my line. I always thought so, and it's more of a surprise to me than any one else to find myself doing so well."

And she is doing well, financially and artistically, also socially, for she is often asked to pour tea, a function and ceremony she thinks should be performed by a hangman rather than a comédienne. Holland of course takes credit for her thrift, Italy for her dramatic talent, and France for her light whimsicalities and social merits. It is one time too many cooks didn't spoil the broth.

Her Face Is Her Fortune

(*Continued from page 76*)

was unsought. She never had any idea of going into motion pictures until a friend, connected with the films, remarking her striking beauty and her engaging mannerisms, persuaded her to try acting before the camera. Then followed her engagement with the Fox Film Corporation in "The Pride of New York" and her success.

Miss Quinn is a New York girl and was educated in a convent in the city. She is the most unprofessional player, it may be said, acting before the camera, for she still retains the shyness and good-humored, sane outlook on life that she took with her into the films.

The future looms big for Regina Quinn.

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"That's Out"

(*Continued from page 56*)

stupidity—expecting the final episode of a serial to explain the previous chapters.

It is said that the brewers who are entering the picture-theater business will endeavor to keep their old customers by installing such innovations as foot rails and throwing sawdust on the floor. Why not free lunches and family entrances? They would draw more business!

MORE NON-ESSENTIALS

Rich uncles.
Drunken fathers.
Cruel stepmothers.
Crooked brothers.
Fords.
Feuds.
And Lina Cavalieri.

The first time that we see a movie cowboy tending cows instead of liquoring-up at the Red Dog saloon, or turkey-trotting with the dance-hall jades, we will know that the motion picture industry is no longer in its infancy and has come out of the paregoric stage.

Screen fans are under the impression that the life of a popular picture actress is just one round of pleasure and happiness, when, in reality, she is constantly beset by great cares and worries. Just imagine having to go thru, daily, with the job of deciding such things as:

Whether to use the Marmon town car or the Stutz roadster.

Whether to buy Liberty Bonds or Thrift stamps with the $50,000 income.

Which gown to wear out of a wardrobe of thirty.

Whether to buy little Fido gumdrops or Tootsie rolls.

CURTAIN.

Bert Lytell, the young Metro star, recently took a trip to see members of his family, taking with him the scenario of Louis Joseph Vance's novel, "No Man's Land," which was the star's picture under the Metro banner following "The Trail to Yesterday." He intended to study the script on the journey.

Returning from the Bay City, Lytell occupied a lower berth for the one-night trip. Sleeping in the upper berth of his section was a youthful divinity student, who, it appeared, was on the way to San Diego to deliver his first sermon. He carried the manuscript with him.

Thru the night Lytell lay in his berth studying the hair-raising situations in his scenario. Above him the budding theologian read and re-read his sermon.

The train pulled into Los Angeles in the morning. The porter, making up the berths, dropped the two manuscripts side by side, and in the confusion of arrival at the depot they became mixed. Lytell snatched up the student's sermon; the student rode on with Lytell's scenario.

After a quick motor ride to the Metro studios in Hollywood, Lytell strode into the office of George D. Baker, manager of productions, and handed him the manuscript for perusal. Baker glanced thru it, puzzled. Then he frowned.

"Say, Bert," he exclaimed, "this is all about Mary of Magdala. It would never do for you. The woman's part is too strong!"

Alias Peggy Hyland

(*Continued from page 70*)

But somehow or other, despite the modern movies in which heaven (?) she is a constellation, despite the ultra-modern apartment in the East 80's, despite daybeds and parchment lamps and all the svelte sophistications of the unlimited Twentieth Century, I carried away with me into the dar-rk a distinct flavor of Old England—ye Old England—of plum pudding, bread sauce, tenantry and such. I felt the atmosphere, if not of "Ivanhoe," then of "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall"—or "When Knighthood Was in Flower"—anything, everything English, where there are jolly, British fathers and piquant, devoted daughters and ample hospitality. In accordance with a precept of her "Dad's," I believes what I sees, and I "sees" not the star—but the *girl,* who, whatever she may be, theatrically, is, domestically, atmospherically and *really,* the saucy daughter of an English squire.

That is how I saw her. How I remember her. I should be saddened to see her now. But those who have say that, despite the bitter grief, the spirit of Old England, of which her "Dad" was so proud and which should be as proud of *him,* is strong within her—and she will carry on!

Across the Silversheet

(*Continued from page 101*)

not hurl cheap epithets at the Kaiser but is a dignified appeal to the patriotic spirit of the times. Mons. Perret has directed this with a wealth of imagination and attention to detail, but we could not help thinking how indebted many of these features are to inserts from the newsweeklies. Their battle and parade scenes have been injected everywhere. E. K. Lincoln is attractive as an American composer-soldier, in love with a young girl who resembles a famous spy, and keeps him very much worried over her sudden disappearances.

"SALOME" (FOX)

Yet another of history's wicked women has been presented on the screen by Theda Bara, that arch wearer of chiffon veils and beads. This Salome of Miss Bara seems utterly uninspired. It consists mainly of a series of poses, some effective, some otherwise, combined with a change of beaded costume every moment by Bara. Salome, one conceives as a creature of fire, flame and imagination. Miss Bara depicts her as beautiful but cold and utterly lacking imagination. There is a wealth of pictorial value to this Biblical story which has been lavishly presented. The work of Genevieve Blinn as the Queen and Albert Roscoe as John the Baptist was especially sincere.

"WOMAN" (MAURICE TOURNEUR PRODUCTIONS)

The cast of "Woman" reads like a program of the Winter Garden, for from that hot-house of American beauties Maurice Tourneur has culled most of his feminine types. The picture is a series of episodes showing the part woman has taken in various historical events from the time of Adam. To present a series of episodes in the form of a photoplay is always a daring thing to attempt in pictures; the lack of a cohesive story cannot fail but produce a certain amount of tedium. Tourneur, however, is such a master of light and shade and screen effects that the art of the whole is a joy to behold.

Starring the Author

(*Continued from page 37*)

About him there is no pose, as one is apt to imagine there might be about a great author, but there is a something which reminds us of the phrase—"All men are boys at heart."

We had luncheon in their spacious dining-room, served by a white-coated butler. The warm noon-day sun filtered in thru the wide-flung windows, cheerily draped in Japanese stuff, whose predominating color scheme was delft blue. A sense of breadth and bigness and harmony pervaded the atmosphere.

Mr. and Mrs. Beach and I ate voraciously of hearty food. Here there was nothing that was trivial and everything that was wholesome.

We spoke of Rex Beach's numerous trips to Alaska, to South America. Frankly, I cannot remember all the places. We worried over the dog Jeanne, who had brought ten little baby dogs into the world the night before and had killed two that morning. Mrs. Beach reminisced over their meeting and romance which occurred in Alaska, while Mr. Beach blasted our hopes of ever being a great genius by recounting his first experience in story writing; and, what is more important, the selling of his first effort to *Cosmopolitan.*

It seems that a friend of his sold a short story to one of the magazines. When told about it, Rex Beach decided that he, too, ought to be able to turn one out and pick up some spare cash. No sooner said than done. Down he sat and wrote an adventure story, sent it to *Cosmopolitan,* and received a perfectly good check and a request for more.

Thus began a career.

But in analyzing the career of Rex Beach, one discovers the vast place that belongs to his wife. Ever since their marriage, eleven years ago, it is she who has been his constant companion. It is she who, upon receiving a telephone message, announcing plans for going to South Africa the next morning, has assured him that her suit-case and his would be ready. There was even one time when Rex Beach made up his mind to go to South America that he telephoned the news that he had bought trunks and a complete outfit for her at Bonwitt-Teller's, New York, and that all his wife had to do was to come down and meet him at the train. She did—not knowing how long she was to be gone nor what he had provided, and they went into the wilderness together for six months, and Mrs. Beach found herself disporting in "gay reds and yellows and ingénue things." However, she never grumbled but enjoyed the adventure to the full.

Mr. Beach always talks over all his books and plans with the lady of his house and heart. He insists that he would never put a heroine in his novels if she didn't argue him into it.

"What do I know about women?" questions Rex Beach defiantly. "Whenever I write about them I make them either namby-pamby characters or so bad they ought not to be written about."

"But no one wants to read a book about men, my dear. The public wants romance," argues Mrs. Beach.

"I guess you're right," confesses her husband, and so a story-book heroine is born.

"Oh, but she would never do that," says Mrs. Beach, upon hearing the story as the heroine grows.

"What would she do?" queries the author.

A few quiet suggestions from his wife and the lady of the story completes her fictionary life safely.

Mr. Beach writes all his stories in longhand and becomes mentally and physically exhausted when he has finished a novel. At that stage he invariably becomes depressed and, as he stalks up and down his study like a caged bear, he stoutly assures his wife over and over that he will never be able to write another line. And the pretty lady encourages him, keeps all unpleasantness out of the way, makes suggestions, even offers plots—and before he knows it the creative mind of the man is at work once more on a new and perhaps a bigger story.

All of this inauspiciously culled information interested me vastly. I was in the presence of a perfect romance and the very thought of toying with trivialities such as questions about pictures was almost unthinkable.

"Why is it," said I dutifully, "that authors have not been writing directly for the screen?"

"One reason, of course," said Mr. Beach, "is the way they have been treated. Their best plots have had their situations stolen out of them and used later without acknowledgment. I know of companies who used a card file for that very purpose. Any unusual idea was copied, filed, and the original manuscript returned. Then when a new plot was needed, some one in the scenario department would pick out these carefully filed ideas of other people's brains and form them into an 'original photoplay.' Then, too, authors have been so wretchedly paid that up to now it has scarcely been worth while considering the screen as a market for original scripts, but more important than all is the fact that, after all, the writing of a photoplay or a synopsis is not the art we love; we love the careful rounding out of our characters and the nice turning of a phrase.

"Nevertheless, I am greatly interested in the making of pictures and, at last, am doing it the way I have always wished to. We are producing six of my stories this year, which will be released thru the Goldwyn Company. The first, you know of course, is 'Laughing Bill Hyde.' We are starring the story, you know. When they started to film Bill Hyde, we had difficulty thinking of an actor who would fit the part. We never would have found one if it had not been for Mrs. Beach. She suggested Will Rogers, the famous cowboy actor. Even then we could scarcely have persuaded him to enter pictures, only—Mrs. Beach did that too. And I want to tell you that that boy is a wonder. I am willing to predict that he has the makings of one of the biggest screen stars."

There followed a golden hour in the long, deep living-room, with its tiers upon tiers of books, where Rex Beach, stretched in one of his man-sized chairs, puffed happily at his pipe and told about his various journeyings, his novels, and how his characters came to life as he wrote.

(*Continued on page* 112)

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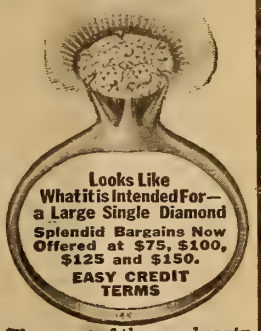

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The Cross of Shame

(*Continued from page* 88)

left them and continued until the end was reached." She was not certain whether she was pleased. Rather than have him experience such suffering in the future as he had in the past, she would prefer to have him as he was at that moment. For now the horrible scenes wherein he had acted had been forgotten thru the courtesy of a fate which had kindly lowered the curtain and interrupted his view. She would sacrifice everything to prevent him from suffering, which she knew he would, when the curtain was lifted. Of his love she was certain. He had loved her before; he loved her even in his present condition; and he would love her in the future.

As she looked at him she saw his gaze was fixed upon her with a look of horror. His eyes did not meet hers. He was staring at the Cross of Shame emblazoned on her breast. She dropped her head, and, as she did so, he cried:

"Jenevieve!"

"Thank God," she moaned, as she saw the look of recognition in his eyes.

The low, white collar of her frock was not able to hide the cruel brand, and as Jean saw the ugly mark on her soft, smooth skin, its terrible significance dawned on him with all its horror; and in that brief moment the veil, which had been drawn across his memory, separating him from the past, had been lifted and he returned to take things up where they had been left off.

"You have come back to me, Jean," she said. Then she moved closer to him. "And I am so happy," she added, as her big brown eyes looked lovingly into his.

"I—I cant seem to realize what has happened," said Jean. "The Chateau de Geantit . . . Then the hospital at Chaulnay . . . Again, at Amiens . . . That scene in the Place de la Loi . . . All this is rather incoherent and vague," he pondered. Then his face lighted up with a smile as he looked tenderly into her upturned countenance. "But, there is one thing very clear to me," he continued, "and that is, I know you are here. Nothing else matters now." And he put his arm about her and drew her to him with a fond embrace.

Presently, she lifted her head and pushed him gently away. "You must never leave me again," she said seriously.

"Never," he promised.

"But, you said that before," Jenevieve reminded him.

"Then my country needed me," Jean recalled. "This time I shall keep my word, dear."

"France doesn't need you now; but, I need you," she confessed, as a faint smile crept over her face.

"You do love me, dont you?" he said softly.

"I am yours, dear, eternally yours," she answered. "You will soon be well again, for I am going to nurse you back to health and strength. That has to be done first. Afterwards we will discuss the future."

"Our future," he prompted her.

"Yours and mine," she smiled. Then she took from her bosom his medal and pinned it to his breast.

"What is that?" he inquired as she drew back and admired it.

"The greatest honor bestowed by France upon her heroes, said Jenevieve proudly. "The Medaille Militaire!"

"This, then, is what brought you to the Place de la Loi today," he remarked, as he studied the decoration.

She nodded. "First you had been reported as missing," she explained. "But, later, they said you were dead. When I learnt that you had been awarded this decoration I vowed when your name was called it should not be greeted with silence. So I went to Calleaux and gained permission from Colonel Bouchier to accept it, on the day of presentation, on behalf of your nearest of kin. I was going to take it to America and give it to your parents."

"What a wonderful thing it is to be loved by a noble, wonderful woman," said Jean thoughtfully, his face radiating with happiness.

"I had told you I loved you, Jean," she replied. "I did only that which should be expected of a woman who loves sincerely."

Then he kist her.

"Darling," he whispered.

"I cannot seem to realize you are here," she said softly. "That I am listening to your voice . . . That I am looking into your eyes, and that your arm is about me now. I fear I am going to hear the director's voice 'most any moment and discover the whole thing has been a dream."

"Dreams are not as beautiful as this, dear," he assured her.

Then her thoughts turned to that dreadful day when the Germans surged thru Deschon. The incidents which led up to her being held a captive in the Chateau de Geantit; the brutal face of the German lieutenant and his miserable men came before her as she recalled the treatment she had received at their hands. She would carry that mark on her breast the rest of her life! She shuddered with horror as she thought of it. Thank God, she had been spared the fate of many of her sisters; had she not been saved from this she would have sought her own death. Jean must know this, she decided; and, as she looked up into his eyes, she said calmly: "The German lieutenant never returned." And, as she saw the look of hatred which spread over the face of Jean, she knew he understood.

"I shot him as I left the chateau," he added. "Then, in order to cover my escape, in case the squad, then in the room with you, should return when they were drunk with wine, and decide to fire that volley, suggested by their leader——"

"They behaved as gentlemen," Jean informed him.

"I managed to make my way thru the German lines," he continued, "and struggled on, weak from the loss of blood, until I was in sight of the French troops. Then a piece of shrapnel struck me—just as I reached one of our outposts. I could go no further. So I told him where the message was hidden—in the sole of my boot—and then I lost consciousness. When I came to I was in the base hospital at Chaulnay. I was later transferred to the hospital at Amiens; having lost my identification tag nobody knew who I was. I didn't know, myself. I suppose that's how I came to be reported as missing. They took two bullets from my left shoulder and the shrapnel from my head. So, you see, I dont weight as much as I did," he said, smiling. "The wounds will soon heal, and then I'm going to take you home."

"To America?" she inquired

"Yes."

"I guess that's the only home I have now," she said sadly.

"But, before we go, I am going to take you somewhere else," he added.

"I will go anywhere with you," she vowed.

"And you will never turn back?" he asked her.

"Never—except it be with you."

"We will go to Father Ribot—that dear old priest you used to tell me about. Is he still in Deschon?"

"He lives in the vestry of the Church of Mary Magdalene."

"Then tomorrow you will be my wife."

"Regardless of all the sorrow I have experienced in Deschon, since my return, I have always felt I would again be happy here, some day," said Jenevieve. "It has come sooner than I expected. And this is the happiest moment of my life."

"I shall try and make them all as happy as this one," Jean promised her.

"And must I give up the screen?"

"It would please me," he said.

"But, there is one more picture I would like to make," she suggested.

"Very well," he agreed.

"The majority of war pictures I have seen lacked the real human interest features," she explained. "They are impossible and seem to have been written by those who have devoted no study to the theme. In their efforts to be original they have overlooked the real stories—like ours—that contain the dramatic elements the public desires to see. I want to go back to America and produce a picture around our experiences. I want to do 'my bit,' as they say in America, by showing the world what these miserable Germans have done to the women of France. We will call it 'The Cross of Shame.' What we have seen must go down on record in celluloid and be placed in the archives of France—for the scenes I have witnessed here in Deschon will never be repeated. This place marks a new era in the history of the world," she said thoughtfully.

"And you may say 'I was there,'" added Jean.

THE END

Starring the Author

(*Continued from page* 111)

And somehow there drifted into the room, with all its finenesses of civilization, the atmosphere of the open woods, of camp fires and guides, broiling silvery trout still wet from a nearby purling stream. Poses and littlenesses and jealousies and underhandednesses, the knowledge that these things existed, slipt away as I sensed the soul of a big man and his mate. One for all and all for one.

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During succeeding years in the progress of the growing motion picture industry "*the hand of Blackton*" was seen in **"The Haunted Hotel,"** the first trick-picture made in America; **"The Life of Moses,"** the first five-reel production made anywhere; **"The Christian,"** Hall Caine's wonderful story; **"The Island of Regeneration,"** Cyrus Townsend Brady's popular novel; and still later in **"The Battle Cry of Peace,"** written and produced by Mr. Blackton, the first preparedness propaganda picture ever made. In contrast to the "Spanish Flag" the "Battle Cry" measured 9000 feet in length and required two hours and a half running time. Following this came the military and industrial mobilization picture, **"Womanhood," "The Glory of the Nation"** and **"Missing,"** Mrs. Humphrey Ward's successful novel, hailed by the press as "the best war picture of the year."

So much for past achievements. For the present and future "*the hand of Blackton*" will be seen in **"The Common Cause,"** by J. Hartley Manners and Ian Hay Beith, an epic story dealing with the great cause of Humanity—the Getting Together of the Allied Nations; in **"Safe for Democracy,"** by Anthony P. Kelly, which as its title denotes sounds a clarion call for the democratization of the classes; in **"The Battle Cry of Liberty,"** written by Charles T. Dazey and J. Stuart Blackton, a sequel to the famous "Battle Cry of Peace" which shows the way to real liberty for all the peoples of all the world. These super productions

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But while the enemy is most industrious in trying to collect information, and his systems elaborate, he is *not* superhuman—indeed he is often very stupid, and would fail to get what he wants were it not deliberately handed to him by the carelessness of loyal Americans.

Do not discuss in public, or with strangers, any news of troop and transport movements, of bits of gossip as to our military preparations, which come into your possession.

Do not permit your friends in service to tell you—or write you—"inside" facts about where they are, what they are doing and seeing,

Do not become a tool of the Hun by passing on the malicious, disheartening rumors which he so eagerly sows. Remember he asks no better service than to have you spread his lies of disasters to our soldiers and sailors, gross scandals in the Red Cross, cruelties, neglect and wholesale executions in our camps, drunkenness and vice in the Expeditionary Force, and other tales certain to disturb American patriots and to bring anxiety and grief to American parents.

And do not wait until you catch someone putting a bomb under a factory. Report the man who spreads pessimistic stories, divulges—or seeks—confidential military information, cries for peace, or belittles our efforts to win the war.

Send the names of such persons, even if they are in uniform, to the Department of Justice, Washington. Give all the details you can, with names of witnesses if possible—show the Hun that we can beat him at his own game of collecting scattered information and putting it to work. The fact that you made the report will not become public.

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